

The Bards

of

Angus

and

The Mearns



Rev. W. S. Crockett
with the kindest regards of the Publishers

15th Oct. 1894

THE BARDS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNES.



From the Picture by Robert Alexander, R.S.A.

"WAT AN' WEARY."

See page 380.

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THE BARDS
OF
ANGUS AND THE MEARNs

An Anthology of the Counties.

BY
ALAN REID, F.E.I.S.

"Here where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind."

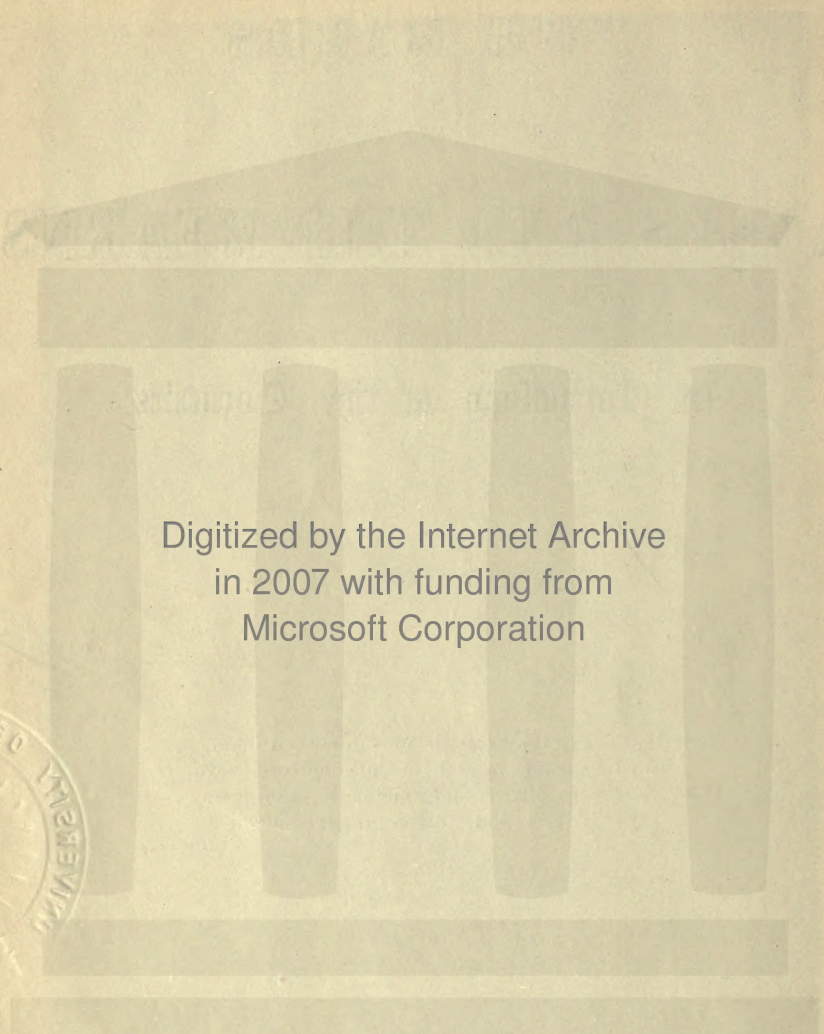
BURNS.

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THIS LABOUR OF LOVE
is Dedicated
TO THE
MAIDS AND MEN
OF
ANGUS AND THE MEARNES.

PREFACE.

THE neighbouring counties of Angus and the Mearns present many claims on such a union as is realised in this work, and in other popular epitomes of their interesting social memorials. Geographically, racially, and historically, they have so much in common that it is often impossible to differentiate their individual belongings; and it were thankless labour—even though thereby a dual anthology might be avoided—to sever any of those bonds of mutual poetic interchange which have graced and dignified the sister shires through many generations.

It seems unnecessary for us to enlarge on the poetic eminence of these counties, but in estimating its importance it should be remembered that Angus was the birthplace of Scotland's first classic poet, and that from the Mearns sprang the greatest of the world's lyric bards. Nor do the great names of Gavin Douglas and Robert Burns exhaust the list of those through whom the poetic fame of these northern shires has become universal: those great collectors and preservers of our National Song, Bannatyne, Herd, and Edwards; and many writers who—like the Beatties, Ross, Laing, Balfour, Smart, and Leighton—have an accredited place in the shrine of Scottish Song, are numbered among their honoured sons.

All ranks and classes of the people—from the Marquis of Montrose and the Earl of Southesk in earlier and later eras, down to the humblest toilers in field or in factory—have added volume to the stream of Northern Song; while many of its anonymous lays and ballads—like “The Bonnie House o’ Airlie,” and “The Piper o’ Dundee”—have found their way into every standard collection. In variety, quality, and extent, the work of our local bards, if not supreme, may safely be claimed as unique; for it exhibits not only its own characteristic independence of structure, but also the clear impress of an ever-recurring impact of North and South, which, while not crushing out the individuality of the geographical centre, has imprinted upon it much that is regarded as of permanent literary attraction and value.

And, apart from such considerations, an excellent reason for the appearance of this Anthology lay in the oft-expressed desires of lecturers, newspaper correspondents, and the literary-minded generally. That Angus and the Mearns could

furnish splendid materials for such a work was never doubted ; that it might prove second to none was freely averred ; and that the important poetic harvest of these counties should remain so long ungarnered was a matter that occasioned many pious wishes, not unmixed with a pardonable surprise. Long experience in kindred labours ; a wealth of material gleaned from many sources ; a love for the subject little short of a passion ; and, mainly, the fact that no other seemed ready to undertake a laborious duty, impelled the writer to action. The result is now before the Maids and Men of Angus and the Mearns : may it be found worthy of the labour involved in its preparation and production, of a subject engrossing and valuable in the highest measure, and of a district of Bonnie Scotland dear to its sons and daughters beyond all ordinary expression !

Amid such a mass of statements as appears in this necessarily large volume, and even after great precautions have been taken for its avoidance, it may well be that the usual percentage of error will make its appearance. The compiler will be thankful to have friendly correspondence on any of the points thus raised, and will regard as a favour the possibility of rectifying any misstatement. In this connection it may be observed, however, that in many cases it has been found necessary to depart from the conclusions drawn or adopted by some authorities on various matters connected with our Anthology. The investigation of certain accepted opinions, dates, reputed matters of fact, and other details, has yielded results considerably at variance with many of the views popularly held ; and it is trusted that a disposition more thoughtful and generous than that of the mere error-hunter will be in evidence in any correspondence arising in this respect.

An explanatory remark may here be made regarding the distinctive arrangement of the varied matters now coming under review. Considerable progress had been made with the work, on those familiar chronological lines, which, more than any other, seem to impart organic unity to a myriad details, before it grew imperative that a change of plan should be adopted. A chronological arrangement may be possible under any circumstances, it may be necessary in some, but in others it may neither be practicable nor desirable. When, as in the present case, one is confronted by scores of bards—indeed, we might almost say hundreds—all belonging to a common period, their arrangement under alphabetical conditions alone seems safe or feasible. There could be no gain otherwise that would compensate for numerous difficulties that would at once and inevitably ensue in dealing with so many items under any other arrangement. Besides, historical sequence, valuable though it be, mainly concerns those who have already mastered it ; and this view should be allowed to have a determining influence in the selection of any plan likely to commend an anthology to that wider circle of general readers whose interest and favour it is also intended to secure.

These considerations assumed the nature of guiding principles, and led to our adoption of that clear and comprehensive alphabetical system necessary in special circumstances; and, as we judge, in all books similar in character and extent to this. Nor will it be difficult for any one to gather from the work, thus arranged, the leading chronological or historical aspects of its contents. These are of the simplest character possible, and may in a concise and general way be thus tabulated:—

FIRST. The works of our ANCIENT WRITERS; Douglas,¹ the Wedderburns, Montrose, etc.

SECOND. The RHYMING NARRATIVES of the “Thrummy Cap” and “John o’ Arnha” school.

THIRD. The POPULAR LYRICS of Ross, Laing, Ewen, etc., and of anonymous origin; and

FOURTH. MODERN DEVELOPMENTS, and the ORIGINALITY of enlightened times.

This exhaustive treatment of the Poets and Poetry of those two richly endowed counties should be of service in correcting certain erroneous impressions now current regarding the *number* of Scottish bards, and which have lately received an impulse from the statements of a celebrated man of letters. To say that Scotland possesses the many thousands of bards credited to her by this authority is, in the face of our country’s district anthologies, altogether ridiculous. Such statements—the more reprehensible that they induce the smile of scorn to brood over the subject—must be regarded as mere romance; for they rest on no basis of fact, nor are they supported by statistics in any sense trustworthy. Our two rich shires can boast of 500 bards: no other couple of Scottish counties can surpass them in this respect: there are, say, thirty counties in Scotland; and so, a sensible and somewhat high estimate, founded on the really sound standard here indicated, will show a result not of the tens of thousands of bards jauntily assumed by patronising literary lions, but the solid thousands of sober fact alone.

The rich stores of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow—so complete, and so accessible through their excellent cataloguing—might supply further evidence in support of the foregoing contention; but we refer to this poetic treasury for a more cogent reason. There exist two great gatherings of National Poetical Material which the anthologist may overlook only at the peril of his reputation, or the impoverishment

¹Sir W. Scott’s suggestive reference to Gavin Douglas, in the Sixth Canto of “Marmion,” is worthy of notice here:—

“More pleased that in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil’s page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.”

of his subject, viz.: the Mitchell Library "Poets' Corner," and Mr Edwards's "Modern Scottish Poets." The magnificent Glasgow collection is doubly interesting to us from the fact that it owes its completeness largely to the liberality of Mr Alexander Gardyne, a native of Arbroath; and because it is enriched by a thousand of the books bearing the autograph notes of their late owner, Andrew Jervise, the eminent Brechin antiquary. It forms, with the great national work of Mr Edwards, a mine of almost inexhaustible richness, to which this book is largely indebted, and from which all kindred efforts must draw much of their inspiration through all coming time. These interesting remarks of Preceptor Wilson—the moving spirit when the "ways and means" of the Mitchell Library Collection of Poetry were in the stage of inception—are well worthy of quotation at this stage:—"I may be permitted to point out that the poetical literature of Scotland has long been recognised to be of quite exceptional extent and richness; and that, in particular, probably no country is more rich, possibly so rich, in local, or rural, or, as it is sometimes called, peasant poetry. The writings of these local poets over all the country, in addition to their literary value, preserve in many cases local dialects, local customs, and local memories which are fast passing away. It is surely worth while that in one public library in the country there should be set apart a storehouse for these treasures, where they will be carefully kept and preserved for future generations of readers. The hope is cherished that in this section the Mitchell Library will render a real service to students of our national literature, by placing within their reach means so ample for the study of what is perhaps its most distinctive and characteristic feature." How well this ideal has been achieved, the "Poets' Corner" is its own best evidence. Alexander Gardyne crowned the noble structure when he presented to this favoured library 2,250 rare volumes—1,300 of these being books and booklets of poetry—which he had collected during those years of comfortable retirement from mercantile life which were spent at London, where he died, aged eighty-four, in 1885.

The great service rendered to our national poetry by DAVID HERSCHELL EDWARDS, of Brechin, is admitted generally to be worthy of the highest praise. A native of the ancient city where his life has mainly been passed in works of literary enterprise, his name and fame have secured extensive recognition on the merits of that remarkable series of sixteen volumes dedicated to the Genius of Native Song, and known as "Modern Scottish Poets." A poet himself, Mr Edwards might worthily have been enrolled among our local bards; but the distinction earned in other fields demands that he should be numbered with those whose claims are of a special and outstanding character, rather than with the rank and file which he has marshalled to such purpose in his comprehensive work. Assuredly, his country lies under deep obligation to him; and many will

reciprocate the sentiments of one of our own fair bards who has sought in these lines to give expression to the esteem entertained by so many for the genial Brechin editor, and his interesting labours :—

TO D. H. EDWARDS.

(On the Publication of the Fifteenth Series of "Modern Scottish Poets.")

*Friend of the poets, we would give to thee
Our humble thanks—a meed of tender praise—
Who through still eves and long laborious days,
With soul attuned to sweetest harmony,
Did so enrich our Scottish minstrelsy
In songs of love and sweet melodious lays
Enfraught with love for Scotland's woods and braes,
And breathing of a spirit bold and free,
The crown nigh set, from Scotia's humble bards,
Ascends to heaven a prayer, a warm behest—
Would labour crown thee with its just rewards,
That thou in blessing mightst be doubly blest ;
For such fair works as thou didst here enshrine,
Would Heaven's own blessing rest on thee and thine.*

MAGGIE TODD.

The famous achievements of GEORGE BANNATYNE as a collector and transcriber of National Poetry are indicated under his name among our bards ; and the kindred efforts of DAVID HERD, in giving to the public what Scott termed "the first Classical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads," bespeak our attention now. According to Jervise, Herd was born at the farm of Balnakelly in the parish of Marykirk ; but the place of his birth is often given as St. Cyrus, and appears so in the prefatory note to his two volumes, which were originally published in 1776. In any case, Herd was a Mearns Man, connected with law and accounting, and a worthy ornament of the honour roll of his native county. In appraising the character of the diligent transcriber, Scott remarked—"he was known and generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common-sense, and antiquarian science, mixed with much good-nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, among his acquaintances, the name of Graysteil." Herd's work has been several times reprinted, and maintains its place among our celebrated collections of native lyrical poems. It is more deficient in strictly local respects than might be expected from one so closely connected with our district ; but Herd worked with great breadth of view, and that he did not overlook local points entirely may be gathered from several of his numbers, as from the further reference appearing in our Appendix. In all the honours of general esteem, the venerable "Graysteil"

died at Edinburgh—the scene of his life work—in 1810, and in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

In the varied departments of that GENERAL LITERATURE which never fails to exert a reflex influence on poetic currents, the Counties have been nobly represented by many most distinguished writers. Indeed, it would be difficult in the extreme for even the most serious effort to exhaust this important subject; and no more is possible here than simply to marshall a few of the names and achievements that most readily suggest themselves in this connection:—

THOMAS ABERCROMBY (1656–1726), a native of Forfar, was Physician to James VII., and the author of a celebrated “Treatise on Wit.”

JOHN BARBOUR (1332 ?–1395 ?), poet and historian, and author of “The Bruce,” might fitly have been enrolled among our bards, so strong is the presumption of his Forfarshire birth, and the claims of his educational connection with Arbroath Abbey. In any case, it will not be amiss to present a short specimen of Barbour’s style, in a quotation bearing strongly on local history—the capture of Forfar Castle for the Bruce by the Forester of Platane:—

The castell of Forfar was then
Stuffit all with Englishmen,
But Philip the forestar of Planthane
Has of his frendis with him tane,
And with ledderis all prevely
Till the castell he can him hy,
And clam out-our the wall of stane,
And saget has the castell tain,

Throu falt of wach, with littil pan,
And syn all that he fand hes slane.
Syn yhald the castell to the King,
That mad him richt gude rewarding,
And syn gert brek down the wall,
And fordid the castell all;
And all the towris tumlit war
Down till the erd.

HECTOR BOECE, or Boethius (1465 ?–1535 ?), a native of Dundee, and a scion of the family of Boece of Panbride, became first Principal of King’s College, Aberdeen, and was the author of a notable History of Scotland from the earliest accounts, as of other quaint writings which reflect the credulous spirit of his time. His famous “History,” which was originally written in Latin, was translated into English by the learned poet Bellenden; and in a translation of it, done in verse by an author now unknown, these curious and interesting introductory lines occur:—

Bot yit, scho said, I dreid in my intent
That to his grace it be ovir eloquent;
For quhy the termis poleist ar perfyte
Of eloquence, in rycht plesand indyte,
In Latene toung sententiouslie and schort,
Quhilk for to heir is plesand and confort.
Madame, I said, quha wes it drew that storie?

Ane man, scho said, of sic hie laud and glorie,
In Albione sen stories wes begun,
Wes never nane sic amang our poetis fun.
Madame, I said, quhat is that mannis name?
Ane Hector Boyis, said scho, of nobil fame,
Maister in art, doctor in theologie,
In all science ane profound clerk is he.

JAMES BURNET, Lord Monboddo (1714–1799), was a native of The Mearns, and, in addition to distinction as a senator, acquired fame as the author of elaborate works on “The Origin of Language,” and “Ancient Metaphysics,” that figured not only in learned but also in controversial circles.

THOMAS CHRISTIE (1761–1796), a native of Montrose, who became an ardent Republican, and a political writer of note, is best known by his “Observations on the Literature of the Primitive Christians.”

WILLIAM CHRISTIE (1744–1788), master of the Grammar School at Montrose, also deserves notice as the author of a once valued Latin Grammar.

THOMAS DEMPSTER, born at Brechin towards the close of the Sixteenth Century, was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of his era. A scholar of the greatest erudition, with a memory never excelled, and with imaginative powers that yielded volume after volume of history of the most unreliable character, his career as a Professor, and Cavalier in several Continental spheres, was almost fantastic in incident. His death occurred at Boulogne in 1625.

REV. JAMES DURHAM (1622?–1658), one of the ablest and most popular of Scottish Theological writers, was a native of Forfarshire, a descendant of the family of Grange-Durham of Easter Powrie, or Wedderburn; and, after his remarkable conversion, an eminent minister of the Scottish Church, a reprover of Cromwell, and a Professor in Glasgow College.

REV. THOMAS DICK, LL.D., known as the Christian Philosopher through his popular work bearing that title, and the author of such other books as “Celestial Scenery,” “The Philosophy of a Future State,” and of a great variety of miscellaneous writings, was born at Dundee in 1774. A remarkable boy, he became a teacher; qualified and acted for some time as a Secession minister; settled at Broughty-Ferry in the enjoyment of comparative comfort earned by his successful publications; and died there in 1857.

JOHN ERSKINE, Knight, of Dun; appointed by Knox “Superintendent of the churches of Angus and the Mearns”; termed by Queen Mary “a mild and sweet-natured man, with true honesty and uprightness,” did more, perhaps, for Scottish learning and religion than any of his compatriots. He was born about the year 1508; was elected five times Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; established, for the first time in Scotland, the teaching of Greek at Montrose; was an active personality and writer in very troublous times, and died universally beloved in 1591. Spottiswoode rounded off his character in these words—“A baron he was of good rank, wise, learned, liberal, of singular courage; who, for divers resemblances, may well be said to have been another Ambrose.”

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN, who was born at Comrie in 1813, lived and laboured largely at Dundee, and died at Brechin in 1878, may justly be regarded as the resplendent literary ornament of his native Perthshire. The lustre of the great orator and critic falls with singular grace on the county where his magnificent work was mainly performed, and which benefited so largely from the affectionate regard in which he ever held it. Frequent reference to his inseparable connection with our local poetry will be found throughout the Anthology ; and of his personal fame and work it seems sufficient to say that Gilfillan was the author of "The Bards of the Bible," the editor of "The British Poets," and the poet of "Night."

JOHN DE FORDUN (b. 1350 ?), a learned priest, and author of the celebrated "Scotichronicon," which formed the basis of the histories of Boece, Buchanan, and many subsequent writers, was a native of the village from which he took his name.

GUTHRIE. This name figures largely in the literary and general history of Forfarshire, as may be inferred from the popular rhyme—

"Guthrie of Guthrie, and Guthrie of Gagie,
Guthrie of Taybank, and Guthrie of Craigie."

HENRY GUTHRIE (d. 1676), Bishop of Dunkeld, and the author of certain interesting but disputable "Memoirs," was born at the Manse of Coupar-Angus. JAMES GUTHRIE, the notable martyr whose life, voice, and pen did so much for the Covenanting Cause, and who suffered execution in 1661, was the son of the Laird of Guthrie. WILLIAM GUTHRIE, author of "The Christian's Great Interest," was born at Pitforthly in 1620. His writings are varied, and a place is assigned him among the Scots Worthies. He died at Brechin in 1665. Another WILLIAM GUTHRIE, son of the Episcopal minister of Brechin, and born in 1708 (?), was the author of a large number of historical and educational works, and the reputed writer of so many more that to authenticate his claims upon them would be to establish his fame as "the most miscellaneous and extensive author in the world." But there are circumstances that render such certainty impossible ; and, on that account, Guthrie's claim to the authorship of the poem "The Eagle and the Robin Redbreast"—assigned in "THE EVERGREEN" to Ar. Scott—need neither be advanced nor investigated.

KEITH. The name of Keith may be said to have been glorified in the person of that great military genius the HON. JAMES KEITH, known as Marshal Keith, whose birthplace, in 1696, was Dunottar Castle. His elder brother, GEORGE KEITH, Earl Marischal of Scotland (d. 1798, ætâ 86 ?), was the founder of the

famous Aberdeen College whose name commemorates his office, and was the friend and correspondent of the leading literary lights of the Europe of his time.

ROBERT KEITH, born at Uras in The Mearns in 1681, became Bishop of Fife, and was the writer of several works, in which he displayed notable qualities as a historian, antiquary, and genealogist.

GEORGE LOW, naturalist, and the author of the "Fauna Orcadensis," was born at Edzell in 1746. He was an erudite minister of the Church of Scotland, laboured at Birsay, Orkney, and died in 1795, leaving several elaborate works on different subjects in MS.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, famous as a lawyer, an official of state, and an author whose pure English style had never been equalled by any of his countrymen, was born at Dundee in 1636. His "Memoirs" form the most interesting portion of his varied and extensive contributions to literature. Sir George's great legal celebrity and excellence in prose quite eclipsed his merits as a writer of verse; but that he possessed a measure of the poetic gift is evidenced by several examples appearing in such collections of Scottish poems as Watson's, as by his lines on the great Marquis of Montrose, part of which may appropriately be reproduced here:—

Montrose, his country's glory and its shame,
Who equal'd Cæsar in all things but fame,
His heart, tho' not his country, was so great;
Like him he fell, but by a nobler fate.

Montrose did fall his country to redress,
But Cæsar, when he did just Rome oppress,
Duty on valour stamps a true renown:
'Tis greater to support than wear a crown.

WILLIAM MAITLAND, who wrote histories of London, Edinburgh, and Scotland, was born at Brechin in 1693, (?) and died at Montrose in 1757.

DAVID PIERSON, a member of an ancient and interesting Arbroath family, was the author of what is believed to be the earliest printed work now existing that can be claimed for any son of St. Thomas. This book was published at London in 1635, and was entitled, "Varieties," etc.; of which the curious reader will find a full account, with quotations, in Mr M'Bain's recently published and admirable volume on "Eminent Arbroathians." We may best indicate the purpose of Pierson's quaint maunderings by quoting their equally overdrawn panegyric written by no less famous a personage than Drummond of Hawthornden:—

"The Lawyer here may learn Divinity,
The Divine, Lawes, or faire Astrology;
The Dammarret respectively to fight;
The Duellist to court a mistress right;
Such who their name take from the Rosie-Crosse,
May here by time learne to repaire their losse;

All learne may somewhat, if they be not fooles,
 Arts quicklier here are lessoned than in schooles,
 This book a world is ; here if errorrs be,
 The like—nay worse—in the great world we see.”

THOMAS REID—son of the first ante-reformation minister of Banchory Ternan, and an ancestor of Dr T. Reid, who follows, was Greek and Latin Secretary to James VI., and a writer and poet of eminent reputation. Several of his poems in Latin appear in the “*Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*.”

DR THOMAS REID, who founded what is sometimes termed the “Common Sense School of Philosophy,” was born at Strachan Manse in 1710, and died at Glasgow in 1796. His life was written by his friend Prof. Dugald Stewart, and his fame rests on long professional labours at Aberdeen and Glasgow, and on varied recondite treatises in which abstract subjects are discussed in a singularly clear, powerful, and sensible manner.

GEORGE ROSE, the son of an Episcopalian minister, and famous as a writer on political themes, as also for great activity in State-craft, was born at Brechin in 1744. He completed the *Journal of the House of Lords*, superintended a magnificent production of the *Domesday Book*, published numerous works in practical politics, was a trusted official under Pitt and other administrators, and died at his estate of Cuffnells, in the New Forest, in 1818.

HENRY SCRIMGEOUR, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, a descendant of the Scrymgeours of Dudhope, Constables of Dundee, and hereditary Standard-Bearers of Scotland, was born at Glasswell, Dundee, in 1506. His career as a student and professor was of the greatest distinction, and closed at Geneva in 1571. His original works and translations were numerous, and were given to the world mainly after his death. His library was one of the most valuable in Europe, and was brought to Scotland in 1572.

The names of JOHN WADLOCK of Dundee, a Franciscan monk who flourished about 1550 ; DAVID WATSON, who was born at Brechin in 1710 ; GEORGE WISHART of Pitarrow, the distinguished Protestant minister who suffered martyrdom in 1546 ; Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, a distinguished officer, administrator, and writer of works of travel, whose grandfather was the brother of William Burnes, father of the National Poet, and who was born at Montrose in 1805, and murdered at Cabul in 1841 ; JOHN GILLIES, the great historian and Historiographer Royal, who was born at Brechin 1747, and died at Clapham in 1830 ; JAMES ALEXANDER HALDANE, born at Dundee in 1768, a nephew of Lord Camperdown, and famous as a sailor-preacher, and writer, who along with his brother ROBERT HALDANE became the leader of a great religious movement ; JAMES MILL, historian, philosopher, and political

economist, born at Logie Pest in 1773, the father of his still more eminent son, and who died at London in 1836; Dr ALEX. BROWN, astronomer; Dr NEIL ARNOTT, and Dr ALEX. MURRAY, antiquarian, all of Arbroath; Sir JAMES IVORY, mathematician, and Prof. ISLAY BURNS, both of Dundee; Sir CHARLES LYELL of Kinnordy, the great geologist; and Dr THOMAS GUTHRIE, famous both as an author and preacher, may be cited among the sons of Angus and the Mearns who have obtained eminence in the varied departments of letters and life which have benefited by their labours. Such a list can hardly fail to prove useful to the general reader, and it may serve a purpose even higher than that to which we seek to turn it to account. To us it seems rich in its suggestions of a Literary History of these Counties, to which their Anthology may serve as a worthy ornament, fringe, or appendage.

A tempting line of remark is opened by the consideration of the work of writers who have sprung from the fertile literary soil of Angus and the Mearns in times more recent than those to which we have just made reference. The qualities and staying powers of our modern authors are in most cases untried by time; but even as a mountain rears its head over its surroundings, and, by comparison, forces fairly respectable eminences to assume a subdued appearance, so has one of Kirriemuir's sons risen to fill the later literary horizon. The works of JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE require no explanation or eulogium here, for they have carried their messages to the universal heart, largely in the words and ways of Angus. Who among his myriad admirers would wish another medium than serves the poet-novelist so well in his admirable impressions? and where among local dialects could be found the equal of that terse but graphic utterance so delightfully handled by our local bards, and so dear to those who, knowing it thoroughly, love it well?

The literary influence and labours of the veteran W. D. Latto are indicated under his honoured name among our bards; and it is with the greatest satisfaction that we make a passing reference to his able coadjutor, A. H. Millar, whose life-work has been done largely in connection with the Dundee Press. Mr Millar's "History of Fife," his native county, is a model among works of its class, and its distinguishing features are apparent in all that his active pen has produced. The Historical Castles and Mansions of several Scottish districts have furnished themes which he has elaborated with great archaeological skill and literary grace; and such historical personages as Prince Charlie and Rob Roy have formed the basis of numerous studies of distinct value and great popular interest.

As will be seen, though our bards are drawn from all ranks and classes, the great majority of them are numbered among the sons and daughters of Toil. This

remark, indeed, applies to the Scottish Muse generally ; for—and the fact is well known—while our country's poets exhibit the most varied pedigree, the palm of numbers falls not to the purple and fine linen of Society, but to the hoddin gray of Labour. Quality, however, is quite impartial in its favours ; and this common experience is strongly reminiscent of the remark made by the SHEPHERD in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ,"—"The mair I think on't, the profounder is my conviction that the strength o' human nature lies either in the highest or lowest estate of life." There are some who would eliminate the lowlier singer from such a chorus as most men appreciate ; they listen only for the master voices, and decree the rest to oblivion. Forgetful that all are not attuned to hear alike with them, they decree the extinction of the only poetic pleasure possible to myriads of their fellows ; but, surely, it should not be difficult to expose the fallacy or unreasonableness of such a view and attitude.

No one of us condemns the feeble flicker of a *cruisie* because it is not a sun : indeed, there are many among us familiar with conditions so humble that in them the tiny raylet may not only fulfil the functions of the great luminary, but may also assume its veritable appearance. And, to adopt an analogy in which the parallelism with our subject is even more striking, we may establish on a surer basis the case for the value of even the lowliest lyre. Music appeals relatively to the intellect and soul of two classes of listeners : the charms of orchestration, for example, have a simultaneous effect on the expert and the amateur ; both may be affected in the same degree, but never in the same manner. The enjoyment of the expert is based on an analytical acumen to which the other is a stranger ; and his cultivated ear recognises and appreciates those nicer distinctions of tone which enhance the general harmonic effect of which alone the amateur is cognizant. Does the expert here desire the elimination of the humbler instruments, or the smaller parts ? is it not the case that in these lie much of the charm mutual to the listeners of every class ? May not the humblest follower in the Muse's train similarly add something of distinctive value to her royal service ? Would not the woodland choir be the poorer were it robbed of even the chirp of the robin ? and what loss to the voices of nature were the seal of silence to bind the ripple of the burnie !

Some arrest was lately laid on the form of appreciation for which we contend, by the public utterance of a great political and literary force ; but it must be remembered that a judgment applying aptly enough to the South may have little weight among ourselves ; and that particular localities, even, may be exempt from the strictures on the minor singer passed by a master mind. And, it may be, that in the very poverty of those meagre scintillations which cheer the lowly, many will find an argument for their defence and sustenance stronger than all the bannings of the learned—may find them a study more interesting than that of the

greater lights of the national firmament, or of spheres bounded only by universal recognition. Place this deliverance of another intellectual force against what has been indicated, and the solution of a literary problem will be easier if studied in its light and in that of the general influence of poetry on the Land of Song:—"People say that time and trouble should not be wasted on the infusoria of literature. Confine yourself, these people tell us, to the greater and permanent names, and let the others slide back to the oblivion they were meant for. Some of us will never take this advice because our interest is in these infusoria, and we find that the pleasure of investigating them is amply sufficient payment. If it were necessary to say more, I might plead that genius is so rare a thing that it is worth while to gather even the thinly scattered grains of gold in an ineffectual writer. I might also say that it is impossible to understand perfectly the *dii majores* unless you understand the conditions from which they sprang; and it is in the lot of many men of genius, as Robert Browning said, to be influenced more by minor literature than by greater. . . . We do not thoroughly understand a literary product unless we are able to place it like an egg in its nest, and this cannot be done without much labour spent upon people and matters that may seem exceedingly trivial. Before we can have a really satisfactory history of literature there must be preliminary collections of materials for the historian, and out of this he will in due time create his structure."

But we must leave Mr Gladstone and the arguments of "Claudius Clear," and return to matters more strictly local. It seems to us that there are other, and, in some respects, stronger reasons than any yet advanced, for the inclusion of our lesser bards in a work of this description. The task of finding information regarding them, or of obtaining specimens of their writings, is often of the greatest difficulty to many interested persons; therefore to gather them within a common cover must be helpful to such readers, who, in addition, may be saved much futile research by having presented to them a specimen of those very qualities which some others use as an argument in favour of exclusion. How often have we gone to certain books in order to secure data regarding an author whom we felt would certainly be included under the heading of his native county, or under the ægis of his distinctive gift, and have been disappointed! One's search could not end there; for though it might well have been argued that because the author in question was excluded he was not worth seeking after, one was governed by a strong and natural desire to have clear evidence even of the implied inferiority. The shortest reference to the writer would have been grateful, and a specimen of his work might have satisfied the reader once and for all. This course would also have saved further and often wearisome hunting; and would have prevented that irritation engendered by a presumed advantage of good quality, a presumption which

cannot in such circumstances be accepted as a fair compensation for the poverty of a too slender compilation.

An anthology, to fulfil the true functions of its existence, must faithfully exhibit the poetic facts with which it is concerned, in all their aspects and fulness. It must be complete, or it will be untrustworthy; it must present all sides of the subject, or it will be unfair. According to some presentments, all the bards of certain counties are *Dons*! Could any impression be more misleading? and could censorship exhibit greater follies than in the name of Quality may thus be perpetrated in such works of reference? To "err on the safe side" here, seems to us to be a praiseworthy ambition. Everything considered, the best policy for the anthologist is to sample all the fruits, richer and poorer, of his researches. Surely, in the interest of fairness as well as of argument, and remembering that to err here might not only be human, but disastrous to some delicate though worthy reputation, the safest course to steer is that of a generous *inclusion*, and not of hypercritical *exclusion*.

It will, we think, be readily admitted that most people consult an anthology very much as they consult a dictionary; and that those who study such a work for pleasure pure and simple form the minority among readers. Not that there is *no* pleasure in such a consultation, by no means: pleasure may be extracted even from the pages of Johnson's *Magnum Opus*, as witness the declaration of that canny Scot, whose only fault with the book, which he had read with pleasure from "end to end," was that "the *stories* were mighty short"! And, if our surmise be correct, it follows that such consultation is made with definite objects in view. First, and chiefly, a *person* is sought for: if he is not found where in all reason he should be found, disappointment is inevitable, and "where shall I turn now?" an extremely annoying consequence. If the person is there, the salient features of his life-story will be required, these, and these only: if they are hidden beneath a mass of words, of trivialities interesting only in the first person singular, or lost amid the verbiage of periods, sequences, criticism and the like, vexation is inevitable as a sort of natural product of the course. Then, a selection which will exhibit whatever is notable in the writer's achievements, or which will reflect his general attainments be they good, bad, or indifferent, will be a necessary corollar of the concise personal sketch; and no harm will result from a pithy critical opinion—a *one man* deliverance though it be—if it be suggestive and not conclusive, deferential and not arrogant; for, after all is said, the inherent merits or demerits of the work sampled are sufficient in themselves not only to temper criticism, but to influence every fresh mind whose powers are brought to bear upon them.

A word of explanation may be offered regarding the inclusion of certain bards, who, by reason of birth outside the counties, might, in the opinion of some, have

been excluded from this work. Let us put this matter in concrete form through the medium of a test case. A bard is born in a neighbouring county—it may be, in another country—and spends, say, the best part of his life in Angus or the Mearns. This latter fact is one of the most prominent features of his career, and his poetry emanated largely, if not altogether, from his place of residence among us. In which county anthology is a search most likely to be made for this writer? We think the question answers itself; and our impression and action are well supported by that other and very important consideration, that it would be a hundred times better to *duplicate* that author anthologically than to dissolve him in argument regarding his genuine place or origin. Again, it seems that on the whole question, the generous policy of inclusion alone is safe, fair, and reasonable; and that exclusion—except on the surest ground, or because of the entire absence or debasement of the poetic gift—is reprehensible in the extreme.

Regarding local centres of poetic influence, it may be observed that while Brechin leads the counties in mediums of dissemination, Arbroath forms a very good second with Mr Hay's "Round about the Round O with its Poets." The position of Arbroath among Scottish towns is altogether unique. Her fame as the Fairport of "The Antiquary"; the splendour of her noble Abbey; the glamour of her romantic Bell Rock; and the number and excellence of her bards, are almost without parallel among provincial towns. "Paisley for Poets" may, indeed, suggest an error in the latter article of our creed, but the suggestion lies merely on the surface; for though Arbroath may not have reared a Tannahill or a Wilson, man for man, and in due proportion, her poetic annals are not one whit less honourable than are those of the famous *Greysley* of the West. As James M. M'Bain, that enthusiastic and able literary son of Saint Thomas, has clearly indicated, Arbroath has proved not only the cradle of many who have risen to eminence in the varied walks of life, but also a veritable "nursery of poets," and the cause is neither far to seek, nor difficult to find. A wide sweep of the German Ocean, with the majestic movements of its mighty waters; a range of cliff scenery, inspiring, even awesome in its huge sublimity; the picturesque ruins of Scotland's finest Abbey; an embowering expanse of verdant hills and vales, all irradiated with the genial warmth of honest hearts and true, form a combination of charms which it is impossible should be lost on the susceptible souls of the more meditative of the sons and daughters of Aberbrothock.

Forfar is fairly well represented by A. Lowson Fenton's "Forfar Poets," but it is a matter for some regret that the projected Second Series has never made its expected appearance. Surely there is enough of public and literary enterprise in the county town to give such a venture the requisite support; and we trust to find the townsmen of John Nevay welcoming with some measure of enthusiasm a fuller

representation of his lays than is possible in our space, on which so many have a claim. Montrose, and, in recent years, Kirriemuir, have done not a little to foster local talent; the Mearns, from the very nature of things, has been nearly neglected, and in these centres there are many interesting poetic memorials which lie invitingly ready to the willing hand. Dundee has been extremely modest in regard to her bards; in fact, she is not puffed up, and has not vaunted herself in this respect, however high her claims may be as a leader in the preparation and publication of all matters literary, artistic, and commercial. Contenting herself with certain chapters on her celebrities in various departments of public life and service, she leaves to other towns the compilation of anthologies, and submits with a modest grace to the assumption that her bards are of an importance quite commensurate with that of a subject somewhat foreign to the ruling spirit of the no mean city suggestively styled Juteopolis. Or, perhaps, living under that Damoclean terror, invented, it is said, by Thomas the Rhymer, she has not the heart to pursue the subject closely, feeling that in this, as in other respects, she is just biding the time whose sands are running with a slowness remarkable enough—and hopeful enough, say the pessimistic—if Thomas be of verity “True Thomas” when he croaks:—

“Bonnie Munross will be a moss, Brechin a braw borough toun,
But Farfar will be Farfar still, when Dundee’s a’ dung down!”

But, be that as it may, Dundee has every reason to be proud of her honoured Bardic roll, and Angus of the city whose press is the admiration of the world. May it not be advanced that if the influence of this great factor has not been so potential as that of a university, it has, at least, been more varied; and has vitalized many national forces which remain unresponsive to every form of academic advance?

It is difficult in the extreme to state succinctly the history of the notable connection of ROBERT BURNS with the Mearns; but information is quite available, and one of our bards, Mr J. H. Kinnear, has in his “Glenbervie, the Fatherland of Burns,” made a valuable contribution to public knowledge of this interesting subject. The following quotation from one of the rare MS. documents displayed at the Burns Exhibition held at Glasgow in 1896, may prove of service to the general reader in a connection deserving of all the prominence which can be given it here. The document (No. 1233 in catalogue) is headed—“Genealogy of the Family and Surname of Burness,” and proceeds:—“Walter Burness learned the shoemaker business, and afterwards set up on himself as a Country Shoemaker at the Stonehouse of Mergie in the Parish of Glenbervie, he wase industrious and frugal, and in a few years he sav’d as mutch money as enabled him to take the

farm of Bogjorgain in the aforesaid parish. What family he had is uncertain; however, it is certain that he had four sons who reached manhood, viz.: William, who succeeded him in Bogjorgain. Robert and John who resided Sometime at Aughtoughton in the Parish of Forden, but they both afterwards Removed to the Parish of Benholm, where they Settled, and from them are descended all of the name of Burness about Bervie and Johnshaven. His youngest son James took the farm of Bralinmuir, and from the descendants of the Oldest and Youngest Sons we shall trace two Distinct family's under the names of the Bogjorgan and Bralinmuir branch."

Regarding the Robert Burness of this document (the grandfather of the poet), we may quote these further sentences from a letter that appeared in the *People's Journal*, January, 1896, and which was written in New Zealand by a lineal descendant of the National Bard. It brings the references in the genealogical MS. to a clear and definite issue; a somewhat difficult matter to do, and an experience uncommon to many who have tried to master the subject:—"Robert, the tenant of Clochinmill, was the grandfather of the poet. . . . It is very doubtful if the poet was ever in the Mearns. . . . Robert, the tenant of Clochinmill, had three sons, namely, James, the great grandfather of Dr Burnes and Sir Alexander Burnes, William, the father of the Poet, and Robert. William, the father of the poet, then in his nineteenth year, removed first to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and worked as a gardener in the Nor' Loch Gardens, Princes Street, Edinburgh, afterwards he removed to Ayrshire," etc.

It may not be amiss to refer, further, to the debatable question touched on in this letter, viz.: whether the poet ever visited the county of his forefathers? We cannot possibly settle this question; but it will be worth while to give an indication of the drift of the popular belief that such a visit was actually made. The story goes that in 1787, Admiral Duff of Fetteresso "challenged (the youthful) Burns for fishing in the Carron"—we quote from D. M'Gregor Peter's "Baronage of Angus and The Mearns"—"by putting the peremptory question of 'Sir, who gave you authority to fish on my domains?' The poet threw his fishing rod down the stream, and remarked—

Your fish are scarce, your water's sma',
There's my rod, and Rob's awa'!"

A delightful story, if true; but, alas! its verification seems far to seek, and hard to find.

In the preparation of this work we have been greatly assisted by the willing service of many able literary friends, and by the kindly counsel of a host of correspondents who have taken the liveliest interest in its progress, tardy though

that, necessarily, has been. The County Press, also, has been most amiably disposed toward the venture; and to its every editor, and to all who have in any way assisted in completing a laborious but delightful service, the hearty thanks of one who is deeply grateful for favours more numerous than can be fully acknowledged here are respectfully tendered. Even to name all who, in response to public or private invitation, have assisted in giving this anthology an aspect of completeness, which, otherwise, it could never have exhibited, would occupy so much space that our very natural desire to notice them individually has had, perforce, to be departed from. Many personal acknowledgments are made in the book itself: and to every coadjutor, whether mentioned by name or not, we desire in the forefront of our work to acknowledge our grateful indebtedness. From Dundee, especially, much useful aid was sent; and the names of Messrs John Paul, James Falconer, John Ramage, the late A. C. Lamb, W. D. Latto, Norval Serymgeour, J. S. Mills, Ex-Bailie Ogilvie, Frank Boyd, F. H. Rea, and James Thomson, are suggestive of many tangible evidences of their desire to see the book as nearly perfect as might be. The Right Hon. The Earl of Southesk; Ex-Bailie Lowson, Forfar; J. M. McBain, Arbroath; J. D. Low, J. E. Watt, and Miss Potter, Montrose; Messrs Black and Johnstone, and D. H. Edwards, Brechin; Mr J. F. Mills, Kirriemuir; Rev. Mr Morrison, Kirkmichael; Mr Robert Ford, and Mr Ingram of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow; Mr Stronach, Advocates Library, Edinburgh; Mr Alex. Anderson, University Library, Edinburgh; Mr James Davidson, London; Miss Parker, Broughty-Ferry; and Mr A. S. Carnegie, Tayvallich; may be mentioned among many residents in different localities who have, in varied ways, given valuable aid in the furtherance of the exhaustive representation aimed at in this book of local bards.

To Mr Robert Alexander, R.S.A., for permission to use his "Wat and Weary," one of the finest expositions of its kind to be found among the achievements of Scottish art; to Mr J. Michael Brown, Mrs Smieton, Mr W. S. Myles, Mr J. Eadie Reid, and to the other artists and photographers who have given the use of those drawings and photographs which are not the least of the attractions of the book, an expression of gratitude is now most sincerely conveyed. That our joint efforts may be deemed successful by every subscriber and reader, is our hearty desire in parting with the kindly company who have worked together with such good-will in fashioning into permanent form this anthology of Angus and the Mearns.

ALAN REID.

INDEX OF NAMES

ARRANGED IN TOPOGRAPHICAL ORDER.

It was deemed unnecessary to duplicate in an Index the Alphabetical or Self-Indexing arrangement of the book. This enumeration of the Bards under their proper or approximate District Headings can hardly fail to interest, and is certain to be serviceable to many readers. Where difficulty was experienced in determining localities through places of birth and residence presenting nearly equal claims, *both* have been given. With one or two exceptions, the names appearing on pages 566-9, and of bards represented in the Appendix, do not appear in this Index.

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THE BARDS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNs.

JAMES AIRTH.

A RECORD of misfortune, unique even in the lives of our more hapless brethren, was the lot of James Airth, the author of "Maud's Dream," and of other poems of a less pretentious character. He was born at Arbroath in 1804, and seemed destined, almost from his birth, to a course of failures and disappointments so extended and so varied that their recital verges almost on the ludicrous. He was trained as a baker, and was unsuccessful in business in several towns; his experience as a station-master, at Auldbar and Glasterlaw, was singularly unfortunate; and emigration to America simply resulted in bereavement, ruin, and confirmed ill-health. Latterly, his existence in Dundee, where he died in 1870, was of the "from hand to mouth" order; and the pity of it all is intensified by the fact that Airth was a deserving man, and keenly sensitive to the repeated trials under which he suffered.

"Maud's Dream, or the Restoration," a narrative poem in five books, was, with a small number of other pieces, published in a dainty volume of 188 pages, at Arbroath, in 1848. Its principal subject deals in an agreeable manner with an imaginary episode in Scottish history, laid in the period subsequent to the death of Malcolm Canmore, and having Montreathmont Muir as the stage on which several of its events are enacted. The style and quality of this poem may be understood from our first quotation; and as a specimen of Airth's abilities in other directions, we give a short extract from one of his long unpublished poems, one of the few examples of his essays in his native Doric.

EXTRACT FROM BOOK II. OF "MAUD'S DREAM."

Thus day by day their wanderings led,
Thus sought by night a sheltering shed,
Till twice day's radiant car had driven,
With burning wheels, o'er azure heaven;
Till twice the moon's pale silvery light
Had cheered the wild and blest the night;
And when the third glad morning dawn
With dew begem'd the flowery lawn,
The CHIEF, on early journey bent,
While others slept, stole from the tent.
He went to meditate alone,

On oaken shade and Druidic stone,—
The dream of MAUD, the lovely glade,
The spreading tent in sylvan shade;
His long lost son, with wife and child,—
His exile on Monrithmont wild,—
The happy scenes of joy to come,—
His near approach to native home;
To climb the mount with forest crown'd,
And view, alone, the scene beyond;
Up the sweet glen where night he spent,
In musing mood, the CHIEFTAIN went:

The aspiring mind, that knows no rest,
 No calm to soothe the troubled breast ;
 That earth's supremest happiness
 Is but to dwell, unknown, with peace !
 The deep serene that reigned around,
 The warbling rill, the glen profound,
 And the grey twilight's sacred ray,

The harbinger of cheerful day,
 Enwraught the CHIEF in fairy dream :
 He thinks of his once honoured name,
 And feels how vain the voice of fame,
 How vain those mortal cares that vex,
 Those selfish tumults that perplex.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

O, but the happy days of yore,
 Their muckle loss I maun deplore,
 Sic times again will come no more
 To glad the land.

The gowd noo grasped, a needfu' store,
 Bears hael command.

What happy meetin's I hae seen,
 What sports at gloamin' on the green,
 What New Year joys, what Hallowe'en,
 At mill and smiddy !

What fun, what cheer, wi' Kirkton Jean,
 Owre ale and toddy !

What fiddlin' whan the corn cam' in,
 What rants whan lasses met to spin !
 At bridals blithe what liltin' din

That noo nae mair
 Gi'es the sad heart a lift within
 'Bune dowie care !

Folk lived and de'ed whaur they were bred,
 Their native acres then them fed ;

Wi' their ain 'oo' they aye were cled,
 And as they wanted

The tree in age that gave them shade
 In youth they 'd planted.

They saw their weans grow up around them,
 And near themsel's a maiden found them,

E'en whaur their ain hill summits bound them
 They saw arise

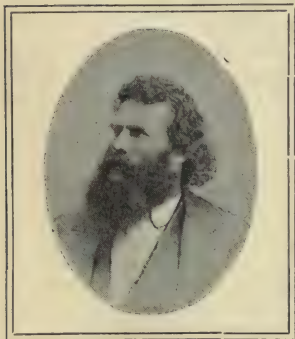
Their bairns' bairns, as still they owned them
 Wi' tender ties.

Then sure as on the mountain grew

The stately oak or towerin' yew,
 On native soil they only knew

Life's passing day,
 And at its solemn eve withdrew
 To kindred clay.

WILLIAM ALLAN, M.P.



IT is no mean achievement, in these days of "cut and thrust," for a mechanic to have risen from the bench, through the various grades of an intricate business, to the command of one of the great manufacturing concerns of the age, and a seat among the legislators of his country ! The fact indicates the possession of a superb intellect, a dominant will, and an exceptional resource of physical energy ; and if to these possessions we add that genial kind-heartedness, and overflowing Scottish enthusiasm so characteristic of William Allan, we hold the key to the true reading of his unique and imposing personality. Character comes out in hand-

writing, some people tell us ; then, truly, our reduced *fac-simile* of this writer's striking caligraphy is singularly eloquent. Its style is simplicity itself, so is the spirit of its author ; it is bold and legible, and perfect in every detail, and furnishes, in every aspect, a clear reflection of the writer's stalwart manliness.

Up wi' the Banner o' Scotland.

Up wi' the Banner o' Scotland.

Up wi' the Banner o' Fame.

Wha wadna rally for Scotland

Far bide wi' his grannie at hame.

O' for the spirit that made us victorious

Quere a' that our joemen could do,

O' for the men wha made Scotland our glory.

An' O' for the leal an' the true.

Sae up wi' the Banner o' Scotland &c.

Up wi' the Lion o' Scotland.

Up wi' the Lion o' More.

Wha wadna gather for Scotland

Is coward an' coof to the core.

O' for the freedom our forefathers saul'd.

An' draw the claymore to uphold.

O' for the lads that nae fed their saul'd.

An' O' for the grave an' the bold.

Sae up wi' the Lion o' Scotland &c.

Up wi' the Nation o' Scotland.

Lowlander! Up wi' the Gael.

Wha wadna murder for Scotland

Is no' worth the paul o' his kail.

O' for the day when Edina shall see us

Since mar'nakin' lads o' our aill.

O' for the sons wha frae thairdom shall see us

An' bring back our glory again.

Sae up wi' the Nation o' Scotland &c.

To do justice to the multifarious details of William Allan's career would be impossible within our limits. Literally, these would fill a volume, and fill it well; for, almost from that November birthmorn at Dundee in 1837, this life has been one long scene of struggle and triumph, of energy and mastery wonderful to contemplate, and worthy only of admiration. It unites within itself the subject matter of many lives: it shows us the future bard and legislator following in his father's steps as a Dundee engineer, as an engineer in the Royal Navy, as chief engineer of a blockade runner during the American War, as a prisoner of war and as released on parole, as manager of the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co.'s works at Sunderland, as proprietor of the Scotia Engine Works in that town, as M.P. for Gateshead, and as a man and a poet whose individuality and writings are an honour to the city and land of his birth.

Nor can any series of quotations convey an adequate impression of the powers of this poet, from whom songs seem to fall in veritable showers. Over a dozen volumes of poems—"Rough Castings," "Hame - spun Lilts," "Heather Bells," "Northern Lights," "Democratic Chants," &c.—have been published by Mr

Wm Allan

Allan; and, but for the engrossments of mercantile and parliamentary business, his muse betrays no sign of waning power. His themes are varied as can well be imagined; but were it not for that intense sympathy for his toiling brethren which has earned for him the proud title "The Poet of Labour," we might term him the "Modern Bard of Bonnie Scotland," so deep and true are his musings and raptures over the grand old land he loves so well. "The Hills! The Hills!" he writes, "whereon my soul finds rest, and hums its delight in hamely sangs," and this we feel to be the secret of those vivid presentments of Nature and her mysteries to which the poet has so accustomed us. Long may he live to charm his compatriots with his communings by the mountain top and the lonely tarn, to help us with his rich philosophy, to move our hearts to mirth or tears, to conquer wrong by his clear exposure and eloquent denunciation, to cheer the burdened with his sympathy and hope, and to exalt his "ain wee land," his love for which not even the Modern Babylon herself can quench.

ROB ROY'S DEATH.

Night drew her dark mantle o'er gloomy Balquhiddar,
 The mist clouds rolled down from each mountain's dark breast,
 And wild wailed the wind o'er the dew-laden heather
 In tones of despair for the hero's unrest.
 The cold touch of Death on Macgregor was falling,
 His eagle eye gleamed 'neath life's lingering fires,
 While far-away voices he heard softly calling,
 And saw the grey hosts of his warrior sires.

"Who comes?" spake Macgregor; "that step is a foeman's,
 My death-sharpened ear knows an enemy's tread;
 Away, ye pale phantoms! ye voices and omens!
 Bring—bring me my claymore, wrap round me my plaid!
 What! Rob Roy defenceless? Ha! ha! it shall never
 Be said that Macgregor was powerless to smite;
 A thousand death's terrors may haunt me ere ever
 A foe shall behold me bereft of my might."

As calm as a monarch in glory reposing,
 So lay the old Chief with his clansmen around;
 As bold as a warrior with enemies closing,
 Death's slogan he heard, and rejoiced at the sound.
 "Who doubts me?" he whispered. "Unconquered, I'm dying;
 My bed is the heather I trod in my pride;
 My tartan, unsullied, around me is lying,
 My sword's in my hand, and a friend by my side."

Afar o'er the mountains strange echoes were trailing,
 And deep was the sorrow Balquhiddar then saw;
 The coronach's numbers of anguish were wailing
 Around the cold couch of the vanquished outlaw.
 For ever away from the scenes of his glory,
 They laid him to rest 'mid the dust of the brave;
 And Scotland shall cherish the fame of his story
 As long as her heather-bells bloom on his grave.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

There is nae, nae spot in the haill, haill earth
Like a wee, wee land i' the far, far North,
It is famed for sang an' for men o' worth,
An' kent as the Land o' Cakes.

It has green, green glens, it has broon, broon
hills,
It has sang sung streams, it has clear, clear rills;
O ! its beauty aye ilk bosom fills
Wi' love for the Land o' Cakes.

O ! the gowd, gowd brume, an' the blue blue-
bells
Deck its howes an' knowes an' its lang, lane
dells,
An' the heather blooms owre the muirs an' fells
Sae famed in the Land o' Cakes.

Frae its wee, wee cots, o' a but an' a ben,
Cam' the braw, braw maids, an' the gran',
gran' men,
Wha hae bauldly stood for the Richt, ye ken,
An' focht for the Land o' Cakes.

When the lood, lood pipes soun' their wild,
wild blaw,
O ! the leal, leal lads, with a heich, heich ca',
Gar the faes o' Freedom a' rin awa',
Like coofs, frae the Land o' Cakes.

O ! the deep, deep love for the auld, auld
hame
Is its source o' sang an' its fount o' fame ;
An' tho' far awa' we are aye the same—
True sons o' the Land o' Cakes.

ALL IS SONG.

What the blessing of my being ?
What the joy to which I cling ?
'Tis the pleasure of my seeing
Poetry in everything.

All the world to me is singing
Songs in a melodious breath,
And their echoes ever ringing
Tell the tale of life and death.

From the tender flow'ret lowly,
From the giant forest tree,
Come a strain of music holy,
Which is ever heard by me.

From the solemn, towering mountain,
From the grey mist on its brow,

From the white-winged falling fountain,
Songs of light or darkness flow.

From the ever restless ocean,
From the winds that stir its soul,
From the clouds in airy motion,
Hymns of joy or sorrow roll.

From the toiler at his labour,
From each trade's day-wrought emprise,
From my poor or wealthy neighbour,
Chants of hope or sadness rise.

From the dead and from the living,
From the dust of every clime,
All is ever, ever giving
Songs which only cease with Time.

O ! THE HAMMERS.

O ! the hammers, hammers, hammers,
Clanging hammers,
How they beat, how they chime,
With a joyous music time,
Soul-inspiring, never tiring
To the ear !
O'er the waters of the Tyne
Rolls the melody divine
Loud and clear !
And the toilers, strong and grim,
Glory in the sounding hymn ;
For they know that each blow
Keeps the homely hearth aglow,
So they hammer, hammer, hammer,
And the far-resounding clamour
Gives them cheer.

O ! the hammers, hammers, hammers,
Throbbing hammers,
How they leap, how they skip,
O'er the bosom of the ship,
Ever beating and repeating
Labour's lay !
Hark ! they tell of human might,
With an echoing delight
All the day !
O ! but the battle must be won,
And the toiling must be done ;
For the strife of each life
Is for children and for wife,
So they hammer, hammer, hammer,
And the wild, sonorous clamour
Is their stay.

OMEGA.

When my life's song is sung and its battle is
o'er,

And death hath his victory found ;
When the voice which was joyous is hushed
evermore

In silence which knoweth no sound ;
On my cold pallid features, O ! shed not a tear,
Disturb not the touch of decay,
Chant a warrior's dirge as I lie on my bier,
And music's sad melodies play.

Bear me high on the shoulders of heroes of toil,
Companions in conflict were we ;
They were ever my friends in the direst tur-
moil,
A friend they had ever in me ;

In the battles of peace I oft sung them my
songs,

Which stirred them to deeds of the brave ;
And to them as old soldiers of Labour belongs
The duty of closing my grave.

Let me lie 'neath the sod which some clear
river laves

In its path to the changeless sea ;
Let me sleep to the song of the wind as it waves
Thro' the breast of a bending tree ;

Let the tender bluebell deck the turf which I
claim,

And dear Highland heather-bells blow ;
On a slab at my head simply chisel the name
Of a soldier on furlough below.

WILLIAM ALLAN. (2)

"WHOM the gods love die young" is a saying trite enough in all conscience ; but it would be difficult to find another more apt in its application to the short and worthy career of this amiable bard. As the friend of Alexander Balfour he claims our attention irresistibly ; in the distinguished poets' encomiums, poetic and otherwise, there lies a source of perennial interest on account of their theme ; and in the poetical reliques of the youthful writer there are evidences of beauty and power which win their own way to the attention of even the most casual of readers. William Allan was the son of an Arbroath wheelwright, and was born in 1784. He was apprenticed to a solicitor in his native town, but infirm health barred his progress in a profession, and he gave himself to the cultivation of his literary gifts, literally looking death in the face the while. The *Edinburgh Magazine* received several of his pieces ; fond hopes were entertained that he might achieve a meritorious career, but he fell a victim to disease when only in the twentieth year of his age. Both of the poems we give as illustrative of Allan's powers appeared in the magazine referred to ; and "Melancholy" was the piece selected by Alexander Balfour to accompany a singularly appreciative notice of his departed friend contributed in 1824 to *Time's Telescope*.

"THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLACK HAIR."

The sun slowly rising now gilds the green plains
That bloom in fresh nature, and glitter wi' dew,
An' frae yonder thicket resound the sweet strains
Of friendship and harmony, artless and true :
The ploughman goes whistling along to his toil,
Inhaling the fragrance that breathes through the air,
While musin' I pass o'er the flower-painted soil,
An' think on the lass wi' the bonnie black hair.

The primrose that fringes the banks o' the rill,
 The dew-sparkling daisy sae lovely an' gay,
 An' ilka fresh floweret that decks the green hill,
 Proclaim the approach o' the pleasures o' May.
 But tasteless to me were each joy she could bring,
 And vain Nature's charms, though transcendently fair;
 Undelighted, I rove 'midst the beauties o' Spring
 If far frae the lass wi' the bonnie black hair.

Thou soft flowery Brothock, by whose verdant side
 My Jenny aft strays the broom bushes amang,
 An' eyes the gay sporters that dart through thy tide,
 To list to the mavis' wild warbling sang,—
 Say, roves there a maid on thy margin more bright,
 Or blooms there a flower can wi' Jenny compare?
 Ah no! a' the beauties o' Brothock maun yield
 When compared to the lass wi' the bonnie black hair.

MELANCHOLY.

When the tempest howls loud through the dark withered grove,
 And the rude blasts of winter all nature deform,
 Amid the dark scenes unappalled I could rove,
 And rest undisturbed by the rage of the storm.
 Yet why, when the wild winds of winter are flown,
 When hushed to repose are the waves of the sea,
 When spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,
 And the sweet voice of gladness is heard from the tree—

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow
 Combine to inspire me with transports of joy,—
 Oh! why on my tongue dwells the accents of woe,
 Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh?
 When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east,
 I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore,
 Where the sea-bird screams wild as she starts from her nest,
 And the loud-sounding surges in hollow rocks roar.

I sit by the rock, hoary, rugged, and bare,
 That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves,
 Where the mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair,
 And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.
 When the sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,
 All lonely and pensive I rest by the stream:
 I call to remembrance the days that are past,
 And compare all my joys to the sun's setting beam.

I see, with regret, where the hawthorn tree stood
 And the yellow furze blossomed, the marks of the plough;
 Yet, pleased, I behold the rock shattered and rude,
 And view with delight the bleak mountain's bare brow.
 Beneath the green elm, waving dark in the air,
 Oft I rest, when the moon lights her lamp in the sky;
 Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there,
 And that there all my hopes and my happiness lie!

REV. ALEXANDER CRIGHTON ALEXANDER.

THE son of Doctor Alexander, who for forty years practised in Lochee, this writer bears a name honoured in that busy community; and, as minister of Stoke Newington Presbyterian Church, London, fills a position of great responsibility and influence. Mr Alexander was born at Carnoustie in 1845, and studied for the ministry at St. Andrews' University, his first charge being that of the U.P. Church, Douglas, in which he laboured for eleven years. His poetical writings have been published through a variety of mediums, and in 1865 a number of his earlier pieces were issued in pamphlet form. In his present sphere Mr Alexander finds an outlet for his communings in the pages of "Our work," the *Quarterly* issued in connection with his congregation, and from which our first and second illustrative pieces are taken. "Curly" appeared in the "Scotsman" in 1882.

A HEATHER SPRIG.

A sprig of heather sprucely stuck
In the ribbon-knot of my wide-awake :
Is it there for love, or there for luck,
Or there for "puir auld Scotland's sake" ?

To-day, in the city's noontide roar,
I doffed my hat for the heat, and, lo !
I passed from the street to Aviemore
And cooled my brow at the Cairngorm snow.

For soon as I saw that heather-bloom,
O then, in the twinkling of an eye,
Vanished the crowd and the sultry gloom,
And a vision dawned of days gone by.

There rose before me the wooded hill,
And our holiday home in dear Strathspey ;

And Katie's cow cropt the wayside still,
And Peter was harvesting his hay.

And fair Loch Vaa, like a sapphire, gleamed
In sylvan setting of birch and pine,
And the Red Sea of the moorland seemed
To scent the air as with wafts of wine.

I stood once more by the mountain brook,
And cast my line in the swirling pool,
And lay on the bank with a ballad-book,
And bathed in the water clear and cool.

A time of bliss ! but it could not last ;
The vision faded and soon was gone ;
For how could Craigellachie "stand fast,"
When a street voice sternly said, "move on !"

A MEMORY OF MAY.

The chestnuts bloomed in the Park, in the warm blue air of May,
And my heart rose light as the lark, that sang as it soared away—
Up, up, up, still up, for Summer was nigh that day.

Bird on the wing, what revel was mine abroad with thee,
Out in the sunshine, up in the azure, jubilant, free,
With never a dismal thought of dismal days to be !

The trees are bare in the Park, for the time of snow is near,
And chill are the days and dark, and my heart is grave with fear,
And down, down, down, still down, it sinks with the sinking year.

Bird in my bosom, sing me the song of long ago,
And what care I for leaden sky, or the bitter winds that blow !
My world grows white as with summer bloom, and not with winter snow.

CURLY.

DROWNED IN THE NETHAN, AUGUST, 1882.

So your Diversions, but and ben,
Are over now, like those of Purly.
A last low bow you made, and then
Departed, Curly !

You had your day—the life you led
Was rather royd, but never surly ;
Too soon were you packed off to bed—
That cold one, Curly !

What were your thochties in the pock,
When flung into the water gurlly ?
O, did you shiver at the shock,
My ruesome Curly ?

Alas, poor ghost, escaped the bag !
You only shake your head, like Burleigh ;
No tail do you unfold, whose wag
Was welcome, Curly !

Yet still, when falls the gloaming tide,
Your wraith—the Lesmahagow Lurley—
Shall haunt the rock on Nethanside
Where perished Curly.

Dear Doggie ! aiblins glad to be
Away out of the hurly-burly ;
Yet there are hearts, and I know three,
Are wae for Curly.

A GRAVE SWEET MUSING,

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS FIRE BURNS.

EVE OF BIRTH—“ *There was no room for them in the inn.*”EVE OF DEATH—“ *I go to prepare a place for you.*”

No room for Thee, the Holy Child,
So lowly, needing little room ;
No place on earth prepared for Thee
Save manger-crib and tomb.

In fondest joy the Mother made
Thy first bed soft as it could be,
And fain had fondest sorrow kept
Thy last bed sweet for Thee.

But hard beneath Thy pilgrim feet
The bitter way Thou hadst to go ;
The Saviour, born to bear our sins,
Our sorest need must know.

On that appointed path of Thine,
That led through dolorous years to doom,
For Thee, a lone way-faring man,
The inn had still no room.

No place for Thee to lay Thy head !
Thou, resting in Thy love, didst see
Room in Thy Father's house for all :
And that was joy to Thee.

Be ours Thy joy—our feast to-day,
A feast we share with Thee and Thine ;
Make warm and wide our hearts with love,
And come Thou in, and dine.

REV. THOS. GORDON TORRY ANDERSON.

THE inclusion of this writer among our local bards is warranted by his connection with Dundee, where he acted as a minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Church from 1841 to 1855. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Torry, Bishop of St. Andrews, and was born at Peterhead in 1805. Educated for the clerical profession, he held charges at Portobello, Edinburgh, and Dundee ; resigning, in 1855, his important appointment in the latter place on account of illness, and removing to Aberdeen, where he died in the year following. Mr Torry Anderson was an accomplished musician and poet, several of his songs and compositions having attained national celebrity. He took the name Anderson on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Anderson of Tushielaw ; and it is also worthy of note that he succeeded to the estate of Fawside on the death of an uncle in 1850, and resided there for some time prior to his death in 1856. As the author of “The Araby Maid” he will be longest remembered, though other fruits of his leisure present an almost equal lyrical charm.

THE ARABY MAID.

Away on the wings of the wind she flies,
 Like a thing of life and light,
 And she bounds beneath the eastern skies,
 And the beauty of eastern night.

Why so fast drives the bark thro' the ocean's
 foam?
 Why wings she so speedy a flight?
 'Tis an Araby maid who hath left her
 home,
 To fly with her Christian knight.

She hath left her sire and her native land,
 The land which from childhood she trode,

And hath sworn by the pledge of her beautiful
 hand,
 To worship the Christian's God.

Then away, then away, oh! swift be thy flight,
 'Twere death one moment's delay;
 For behind there is many a blade glancing
 bright;
 Then away, away, away!

They are safe in the land where love is divine,
 In the land of the free and the brave;
 They have knelt at the foot of the holy shrine—
 Nought can sever them now but the grave.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

The maid is at the altar kneeling;
 Hark, the chant is loudly pealing—
 Now it dies away!

Her prayers are said before the shrine,
 No other thought but thought divine
 Doth her sad bosom fill.

The world to her is nothing now,
 For she hath ta'en a solemn vow
 To do her Father's will.

But why hath one so fair, so young,
 The joys of life thus from her flung—
 Why hath she ta'en the veil?—

Her lover fell where the brave should fall,
 Amidst the fight, when the trumpet's call
 Proclaimed the victory.

He fought, he fell, a hero brave,
 And, though he fill a lowly grave,
 His name can never die.

But vain the loudest trumpet tone
 Of fame to her, when he was gone
 To whom the praise was given!

Her sun of life had set in gloom—
 Its joys were withered in his tomb—
 She vowed herself to Heaven!

I LOVE THE SEA.

I love the sea, I love the sea,
 My childhood's home, my manhood's rest,
 My cradle in my infancy—
 The only bosom I have pressed:
 I cannot breathe upon the land,
 Its manners are as bonds to me,
 Till on the deck again I stand
 I cannot tell that I am free.

Then tell me not of stormy graves—
 Though winds be high, there let them roar;
 I'd rather perish on the waves
 Than pine by inches on the shore:
 I ask no willow where I lie,
 My mourner let the mermaid be,
 My only knell the sea-bird's cry,
 My winding-sheet the boundless sea!

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

OUR counties are favoured in their possession of quite a number of lengthy poems on widely varying themes, but all bearing a strong family resemblance to each other. *John o' Arnka* and *Thrummy Cap* may be regarded as the prototypes of such metrical tales as Alexr. Balfour's *Piper o' Dickmont Law*, &c.; and *The Piper o' Peebles*, by Wm. Anderson, as an independent contribution to the common fund. Anderson wrote several pieces of an extended sort—*Vulcan*, *St. Patrick*, *the Smith and the Devil*, being the title of one of these, and a number of *Humorous Essays in Verse*; but only by his two published poems, *The Piper o' Peebles* and *The Besom Plea*, is he at

all known to fame. The latter piece holds a place almost unique among Angus memorials of a quaint old dispensation. It is so racy and diverting, so full of local colour, and so free from the gruesomeness of *The Piper o' Peebles* that it may safely be advanced as being in the main superior to the later work, and worthy to be given entire. William Anderson's father was Parochial Teacher in Kingoldrum. The dates of his son's birth and death cannot be ascertained; all that is with certainty known regarding him is that, disappointed in not succeeding his father, he settled as teacher of a private school in Kirriemuir, published *The Piper o' Peebles* by subscription in 1793, wrote or published *The Besom Plea* in 1798, and died towards the close of last century. We present his narration of an extraordinary lawsuit as it is given in a reprint made in 1858 by Mr W. B. Mills, Kirriemuir, to whose literary enterprise the locality is indebted for the preservation of much that but for it must have fallen out of sight.

THE HISTORY OF THE BESOM PLEA
'TWIXT LADYWELL AND LAIRD DAMEE.

PART I.

In Angussshire, nae far awa,
Twa men at odds gaed to the law
About a little worth affair
That puzzl'd a' the judges sair.
The tane was farmer Ladywell,
A witty man, baith sharp and snell;
The tither party in the plea
Was laird and farmer o' Damee.
Now some fouk say, for mony lang
Thae twa had not been very thrang,
Though they were friends frae the teeth out
Whan they forgather'd out about.
Lang syne they had atweesh them twa
A kittle process at the law:
The farmer was defender there,
The laird pursuer for some gear
That Ladywell refused to pay—
The sum was forty pund, they say.
The farmer there the process lost,
And paid the cash unto his cost;
And sin' that time, he never car'd
That very muckle for the laird.
That was their first dispute. Now here
Comes on fat bred the wark th' year.
The laird thocht neither sin nor shame
To cut ae nicht as he gaed hame
A besom o' the farmer's broom,
To sweep his lady's dining-room.
But or the laird wan hame that day
He met the farmer by the way,
Wha said to him, "My neebor, where
Gat ye that broom that ye hae there?"
The laird, discreetly, did reply,
And said, "Goodman, as I came by

Your shade of broom, I took my knife
And cut a besom for my wife."
Now Ladywell sought never mair
To mak' a tether, but a hair;
He thought the laird was i' the net,
And he sud try to haud him strait.
He said, "How, sir, cou'd ye presume,
Without my leave, to cut my broom?
As good to you had hane the cauld
The day whan ye became sae bauld.
I'se gar that broom be dear to you,
And cost you worth your crommat cow;
Ye are misleard, and mair, or ye
Wad never done the like to me.
Keep wi' your ain, like me wi' mine;
I never took a stick o' thine.
But anes again we's shak' a fa'
About the besoms at the law."
Then said the laird, "I will be sweer
To buy a dog so very dear:
Or I do that, now Ladywell,
In troth I'll try to bark mysell.
But there's your broom, come, tak' it back,
Or I sall pay you ilka plack
That ye compute the besom's worth,
Afore you bring a process forth;
For fouk sud never gang to law
But fan they hae a purse to saw;
And you and me may baith be tame,
We'll manage a' our gear at hame."
"I winna tak' the broom so rash,
Nor yet the price of it in cash,"
Said Ladywell; "nor will I gree
Wi' you at onyrate, though ye

Wad gie a twenty shillings note
 To free you from this filthy blot.
 To face the Court I find you're fear'd;
 But I sall try to shave your beard
 In Forfar at the law, or we
 Be at the bottom of our plea.
 I plainly think you in the wrang,
 And ye sall get a charge or lang;
 Ye play'd the faut; sae bear the blame,
 And tak' your costly besoms hame."
 "Well," said the laird, "if at the law
 We anes begin to pluck a crow,
 I'll wad a pair o' Highland wethers
 I'se get a pock to haud the feathers.
 I'm nane sae fear'd as ye wad throw,
 I ken the Court as well as you;
 Though wi' the law I seldom fike,
 I'll try you at it fan ye like."
 Said Ladywell, "I dinna doubt,
 The thickest skin hauds longest out.
 Fan at the law we deal our straiks,
 The weakest there will get his paiks:
 And I sall try baith limb and lith
 On you for anes wi' a' my pith,
 To thump you soundly back and breast,
 To teach you better breeding neist,
 We'll ken or it be very lang
 Wha has been farrest i' the wrang;
 Fan justice there, atween us twa,

Decides this matter at the law;
 The chield that wins will be the man,
 And I sall do the best I can
 In this dispute to gain the day,"
 Then shook his head, and went away.
 They baith gaed hame. The farmer soon
 Rais'd a complaint on fat was done,
 And sent the laird a libel charge
 About the besoms, very large.
 The laird went aff without a grudge,
 Unto the Court to face the Judge,
 And plac'd a procoter of sense
 To plead the cause in his defence;
 And freely tauld him fit and fur,
 Fu Ladywell begoud to spur
 Him to the Court, and thought to toom
 His purse, to pay a cowe o' broom.
 He, like an honest man, confest
 The whole affair—and that was best;
 For he despised to tell a lee
 To help him there to win the plea.
 He tauld him every hilt and hair
 O' the dispute, and naething mair.
 His pleader said, by what I hear,
 "Thae besoms winna be that dear.
 You needna fash your mind a bit;
 Lat Ladywell now try his wit.
 Though on his ground the besoms grew,
 He'll no get muckle mends o' you."

PART II.

Now fan the Court conven'd, the clark
 That read the causes fell to wark;
 And mony ane was to contend—
 Some did pursue, and some defend.
 He read the causes very fest,
 And parties' names that did contest.
 Some had great matters there at law,
 And ither some had very sma'.
 Fan he had done, the proof was ta'en,
 And firmly sworn ane by ane;
 And syne the pleaders raise wi' speed,
 And fell to wark to win their bread.
 They wrought the causes in their turn,
 And them that lost got leave to mourn;
 But them that wan, ye needna doubt,
 Were blyth when they were dunted out.
 Sae was the pleaders in each plea,
 Whan they got in their penny fee.
 They wark na muckle there for nocht;
 And mony ane gets wisdom bocht.
 Suppose a cause be very sma',
 It takes a trifle at the law;
 And fan they look fat rais'd the reel,
 (I wat it cost a bow o' meal)
 Atweesh the farmer and Damee,
 To wit, the bonny besom plea.

The farmer's pleader there began
 Wi' the complaint to prove a man,
 An' said, according to the charge,
 The broom wad been twa besoms large.
 Then said the pleader for the laird,
 Wi' them he'll be the better said;
 What ye observe is vera true,
 The laird says that as well as you.
 This process of uncommon sort
 Ga'e a' the Court nae little sport;
 They leugh, and said this cause is clear,
 We winna need a witness here.
 The farmer then was fidgeting fain,
 And thought the day was a' his ain;
 He thought the cause woud soon be won,
 An' he wad land wi' little din.
 But, as the auld folk use to say,
 Fan jokes grow nettle, earnest play;
 We often see a little spark
 Bring mony ane to mickle wark:
 Sae far'd wi' these twa honest men;
 An' well I wat a clockin' hen
 Was three times worth the process there,
 That lasted half a year an' mair:
 A bonny time to fight for twa
 Unlucky besoms at the law.

When first the pleaders did begin,
 They baith pretended they should win;
 An' time about, wi' a' their might,
 Ilk ane maintain'd that he was richt.
 The farmer's pleader was design'd
 To ha'e the laird severely fin'd;
 And in the farmer's favours drew
 Comparisons, an' that enoo,
 Against the laird; an' after lang
 Contest, he put him i' the wrang.
 He prov'd his points so very stout,
 That he had very near got out
 An interlocutor at last,
 Against the laird, to fine him fast.
 But the laird's pleader, like a man,
 Soon put them on another plan;
 An' ga'e a pretty conter speech,
 Like ony that priest us'd to preach.
 He said, "My friend, atween us baith,
 It will be best to prove the skaith;
 An' I protest that that sall be,
 Ere ye receive a single flee;
 We'll pay the farmer what he lost
 Of broom, what common besoms cost;
 An' I appeal, my Lord, to you,
 If that be right and reason; now
 You sit here Judge aboon the rest,
 Gi'e justice then as ye think best."
 "Then," said my Lord, "'tis my decree,
 That the defender of the plea

Shall pay the broom, as ye may find
 The worth of besoms of that kind;
 An' part of Ladywell's expense,
 Because he ga'e the first offence.
 He needsna grudge though they be dear,
 For by his fau't they first came here;
 The famer, too, was lucky snack,
 He might a ta'en his besoms back,
 Or else their worth, an' spar'd this wark;
 He wad a been as near his mark:
 But that is nae excuse ava,
 Unto the laird now at the law.
 He has nae right to cut or harm
 A paddock's stool on 's neighbour's farm;
 And ony ane may try their skill
 At law, wi' fouk that does them ill.
 But, passing that, pursue your plan,
 And prize the besoms if you can."
 Then they began wi' that advice,
 To prize the broom, and state the price.
 They thought a while, and thought again,
 But a' their study was in vain:
 Nae ane in a' the Court could tell
 What it was worth to Ladywell;
 For a' the ravel'd hesps they redd,
 They didna ken the besom trade.
 They said, my Lord, we plainly see
 We canna end this kittle plea,
 To please baith parties at the law,
 Without a besom-wright or twa.

PART III.

The Judge allow'd that proof, an' then
 The neist Court day they got twa men
 That of the besom trade were clear,
 And kend fan they were cheap or dear.
 The tane o' them avouch'd that he
 Gat never mair but ae bawbee
 For a broom besom in his life,
 An' he had dealt wi' mony a wife;
 An' mony a time he ga'e them twa
 For that short price, an' after a'
 He wadna sell them fast, he said,
 A besom-wright's a sober trade.
 The tither man declar'd, fan he
 Sauld his broom besoms in Dundee,
 A bawbee for the besom there
 He gat, an' whiles a farthen mair;
 But, certes, Sorrow speed the cat,
 He said, 'tis seldom I get that;
 Forsooth as aft I gie them three,
 Fan trade is dull, for ae bawbee.
 Then they disbanded thae twa men,
 And thought the besom prices plain.
 The Sheriff said, By my advice,
 Gie Ladywell the highest price;
 Three farthings for the besom now
 Unto the farmer I allow.

But, said the pleader for Damee,
 You'll modify that price a wee:
 A besom-wright lives by his trade,
 But thae twa besoms werna made;
 My Lord,—there's naught for labour here,
 Therefore I think them lucky dear.
 Why, said my Lord, 'tis very true,
 Something for that we maun allow.
 A bawbee for the besom then
 Be paid the farmer; that is ten
 And twa Scots pennies for the twa
 Broom besoms—and to end their law,
 He maun pay baith the pleaders too;
 A crown the piece I think may do.
 Suppose your labour has been tough,
 The laird will think it dear enough.
 And now to make the plea complete,
 I grant the farmer a decreet
 Against defender, laird Damee,
 Baith for the broom and pleaders' fee.
 The cause for which they did contend
 Sae lang—I think is at an end.
 Though that decision it was fair
 In favours of the farmer there,
 He wisna well content wi' it,
 An' anes again he tried his wit.

He gar'd intreat the Substitute,
 To lat the Depute weigh the suit ;
 Which was allow'd ; but foul a sneeshin
 The farmer made o' that pateeshun.
 The Sheriff-depute of the laws
 Soon ga'e his verdict on the cause,
 Confirm'd the Substitute's decree,
 Concerning a' the besom plea,
 And faund it right ; for feint a hair
 He made it either less nor mair.
 They made the laird lay down the ten
 White shillings for the pleaders then ;
 And for the broom twal pennies mair,
 That wis allow'd the farmer there :
 But though the farmer wan the law
 His profit wis but very sma' :
 For a' his wit an' grippin' greed,
 He scarcely wan a scone o' bread.
 He tried his rural rustic sense,
 To bring the laird into expense ;
 But I believe, to count a' cost,
 He very near as muckle lost
 Frae first to last about the plea,
 As his opponent, laird Damee.
 And sorrow care, it was a shame
 To him to run sae far frae hame,
 And strive to purge his neebor's purse,
 About a cause nae worth a curse.
 But fan he cudna win awa'
 Wi' a' the honour at the law ;
 He tried to turn anither wheel,
 To wind the laird a pirl to reel.
 In Logie moss, the carle said,
 The laird sud never dip a spade :

Though he sud gang for peats and sods
 Unto the very Antipodes.
 But there again he wis defeat ;
 The laird wis na sae very blate
 As want his winter firq, or cross
 Himsel' to seek anither moss :
 He gaed to Logie, tell'd the laird—
 Said Kilrie, cast or ye be saird,
 While I am laird of Logie moss,
 Ye needna want for sods and dross :
 And tell my tenant, Ladywell,
 That I'll be your moss-grieve mysel.
 Then to the moss Damee again
 Return'd, wi' mony ither men ;
 And fell to wark, and wisna slack
 Amo' the lave to bow his back ;
 He coost at sods wi' a' his power,
 For fire, the finest winter flower.
 The farmer cam' to tak' his spade,
 But look'd as gin his nose had bled
 Fan he began to understand
 The laird of Logie ga'e command,
 He cast his sods to please himsel,
 In spite of moss-grieve Ladywell ;
 But after a' that has been said,
 The farmer's learned anither trade ;
 His prentiship is fairly past,
 An' he's a besom-wright at last.
 If he be willing, I am sure
 He may uphaud a' Kirriemuir,
 An' a' the country far and near
 Of good broom besoms now ; for here
 Their price was never, great or sma',
 So dear as his was at the law.

WILLIAM CARGILL ANGUS.

THIS young soldier, whose "Notes from Gibraltar," and varied lyrics have appeared from time to time in the papers of his native town, Arbroath, was born in 1870, and served for a short time as apprentice to the trade of tinsmith. Being of a lively disposition he joined the army, and served a seven years term in the Black Watch regiment. Returning home, he pursued several callings with but little encouragement ; and has now settled in Arbroath, bent on serving out his original apprenticeship.

Mr Angus has seen much of the world, and has tried and studied life in a myriad phases. He writes of his experiences with vigour and charm, and their contemplated recital in book form is likely to prove interesting and entertaining. But it is as a poet that we have to do with Mr Angus ; and from a careful study of his poems we are constrained to say at once, and with no uncertainty, that his work is of singular excellence. His earlier style, which is illustrated by the simple song "My Bonnie Jean," has merged into, or has been eclipsed by the powerful messages of a later development.

His "Songs of Labour" are the sincere, strong, sympathetic utterances of one who agonizes—no other word can be so appropriate—over the burdens of the toil-worn and the miserable; and, whatever may be the attitude of his readers to the poet's socialistic gospel, no dispassionate critique will refuse to award him the palm for power of utterance, mingled strength and tenderness of expression, and a nameless charm which appeals to the heart like "deep calling unto deep." The title of Mr Angus's recently published volume is "Under the Shadow": we quote two of its numbers, to show the author in his favourite aspects; but the book is one to be studied in its entirety, for no quotations can do justice to its fervour and variety.

MY BONNIE JEAN.

The mist is risin' owre the hill,
The mune is on the sea,
And ilka ripplin' rill, my Jean,
Rows fancy hame to thee;
Upon the wings o' west-bound winds
Fond memory roves at e'en,
And aye its fondest, sweetest theme
Is thee, my bonnie Jean.

I hear your voice at break of day,
When liltin' larks upspring;
I hear it in the sunny noon,
When blackbirds sweetly sing;
I hear it in the dewy eve,
When shadows darken doon,
And ilka echo in the glen
The happy notes resoun'.

I see your beauty unadorned
In Nature's forms sae fair,—
In ilka bluid-red rose that blooms
I see you blushin' there;
I see the glistenin' o' your een
In ilka drap o' dew,
Reflectin' back the mornin's sun
Wi' rainbow's varied hue.

Roll on, ye creamy crested waves;
Ye broad white sails, shake free,
And spread them oot, ye west-bound winds,
To bear me owre the sea;
On wings that ken the swallow's flight,
The petrel's fearless mien,
Sure as a dove that homeward roves
I'll speed to thee, my Jean!

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

"There's music in all things if only men had ears."—*Byron.*

There is music e'en in a grating saw,
Or the whirring of a wheel,
With a note of pathos, a touch of awe,
Had men but the souls to feel.

It sings me a song of care and toil,
When the lonesome days are dreary;
Of dust and din, and the dread turmoil,
My spirit is oft aweary.

Or, again, it croons a song of cheer,
And my lone heart leaps to greet it—
"The bread of labour is sweet, if dear,
And the noblest of all men eat it."

It sings of forests far away,
And I dream—with a sense of pain—
Of bright blue sky, and shimmering bay,
That I never may see again;

Where tall trees rear their heads to the sky,
With an air of strength and pride;
But now, round the saw I see them lie
Like birds that have pined and died.

But it can sing me a tenderer lay;
And visions of home will rise,
With a bright fireside, and a child at play,
To gladden my aching eyes.

This lay is dearer than man may know,
Though blending my hopes with fears;
And deep in my soul the voice falls low,
Soft touching the fount of tears.

So all day by the saw I play my part,
And it sings me a simple lay;
But the strange, harsh song sank deep in my
heart,
And taught me this truth to-day—

In the souls of men are the notes of a song,
If we only could touch the chords;
Then upward would swell the grand voice of
the throng,
And "Peace, love on earth" are the words.

For the soul of the universe 'wakes to life
 Like a child from the womb of time ;
 And the red sun must set on the worker's
 strife,
 To rise on a peace sublime.

When souls and lives shall be dearer than
 gold,
 And the living God, on his throne,
 See poverty but "as a tale that is told,"
 In a world where strife is unknown.

HEATHER AN' WHIN.

The days they are dowie when winter is drear,
 But spring follows winter, an' summer will cheer ;
 And I dream, as I toil in the dust and the din,
 O' the lang summer days among heather an' whin ;
 'Mong heather an' whin, among heather an' whin,
 My heart's on the moor aye 'mong heather an' whin.

Ye may boast o' your pansy, or posies fu' gay,
 But I lo'e the tansy, that grows on the brae,
 The swish o' the broom, an' the splash o' the linn,
 An' the purple an' yellow o' heather an' whin ;
 O' heather an' whin, o' heather an' whin,
 The purple an' yellow o' heather an' whin.

There, love, let us rove, breathe the free caller air,
 Behind us the strife, a' the toil and the care ;
 Nae master we'll own then, save He that's within,
 Naught but freedom an' love among heather an' whin ;
 'Mong heather an' whin, among heather an' whin,
 Naught but freedom an' love among heather an' whin.

Nae curtains o' commerce shall darken the lift,
 Or the white, fleecy clouds wi' the blue i' the rift ;
 The reeshle o' wheels, as they rattle and rin,
 Shall be lost in the lark's sang, 'mong heather an' whin,
 'Mong heather an' whin, among heather an' whin ;
 O, blythe will our hearts be 'mong heather an' whin.

I ha'e watched the wee waifs i' the city so glum,
 Marred i' their childhood wi' blight o' the slum,
 Like flo'ers in a desert o' grim want and sin,
 An' fain wad I see them 'mong heather an' whin ;
 'Mong heather an' whin, among heather an' whin,
 To bring bloom to their pale cheeks 'mong heather an' whin.

An' O, but I hope, too, to see the day dawn
 When nae man shall claim ought o' earth as his own ;
 When the Right shall be Right, an' the Right that Truth's in,
 Be the law that disposes o' heather and whin ;
 O' heather an' whin, o' heather an' whin,
 An' nae man be laird o' the heather an' whin.

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT.

ONE of the most notable names in the annals of his times is that of Alexander Arbuthnot, a man whose character and general achievements—apart from his pioneer work in the fields of poetry—form a study of singular attraction. He was born in 1538 at Arbuthnot, the seat of the noble family of which he was a descendant, and studied for the legal profession.

Circumstances induced him to enter the church ; and his presentation in 1569 to the high office of Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, shows clearly how rapid and thorough was the general recognition of those abilities which gained for Arbuthnot the reputation of being the most learned man in Europe. His career as a scholar, ecclesiastic, and professor, was of the greatest distinction ; and it is regrettable that it closed somewhat prematurely in 1583, and ere he of whom Spotswood affirms—"He was greatly loved of all men, hated of none," had completed his forty-fifth year. Cullen in his *Chronicle* states that Arbuthnot "was burit in the pariss kyrk of Aberdeen afor the pulpitt": few great men have left so fair a reputation as he whom James Melville termed "a man of singular gifts of learning, wisdom, godliness, and sweetness of nature."

Only a few of Arbuthnot's poems are preserved to us, and of these "The Miseries of a pure (poor) Scolar" and "The Praises of Wemen" are most favourably regarded. The following quotation from the first of these pieces gives an interesting glimpse of literary matters in Reformed Scotland:—

In poetrie I preis to pas the tyme,
When cairfull thochts with sorrow sailyes
me;
Bot gif I mell with meter or with ryme,
With rascal rymours I sall rakint be:
They sall me bourdin als with mony lie,
In charging me with that quhilk never I ment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I wald travel, and ydleness I hait,
Gif I could find sum gude vocation;
But all for nocht; in vain lang may I
wait,
Or I get honest occupation:
Letters are lichtliet in our nation,
For lernyng now is nother lyf nor rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

"The Praises of Wemen" is a poem of a sprightly character, consisting of 224 lines, from which we give this further specimen:—

To man obedient
Even lyk ane willie wand;
Bayth faythfull and fervent,
Ay reddie at command.
They luif maist leill, thoch men do feill,
And schaikis oft of hand.
Quhair anes they love thay not remove;
Bot steidfastly thay stand.

And, rychtlie to compair,
Scho is ane turtill trew;
Hir fedderis ar rycht fair,
And of a hevinlie hew.

Ane luifing wicht, baith fair and bricht,
Gud properties anew.
Freind with delyte; so but dispyte
Quha luvcs hir sall not rew.

Suppose scho seim offendit,
Quhen men dois hir constraine;
That falt is sone amendit,
Hir mind is so humane.
Scho is content, gif men repent
Thair fault; and turne agane.
Scho has no gyle, nor subtil wyle,
Hir pathis ar ay plane.

DAVID WALLACE ARCHER.

THAT lively little town on the uplands of Angus, yclept variously as Kirriemuir, Killiemuir, Kirrie, and Thrums, was, in 1862, the scene of D. W. Archer's birth, as it is now his habitation and his occasional inspiration as a writer of both prose and verse. Mr Archer was educated at Webster's Seminary, and learned the business of a grocer in his native town. Grocery he never liked; and he fell from the pan to the fire in becoming a law clerk at

Glasgow. Health failed him, he sought his native air, and is now engaged as an agent of a well-known Insurance Company. In 1889 he published "Leaves from Logiedale" (Salmond, Arbroath), a volume of sketches and rhymes, with a characteristic and racy introduction by his old friend, Mr J. M. Barrie. Referring to Kirriemuir and the author, the distinguished novelist remarks—"The little town has a heart to which ours beat just as we set our watches by the clock in the square. We belong to it, and we are often brought back to it when we die. It claims us as its own. So, doubtless, without giving the matter a thought, when the author of this book took to composing, it came natural to him to write of the woods and hedgerows around his native town. He was full of them, and had but to cast in verse the thoughts that shaped thus of their own accord. They seem to me to be musical of the spots where the lintie sang when they were composed, not least musical when they are saddest," &c. We quote two pieces from the volume thus kindly heralded; and a further example in one of Mr Archer's later efforts.

BONNIE ANNIE HAY.

I.

Oh, Annie Hay, yer lightsome glance
Gaed through my heart yestreen,
An' left a ray o' simmer licht
Whaur winter lang has been.
What's sweeter, when life's mirk an' sad,
Than Hope's bricht gowden ray?
Sae flash'd, yestreen, yer lauchin' blink,
Oh, winsome Annie Hay.

II.

The stars that gem a simmer's nicht
Wi' a' their glorious sheen
Are pale beside the livin' licht
That sparkles frae yer een.
The bloom that blushes on yer cheeks
Is fairer than the daw',
An' saft an' clear yer gentle broo,
Like munelicht on the snaw.

III.

Oh! sweet's the mavis' sang at e'en,
In Logie's simmer wuds,
And grand the lark, far i' the lift,
Shakes doon her glorious fluds;

But 'bune them a' thrills through the heart,
Though sing as sweet's they may,
The winnin' music o' yer speech,
Oh, bonnie Annie Hay.

IV.

Nae form has half the modest grace,
Nor half the witchery,
That beauty's flung aroon' yer charms
Wi' a' their glamoury;
The mind's gowd gems maun lo'e to bide
Sae bonnily enshrined,
An' thoughts o' love an' truth wi' you
Maun ever be entwined.

V.

Oh, licht an' blithesome be your life,
Oh, bonnie Annie Hay,
As fu' o' sang an' sunny skies
As fairest simmer day;
The love-light o' yer gentle soul
Aye sparkle frae yer een,
The bloom that blushes on yer cheeks
Glint as it did yestreen.

TO-NIGHT I WATCHED THE BROAD RED SUN.

I.

To-night I watched the broad red sun
Sink o'er Schiehallion's crest,
While the East glowed like a summer dawn
Against the blood-red West;
And the Grampian's virgin snows blushed
deep,
Far in its ruddy glow,
And the ice-sheets gleamed like lakes of gold
On Strathmore's wolds below.

II.

He passed with his glorious pageant through
The portals of the west,
But shed o'er the scene a wondrous glow
Before he sank to rest.
I thought of the many lands he'd seen,
The crowded city streets,
With their madding crowds and hurrying
feet,
Where wealth with misery meets.

III.

How he'd lit with his dazzling beams
 The poor and squalid den,
 The mansions grand, and the alleys grim,
 The busy marts of men ;
 And the wish rose up as twilight fell
 O'er snowy hill and plain,
 That he'd light with universal love
 Each human heart and brain.

IV.

That he'd stay the broils and ills of earth,
 The passion of men's hearts,
 The unjust wrongs, and burning hates,
 The venom of their darts :
 As he'd lit the sunny and pale wan brows
 With the lightness of his beams,
 The tear-dimmed, sad, and the sparkling
 eyes
 Aglow with sunny dreams.

V.

Vain wish—at my feet a withered leaf
 Fell flickering to the ground,
 As if chiding that my thoughts should stray
 From Reason's stern bound—
 As from creation's morn he'd seen
 Wild winter's drifts and storms,
 The buds and blooms, and the withered
 leaves—
 All nature's moods and forms.

VI.

So had he beheld mankind's strange lot,
 The strife, the joy, and pain,
 From manhood's prime, as he saw to-day,
 The same old varied strain.
 But there rose in my breast a rebel sigh
 'Gainst Fate's relentless plan,
 A passionate prayer, that he'd rise some day
 On the Brotherhood of Man.

DRIFTED BEYOND.

The Grampians' dim snowy peaks were tower-
 ing
 Far up the midnight sky,
 The moon o'er the Sidlows was slowly drifting,
 All sad and silently.

The village in its snowy robe lay sleeping
 'Neath the clear, starry dome,
 And the beechwood sang to the wind's low
 crooning
 Near the dear old silent home.

Silent, save for his loud and rapid breathing—
 How thin and wasted now,
 As the moonlight wan through the window
 streaming
 Falls on his fevered brow.

He had wearily crept to the old home, think-
 ing,
 While his fevered blood ran high,
 'Mong the dear kind friends he had long for-
 saken
 To be forgiven, and die.

And as he lay on the cold stones, unheeding
 The damp, deserted walls,
 The fireless hearth, and the silence brooding,
 Where the lovelight never falls,

His brain wove dreams—He was fondly wan-
 dering
 A bright and careless boy ;
 And a smile came over the worn face, lighting
 It with a gladsome joy.

He murmured the names of the wildflowers
 springing
 In the old beechen wood ;
 Anon he would shout, and then wildly laugh-
 ing
 Pass to a saddened mood.

To his fevered brain, while his life was ebbing,
 Cruel haunting fancies thronged ;
 And he asked forgiveness, with white lips
 quivering,
 From those he had once wronged.

Did they hear in their home beyond the stars
 shining,
 His wild and passionate prayer ?
 For a calm spread over the poor face, smiling
 As if to dear faces There.

What if they'd whispered forgiveness, and
 beckoned
 Him 'yond the starry dome,
 For his spirit soon left the worn clay for ever,
 And the dear old silent home.

He had drifted beyond the world's cold sneer-
 ing
 At his life's poor futile play ;
 For, deaf to its taunts in the old home lonely,
 For ever at rest he lay.

O'er the starry dome the clear stars still
 wandered,
 As o'er the village lone
 The wan moon looked down as it slowly
 drifted ;
 The beechwood still sang on.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

AMONG the many rhyming epistles elicited by correspondence regarding this work, is one of more than usual excellence by the writer who now claims our attention. It is so appropriate personally, so good poetically, and so pertinent to our subject generally, that we reproduce it in lieu of many other and more prosaic details which otherwise might have been given. Mr Archer was born at Carnoustie in 1843; served for ten years as an apprentice and A.B. seaman; secured a mate's certificate, but passed on to an appointment in H.M. Customs at Dundee; has been several times promoted in this service, and now holds a responsible official position at London. His poetry is of a vigorous and original character, and has found many admirers during its appearance in numerous current channels of publication.

AN EPISTLE IN RHYME.

Dear Sir,
 Your note cam' safe an' straight
 Wi' its esteem'd enclosure,
 But the perusal had to wait
 Rare moments o' composure.
 For though dame Fortune, aft a blind
 But aye a perverse hussy,
 Has turn'd on me a face fu' kind,
 She hauds me unco busy.
 I thank you for it an' yer strong
 Encouragin' epistle,
 That cheers me on to tune my song
 'Midst life's distractin' bustle.
 Yes! to possess that gift divine—
 A cheerfu', buoyant spirit—
 Is better than to own a mine,
 Or dukedoms to inherit.
 An' he wha lacks that gift o' gifts—
 It needs nae gift to show it—
 Though bless'd wi' coontless ither lifts,
 Can never be a poet.

Hoo can the feeble spirit soar
 Wi' poetic elation
 That miserably sinks before
 Each casual vexation?

The eye that never looks above
 The level of the larder
 Can never catch the glow of love
 That fires the poet's ardour.

Ye powers! O for some quiet nest
 Where crystal burnies murmur;
 Nae mair by man's discord distress'd,
 The Muse my gentle charmer.

But there, enough; my thoughts maun turn
 To busier scenes, an' sterner;
 My prison'd spirit still maun burn
 In Patience' school, a learner.

But when yer wark glides gaily throo,
 An' ye are pleased an' happy,
 Then please charge cost an' carriage too,
 An' send me south a copy.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SWORD.

Praise Marathon, the first of fields, whence Spartan warriors brave
 Preferr'd returning on their shields their Spartan homes to save,
 Where match'd in battle's desperate gage they smote the Persian horde,
 And stamp'd on History's dazzling page a triumph for the sword.

Relate how Roman legions bold swept mighty nations down,
 And with the spoils of regions old deck'd Rome's Imperial crown;
 Point to those sculptures proud and great by Tiber's margin stored—
 Rome's monuments to celebrate her triumphs of the sword.

Let Britons tell of campaigns won, their breasts aglow with pride,
 Or chant their deeds of valour done upon the heaving tide,
 When weapons, flashing from their sheath, out-numbering foes ignored
 That they might trim Britannia's wreath with triumphs of the sword.

Ye conquerors of Marathon, who smote the Persian host,
Whose name still gleams through ages gone as Freedom's proudest boast,
See your descendants, low as dust, for treachery abhorred,
And point them truth—a surer trust than triumphs of the sword.

Ye Romans, look down o'er the years; learn from your piles o'erthrown,
Whose mortar drank your captives' tears, whose marbles heard their groan,
While ye were deaf to Pity's claim when Mercy they implored,
That Mercy's deeds outlive the fame of triumphs of the sword.

And Britain, who with double hand dispenses war and peace,
Who bears the sway in many a land unknown to Rome or Greece,
When Time to reinforce the past hath future ages pour'd,
Your works of peace shall overcast your triumphs of the sword.

Truth! Mercy! Peace! ye sacred three, yet sorely slighted names,
Men yet shall own your power to be, and recognise your claims,
When one world-circling brotherhood shall own *one* sovereign Lord,
And things forgotten shall include the triumph of the sword.

THE DRUMMER OF AIRLIE.

The rising sun shed a lustrous glow
O'er a landscape bright and fair,
That smiled 'neath its cheering beams, as
though
No trouble intruded there.
Among the wooded hills,
To the feathered songster's strain,
The murmuring notes of a hundred rills
Cast in their soft refrain.

And the wind scarce moved the spiky leaves
Of the evergreen shaggy fir,
And 'neath the castle's o'erhanging eaves
The swallows were all astir.
The rings on the glassy stream,
That onward in silence swept,
Betray'd, while they mirror'd the morning
beam,
Where the sportive trout had leapt.

And away o'er the heather-clad desolate moor
The whistling shepherd strode;
And the plough-boy, plying his task obscure,
Sang loudly his lively ode.
The bumble from his nest
Hum'd cheerily on his way,
And the butterfly sported his gaudy vest
For a pleasure-devoted day.

From the craggy hill and the shaggy tree,
From the twig pensile and slim,
From the glassy stream and the daisied lea,
Rose Nature's matin hymn.
But while thus blithely toned,
Swelled Nature's voices glad,
The lady whose lord the landscape own'd
Sat thoughtful, alone, and sad.

For slumber refused her pillow to tend
At the midnight's lonely chime,
As she thought of her lord from kindred and
Away in a foreign clime. [friend
Her chamber's narrow bound
She paced with a nervous tread,
When her ear caught an ominous boding
sound
That weighted her soul with dread.

With echoing cadence, now far, now near,
Anon it would go and come,
And she knew as it smote on her feverish ear
'Twas the roll of a nearing drum;
From her casement's darkened pane
The curtain she dash'd aside,
When flooded lay mountain, glen, river and
plain
'Neath the moonbeam's silv'ry tide.

And squadrons of kilted and plaided men
With targets and bright claymores,
All in battle array swept down through the
As a river full-flooded pours; [glen,
Past 'neath her casement still,
Where the drummer beating stood,
They march'd to the drum and the pibroch
A weirdlike multitude. [shrill,

The clansmen of Airlie—lithe, hardy and
From ages forgotten and gone, [strong—
To the last generation, a battle-stain'd throng,
In ghostly procession swept on.
With bloodless, upturn'd face,
When the host had past defiled,
“Behold me again in my ancient place,”
Said the drummer boy, and smiled.

"For, true to my promise, I come to my post
 And thunder my warning knell,
 That calls to attention my phantom host,
 And Airlie's lord as well ;
 For o'er these flowery banks
 They shall hover by night and day,
 Till, taking his place in their spectral ranks,
 Your lord shall march away."

In a mist of tears her eyes grew dim,
 And the vision was lost to view ;
 But its memory linger'd while Nature's hymn
 Rose up with the morning dew.
 Thus, while from crag and bough
 The glee-born anthem soar'd,
 The lady sat waiting with thoughtful brow
 For tidings of Airlie's lord.

DR DAVID ARROTT.

THE ranks of our county bards have not been largely recruited from the honourable profession of which Dr Arrott was a distinguished ornament. His was a striking personality ; and his life seemed a beatification of the divine arts of healing and of doing good. He would have scouted the idea of being considered a poet : indeed, the efforts which he strove rather to conceal than publicly to acknowledge, may be regarded as mere dallyings with the muses, and serve but as indications of what might have been, had his powerful intellect been turned more continuously in a special direction. Born at Arbroath, his professional life, founded on studies ably prosecuted at Edinburgh and Berlin, was spent in his native town, where his father had been "a doctor afore 'm," and where his skill and kindliness earned the confidence and esteem of the whole community. He died in 1876, and few there were who did not grieve as for a friend removed, when the good and genial Dr Arrott passed to his rest. As has been indicated, he did not write much ; but that he has a clear title to be enrolled among the Bards of the Brothock, the interesting specimen which follows will certainly prove.

THE SEA.

A MOONLIGHT MONODY.

I love to walk on a moonlight eve
 By the shore of the lonely sea,
 To watch the waves as they gently heave
 With a mournful melody.
 For the ocean seems singing a dirge for the
 souls
 Of the many—the fair and the brave ;
 While over their ashes incessant it rolls
 Who have found 'mid the waters a grave.
 Full many a gallant heart beat high
 When they sailed for a foreign land,
 And many a maiden heaved a sigh
 When the good ship left the strand.
 But the youthful heart has ceased to beat,
 And the maiden's prayer is vain—
 For the wet sea-weed is their winding sheet,
 And their grave is the stormy main.

They died in the midst of their youthful pride,
 When they dreamed of happier years :
 No loved one sat by their deathbed side,
 And there fell no parting tears.
 No verdant turf is o'er them spread,
 For the coral rock is their pillow ;
 No hillock is raised o'er the place of the dead—
 Ah ! none, save the raging billow.
 But the pale moon keeps her watch on high,
 Till she seems with sorrow to wane ;
 And the twinkling star, like a tearful eye,
 To weep—but all weeping is vain.
 They are gone ! let them rest till the time
 shall come
 When the sea shall yield her dead ;—
 But think of the lone and the cheerless home,
 Where the widow's couch is spread.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

"TO his grave Mr Balfour carried the admiration of many—the respect of all who knew him; and of his writings, it may be affirmed with equal truth, as of those of Thomson, that he left 'no line which, dying, he could wish to blot.'" So wrote that "beloved physician," D. M. Moir—who as *Delta* enriched *Blackwood's Magazine*, and achieved an almost universal literary reputation—in the memoir prefixed to his posthumous collection of Balfour's fugitive writings; and from many other quarters there come echoes of such unstinted admiration, as prove its panegyric to be strictly within the bounds of truth. Alexander Balfour was an extraordinary man, whose brave heart bore him through such vicissitudes as crush ordinary men. Broken in body, he remained whole-hearted and even-minded, so that, as his biographer tells us, "when palsy had deprived him of his locomotive powers, crippled his handwriting, and nearly deprived him of speech, he composed four volumes of poetry, and sixteen volumes of prose, besides pieces in a variety of periodicals which would fill an equal number." Truly, an amazing record this, of one who began life as a Forfarshire weaver, spent his manhood in a myriad fights with fortune, and died a literary character of the celebrity already indicated.

To the parish of Monikie belongs the honour of being the scene of Alexander Balfour's birth. The year 1767 was his natal year; and his home was of the humblest order. A scanty scholastic equipment had perforce to serve him at the outset of his career; but self-culture was prosecuted eagerly and with such success, that he was able to leave the trade to which he had been apprenticed, and to commence a school within the parish where he had been born and reared. This he continued for some years, until, at the age of twenty-six, he became clerk to a merchant in Arbroath. From the early age of twelve he had studied literary composition, and now in his young manhood his efforts began to find welcome places in such periodicals as the *British Chronicle*, the *Bee*, the *Dundee Repository*, *Aberdeen Magazine*, &c. He prospered in his business affairs, and gradually became a merchant of apparently assured wealth, and of excellent reputation. His muse took bolder flights; his patriotic songs were sung in public, and the pages of higher class literature acknowledged him as a contributor. Reverses followed; and the merchant had perforce to become the manager, toiling for some years at Balgonie, Fife, upon a small salary. Blackwood sought him out, and gave him employment as a clerk within his Edinburgh offices. Paralysis claimed him as a victim within a few months afterwards, and rendered him quite unable to continue in any formal employment. For ten years after this lamentable seizure Balfour spent his days in a wheel chair, his active mind apparently unaffected by his bodily weakness; and from his retirement sent forth those numerous tales and poems which are at once the testimony of his literary power, and the wonder of all who know the conditions of their birth and their author's environment.

The more important of Balfour's writings are his tales, "Campbell; or the Scottish Probationer"; "The Farmer's Three Daughters"; "The Foundling of Glenthorn"; "Highland Mary"; and his volumes of poetry, "Contempla-

tion," &c. (1820); "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register" (1825); and "Weeds and Wild Flowers" (Post. 1830). From "Contemplation" we quote an interesting passage bearing on the surroundings of "Fairport," inspired, doubtless, by the author's connection with that town of classic fame and name.

XIII.

Where the gray cliff rises steep,
Rudely frowning o'er the deep;
Seated 'midst its mosses hoar,
While the sullen surges roar,
And the sea-birds flutter by,
Screaming wild, with ceaseless cry,
Or, triumphant, proudly ride,
Rising on the rolling tide;
Echo from the pebbly cave,
Answering to each murmuring wave;
While afar, on Ocean's breast,
Small, a sky-lark o'er her nest,
Scans the sail in distant view,
Till it fade in ether blue;
There, I'll own thy sacred sway;
And muse my anxious cares away.

Haply, night in sable vest,
Curtains o'er the crimsoned west;
Hill and dale, earth, sea and sky,
Blending, deep in darkness lie;
All the pleasing prospect round,
Plunged in midnight gloom profound;
Save where shines, at distance far,
Bright as vesper's beamy star,
A cheering ray so bright, so fair,

It seems, like Hope, to chase Despair:
'Tis the Bell-rock's beacon light,
Beaming from its airy height;
Pointing to the sailor's eyes
Secret rocks, that near him rise;
Seas may roll, and winds may blow,
Still it shines, with friendly glow;
Mountain billows vainly rave,
Still its light illumines the wave,
Shows, that spreading wide beneath,
Lurks perdition, danger, death.

Thus, on life's inconstant tide,
Smooth, the waves around us glide;
Youth expands the swelling sail,
Fondly courts the rising gale;
While the latent passions lie,
Like shoals and rocks that shun the eye:
Headless, forward flies the bark;
Storms arise, the night is dark;
Vainly Reason tries to steer
And guide her in the wild career;
Onward by the tempest driven,
Nought can save but light from heaven!
Then, CONTEMPLATION, 'mid the shades of
Diffuse the splendours of celestial light. [night,

Balfour must be assigned a high place among his country's minor poets. Though, at times, he aspires to altitudes too great for untried wings, his flights are always graceful, and his music melodious. His best efforts lie in the region of which *Contemplation* is the genius, and his *Characters* the denizens; but in his lighter moods he sang very sweetly of common things, and threw a glamour all his own round such local traditions as those of "Mary Scott of Eden-Knowe," "The Bell Rock," "The Laird of Lumley Den," and "The Piper of Dickmont Law." His lyric faculty, if somewhat limited in scope, was of excellent quality, as a further specimen will show:—

SLIGHTED LOVE.

The rose-bud blushing to the morn,
The snaw-white flower that scents the thorn,
When on thy gentle bosom worn,

Were ne'er sae fair as thee, Mary!
How blest was I—a little while,
To deem that bosom free from guile;
When fondly sighing, thou would'st smile;
Yes, fondly smile on me, Mary.

Tho' gear was scant, an' friends were few,
My heart was leal, my love was true;
I blest your e'en of heavenly blue,

That glanced sae saft on me, Mary:

But wealth has won your heart frae me;
Yet I maun ever think of thee;
May a' the bliss that gowd can gie,
For ever wait on thee, Mary!

For me—nae mair on earth I crave,
But that yon drooping willow wave
Its branches o'er my early grave,
Forgot by Love an' thee, Mary;
An' when that hallowed spot you tread,
When wild-flowers bloom above my head,
O look not on my grassy bed

Lest thou should'st sigh for me, Mary!

Balfour's "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," presents many interesting pictures of rural life and experience in bygone days. To indicate the style and structure of these poems we give a short extract from that part of the *Register of Burials*, which, in the words of the *Parish Minister*, describes the home, shop, garden, fame, &c., of the *Village Doctor*, and concludes thus:—

'Twas nought uncommon on a Sunday morn,
To see some eight or ten, with looks forlorn,
Stroll in the garden, or his door surround—
His skill so famous, and his name renown'd.
Some, doubtless, were with real pain distress'd,

And others came with fancied ills oppress'd ;
And I had heard, that sometimes in the crowd
Was pass'd the wanton joke, with laughter loud ;

I therefore hinted, in a friendly way,
At profanation of that hallow'd day—
He quick replied, as unabash'd he stood,
"On Sabbath, sir, 'tis lawful to do good !
So said our heavenly Master, so say I.
Hard were my heart, could I relief deny ;
Though Heaven perhaps has circumscribed
my skill,

It sets no limits to my heart and will."
Thus, twenty years he lived a lucky quack,

And jogg'd securely in his beaten track.
Such faith had many in his healing hand,
Some fools imagined he could Death withstand ;

But ah ! when Peter's sun with splendour shone,

The hour of darkness came—his day was done !
By fever seized, he grappled with the foe—
The conquering tyrant laid his victim low ;
In vain his children's tears, his Ellen's sighs—
Beneath that sod our village Doctor lies !

His turf, with camomile and daisies dress'd,
They bud and blossom on his mouldering breast ;

His mourning widow spread that carpet there,
And still 'tis green beneath her watchful care ;
She placed that weeping willow o'er his head—
No foot profane disturbs his lonely bed ;
And village peasants, as they pass the spot,
Show Peter Barnard is not yet forgot.

The poet died at Edinburgh in 1829. For some time prior to his death he had enjoyed the benefits of a Government donation of one hundred pounds, secured for him mainly through the influence of Joseph Hume, M.P., and in consideration of his genius, industry, and misfortunes. We do well to perpetuate the memory of such a man as Alexander Balfour: Scotland's Peasant Aristocracy can boast no worthier son. Let us part with him meantime, as we get a glimpse of his attractive social qualities, mirrored in those lines "*Written in the ALBUM at LAURENCEKIRK, after a short but very agreeable tour in Kincardineshire*":—

The favourite of Fortune o'er Europe may roam,
But the peripatetic must travel at home ;
Sir Fopling may flaunt, *a-la-mode de Paris*,
But the dear Land of Cakes is the country for me :
On the banks of the Esk hospitality reigns,
While the mansions of Plenty adorn her green plains ;
And her welcome is given, with a smile as serene
As e'er was bestowed on the Tiber or Seine :
Though their skies may be brighter, and fairer their flowers,
Are their children more jocund—more happy than ours ?
Beneath the bright sun that empurples their vine,
See Liberty languish, and pensively pine ;
While light on the Grampians she trips it along,
Rosy health on her cheek and warbling her song ;
Her air is majestic and graceful her form,
Though she's wild as the winds and strong as the storm.
Her beauty's soft blush is untainted with guile,
For innocence dwells in the sweet rural smile ;

As kind is the kiss, the dear earnest of Love,
 In the heath-blossomed vale, as the green myrtle grove :
 The Venus de Medici, travellers may boast,
 But the "Nymphs of Kincardine" this night are my toast ;
 Inanimate marble the critic may charm ;
 But mine be the bosom, soft, tender, and warm !
 Kincardine, Adieu ! and God bless your green plains !
 May virtue still guard your dear nymphs and gay swains ;
 May the love they inspire be rewarded by Truth,
 And age with delight trace the progress of youth !

CHARLES BALFOUR.

FORTY years ago, less or more, there was no more popular local song than was "The Iron Horse" by Charles Balfour. As will be seen, it describes in a broadly humorous fashion that great event, which can be possible to but few adults now, a first railway journey ; and is in style and substance eminently calculated to catch the public ear. Its author was born at Panmure in 1819, and passed through the various stages of a laborious life. At one time a brewer, now in the army, and again serving in different capacities on the railway, his lot was chequered more than most. As station-master at Glencarse he served the public faithfully for many years, retiring some time ago and settling down in Carnoustie, a kindly and much respected personality in that charming town.

THE IRON HORSE.

Come Hieland man, come Lowland man, come every man on earth, man,
 I'll tell you noo how I got on atween Dundee and Perth, man ;
 I gaed upon an iron road, a rail they did her ca', man,
 It was ruggit by an iron horse, an awfu' beast to draw, man.
Sing fal, lal, la, etc.

Then first and foremost, near the door, there was a wee bit wicket,
 An' there they garred me pay my ride, an' then gied me a ticket.
 I gaed awa' up through the hoose, sat down upon a kist, man,
 To tak' a look o' a' I saw on the great big iron beast, man.

There was hooses in a lang straight raw, a' stannin' upon wheels, man,
 An' then the chieils that fed the horse were as black's a pair o' deils, man ;
 An' the ne'er a thing they ga'e the brute but only coals to eat, man,
 The queerest beast that e'er I saw, for he had wheels for feet, man.

A chap cam' up, and roond his cap he wore a yellow band, man ;
 He bad' me gang an' tak' my seat : says I, " I'd rather stand, man."
 He speer'd if I was gaun to Perth : says I, " an' that I be, man ;
 But I'm weel enough just whaur I am, because I want to see, man."

He said I was the greatest fule that e'er he saw on earth, man,
 'Twas just the hooses on the wheels that gaed frac this to Perth, man ;
 An' then he laucht an' wondered hoo I hadna mair discernment ;
 Says I, " the ne'er a ken kent I ; I thought the haill concern went."

The beast it roared, an' aff we gaed, through water, earth, an' stanes, man ;
 We ran at sic a fearfu' rate, I thought we'd br'ak our banes, man ;
 Till by an' by we stoppit at a place ca'd something Gowrie,
 But ne'er a word had I to say, but only sit an' glowre aye.

Then after that we made a halt, an' in comes yellow band man ;
 He asked me for my ticket, an' I a' my pouches fand, man,
 But ne'er a ticket I cud get—I'd tint it on the road, man—
 So he gar'd me pay for't owre again, or else gang aff to quod, man.

Then after that we crossed the Tay, an' landit into Perth, man,
 I vow it was the queerest place that e'er I saw on earth, man ;
 The hooses an' the iron horse were far aboon the land, man,
 An' hoo they got them up the stair I canna understand, man.

But noo I'm safely landit an' my feet are on the sod, man ;
 When I gang to Dundee again I'll tak' anither road, man ;
 Though I should tramp upon my feet till I'm no' fit to stand, man,
 Catch me again when I'm taen in wi' a chap in a yellow band, man !

WILLIAM LOWSON BALFOUR.

BAILIE BALFOUR of Clydebank, esteemed and honoured in that capacity, as in being the oldest official of the Clyde Navigation Commissioners, has been a most prolific contributor to the newspaper and periodical press during the greater part of the last half century. He was born at the Point House, Carnoustie, in 1831, and is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Alexander Balfour, and related to Charles Balfour, previously noticed. He came early under the care of his maternal grandmother at St. Andrews, and was well educated at the famous Madras College of that town. In 1847 he entered the Railway Service, was employed at Dundee and Arbroath, and acted for some time as station master at Carnoustie. Mr Balfour treasures as a memento of those early days a handsome medal awarded him for his service in rescuing the crew of a vessel which was wrecked at Carnoustie ; and since then his humane exertions have been the means of saving the lives of several others from death by drowning. Some forty years ago Mr Balfour entered on his engagement with one of the most remarkable engineering works of the country, and is resident at Dalmuir, which he has seen grow from a district of 300 inhabitants to one of 15,000. He acted for many years as senior magistrate of the newly formed burgh of Clydebank, but resolutely declined the honour of unanimous election as Provost. Mr Balfour's poetic writings are numerous and varied, and though mainly of a moral or religious tendency, nature and the affections are also liberally treated. We select a notably early effort which appeared in the *Poetic Magazine*, with Gilfillan's warm commendation. The great divine and critic read this poem to Mrs H. B. Stowe, whose characterization of it as "a gem" gave the author, as he phrases it, "the proudest hour" of his life.

AMERICA.

America ! Earth's Eden land !
 So vast—so rich—so fair—
 So self-contained !—as if God planned
 To shew His chief love there !
 With room for millions, millions blest,
 To live in affluence and rest !

America ! Land of the brave !
 Oh ! why not of the free ?
 To hold a Brother-man a slave
 Degrades—dishonours thee ;
 His tears and blood—his groans and sighs—
 Have filled the earth and rent the skies.

Our Pilgrim Fathers' home endeared !—
 Men love thee for their sake !
 Forced hence—their little Ark God steered
 Your freedom to partake.
 Oh ! why with slavery thus mar
 Their peaceful, holy sepulchre ?

Americans ! whose brave old sires
 Won freedom's battle bold !
 Can ye thus quench their glorious fires,
 And barter men for gold ?
 Is't thus ye keep their precious trust,
 With liberty dragged in the dust ?

As surely as from Egypt's land
 God heard the poor slave's moan,
 So surely in His red-right hand
 Now lifted on His throne !
 Mothers and children 'sunder torn,
 And sold as beasts can not be borne !

God's vengeance gathers, 'though it waits—
 He will some Moses show,
 To open liberty's wide gates
 And let the people go !
 Or, drown you in a Red Sea flood
 Of citizen's and brother's blood.

Oh ! wronged, down-trodden negro race !
 With souls as precious—hearts as warm
 As ever had on earth a place—
 As ever gave to life a charm ;
 To Uncle Tom how much ye owe—
 Oh ! love your Harriet Beecher Stowe !

Toil, brother, sister, negro, toil !
 And let this thought your spirit calm :
 Your hand that trembles now erewhile
 Shall by and by wave Victory's palm !
 Like Jesus, scourged on back and limb—
 Ye suffer, and ye 'll reign with Him !

He is your friend ! oh, cast off fear !
 You ne'er will find on heaven's gate,
 "No niggers need apply up here"—
 The poor God lifts to high estate !
 The oppressors then shall fare the worst,
 And they who were the last are first !

Be wise, Americans ! be taught,
 Ye princes in her House of State !—
 If ye would have your country aught
 That's true and noble, good and great,—
 If ye would make its bulwarks sure,
 Build on God's Word, and so be pure !

How can ye say "OUR FATHER," prayer
 Which Brotherhood to all men gives ?
 No matter whether dark or fair—
 "God made of one blood all that lives !"
 And how know ye—to guess in vain—
 But whiteness is the mark of Cain !

America ! Land of the brave !
 Adown the years I see,
 From Atlantic to Pacific wave,
 Earth's happiest family
 Dwell 'neath thy star-flag pure, unfurled,
 The admiration of the world !

GEORGE BANNATYNE.

"THE name of George Bannatyne is inseparably connected with the history of Scottish poetry," says Irving ; and lovers of the native muse will ever cherish his name, who, during a time of forced seclusion, transcribed, and thus preserved, in a manuscript volume of 800 closely and clearly written pages, the precious treasures of song which were then current in the country of their birth. The "Bannatyne MS." is now preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and is thus accessible to the student. It is one of our country's most interesting and most valuable literary possessions ; and the recognition of the splendid services of its compiler was made with the utmost grace and propriety when, in 1823, a number of Scottish literary men, headed by Sir Walter Scott, adopted the name of Bannatyne as the designation of their Club. In one of the volumes published under the auspices of "The Bannatyne Club," the story of George Bannatyne and his work is told with all the skill of the great Wizard himself ; and we learn also that Bannatyne was a poet of some merit, two specimens of his own writings—from which we have made a quotation—appearing in the appendix to the

volume. The MS. concludes with a valedictory word, which for many reasons may fitly be reproduced here :—

THE WRITTAR TO THE REDARE.

Heir endis this Buik, writtin in tyme of pest,
 Quhan we fra labor was compeld to rest,
 In to the thré last monthis of this year,
 Frome owre Redimaris birth, to knaw it heir,
 Ane thowsand is, fyve hundreth, thréseoir awcht
 Off this purpoiss nae mair it neiddis be tawcht,
 Swa, till conclude, God grant us all gude end ;
 And eftir deth Eternal lye us send.—ffinis 1568.

It would be difficult to enumerate the varied uses to which the noble army of compilers and editors have put the valuable materials collected thus by George Bannatyne, and committed to paper in that circular turret-room still pointed out in Bannatyne house, Newtyle. This aspect of his usefulness has been thus emphasized by Sir W. Scott in a poem composed for one of the Annual Dinners of the club :—

“ Assist me, ye friends of old books and old wine,
 To sing in the praises of Sage Bannatyne,
 Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
 As enables each age to print one volume more,
 One volume more, my friends, one volume more ;
 We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

George Bannatyne was born in 1545, and was seventh in a family of *twenty-three* children ! his father being James Bannatyne of Newtyle, keeper of the rolls in the Court of Session. His elder brother Thomas became Lord Newtyle ; and it is surmised from the fact of his admission into the Guildry of Edinburgh in 1587, that George Bannatyne was engaged in commerce. His death occurred somewhere about 1607-8.

MY LADY.

(From the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568.)

As Phebus bricht in speir merediane,
 E of the world, and lamp etheriale,
 Passis the licht that cleipit is Dyane,
 Quhen scho is lucent, round as ony ball,
 And Lucifair all vther sternis small ;
 My Lady so in bewty dois abound
 Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

Hir hair displayit as the goldin wyre
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radiant,
 Is lyk ane bus that birnys in the fyre
 With flammys reid but fumys elevant ;
 War nocht scho is sumthing too variant,
 I mycht of ressonne say, that dame Nature
 Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.

My hairt, that nevir wis thirlit vnto wicht,
 In deidly dwalmys sowpit is for evir

For luv of hir that is my lady bricht ;
 Quoiois pleasant hals is quhytter tha the
 evir,
 Or snaw but spot that fallis in the revir ;
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve
 May nocht for sweetness with her lippis strive.

Thow drery gost, that dwynnys in despair,
 Pass with this bill vnto my lady sweet,
 And, in to presens of her visage fair.
 Upon thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit,
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,
 To confort me of my woundis smert,
 Quhome dart of luv hes perfitt throw the
 hert.

ANDREW BARCLAY.

THE author of a booklet of 72 pages, entitled "Sacred Poems," and issued from the Dundee Press in 1842, was Andrew Barclay, originally a stone mason, but latterly, and up to the time of his death, engaged as a city missionary in Dundee. The preface is signed by two Dundee ministers, Messrs Aitken and Murray M'Cheyne; and we learn from it that "the unpretending author" composed the verses during the intervals of a laborious occupation, for his own improvement, and that of his family then residing at a distance. The subjects treated are nearly all Biblical, and the writer seems to dread criticism, for he opines of his work:—

"If not condemned to instant death
It tortured sore will be;
Till, cropped and shorn, it may be left
Without a wing to flee."

We give a specimen of Barclay's versification. His work is heavy and long drawn out; there are 18 stanzas in the piece from which we make a quotation.

NO WORLDLY GOOD CAN SATISFY THE SOUL.

O what a changing world is this !
How full of cares and fears !
Sin changed it from a paradise
Into a vale of tears.

There's nothing in its ample range
Can satisfy the soul,
That lives beyond the wreck of worlds,
While endless ages roll.

Though we were lords of everything
Within this world's range ;
The time will come when for our souls
We would them all exchange.

O then, why should we fix our hearts,
And love this world alone,
Where disappointment reigns within
The cottage and the throne ?

Why should we fix our soul's desire
Upon this cursed ground,
Where troubles in succession chase
New troubles round and round ?

O that our souls by glorious Grace
Were winged with faith and love,
And made to soar above the world,
To seek their rest above.

JAMES BARNET.

THE love of his native country is strong in the breast of this old Dundonian, and has prompted him to send many a rhyme in her praise from his home in far Chicago. He was born in Dundee in 1825, and worked as a printer in this country till manhood was reached, when he emigrated to America. He engaged both in farming and printing there, and experienced several business reverses; but with perseverance was able to establish a successful business in Chicago, and has turned out several useful local works of the directory order. "As an old time printer no one could go ahead of me," he writes; and certain specimens sent us seem to prove this. Mr Barnett wrote and published a curious account of his "Four Visions in Twenty Years," and has been a frequent contributor of poems, letters, &c. to the press. He has now returned to his native country, and is resident at Kingsmuir near Forfar.

A SONG TO THE TAY.

Tune—"The Brave Old Oak."

A song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 As it proudly rolls along
 On a wintry night, while the moon gleams
 Amidst her peerless throng; [bright
 For its crest runs high, as the bark draws nigh
 To the banks o' Bonnie Dundee,
 When storm fiends cry out, with triumphant
 Exulting in wildest glee. [shout,
 Then a song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 As it rushes swift and deep;
 On its heaving wave, may the surges lave
 The craft in its onward sweep.

A song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 The pride of old Scotia's sea,
 For it sings wi' delight, in summer bright,
 As it glides by the flowery lea.
 Its music so dear doth enchant the ear
 Embower'd in the shady grove,

And its glittering foam, from watery home,
 In silvery sunbeams rove.
 Then a song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 As it flows from mountain steep,
 From rocky den, and soft heathy fen,
 To its bed in the ocean deep.

A song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 The gift of a lib'ral Hand;
 May its blessings pour, till the latest hour,
 On the sons of its much lov'd strand.
 It is still the same, so dear to fame,
 Clear, serpent-winding stream;
 But in after times, and in other climes,
 Its memory forth will gleam.
 Then a song to the Tay, the noble Tay,
 The darling of the free;
 Long may it speed, as a swift race steed,
 To its goal, the German sea.

DAVID DEWAR BEATON.

FEW men are more active or more esteemed in their sphere and community than is Mr D. D. Beaton, who for over twenty-three years has filled the important position of schoolmaster at Frioekheim. In all that pertains to the social and moral welfare of that village and district, as a County Councillor—and Mr Beaton was the first teacher in Scotland to be elected to that position—and also professionally, his record is one of singular credit, as Frioekheimites at home and abroad are ever ready to avow, and as the tangible results of long continued usefulness amply prove. The Village Reading Room, Choral Union, Benefit Society, and Charitable Association know his Presidential interest; and such institutions as the Curling Club, Masonic Lodge, Volunteer Corps, and Ploughing Association have had a long experience of his helpful services, and look forward with interest to the rendering of those annual songs in whose composition Mr Beaton has become a recognized master. Our illustrative pieces are both of this cast; the first one having been sung at the Annual Assembly of the Frioekheim Volunteers in 1894, and the other at one of the Annual Gatherings of "The Auld Folks" of the village, in whom the writer takes a special interest.

Mr Beaton was born at Pathhead, Kirkcaldy, in 1844, and spent five of his boyish years in labour at the loom. Encouraged by his mother he gave himself to study, and obtained a situation as pupil teacher in his native place. At the close of his five years apprenticeship Mr Beaton served for some years as assistant teacher; and was similarly engaged at Sharp's Institution, Perth, when he secured the appointment which he has so long and so honourably held. He acted for some years as secretary, was also president of the Arbroath Branch of the Educational Institute, and received the honorary degree of F.E.I.S. some fifteen years ago.

A PATRIOT'S SONG.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! my comrades all !

We'll sing a patriot's song,
For evermore in Freedom's cause
The Briton's heart is strong.
Our soldiers, brave in days of yore,
Our gallant sailors, too,
Fought valiantly for liberty—
To Crown and Country true.

Our heroes bold by land and sea,
Now silent in the tomb—
Our "Iron Duke," our brave Lord Clyde,
Our hero of Khartoum,
Lord Nelson, Howe, and Collingwood,
Still live and fire our zeal
When Freedom calls, and stir those thoughts
But patriots can feel.

They fought for Liberty and Right
And wrought the tyrant's fall :
With patriotic ardour bled,
Or died at duty's call.
With grateful hearts we'll ever sing,
With joyous loud acclaim,
The glory of their wondrous deeds
And their unsullied fame.

But what our ancestors achieved
Yet British pluck can do ;
Our hearts for home and liberty
To-day still beat as true
As did the hearts of heroes bold
At Waterloo and Nile,
When vanquishing the "Corsican"
In thorough British style.

The lustre of their valiant deeds
Our praise will aye command,
And fire the hearts of worthy sons
Throughout our fatherland.
But while the priceless gifts they won
Our nation aye reveres,
She still can trust her soldiers brave,
Her tars, and volunteers.

Should foreign foe e'er dare to land
Upon old Britain's coast,
We'd show our volunteer defence
No empty, idle boast :
We'd rally round the standard, lads,
From village, glen, and town—
Repel the foe triumphantly,
Maintain our sires' renown.

THE AULD FOLKS.

O, the auld folks ! the auld folks !
Wha's life-race's nearly run ;
Wha's lang, lang day o' duty passed,
A well-earned rest have won.
They're toddlin' doon the brae o' life,
Wi' falt'rin' step and slow ;
For auld folks ! for dear auld folks !
Oor hearts wi' love o'erflow.

O, the auld folks ! the dear auld folks !
Their locks o' silvery white,
The pale, thin cheek, the furrowed brow
We welcome with delight ;
And fondly press the tremblin' hand,
And speak the words o' love,
O' hope, and joy that lead to God
And brighter realms above.

O, the auld folks ! the poor auld folks !
The tear bedims oor e'e,
Rememb'rin' o' their toil and care,
And pain and poverty.
Puir strugglin' souls ! the thorny ways
O' life have left them shorn—
Toil-beat and frail, half-fed, half-clad,
Aft friendless and forlorn.

O, the auld folks ! the poor auld folks !
Their cause I keenly plead ;
With bounteous hand let each one prove
The poor folks' friend-in-need.
With kindly deeds and words o' love
Let's cheer them on their way,
Till—all their night o' sorrows past—
They reach eternal day.

REV. DAVID ALEXANDER BEATTIE.

THE life of a country minister is not necessarily one of routine or repose :
temperament may forbid either possibility, and gifts or graces may act
quite as potentially. Mr Beattie, in his rural sphere at Garvald, Haddington,
leads a life of the greatest activity, discharging faithfully the duties of his
office, devoting time and recognised talents to the furtherance of the wider

interests of his denomination, and occupying his little leisure in the composition of those poems which have gained for him the commendation of the noble and the great, and even of Royalty itself. To no writer belonging to the county of Angus might the term *active* more fitly apply than to the F.C. minister of Garvald; for his writings, apart from many papers, essays, and articles on varied subjects, embrace a MS. volume of 560 pages octavo, containing his poems, "Black Agnes of Dunbar" and "David Bruce," a MS. volume of "College Lays," and a great variety of pieces similar to our illustrations, which have appeared in various newspapers, &c., during a lengthy period. His "Bride of Death," "Songs of Life," and "Songs of the Land of Scott" are also noteworthy: indeed it would be tedious to give all the details of Mr Beattie's mental vigour and versatility. He was born at Arbroath in 1831, studied at Edinburgh, was ordained at Towie, Aberdeenshire, in 1858, and settled in the charge of Garvald Free Church in 1867.

GOBLIN HALL.

CASTLEMAINS, GARVALD.

Three streams wind down from the upland height,
Where the heron and plover are wheeling their flight;
Thro' the Hope Glen murmurs the mountain rill
By the wooded spur of the moorland hill,
And the Newlands Burn, from bracken dells,
With its mimic tide that of Gifford swells,
And the brooks have their confluence there at the steep
Which Hugh Gifford de Yester crowned by his keep.

The dead sleep beside Baro Church in the wood,
Which was served by the monks of renowned Holyrood,
Who, for princely gifts, or for humbler doles,
Sang a daily dirge for departed souls;
While the Danskin Loch sent a stream to the steep
Where retainers kept ward at the Yester Keep,
Whose encircled brow now bristles with trees,
And the brook's soft requiem floats on the breeze.

Old legends say in that rocky profound
This weird-like knight lived under the ground—
In the Goblin Hall, reared by magic wand,
Without skill or aid from a human hand.
In the past it seemed an enchanted thing;
Still around it hoary memories cling,
While the glinting brooks 'neath the cloud-flecked sky
Flow on, singing deathless and drowsily.

Lord Gifford has graven in sculptured stone
His name, though the great magician is gone;
And in ways that his genius knew so well
Transfigured the rock 'neath his magic spell.
Time's fanciful annals have over it thrown
A shroud of deep mystery all its own,
Hiding shadowy secrets fabled to sleep
Where the brooks meet beneath this elfin steep.

Thro' its window yet falls a dim cold gleam,
 Such as made Goblin Hall a magic dream ;
 It reveals the paved floor so spacious and long,
 Its pointed arched roof so lofty and strong,
 Its rock-hewn walls, and its corridor low,
 To defend from surprise of assailing foe,
 And the winding steps to the gulf beneath
 Where the sound of the brook breaks the stillness of death.

Bo'hall's glory lives in the pages of Scott,
 And memory clings to the time-hallowed spot
 Where King Alexander, the goblin knight, fought,
 And Somerset's army its last laurels sought.
 Tweeddale's falconer here was the last to dwell
 Ere this keep was unroofed, or the old stair fell ;
 Now nothing is heard but the sight-seer's tread,
 Or the song of the brooks o'er their pebbly bed.

As I stood there a whisper heard low and clear
 Seemed to speak to the heart, if not to the ear,
 And I sadly felt truth thro' fiction may gleam,
 For the pomp and power of the world is a dream ;
 As when death's hue comes o'er the frigid cheek,
 And the tongue refuses its tale to speak,
 No other sound comes from ruins so gray
 But the voice of the brooks as they hurry away.

When knowledge restrained not the fancy's flight,
 Then could fear and hope superstition excite ;
 To beliefs not founded on reason it clings—
 It is spell-bound by strange, incredible things.
 Now the inroads of Science in realms of thought
 Destroy half the charm which fancy had wrought,
 And we smile o'er the Goblin Hall's shadowy tale,
 As the brooks, blent in one, flow down Gifford Vale.

THE VEILED STATUE.

Beauty is ever hid,
 But half the truth of its full glory seen ;
 The sheltered echo answers as we bid,
 And yet, I ween,
 Most in obscure retreats, her magic tone,
 Viewless, is piped alone.

The beams of joy that bless
 With happy spring where'er they softly play,
 Are glanced from far-off stars of happiness,
 And seem to say—
 We've seen, tho' dimmed, where heaven's
 bright portals lie—
 We robe infinity.

Tho' in a stinted light
 All beauteous truth beams thro' dark mystery,
 Betokening fairer things than bless our sight,
 What we descry
 Bids a wise reverence call us to adore ;
 Enough is seen, no more.

So ran my tranced thought
 Before such shaded beauty, silently
 Wondering why here the truth is often not
 Plain to the eye,
 But to the seeker, as the ancients tell,
 Lies hidden in a well !

In this imperfect state
 All knowledge is seen only thro' a glass,
 Dark, indistinct—glories for which we wait
 In light shall flash—
 Eternal rays, the shrouding veil shall rise
 That once obscured our eyes.

No longer, but in part,
 Truth shall be fully seen, love only felt,
 Each fresh perception thrills with joy the
 heart
 Where darkness dwelt ;
 Now faith is like an odour in the breeze
 Telling where glory lies.

THE ASPEN.

Whence is that melancholy sound,
That, like the voice of one who grieves,
Is ever 'mong the summer leaves,
And breaks the noonday stillness round ?
A murmur in the midst of glee
Haunts catkins of the aspen tree.

The water-lily floats in rest,
While mirror-like spray flashes up
The beauty of the violet's cup
Upon the ruffled fountain's breast ;
So still is the surrounding air,
Even tiny harebell moves not there.

By every breath of wind set free
Thy slender leaf-stalk's sound is heard ;
Although no other leaf be stirred,
No silence or repose for thee ;
If night winds may around thee sleep
Thou hast thy vigil still to keep.

I love each tree that crowns the glade,
Each bird that pours song in the sky
Of summer with its melody,

Each brook that flows by greenwood shade;
But yet my spirit seems to be
In deeper sympathy with thee.

I know not why, but, when a boy,
Alone I've paused beneath thy boughs
To catch their murmurs as they rose ;
To listen breathless brought no joy ;
Some hushed communion of its own
My fancy held with voices gone.

These trembling sounds on rosy morn,
As motion of long dewy grass
Salutes the breezes as they pass,
Awoke sad musings, earthward borne,
For where as boy and girl we played
Beloved dust had there been laid.

Did wild-flowers there, as buds unclose,
Send forth a murmur from their bells
To be the echoes of farewells ?

These cadences we might suppose
Slow mournful music to the ear,
Such as is breathed when death is near.

GEORGE BEATTIE.

THE annals of Scottish Literature contain nothing more melancholy than is the tragic passing of George Beattie. We read his "John o' Arnha'" with laughter and delight ; we ponder his life and letters with mingled admiration and awe. That laughter and tears are akin is a truism ; its demonstration here is overwhelming. A capable and successful man of business ; an influential citizen ; the prince of genial humorists, and the soul of the social circles in which he moved ; a poet of excellent reputation ; a hapless lover, and a suicide ;—how intense the pathos of this life, which was prematurely closed in that auld kirkyard, nestling under the steep grey cliffs of its native St. Cyrus ! Read that most affecting of documents ever penned by a Scottish hand, and which its unfortunate author termed "The Last," to understand the infinities of Beattie's life tragedy. It was published, with his "Life, Letters, and Poems," at Montrose, in 1882 : he is not to be envied who can ponder this document tearless, and without surcharge of commiseration and indignation.

Put in brief, this affecting narrative loses its engrossing interest ; but its condensation is alone possible here. George Beattie was born at Whitehill, St. Cyrus, in 1786, and was the son of a crofter and salmon fisher, William Beattie, reputed to have been "a man of superior mind." Educated at St. Cyrus school, reared among the fascinating scenes of the locality, and familiar with the rich historic and legendary associations of the district,

George Beattie, even as a boy, found more delight in Nature than was common with his class, and that without depreciation of his naturally high spirits and inherent love of trickery and fun. His father's superior qualities having been observed by an influential neighbour, a situation in the excise was secured for him, and the family removed to Montrose while the future poet was in his thirteenth year. An attempt to bind him to mechanical pursuits was a failure, and ultimately he qualified himself to follow the legal profession by service and study at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Montrose. In the latter town he soon reared an excellent business as a *Writer*, or Attorney, became one of its prominent social figures, and secured an unprecedented local fame, when, in his twenty-ninth year, by the publication of the first sketch of his poetic masterpiece, "John o' Arnha'." He grew in the affection and esteem of his compatriots, continued his poetic contributions to *The Montrose Review*, etc., and directed the publication of his wondrously popular poem in a completed form. His gifts as a wit and humorist were supreme: Montroseiana without "Geordie Beattie," would of a truth be *Hamlet* without the Prince; and the Preface to "John o' Arnha," written in the author's most characteristic vein, remains an eloquent testimony to his genial graces. But a cloud appeared in the clear sky of Beattie's life; no bigger at first than the arrow of Cupid, but large and black at last as the Angel of Death. He loved, wooed, and had almost won a beautiful woman, when she suddenly broke off their engagement and was married to another. A large accession of fortune, and the ambition to marry into the highest rank possible, were the only and fearfully inadequate reasons urged for the fatal step which robbed the sensitive Beattie of reason and life, and Miss Gibson of all temporal joy and esteem.

Doubtless, humane and sympathetic considerations are important factors in any estimate of Beattie's great popularity with generations of delighted readers; but in all fairness it must be owned that his poetry alone, and judged strictly on its merits, formed quite a legitimate passport to their esteem, even as it should establish our own. Gilfillan's estimate of Beattie's *chef d'œuvre* is worth quoting in this connection: the great critic says—"His 'John o' Arnha' is a clever dilution, or elongation, if you will, of 'Tam o' Shanter'; abounds like it in touches of the humorous and the horrible intermingled; is a weird story of witches, etc., and has fine sidelong glimpses of the scenery and manners of what to us is the ever dear and delightful Howe of the Mearns." Many editions of this Munchausen like story are in the market—a sumptuous Montrose *édition de luxe* forming the handsomest of them; and few book lovers are without a copy of a Montrose or Aberdeen issue, with their quaint illustrations, so significant of the artistic attainments and requirements of other days. A quotation, therefore, of a representative portion—not the best, perhaps, from the poetic point of view, but showing clearly the mettle of that Montrose character who is the central figure of the whole—will serve our purpose at present: it may induce the perusal of a work too long for insertion here, and which deserves, and will repay the attention of all who study it in its entirety.

JOHN O' ARNHA'.

AN EXTRACT.

The hero, returning home from Montrose fair, interviews an old witch, who, in anger, raises such a storm that

The lightnin', thunder, wind, and rain,
Flash'd and roar'd, and dash'd amain ;

John row'd owre dikes and lair'd in ditches,
Mutterin' malisons on witches.
Neist owre the plain, and down a hill,
He heard the clachin' o' a mill ;
Again the spunkie's wav'rin' licht
Discovert to his wildert sicht
In boiling wraith, the North-Esk stream
Thuddin' onward, white wi' feam,
He heard a voice, wi' muckle dool,
Croonin' in the Ponnage Pool,
And this it said or seemed to say—
“ Ah, willawins ! alack for aye,
O sair's my back an' sair my banes
Leadin' the Laird o' Morphie's stanes ;
The Laird o' Morphie canna thrive
As lang's the Kelpie is alive.”
The thunder growl'd in lower tone,
As if to let the voice get on.

“ God help ye ! be ye freend or fae,”
Quo' John, “ it's wrang to use ye sae ;
To me your griefs ye needna tell,
For wae's my heart, I'm waur mysel' ;”
When, by the lightnin's glare, he saw
A sight surpassing nature's law—
A stalwart monster, huge in size,
Did straught frae out the river rise ;
Behind, a dragon's tail he wore,
Twa bullock's horns stack out before,
His legs were horn, wi' joints o' steel,
His body like the crocodile.
On smellin' John he gied a scoil,
Then plunged and gar'd the water boil ;
Anon he stood upon the shore,
And did for vengeance loudly roar.
Now John his painfu' silence broke,
And thus in daring accents spoke :
“ Stand aff, you fiend, and dread my wraith,
Or soon I'll steek your een in death ;
Not you nor a' the hounds o' hell
Can my undaunted courage quell ;”
When, waving straight his club on high,
That whisselt as it cut the sky—
“ See ye, Sir, that gnarell'd aik,
Wi' which if I but gie ae straik
Athort the shanks or owre the head
I'd dye the North-Esk river red,
And make at once the azure flood
One purple stream of Kelpie's blood ;
To show how easily I'll drub ye,
See, there I've flung away my club, ye,

For wi' my ain twa neives I'll smack ye
Tho' a' the deils in hell should back ye ;
Sae, therefore, if you wish to thrive,
Be stepping ! show your havins !—dive ! !”
“ Yelta, billie,” quo' the Kelpie,
“ I carena for your threats—God help ye !
Gae bluster somewhere else, for here
Ye maunna think to domineer ;
If I but grip you by the collar,
I'll gar you gape, and glower, and gollar
An' thratch an' thraw for want of breath—
Ae squeeze o' that wad be your death ;”
When shakin' fierce his horny paw,
He gae a wild and loud guffa :
Raised sic a rutherair and clatter,
The red brae tummelt i' the water ;
The brig across the North-Esk river
Did echo back the sound and shiver,
Had Mary Brig been then, I reckon,
That brig had frae its centre shaken.

“ It is but richt your wraith to settle,”
Quo' John, “ that ye should know my mettle.
I'm weel ken'd here an' far awa—
My name is John o' Arnha' !
I slew three hunder Dublin bouchers,
For whilk I'm fit to show you vouchers ;
I gar'd the pows flee frae their bodies,
Like nippin' heads frae carl doddies.
I've been through Hollan', Spain, and France,
And at Vienna learn'd to dance ;
I tript it neat in silks an' satin,
An' to the damsels jabbert Latin ;
This lingo here but few can speak it
Better than a pig could squeak it :
But gin ye only understand it,
Ye'll hear how nicely I mowband it ;
Rummilforjan Bardinarus
Hoo nig fig quippiti gnarus
Drumhargelbargum skipperatis—”
The Kelpie scronnocht “ *Punctum, satis !*
Your crack-jaw words of half an ell
That rumble like a witch's spell
Are nae the leed of ony tongue
That ever in a head was hung,
Sin' lingo was confus'd at Babel ;
They mind me of a turkey's gabble.”

Quo' John, “ They're Latin, but by jingo,
Ye'se get the rest in haimert lingo ;
Sic themes were never made to suit
Your dozen'd lugs, ye duxy brute ;
An' you that aye 'mang water buller
How can ye be a classic scholar !
In Africa I've preach'd to pagans ;

At Coromandel danc'd wi' dragons;
 On India's plains I've ruled mulattoes;
 At Etna's flames I've roas'n' tatoes;
 I've seen it spew its liquid lava
 Owre a' Jerusalem and Java,
 And rain, in hellish showers, its danders
 On Holland, Poland, France, and Flanders;
 I in its wame heard Vulcan ruddy
 Upon his triple-tempert studdy—
 A limpin' spaviet, bruikit wicht
 Wi' oily hide—a perfect fright;
 He swat and yarkit wi' his hammer,
 The sparks flew frae his steel like glamour;
 Twa black outlandish gruesome fellows
 Were puffin' at his smiddy bellows;
 Upo' the richt a mighty stove
 For forgin' thunderbolts to Jove—
 This nicht they're whizzin' through the sky,
 Sae better to you mind your eye.”
 Said Kelpie, “That I'll take my chance on,
 But faith, I sadly dread ye're scancin';
 I mark him for a smeerless dolt,
 Wha'd jouk t' eschew a thunderbolt;
 Let rain descend and tempests roar,
 I'll meet you on this dreary shore:
 Though lightnin' blaze and thunder rattle,
 I'm here prepared to give you battle;
 I charge you, braggart, to prepare
 For deeds of might—not words of air.”
 “I ne'er,” quo John, “like some, grow vain,
 Or fecht my battle's o'er again;
 I only dinna wish to cheat ye,
 To raise your wrath and syne defeat ye;
 It's meet, before the battle rage,
 You ken the foe ye've to engage.
 I scorn a' lears and their lees;
 I've been on islands made o' cheese;
 Cross'd lakes o' bladdo milk and whay—
 As braid and deep as Forth and Tay.
 Frae Catterthun to Copenhagen
 I rade upon a fiery dragon
 (Right through the air like Sancha Pancha,
 And brave Don Quixote de la Mancha),
 Ten mile o' tail hung at his rump,
 Compar'd to some 'twas but a stump.
 Upon the sedgy banks of Nile
 I've tilted with the crocodile;
 Wi' unicorns and alligators,
 Fell tigers, elephants, and satyrs.
 Like Hercules, the wale o' men,
 I've dar'd the lion in his den:

When vengeance throu' my peepers glow'r'd,
 The stately monarch fawn'd and cowl'd,
 An' creepin' lickit at my feet,
 Like ony collie on the street.
 Upo' the coast of Labrador
 I've heard five hunder kelpies roar—
 Five thousand faith!—the deil ane fewer,
 And each ten times as big as you are;
 I offer'd battle to them a'—
 The cowards you'd and ran awa'.”
 (The Kelpie “grinn'd an eldrich laugh,”
 An' rubb'd his hooves upon the haugh);
 Quo' John, “Ye needna scrape and nicker,
 I'm neither fey nor waur o' licker:
 I tell the truth—and hark ye, sirrah,
 I slew upon Del Feuga Terra,
 A Giant, in height twal ell some inches,
 An sax between the oxter kinches;
 Lang fresh he lay preserved 'mang snaw
 And frosty winds that there aye blow;
 But vultures pick'd his big banes bare,
 And lined their nests wi' blood-stained hair;
 Compar'd to him ye're but a dwarf.
 The wind o's neives had gar'd you swarf—
 This very day too, i' the market,
 Five hunder sturdy hides I yarkit;
 Between the shore and Kittlenakit,
 There's few but I baith pran'd and paikit,
 Spar'd neither man nor mither's son—
 Yea, claw'd the back o' Horner John!
 Sae clean and snell the cracks I gied 'm,
 The heels flew owre the ugly head o'm;
 And tho' ye be the water-kelpie,
 I'll wad my whittle I sall skelp ye.”
 When castin's coat he spat in's looves,
 And bade the Kelpie use his hooves;
 In dour conflict the parties clos'd,
 Head to head—hands to hooves opposed;
 Tough was the tulzie, and for lang
 Success in equal balance hang.
 The Kelpie tried wi' John to grapple,
 But Arn caught him by the thrapple,
 And gar'd his carcass sweep the stanners,
 Whilk made a noise like corn fanners;
 He puff'd an' blew like ony whale—
 He scourg'd the water wi' his tail,
 An' threush on John as wi' a flail.
 John pran'd him down among the mud,
 And bade him lash his ain heart's blood
 That ran in torrents frae his side,
 And changed the colour o' the tide.

“The Bark,” and “The Dream” are poems of great power; but Beattie's own favourite among his writings was “The Murderit Mynstrell,” a boyish, but very superior performance in the older Scottish manner. We reproduce it; also a specimen of the few lyrical pieces of Beattie's which have been preserved. We may add, in parting with this able poet and amiable but

unfortunate character, that his "John o' Arnha'" was dramatized, and that it has been often imitated, notably by those amusing Aberdeen brochures, "Arn at the Flail," "Arn at the Whale Fishing," and "Arn's Marriage," by "Rumel F. Bardinarius, Esq., Poet," and which form a worthy pendant to the more famous poem.

"THE MURDERIT MYNSTRELL."

How sweetlie shonne the mornying sunne
Upon the bonnie Ha'-house o' Dun,
Siccan a bien and lovelie abode
Micht wyle the pilgrime aff his roade ;
But the awneris' hearte was hard as stane
And his Ladye's was harder still, I weene.
They neuer gaue aumous to the poore,
And they turnit the wretchit frae their doore ;
Quhile the strainger, as he passit their yett,
Was by the wardowre and tykkes besett.
Oh, there livit there ane bonnie Maye,
Myldre and sweite as the mornying raye,
Or the gloamin' of ane summeris daye :
Hir haire was faire, hir eyne were blue,
And the dymples o' luve playit rounde hir
sweite mou ;

Hir waste was sae jimp, hir anckil sae sma,
Hir bosome as quhyte as the new-drivensnawe,
Sprent o'er the twinne mountains of sweite
Caterthune, [sunne,
Beamand mylde in the rayes of a wynterie
Quhair the myde of a fute has never beine,
And not a cloud in the lifte is seine ;
Quhen the wind is slumbering in its cave,
And the barke is sleipying on the wave,
And the breaste of the ocean is as still
As the mornying mist upon Morven Hill.
Oh sair did scho rue, baith nyghte and daye,
Hir hap was to be this ladye's Maye.

Ae mornying a mynstrell, aged and poore,
Came harpyng to this Ha'-house doore ;
His heart seimit lyghte, thoch his hewit was
bare,

And sparelie coverit wi' thinne quhyte haire ;
His beard adown his bosome fell
Streamand like snowe in a wynterie gale.
Sae sweite and blythsome was his laye,
The gowd-spinke dancit upon the spraye ;
The lint-quhyte chirpit frae the busch,
And sweetlie sung the larke and the thrush ;
While dyghte in greine, the faerie crewe
Dancit frae the grass the mornying dew ;
For the dæmons of nyght had taken their flyghte
As soon as they saw the mornying lyghte.
And the ghaistis had left the drearie yewe ;
Oh they trippit sae lyghtlie over the lea,
Thair nymble feet scant mocht ane see ; [be,
Thair doublettes were greine, as greine mocht
And they shonne in the sunne like the
Spainzie flee.

And aye the mynstrell harpit and sang,
Till his notes throu' ilka chamber rang ;
Thoch decrypt, forlorne and raggit was hee,
There was merghie in his fyngeris, and fyre
in his e'e ;
Thoch his voice it was broken, and tremmull
full sore,
He sung Caledonia's battles of yore ;
Hir Mountains sae wylde, and hir sweite
smyling playns
And the graces and luvcs of hir nymphs and
hir swayns,
He brushit the wyre wi' mickle glee ;
He lytit his notes ryghte merrillie,
As giff nae dolowre michen he drie.

The Ladye of Dun scho rang hir bell —
"Quhat noise is thiss—praye quicklie tell ;
Quhat meins this lytling and deray ?
A bonnie-lyke rippit thiss, by my fay !"
—"A Mynstrell, madam, aged and poore,"
Quod the damischell, "is harping at the doore ;
And oh, my ladye, I'm wae to see him,
And wishe I had onlie somethyng to gie him ;
For his doublette is raggit, his hewit is bare,
And the wind syngs throu' his thinne quhyte
haire ;

Albeit his layes be blithsome and sweite,
He hasna a bachel to cover his feit." —
—"Harpyng at this tyme of the morne ?
Upon my lyfe, it canna be borne ;
Ye menseless womane, gae tell my men
To flyng the caityffe o'er the Denn,
And let him perische i' the deipe,
For raisand the Ladye o' Dun frae hir sleipe."
The damischell lookit sae wae and sae meike,
And a pearle of pity stood clear on ilk cheike.
—"Shall I tell him, my Ladye, to wend o'er
the lea ?

And he winna come back for bountith or fee ;
The silie auld carl may peace gae wi' him.
I'm sure, dear Ladye, thiss tyme ye'll forgie
him ?"

Hir voice was sae sweite, and she bendit hir
knee,

And the moysture o' ruthe dimmed hir bonnie
blue e'e

Quhilk glissent like the sunne throu' a cloud
in June,

Or the mylder radiance of the moone,
As scho rides in the heavens all alone

And thinne mysts of summer sail round hir throne :

Ane angell from God mocht hae kist that sweitie face,

And returnit to Heaven all pure from the embrace.

“Swythe, out of my presence ! ye heard quhat I said,”

Quod the Ladye—“’Tis meite my behests be obey’d.”

The men they had dancit to the Mynstrell’s laye,

But readie their Ladye’s behests to obey—

Thae fleickin, sinfu’, murtherous men,

They flang the harper o’er the Denn,

And loot him perische i’ the deiye,

For raisand the Ladye o’ Dun frae her sleipe.

He priggit for mercie,—he prayit for grace,

Quhyle the tearis ranne dounne his aged face ;

He vowit to heaven he meint nae offence,

And beggit the men to lett him gae hence—

To hirple his waas to the cot-house doore,

And cheer wyth his layes the sempile and poore ;

For thoch his comforts here were but fewe,

His bosome beatte to nature trewe.

“Nae mercie here,” quod the men, “can be given,

But we hope, auld man, ye’ll meite it in heaven ;

Our Ladye’s behests we are bound to obeye,

Albeit we hae dancit to your roundelaye ;

Then strike on your harpe the last sounde of woe,

Before that you sleipe in your cauld bed below.”

The Laird o’ Dun had power of the law ;

The Mynstrell was flung in, harpe and a’ ;

The Mynstrell he groan’d, and his harpe it rung,

And mute for aye was his tunefu’ tongue !

A awesome syghte it was to see

Him launchit sae quyke to eternitie !

Ance kythit o’er the streame his beard sae hore—

Syne his spirit wingit its waye to gloare,

And niver mair was that Mynstrell seine.

But aye and anon, at morn and at e’en,

His harpe it soundit to the breize,

And a figure was seine to glide throu’ the trees,

And groans were heard, sae loude and sae deipe

The Ladye o’ Dun could never mair sleipe ; *

But aye the mament scho winkit an e’e,

Scho saw before her as plain as mocht be,

The Mynstrell wyde gapin and wreathyng in paine,

And suein’ for mercie he couldna obtaine,

And wringyn his hands in wild despaire,

And waggyn his head and his thinne quhyte haire,

Quhyle veive in her fancy wad scho see

The ghaistlie glowre of his death-set e’e ;

And his clay-cauld hand wad press hir cheike ;

Oh then wad scho start frae her bedde and shriek,

“Haud aff that hand ! oh, withdraw that e’e ;

For heaven’s saike, take him away from me !

His bearde seinis smerit over wi’ feame :

Oh ! I wish it were, but its nae—a dreame !

For he looks sae wyldlie in my face

That I wish to God he had metten wi’ grace !

Lord ! send to my saul the balsame of peace ;

Oh, quhen shall I find it ? Neuer—neuer !

It has fledde thiss bosome for euer and euer !”

NATIVE MUSIC.

Ah, strains ! for ever, ever dear :

While thus you swell your varied note,

Methinks angelic forms are near,

Aerial warblings round me float ;

Now sadly sweet the numbers glide,

And pity mourns the tender woes

Of her who wept, “a widowed bride,”

Where soft the classic Yarrow flows.

And now the strains, in tears they steep,

For him who leaves his native shore ;

Who, doomed to cross the western deep,

Shall never see Lochaber more.

Breathe gentle airs ! and draw the tear

For her, the maid in beauty’s pride,

Who mourns her absent lover dear,

By Logan’s fairy-haunted side.

Symphonious sounds ! whose warbled strain

Comes carolled sweet from yonder glade,

Ye bring my childhood back again—

Ye speak of days for ever fled :

Days of delight ! when free to stray

Where slow the North-Esk winds along,

I listened to your love-lorn lay—

I joyed to hear your Doric song.

So the poor Swiss, as pensive slow,

He journeys o’er some foreign clime,

If chance he hear these wild notes flow,

That soothed him on his hills sublime,

So with delighted ear attends ;

So courts their magic melody ;

Bethinks him of his home and friends,

And gives them, sad, a tear—a sigh.

DR JAMES BEATTIE.

“O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !”

IN these grand lines we have a glimpse of the beauties of “The Minstrel,” one of the finest poems in any language, and a work which will secure the fame of its author through all generations. “This is true poetry ; this is inspiration,” wrote Gray regarding this very passage ; and by universal consent its author is placed high on the honour roll of British Bards. The son of a small farmer, James Beattie was born at Laurencekirk in 1735. In his case the child proved father to the man, for the early exercise of his inherent talents resulted in his being termed by his school-fellows, “Jamie, the poet.” These were the palmy days of the good old Scottish Parochial System of Education ; and a taste and ability for classic learning were speedily developed in Beattie's susceptible soul. He proceeded to Marischal College when only in his fourteenth year, and remained there till 1753, when he took his degree of M.A. The village of Fordoun being in want of a schoolmaster, the young philosopher applied for and secured the situation. Here he laboured for four years, imbibing the very spirit of nature in his frequent communings amid the beauties of the district ; and sending many proofs of his successful wooing of the muses to the periodicals of the day. It was an easy transition from Fordoun to a mastership in Aberdeen Grammar School ; but, to the modest young man of twenty-five, the proposal that he should stand as a candidate for one of the professional chairs in the very college which had so lately been the scene of his own studies, was of a very startling nature. His friends, however, overcame both his own very natural diffidence, and every obstacle to their plans ; and in 1760 Beattie was installed as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Session after session the young professor delivered his carefully prepared courses of lectures, and year by year he grew in fame and popularity. He became a power in social and literary circles, and the publication of his “Original Poems and Translations” drew instant and widespread attention to his intellectual merits. Beattie, however, regretted what he came to regard as premature publication, and right in the teeth of public opinion condemned his early work so far as to burn every copy of the book of which he could get possession, reserving only a few of its numbers to be printed in the future along with his masterpiece. Another venture, his poem “The Judgment of Paris,” fell flat ; and only very meagre results were attained by other poetic publications. His reputation grew betimes, and was crowned by the success of his “Essay on Truth,” a work which could not find a publisher, and which was produced mainly through the kindness of friends, but which had an immediate

and cordial welcome of an unprecedented order. The reception of the first part of "The Minstrel"—which was published anonymously, in order to secure an impartial verdict—gave Beattie singular satisfaction. Everywhere the poem was recognized as a supreme effort; and when on the appearance of the second part the author avowed himself, the world hailed with sincere admiration the Aberdeen poet, critic, and professor as one of its sources of light and leading.

Beattie was received with distinction on his various visits to London. Oxford University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws: he secured a Civil List Pension of £200 yearly; and Sir Joshua Reynolds presented him with the great picture which allegorically represents his philosophical triumphs. He was invited to enter the English Church, where, doubtless, a Bishopric awaited him; but with characteristic prudence and foresight he declined the honour. In the same way he waived the offer of a chair in Edinburgh University, contentedly remaining among the friends of his younger years in Aberdeen, and sending abroad those other and varied essays, regarding which, strangely enough, his own opinions were at variance with those of the world which chose to accept him more as the poet which he the less regarded, and less as the philosopher which he the more desired.

The family life and domestic afflictions of this distinguished man were sorrowful in the extreme. The insanity of Mrs Beattie developed at an early stage of their married life; and the deaths of his two beloved and promising sons in early manhood shrouded in awful gloom their father's beautiful and exemplary life. Over the lifeless body of James Hay Beattie, a poet of genius nearly equal to that of his parent, the broken-hearted professor is reported to have exclaimed, "I am now done with the world"; and his only consolation latterly lay in the thought that by the removal of his boys he had been spared the painful possibility of seeing "their elegant minds mingled with their mother's madness." He drooped under continued melancholy, and became a recluse from the society and correspondence of even his dearest friends. In 1803 he died, and was buried in St. Nicholas' Churchyard, Aberdeen, beside his son, who framed the beautiful epitaph:—

"Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read, unmov'd, my artless tender tale;
I was a friend, O man! to thee and all!"

We meet with so many references to Dr Beattie's genius among the writings of our Scottish bards, that these in themselves would form an interesting and nearly complete guide to his reputation. We may instance here one notable stanza, that occurring in Burns's epistle to Lapraik, in which the National Bard surmises regarding the authorship of "When I upon thy bosom lean":—

"I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
What generous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'can this be Pope or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?' etc.

We give as specimens of Dr Beattie's powers a quotation from the second book of "The Minstrel"; and his solitary example of the use of "guid braid

Scotch," his epistle to Alexander Ross, which is not only of value in its strong local interest, but also in its bearing on the wider reaches of the general Scottish poetic field.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.

One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene :
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there with
ivy green, [dell ;
Fenced from the north and east the savage
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur
made ;

And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote,
survey'd

Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in
gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow
ground,

And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
crown'd.

Of did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the
sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing
head,

And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and
stream,

Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the sun's last trembling
gleam,

Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;—
When slowly on his ear these moving accents
stole.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled
breast,

And woo the weary to profound repose ;

Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings,
O Solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real
grandeur springs.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with
hire ?

It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest
wade ?

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can
perform !

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to heav'n resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her dead-
liest blow."

—This strain from midst the rocks was heard
to flow [star ;
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from
afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening
stood)

" Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
And hugged the chain, that glittering on
their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's
empyrean blaze.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I fought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and
betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue

Those years of trouble and debasement vile—
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue!
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my
view.

“The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o’erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven
shall share [last.

This heart, where peace serenely shines at
And if for me no treasure be amass’d,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest
hopes of fame.

“The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power
possess’d,

Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease!
Ah! what avails the love of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious
string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom
wring!

“Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of
renown,

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring
wave;

And many an evening sun shine sweetly on
my grave.

“And thither let the village swain repair:
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel’d hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd’s pipe the live-long
day

Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching wo;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle
grey,

Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode
shall know.

“For though I fly to scape from fortune’s rage,
And bear the fears of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,

Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin’d man I mourn.
O Man, creation’s pride, heaven’s darling
child,

Whom nature’s best divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and
tears defiled!

“Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night’s lovely queen;
Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll be-
tween,

And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
mien!

O when shall that Eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos
dark to clear!

“O thou at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from the abyss; when dark Confusion,
driven

Down down the bottomless profound of
night,

Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him
on the way.”

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.

“And is it thus in courtly life” (he cries)

“That man to man acts a betrayer’s part?
And dares he thus the gifts of heaven per-
vert,

Each social instinct, and sublime desire!—
Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn’d
admire,

Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal
fire!”

He said, and turn’d away; nor did the Sage
O’rhear, in silent orisons employ’d.

The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy’d,
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds
annoy’d,

A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy
rills.

EPISTLE TO MR ALEXANDER ROSS.

O Ross ! thou wale of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty wi' thy jokes !
Thy hamely auldwarld muse provokes

Me, for a while,
To ape our guid plain countra' folks
In verse and style.

Sure never carle was hauf sae gabby,
E're since the winsome days of Habby.
O mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,
Nor miss thy snaker !

Or I'll ca' Fortune, nasty drabby,
And say, pox take her.

O may the roupe ne'er roust thy weason !
May thirst thy thrapple never gizzen !
But bottled ale, in mony a dizen,
Aye lade thy gantry !
And fouth o' vivres, a' in season,
Plenish thy pantry !

Lang may thy stevin fill wi' glee
The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
Which were right gousty but for thee,
Whase sangs enamour
Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
The rocks to yamour.

Ye shak' your head ; but, o' my fegs,
Ye've set auld SCOTa on her legs,
Lang had she lyen wi' beffs and flegs
Bumbaz'd and dizzie,
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
Waes me ! poor hizzie !

Since ALLAN's death naebody car'd
For anes to speer how SCOTa far'd ;
Nor plack nor thristled turner war'd,
To quench her drouth ;
For, frae the cottar to the laird,
We a' rin South.

The Southland chiel's indeed hae mettle,
And brawly at a sang can ettle ;
Yet we right couthily might settle
On this side Forth.
The devil pay them wi' a pettle,
That slight the North.

Our countra' leed is far frae barren,
It's even right pithy and auldfarren.
Oursel's are neiper-like, I warren,
For sense and smergh,
In kittle times, when faes are yarring,
We're no thought ergh.

O, bonny are our greensward hows,
Where through the birks the burnie rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rustle,
And shepherd lads on sunny knows
Blaw the blythe fusle !

It's true, we Norlans maunna fa'
To eat sae nice, or gang sae braw,
As they that come frae far awa' ;
Yet sma's our skaith ;
We've peace (and that's well worth it a')
And meat and claith.

Our fine newfangle sparks, I grant ye,
Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty ;
They're grown sae ugertfu' and vaunty,
And capernoited,
They guide her like a canker'd aunty,
That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of Ignorance, I trow,
It's this that crooks their ill-far'd mou'
Wi' jokes sae coarse, they'd gar fouk spue
For downright skunner ;
For Scotland wants na sons enew
To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed o' names,
Dawties of Heliconian Dames !
The foremost place GAVIN DOUGLAS claims,
That canty priest.
And wha can match the fifth KING JAMES
For sang or jest ?

MONTGOMERY grave, and RAMSAY gay,
DUNBAR, SCOTT, HAWTHORNDEN, and mae
Than I can tell ; for o' my fae
I maun brak' aff ;
'Twould take a live-lang simmer-day
To name the hauf.

The saucy chiel's—I think they ca' them
Criticks—the muckle sorrow claw them,
(For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them
Frae their presumption),
They need na try thy jokes to fathom,
They want rumgumption.

But ilka Angus and Mearns bairn
Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn ;
And chiel's shall come frae yont the Cairn-
amount, right vousty,
If Ross will be sae kind as share in
Their pint at Drousty.

PETER BEGG.

AS it is necessary to refer in some detail to that remarkable Dundee Literary Society, immortalized in Sime's "Halls of Lamb," and in connection with some of its more prominent figures, it will be sufficient to point out here that Peter Begg was one of its members, and that in Sime's poem he is introduced to public notice in these lines:—

"Fill high the cup with coffee, or
Bring in a bottle of ginger beer :
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers Scrymgeour, Begg, and all."

He was born at Dundee in 1819, and learned the trade of shoemaker with his father in Kirriemuir. Returning to Dundee in 1840, he resided there almost continuously till his death in 1885. The foundation of Dundee Free Library was due in great measure to Mr Begg's exertions; and in the congenial sphere of Librarian in the office of the *Dundee Advertiser*, his latter years were pleasantly spent. As representing his poetic work, we give

THE BONNIE WOODS OF LUTHRIE.

Ye bonnie woods of Luthrie, where often I did roam,
And found aneath your spreading trees a shelter and a home ;
Where often, when the summer eve its mantle grey had spread,
I wandered in communion sweet with the illustrious dead,
Whose names adorn th' historic page as diamonds do the crown,
And shine as stars to lead mankind to honour and renown :
And oh ! how sweet at hours like these to hear the birdies sing,
To breathe the fragrance of the flowers that from your bosom spring ;
Or, with the lark the morning hymn to the Creator raise,
Till your remotest echoes join in concert to His praise.

Ye bonnie woods where I have pored o'er many a gladsome theme,
Till nature cried, through all her realms, Jehovah reigns supreme ;
The tender plant, the stunted shrub, the dark and stately pine,
With all the life that they protect, protection have from Him :
Proud Unbelief may hold its court in some polluted den,
Or from the haunts of lordly vice proclaim its victims—Men !
Yet, rebels, ye have ne'er inhaled God's breath from off the flowers,
Nor felt your hearts with gladness leap beneath the summer showers.

A stern and cold philosophy o'er shadows all your view ;
But all is bright around me here though all be dark to you :
Come, let us to yon summer bower beside the crystal spring,
A garland I shall weave to you of many a beauteous thing ;
'Twill teach you many a glorious truth from bounteous Nature's store,
And waken feelings in your breasts ye never felt before ;
But softly tread among the flowers, and o'er the grassy sod,
For every step you tread upon 's a proof there is a God ;
And silence proud philosophy, the heart must speak for you,
For he will taste the pleasure most that 's most to Nature true.

Then fare ye well, ye bonnie woods, I'll ne'er forget the hours
That I ha'e spent wi' Nature's book among your shady bowers ;
Nae mair I'll pu' the fragrant thyme frae aff your bosoms fair,
Nor rob you of the violet sweet that scents the evenin' air,

The foxglove and the heather-bell, the brier, broom, and whin,
That busk sae braw in summer time the braes around Carphin :
And Nature's glorious feathered choir, wi' sangs divinely sent
To wile me forth to see how a' harmoniously are blent,
Nae mair will charm the ear or e'e o' him who loved to roam,
And found within your darkest nooks a shelter and a home.

WILLIAM DUNBAR BIRRELL.

OVER the name or initials of this writer there have appeared in the columns of the various Dundee papers and periodicals during the past few years a set of poetical contributions of good quality and of very varied theme. This author was born at Liff, near Dundee, in 1868, and spent his schooldays and youth in that interesting village. Removing to Dundee, he was for four years assistant in the office of Mr Finlay Macdiarmid, Registrar ; and is now employed as clerk with Mr Jas. Lawson, Warehouseman. The study of Poetry has been Mr Birrell's lifelong delight, and Carlyle is his literary hero. While his love for Nature is deep and strong, his poems indicate a spirit keenly alive to the hardships incident to the lot of the toiling masses, express the deepest sympathy with advanced political views, and breathe the keenest hopes for a happy social future.

HAME AT E'EN.

The guidwife doon at the corner stuid,
Wi' her bairnie in arms high,
Her bairnie that crawled as we crawled oorsel's
In the days that are lang gane by ;
Crawled lood, and leuch, while the wifie smiled,
And bobbie it heich in air,
While a bardie thocht as he there them e'ed,
"He's a happy and prood guidman, indeed,
That owns sic a winsome pair."

And the prood guidman cam' stridin' up,
In his grimy an' blackened claes,
Let free frae toil, an' hameward bound
For the e'enin's peace an' ease ;
An' the bairnie the looder crawled and leuch,
An' the wifie the better smiled,
As they saw him come, as he nearer drew,
The "dad, dad, dad," an' the guidman true,
That for them the lang day had toiled.

An' I watched him there as inowre he step't
An' the bairnie kissed an' ta'en ;
An' watched them a' as they onward hied
To their hame an' their ain hearthstane ;
I watched them a', man, wife, an' bairn,
Wi' a beamin' an' tearfu' e'e ;
For, oh ! 'twas a picture passin' sweet,
That meetin' there on the bustlin' street,
That I liket fu' weel to see.

Toil on ! thou leal guidman, toil on !
I kenna thy name nor thee,
An' may never again behaud thy face,
Thy mate, nor thy bairnie wee :
Toil on ! toil on ! an' throo the years,
May thy life be calm, serene ;
Thy he'rt be licht an' free frae care,
An' as sweet a welcome as thou gat there,
Aye wait thee when dune at e'en !

BONNIE AN' GREEN.

"Bonnie an' green are the wuds again,
Bonnie an' green, bonnie an' green !"
I sang to mysel' as I wandered on
As lightsome as lad could be—
"Bonnie an' green, oh ! bonnie an'
green !"

A bird piped here, an' a bird piped there,
An' the lark piped high owreheid ;
A butterflee sprang—'twas a gowden ane—
An' passed me wi' flutterin' speed ;

The river—auld Tay—to my left, low doon,
Bricht glittered aneath the sky,
While the hills by its side rase tow'rin' up
An' watched it gae glidin' by.

"Smilin' an' sweet is the earth again,
Smilin' an' sweet, smilin' an' sweet,
Naething but grandeur on ilka han',
Guid, guid for the he'rt to see 't—
Smilin' an' sweet, oh ! smilin' an' sweet."

Ahent me afar lay the rummlin' toon,
 Wi' its sights an' its splendour gay;
 Wi' its strivin', drivin', an' toilin' on,
 Wi' its reek, an' its he'rts sae wae;
 Ah! its he'rts sae wae, sae wae, an' here
 Things lookin' sae peacefu' an' braw;
 Wae, wae, wi' little o' sunshine sweet—
 Men, women, an' bairnies sma'!

“Bonnie an' blue is the lift again,
 Bonnie an' blue, bonnie an' blue;

Roond, roond as far as the e'e can reach,
 Ne'er a stain on its matchless hue—
 Bonnie an' blue, oh! bonnie an' blue!”
 Bonnie an' blue! but, ah! my freends,
 My music maun lowly doon;
 Smilin' an' fair, earth, sea, an' sky,
 But what o' the reekin' toon?
 What o' the he'rts pent up within 't,
 Toilin', starvin', amid the gloom?
 Oh, God! that a' could nature view,
 An' breathe aye her pure perfume!

ALEXANDER BLAIR.

READERS of the *Arbroath Guide* do not require to be reminded of the exhilaration experienced under the reading of those brisk and racy Scots maunders of “Rantin' Robin and Marget,” or of their gratitude for much delectation to the author, Alick Blair. The sketches have now been published in a volume of 230 pages (1/, Buncle & Co., Arbroath), which, with its appendix of poems, forms a book that all Arbroathians should possess and prize. We give examples of Mr Blair's versification; but it is not so easy a matter to speak worthily of his remarkable personality. In the face of a physical infirmity which would have crushed to the dust an ordinary mortal, he has bravely struggled and triumphed; has become even more than a victor over his environment, inasmuch as he has turned conditions the most unhelpful possible to excellent account in the estimation of his fellows. Fifty-nine years ago he was born near Aberdeen; and nearly fifty-nine years ago he became paralysed, so that he never was able to walk, but crept about, as himself puts it, “like a little doggie.” He got “a twelvemonth's schooling”—and he was luckier in that than some of our bards have been, even though he does not “know a single rule of grammar”—and by and by was apprenticed to the tailoring trade, at which he became more than usually expert. He came to Arbroath with his parents and sisters in 1860, and has remained there ever since, doing a small business on his own account, and “scrawling away at those yarns, which have amused others, to get rid of gloomy, desponding thoughts.” Brave Alick Blair! No wonder despondency asserts itself; the wonder is that “almost continually in the house” as he is, it has not become his chronic companion. “If it werena for my wee doggie, an' my birds, I kenna hoo I could thole life ava,” he writes; but he has many friends besides who visit him in the loneliness which has lasted twenty years, and who esteem him as they ought, and whose hearts are sore in contemplation of the time when their friend will have his oft-repeated wish gratified, and be “sleepin' soond yont at the Abbey.”

FAREWELL, AULD YEAR.

Farewell, Auld Year; sune ye will dee!
 Wi' you again I'll nae mair be;
 An' mony a pain I've had to dree
 Throughout yer span.

Yet, though on me ye aft did frown,
 Till frae my een saut tears ran down,
 Ye've blessin's gien me—that I'll own—
 Frae oot yer hand.

An' noo ye are aboot to gang
To add yer numbers to the thrang
O' byegone years : I feel a pang
That we maun part.

The year aboot to dawn may be
A better ane by far than thee ;
Still, auld frien's are aye best to me,—
They cheer my heart.

But part we maun : an' I am wae
To think I've grumbled mony a day,
An' thankless been for that which aye
Were blessin's gi'en.

But fare ye well ! an' may it be
That, though I aft hae growled at thee,
I may hae nae waur years to see
Than ye hae been.

THE EDITOR.

Wha sits fu' calmly in his chair,
An' gars ilk scribbler quake wi' fear ?
Wha is't ? I'm sure ye needna speir—
The Editor.

Sometimes wi' tremblin' hand I'll write
An essay, which I do think quite
Sublime : but wha sune gi'es me light ?
The Editor.

My lofty flight upon goose quill,
Which, wi' delight I thought would fill
Ilk reader, has, I'm told, made ill
The Editor.

Wi' scissors, in a fury, he
Will clip it doon,—ay, to a T—

An' mak' me wish that it were me
Was Editor.

But since I'm no, I blately stan'
Wi' this effusion in my han' ;
Oh, be as cannie as ye can,
Sir Editor.

An' when I've climbed Parnassus' hill,
An' made a fortune by my skill,
I'll no forget ye in my will,
Sir Editor.

But gin in poverty I dee—
As mony better's dune than me—
My thanks is a' I'll hae to gie
The Editor.

DAVID BLYTH

AND THE BLYTH FAMILY.

ONE of the most interesting of the minor books belonging to the County of Angus, is the volume of poems by the gifted Blyth family, and which was published at Edinburgh in 1879. The poems of David Blyth occupy nearly one half of the book, the remainder being devoted to memoirs, biographical notes, etc. ; and an appendix (of about 100 pages) containing poems by a brother and sister of the "Sailor Poet." The Blyths were useful and popular members of the community of their native city, and did much to further its commercial, musical, and artistic interests. That there were poets among them was known only to a limited circle : indeed, no one suspected that David gave the subject the slightest attention, the finding of a carefully written volume of poetry among his papers after his death being the first public indication of the fact, as of his possession of genuine poetic power. David Blyth was born at Dundee in 1810, and chose the seaman's lot in preference to the career which the highly reputable family connection would have secured for him, as it did for his brother, at Dundee. Another brother, John, was a seaman also ; and the loss of his ship at sea, with all hands, seemed the prelude to a record of family misfortunes of the most severe and sorrowful character. David rose in his calling till he was mate of an East Indian, and returned home at the age of twenty-five, to find the family

hearth sadly desolate. He possessed the handsome and robust appearance characteristic of the stock from which he sprang; but health failed him, and he gradually sank in decline, and died in his twenty-eighth year. His artistic and musical gifts were quite exceptional for one in his station; and that his poetic vein was singularly rich and fertile, these quotations from several of his leading poems will show.

THE PIRATE SHIP.

(The Poem from which this extract is made furnishes a title to the volume referred to.)

The calm and scorching day was past its noon,
And hazy clouds dimmed the declining sun,
Northward a league St. Jago's island lay,
The breeze was freshening with the close of day,

When round a rocky cape was seen to creep
A long, low schooner, o'er the rippling deep
The spars were bending with a press of sail.
Onward she comes before the rising gale;
Near and more near the snake-like vessel drew,
Manned with a numerous and a swarthy crew;
Ten cannonades her sooty sides embraced,
A long and ponderous swivel guards her waist,
The setting sun gleams on a hundred brands,
A wood of pikes are grasped in ready hands,
Her ports are up, her boarding mattings spread.

By heavens! a ball is whistling o'er our head;
That iron messenger bespeaks too plain
Some prowling robber of the unguarded main.
Now, God of mercy! see his flag unrolls,
A Pirate! hope is none, save for our souls.

Hard up the helm, 'tis done, crowd every sail,
And try we first if speed can aught avail;
If we can shun him till the fall of night,
An altered course may aid us in our flight;
If not, we gain brief space to arm our crew,
'Tis ours to dare, what heaven permits we'll do!

His force is treble ours, but should he close—
Britons were never known to count their foes.

Now springs our "Hindoo" o'er the flashing
Recoil the billows from her lofty side, [tide,
While every sail which can increase her speed
Now lends its impulse at her utmost need;
Wide to the wind the studding sails are given,
Sail above sail aspiring soars to heaven.
The knotty pine now groans beneath the strain,

The scattered spray descends in briny rain;
Divided billows fret and foam around,
Then close behind her with a rushing sound,
And like a cauldron boils the sullen deep
Beneath our vessel's fierce and onward sweep.

Behind, the pirate schooner cleaves her way,
Strains every nerve to grapple with her prey,
The floating sails her faultless beauties shroud,
Onward she flies beneath the extended cloud.
No yeasty foam is working at her sides,
She scarcely breaks the billow which she rides,
Like some light gossamer she wings the wind,
And scarce a ripple tells the tale behind;
Her spiry masts, her light and graceful form,
Sport with the breeze, but tremble in the storm. [speed,

Picked from a thousand for her matchless
She still can choose to dare or shun a deed.
And when no hope remains from fire or steel,
Her last, her sure resource, lies in her keel;
And once her fairy form leans to the breeze,
The wild curlew not lighter skims the seas:
Then, vain pursuit—hopes of a prize, adieu!
She passes like a meteor from the view!

ON VISITING GLAMIS CASTLE.

While gazing from thy ramparts high,
What tranquil scenes around me lie!
The fields are rich with waving grain,
The cattle browse along the plain,—
The fertile valley of Strathmore,
With many a cottage studded o'er,
Half hid among the stately trees,—
All speak of plenty and of peace!

From off thy ramparts, where I lean
To muse upon the quiet scene,

Methinks some warlike chief hath stood,
To watch some scene of strife and blood,
While, wheeling on the plain below,
Arméd horsemen come and go,
Closing in the mortal strife,
To sever but with parting life.
And many a corpse lies on the ground,
And many a cottage smoking round;
The grain is trampled to the earth,
And blood is on the cotter's hearth;
The scream of anguish and despair,

And bitter curse, have mingled there,
With widow's cry, and orphan's wail,—
Where now is heard the nightingale !

Thou lift'st thy battlements on high,
Thou speakest of a time gone by :
The arms and scutcheon o'er thy gate,
Memorials of the good and great,
They tell of many a Baron brave,
For ages mouldering in the grave.

Thousands have gazed, as gaze I now,
With youth, and an unclouded brow ;
These thousands now are past and gone ;
The wave of time rolls slowly on,
And as our onward course we urge,
Whelms us beneath its sullen surge.
Another race will gaze on thee,
When not a thought remains of me,
And still thou keep'st thy silent post,
Memento of a buried host.

MY NATIVE TOWN.

On Tay's opposing bank now sit we down,
To sketch with hurried hand this rising town.
Westward, emerging from the waving trees,
Balgay ! thy pine-clad summit meets the breeze !

Behind, the Law uprolls in bold relief,
The rude encampment of some Danish chief ;
Eastward, the banks alternate sink and swell,
And terminate in Broughty's citadel.
A mouldering fortress built in days of yore,
To ward the bold invaders from our shore,
Full in the van thy bulwarks lift the side,
And clasp thy navies from the faithless tide ;
The masts ascend between ; the flapping sail
Waves to and fro upon the summer gale.

Rearward, the emporium of the flaxen trade
Pours the dense cloud which settles o'er her
O'er all her piles, pre-eminently high, [head ;
The tower of Huntingdown arrests the eye,
The massive structure of an early day

Unchanged, while generations pass away.
Could stones but speak, the wall might yet reveal

Much, where oblivion has impressed her seal :
Of time when war and desolation reigned,
Of hearths polluted and of shrines profaned,
What varied life thronged o'er the olden street,

Where shaven monks and mail-clad warriors meet.

All, all are gone, whilst thou unchanged hast stood,

A lofty sea-mark on life's rolling flood !

On either side thy merchants' villas lie,

The meet rewards of patient industry.

Thrice happy homes ! may never discontent

Cloud the calm evening of a life well spent ;

May never envy, with empoisoned dart,

Taint the pure current of the honest heart ;

But plenty, health, and peace, be ever found

To circle o'er thy hearths in endless round.

THOMAS BLYTH.

Three of the poems in the volume from which the foregoing extracts are taken are by Thomas Blyth, a well-known Dundee Flax-spinner, who died at Newport-on-Tay in 1874, aged 56. That this gentleman was a wit, and a genial spirit, is seen in the poetic fragments he has left ; and it is recorded of him that "no citizen did more to improve the musical taste of his native town." We quote the shorter of his diverting pieces.

MY GUID AULD COTTON UMBERELL.

My gude auld cotton UMBERELL,
I've ken'd ye sin' I've ken'd mysel',
I got ye frae my douce auld mither,
Many dragley days ye saw thegither ;
An' sin' ye've fa'n intill my han'
Feck suns hae shone an' blashes fa'n.
Ay ! 'twas aneath yer ain true blue
My sailer lad first pree'd my mou'.
Of "theekit sticks" ye've been the wale,
Throu' your gude claith nae plash wid fyle.
Nae flaughts hae blawn ye inside out,

As they've done mony a silken clout ;
The sairest birse I'd warsle throu'
Wi' yer neb to dirk, an' yer cleek to pu'.
Ye're like mysel' noo, fell auld farrand,
Sair cobbled up, an' patched, an' darn'd,
But ye'se be mine till I'm nae mair,
An' syne ye'r *Jock's* wi' a' my gear :
He vows aye on a nail ye'll hing
Respeckit like a sacred thing,
An' like mysel' nae mair be harl'd
Wi' storms in this unchancy warld.

ISABELLA BLYTH.

(MRS BLYTH-MARTIN.)

Residents in Newport require no introduction to the donor of the "Blyth Hall," erected at a cost of over £4000, as a memorial of her beloved brothers. Over thirty of the poems in "The Pirate Ship" volume are by this lady; and a fully larger number are by "B" (Mr Blyth-Martin). We give a selection from each of the sections appearing over the initials "I. B." and "B" respectively; and "The Lark," a specimen of the more recent writings of Mrs Blyth-Martin.

THE GALE.

Like twice ten thousand furies howls the blast,
The rain in torrents from the sky is cast—
See how it flows;
And windows rattle as it were their last—
Hear how it blows.

The sun with fitful beams looks slanting down,
Winking beneath his watery, cloudy crown
With sickly ray,
And ever and anon he casts a frown
This wintry day.

Surely upon their travels have gone forth
All the wild winds that ever had a birth
In Pagan story;
From rude, blustering Boreas in the north,
Antique and hoary,

To Zephyrus, Aeolus, and the rest,
From frozen regions to the balmy west,
Are hither bent,

To swoop, and roar, and howl with demon zest,
No good intent.

To me 'tis something infinitely grand
To hear the gale sweep over sea and land
On swirling wings;
The airy spirit opens wide his hand,
The welkin rings.

Now here upon the blast supine he soars,
Now there with all his host hear how he roars
In tops of trees!
Preludes of wintry music now he pours
Into my ears;

Now drives his airy chariot up on high,
Now rides triumphant through the cloudsky,
His chariot steeds
Cloudlets are, careering as they fly—
As lightning speeds.

Alas for seamen toss'd upon the deeps!
Pity the helmsman as his watch he keeps
True to his post!

A nameless fury round his vessel sweeps
On yonder coast.

THE LARK.

In Noah's Ark
Once lived a lark
When floating on the shoreless waters,
And ever since
Has been the prince
Of winged singers and orators.

And this is why
Up in the sky
His wings, like lady's fan, he flutters,
While many a note
From tiny throat
His trilling heart-song clear he utters.

His rapturous song
This June-day long
He pours o'er fields of wheat and grasses,
While thankless man,
Since time began,
In listlessness his June-day passes.

I would I were
As free of care
As is the lark up in the ether;
On Fancy's wing I too might sing,
And tho' now Blyth,
Might then be *blyther*.

WILLIAM YOUNG BLYTH-MARTIN.

ARGYLE'S PRAYER.

Father in heaven!
Oh! send Thy gracious light forth from on high
To shine into this dark and troubled heart.
Satan hath given

Temptations bitter, to believe a lie;
But shield me, Father, from his poisoned
dart, [better part,
And guide me by Thy Truth to choose the

Loud peals the knell
Of midnight—gone! and man, proud man,
hath said,
This is the last on earth that I shall
hear:—

Oh! it is well,
If 'tis my summons, from Thy trump forth
sped—
To bid these bonds adieu, and so appear
Before Thy glorious throne, for Jesus will
be near.

She whom thou gave,
Dear partner of my pilgrimage below,
Be—widow's Husband!—Thy peculiar care.
Down to the grave
Let none that bear my name dishonoured go;
Wash our beloved church, and make her
fair,
Forgive her enemies, and mine; oh, hear a
martyr's prayer!

He on whose head,
And in Thy name, these hands a crown did
place,
Father, forgive! he hath forgotten Thee!

By minions led,
Of this world's god, he spoils Thy chosen race—
A thirst for blood, his *maiden* sends to me
A crown more glorious far, bright for
eternity!

In prison cell
I am shut up, but who can hide Thy face?
What arm shall shut Thee out? Where is
the foe,

In earth or hell,
Shall intercept Thy sovereign, pardoning
grace?

A prince's pardon I'm forbid to know;
But safe in Jesus' love Thou shalt all foes
o'erthrow.

Farewell to earth
And things of time; how little they appear!
Oh! I would be with Thee, to sing the song
Of the new birth;

I feel Thy presence now! why should I fear
To pass through death's dark vale? Oh!
how I long

To strike the golden harp amid yon
heavenly throng!

GEORGE CLEMENT BOASE.

THE late Mr Boase was the fourth son of Henry Boase, Esq., of Penzance —partner in a London Banking House—and was born at London in 1810. He came to Dundee in 1829, and some years later married a daughter of William Lindsay, Esq., corn merchant, and first Provost of Dundee after the passing of the Reform Bill. He began his business career in "The Dundee New Bank" in 1830; and eight years afterwards became associated with his elder brother, Chas. Wm. Boase, in the management of "The Dundee Banking Co.," an institution established in 1763. He ably conducted the business of this Bank until its amalgamation with the Royal Bank of Scotland in 1864; and from 1836 onward was also a minister in what is known as "The Catholic Apostolic Church," in both capacities being well known to and highly respected by the community. His connection with Dundee terminated in 1867, when he retired from business and removed to Brighton, where he devoted his whole time to his ministerial work. He died at Bridge of Allan, while on a visit there in 1880.

In 1876 Mr Boase published his poems in a volume of 192 pages, entitled "Thoughts and Memories in Verse," a book which indicates at once that a singularly beautiful spirit, and a rare measure of poetic grace, were the possessions of its author. We quote three of the numbers appearing in the volume, and which exhibit that variety which is not the least charm of this skilful writer. For the closing piece—which has appeared, but in a much altered and incomplete form, in Macmillan's "A First Poetry Book"—we are

indebted to a son of the author, and are pleased to be able to present here the correct version.

LET ATHOLE'S HILLS THE STORY TELL.

(Written on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Duke of Athole. Slightly abridged.)

Let Athole's hills the story tell,
And every Highland stream,
In ever-flowing numbers, swell
The music of the theme :
The beauty and the lovingness,
The kindness of the scene,
The goodness and the charity
Of Britain's gracious *Queen* !
For never has a woman's love
More touchingly been seen,
And never yet has pity shone
With brighter, holier beam,
Than when, by Tay's fair flowing tide,
The monarch turned her steps aside,
Regardless of the toil to come
Ere yet she reach her Highland home :
Thoughtless of all, except the deep,
Deep grief of Athole's tower :
Wondering if sympathy might steep
That sorrow for an hour ;
If word of her's might bring relief,
Might mitigate so great a grief ;
Or look of her's have power to bless
Her servants in their sore distress.
Thus, feeling for another's woes,
With yearning heart she onward goes ;
Still praying, as she wends her way,
That He, whose hand alone can stay
Life's ebbing tide, will hear her cry
And heal her servant's malady.

So wends she on her path of love :—
But those around her see
The thoughts and memories that mock
Her eye's tranquillity :
And wistfully they turn the head,
As not to see those tears unshed.
But, looking downward from above,
There is an eye, unseen,
Marking the sorrows and the love
Of England's widowed *Queen*.
And hands unseen are dropping balm
Upon her wounded breast :—
"Wouldst thou another's spirit cheer ?
Be thine own spirit blest !
Cast all thy burden on the Lord,
And trust Him for His faithful word ;
As parted streams that reunite
And mingle on the plain,
Love's broken links shall all be found,
And gathered up again.

"A little while, and they that sleep
In dust shall wake and sing—
'O Grave, where is thy victory ?
'O Death, where is thy sting ?"
Thus ministering angels still
Go forth their mission to fulfil :
And whispered words of heavenly cheer
Fall on the widow's listening ear.

All silently Strath Tay is passed,
In silence Birnam hill,
Where crowds, with head uncovered, stand,
But every voice is still.
Uncovered head and bended knee
Their loyalty declare :
But sound of welcome there is none
At Birnam or at Blair :
For every heart the errand knows,
And all the burden share.

But deep in every clansman's breast
Burns the devotion unexpressed,
And deeper still that ardour glows,
When now the opening ranks disclose
That lady pale, who stands to greet
Her royal guest, with homage meet ;
In whose clasped hands and brimming eye
Anxiety and grief and joy
Are striving for the mastery :
While bending head and knee betray
The spirit's thought, which seems to say—
"Myself before her feet I'll lay ;
For vain must uttered language prove
To tell our gratitude and love."
But homage low, nor spoken word
Does that kind spirit seek :
A sister's hand salutes her hand,
A sister's lip her cheek,
Symbols of deeper feeling far
Than voice can ever speak.

Yet *did* she say one whispered word—
"Cast all thy burden on the Lord."
O ! strive not, lady, to be calm :
But let the pent tears flow ;
Love thus from bitterness draws balm,
And sweetness out of woe.

Let Athole's hills the story tell :
And every Highland stream,
In ever flowing numbers, swell
The music of the theme :

The beauty and the lovingness,
 The kindness of the scene,
 The goodness and the charity
 Of Britain's gracious Queen !
 Let Garry to the Tummel speak,
 And Tummel to the Tay :

Let Isla tell it to the Esk,
 Dee tell it to the Spey ;
 And every mountain echo back
 To every valley green,
 " Long live Victoria the good,
 God save our Gracious Queen."

WHY CAST DOWN ?

Compassed with many blessings, undeserved—
 Food, raiment, health and strength, and voice
 of friends ;

Yet sad withal, I pensive stood, and gazed
 Upon the crowded street : and there were met
 A host of ragged children, just let loose
 From school, or work, to find their happiness
 As best they could. I pitied their estate,
 Their rags and misery : and darker grew
 The cloud upon my spirit while I gazed.
 What is their life to these poor things? I said ;
 What is their share of joy? While thus I mused
 A carriage passed, another, and another :
 Within were bonnets white, and merry looks.
 It was a marriage party : and I sighed
 To see the contrast ; but these ragged boys
 Shouted aloud, and running, clapped their
 hands,

And threw their caps into the air, as glad
 As if the wedding party were their own,
 And they had never known want, pain or
 sorrow.

So rapidly the young hearts' feelings catch
 The colour of the moment, grave or gay.
 Surely, methought, here's wisdom to be
 learned

From infant lips, still perfecting His praise.
 What was it made their poverty and rags
 Sit all so lightly on them? And I saw
 They lived by moments. Whatsoever came
 Across their path came, staid its time, and
 went :

And what it was, and whence, and why it
 came

They never cared to know. So once I heard
 A child of five years old, quite old enough
 To know some sorrows, when her father asked
 If she had any griefs, she answer made—
 Papa, what is a grief? She knew the thing

But not its name. Across her infant breast
 Its shadows oftentimes had come and gone :
 But in her thoughts as yet, the name had
 found

No dwelling place ; and so they came and went,
 And left no memory of pain behind.
 Life was to her all centred in an hour ;
 The past all past, the future not yet come.
 It is a beautiful and lovely thing
 The young heart's freedom from regret and
 fears ;

Its calm instinctive attitude of faith,
 Unconscious trust, unquestioning repose.
 Yes ! 'tis a beautiful and lovely sight,
 And full of wisdom. So the Saviour took
 A little child, and set him in the midst,
 A sign and pattern to the full-grown man.
 So trusted He in God, from day to day.
 Alas ! why link we in unbidden chain
 Days, weeks and months together ; past
 remorse

And future fears? Sufficient for the day
 Is its own evil. Let us trust in God.
 Past sin, repented of, the blood of Christ
 Shall cleanse, and all its burden take away ;
 Confess we then, and put our trust in God.

The lilies of the field, see how they grow ;
 They toil not, neither do they spin, and God
 Takes care of them. And will He not provide
 For us, His children? Let us trust in God ;
 On Him, my soul, thy cares and griefs repose.
 As thou hast fainted, now thy spirit raise,
 And utter forth a higher song of praise.
 In joyful hope, with patience, labour still :
 In quiet faith thy daily course fulfil ;
 Stand in the Blood which speaks thy sin
 forgiven,
 And wait the coming of the Lord from heaven.

THE STREAMLET.

Pretty little streamlet, whither
 Are you going? Hither, thither,
 Round about in eddies curling,
 Mid the pebbles prattling, purling ;
 Round about,
 And in and out.
 Over little barriers leaping,

Through the water-cresses creeping :
 Here in little playful eddy ;
 There, in little inlet, steady,
 Wrapt asleep in dreamy trances,
 Where the merry sunbeam glances,
 And the silvery minnow dances,
 Dances all the day,

Till the shade of eve advances
 Stopping all his play.
 Pretty little sparkling stream,
 On your face, so like a dream,
 Lying down, I look and ponder ;
 Lying on your brink, I wonder
 If you stay,
 Or go away,
 Is it real, or only funning,
 That you seem for ever running ;
 Over little barriers leaping,
 Through the water-cresses creeping ?
 Surely you are with me staying !
 As I watch your features playing,
 Looking at me still, and saying—
 “ Here I am, at play,”
 I am sure you can't be straying,

Straying far away.
 You're like a dream,
 You little stream.
 Going, coming—coming, going :
 Though I see you past me flowing,
 You are still the same :
 Back the same reflections flinging,
 Still the same soft music singing ;
 Though I see you past me flowing,
 I can't think that you are going,
 Going as you came.
 As I watch your features playing,
 Looking at me still, and saying—
 “ Here I am at play,”
 I cannot think that you are straying,
 Straying far away.

“ WHAT DOES IT MATTER ? ”

There were six little pigs, as I've heard people say,
 Went out with their mother a-walking one day,
 The sun shone so bright, if they would but agree
 They might have been happy as happy can be.

And so they all were, except one little brother
 Who thought he was wiser, poor thing, than his mother,
 And was always contriving some nonsense to chatter,
 And when she reproved him, said, “ What does it matter ? ”

“ I scarcely need answer,” his mother would say,
 “ You yourself will discover the matter one day.
 Take my word, you'll repent it, or sooner or later.”
 Says he, “ Grunt, I repent it—but what does that matter ? ”

Just while they were talking, a mastiff passed by,
 Enjoying the sunshine and pretty blue sky.
 Said this sad little pig, “ How I long to displease him !
 I daresay if I grunt it will mightily tease him ! ”

Said his mother, “ 'Twere wiser and better by far
 To let dog be quiet and stay where you are,
 For if you affront him, he'll bite you, I know ”—
 “ What matters it whether he bite me or no ? ”

Said the silly young thing, and he scampered away
 And grunted at doggy ; but what did dog say ?
 Why, he turned round, and seizing pig's ear with his teeth
 He tore it, and worried him nearly to death ;

Then took himself off, and pig ran away too,
 And came to his mother to know what to do,
 Who took no account of his crying and clatter :
 He said, “ Oh, my ear ! ” She said, “ What does it matter ? ”

“ 'Tis only the bite that I bade you beware of ;
 Besides, your own ear you can surely take care of
 Much better than I ; recollect you are wise—
 Indeed, sir, I cannot pretend to advise.

“ A pig of your excellent talents, I'm sure,
 Can never be long in effecting a cure ;
 I wonder to hear you consulting another,
 Especially me, your poor ignorant mother.”

All this time little piggy was crying and screaming,
And over his cheeks the salt tear-drops were streaming,
And sadly he grieved as he cast his eyes round,
And saw the red blood trickling down to the ground.

"Oh ! mother," he sobbed, "if you will but forgive
I'll never be naughty as long as I live ;
I'll never again answer—" What does it matter ?"
Then his mother forgave him, and soon he grew better.

You'll think after this he was prudent and wise,
And loved his good mother and took her advice ;
You'll suppose he began his bad ways to forsake,
But this, I assure you, is quite a mistake.

For still he was wicked as wicked could be,
And as often was punished—then sorry was he ;
But as soon as he fairly got rid of the pain
He began to be silly and naughty again.

It happened one day, as the other pigs tell,
They went out a-walking, and came to a well :
Now the well was so deep, and so smooth the wall round,
If a pig tumbled in he was sure to be drowned.

But this little animal, foolish as ever,
Still thought himself all that was great, good and clever ;
And made up his mind that, whatever befell,
He would run on before and jump over the well.

Said his mother : "If nature had thought it were better
To jump, and be able to live in the water,
She had probably made you a cat or a dog,
A monkey or squirrel, a fish or a frog.

"Why soon, I suppose, you'll be wanting to fly,
Build a nest in a tree, and take walks in the sky ;
But by all means I'd have you beware of the water—
Once in you are drowned." Says he : "What does it matter ?"

"For," says he, "cats and dogs can jump ever so high,
Frogs live in the water, and why may not I ?
I suppose you'll allow I'm as wise as a frog,
And I'll very soon prove I can jump like a dog."

He scampered away to the side of the well
And climbed to the top, missed his footing and fell.
From the bottom he set up a pitiful shout :
"Oh ! mother, I'm in, and I want to get out."

She came to the side and she heard his complaint,
And she saw him in agony, weary and faint ;
But the most she could do was to tell him that she
Had often admonished him how it would be.

"Oh mother ! Oh mother !" the little pig cried,
"Now I really repent of my folly and pride,
But too late—I am sorry—too late I repent,
For the moments are fleeting and life's nearly spent.

"My strength is decreasing, my eyes growing dim,
And I'm cutting my throat in attempting to swim ;
Take a warning from me—disobedience and pride
Have brought me to this,"—and he sank down and died.

JAMES BOWICK.

"JAMIE BOWICK"—as the older race of Montrosians affectionately term their bard, who died in his twenty-eighth year, and before the title of "Mester" had been earned by the necessary years and experience—was in many respects a remarkable person. That his poems were reprinted in 1880, half a century after his death, is an eloquent testimony to the vitality of his powers. He was esteemed as a schoolmaster in the earlier and later stages of his career at Farnell and Arbroath; he was an excellent musician, and known both as a violinist and a composer of tasteful melodies; and for several years he edited the *Montrose Review*, crowning his literary achievements with a life of John Erskine of Dun, a concise and admirable work of permanent interest and value. His ingenuity in the construction of verses strikes the student with surprise. A quaint and masterly individuality asserts itself in each development of the antique or fantastic themes in which he delighted; and a soul humane and patriotic throbs under their sometimes uncouth exteriors. Assuredly, the short working existence of this talented man was full of promise, and was wonderfully prolific. From the first publication of his "Characters, Sketches, and Poems" in 1824, his poetic fame has rested on a sure basis; and again we direct attention to the Montrose reprint of 1880, as a treasury of local characteristics of peculiar interest, and, as our extract from it will show, of far more than local importance. Bowick was born at Montrose in 1801, and died, after a lingering illness, at Arbroath in 1829. In addition to his delineations of Montrose and Arbroath "Characters," one of which we quote, and his poems on general subjects, Bowick published, in 1818, "The genius of Poetry," a poem of the imagination, which proved that its author's true vocation lay within those narrower bounds in which he was a master.

DAVID POLE.

(CHARACTER NO. VI.)

From Ferryden—(ane place of housen vile,
Where fishermen and fisherwives abide;
Where mussel middens, heaped in filthy pile,
Block up the narrow street from side to side;
And where fresh haddocks with the rising
tide,
Ling, turbot, flounders, skate, and cod in store,
All kinds of fish that in the waters glide,
In heavy-laden boats are brought a-shore,
Which in Montrose they vend—then go to
sea for more.)

From Ferryden came David Pole—an man
Who mended shoon while he resided there;
But, coming to Montrose, he changed his plan,
And gave himself a somewhat nobler air.
Ah! well he might: the chosen man to bear
Great tidings through the town, to high and
low—
News to the dull—sighs from the absent
fair—

Much joy to some—to others grief and woe—
But whether joy or grief, he cared not much
to know.

And age upon his face ane leering grin
Played in unmeaning mood, and he the while
Would cock aloft his consequential chin,
And strut along the streets and nod and
smile.

His gait was of ane strange peculiar style,
And this from nature's imperfection rose,
Which, Heaven forfend that I should ere
revile!

I only draw the picture, and suppose
The man still on the street that walked upon
his toes.

The children called him "Dancin' David
Pole!"

Wild wags!—they added in provoking
rhyme—

"Who walks upon his toes to save his sole!"
 Poor David blushed as if he owned a crime;
 And they would whistle loud, in merry
 chime,
 The *Dusty Miller*, while his shuffling feet
 Would to the well-known melody keep
 time,
 Making the measure of the dance complete,
 As on his way he passed along the sounding
 street.

Much foolish pride and vanity had he,
 And also of false shame a liberal share;
 Would blush to mark his own infirmity,
 But not to speak Dog-English and to
 swear.

'Twas hard for David to walk down a stair,
 Save when he turned about his cautious heel,
 But, lest some eye beheld, he would beware,
 For, whatsoe'er of torture he might feel,
 It galled him not so much as dread of
 laughter's peal.

Albeit, to carry letters was his trade,
 In sooth he was unlettered; and 'twas well
 That memory lent him her successful aid,
 For scarce could he th' address of letters
 spell!
 Some one about the office first did tell
 The varied names and postages thereon;
 And he, well knowing where each man did
 dwell,
 Fulfilled the task, which he was apt to con,
 Until the purse was filled, and all the letters
 gone.

Like all your men in offices of power,
 And independent of the rabble's mood,
 He was indignant, lordly, stiff, and sour,
 And neither bows nor cringes understood.
 O! blest advantage! where the clothes and
 food
 Come to our door and on our needs attend!
 Who would not thus be noble if they could,
 Having no need to call a fool their friend,
 Lest he his means withdraw when they
 perchance offend.

As David daily danced his many rounds,
 With news from correspondents far and
 near,
 'Twas wonderful to mark the gracious sounds
 That oft from humble bodies touched his ear,
 Perchance when they expected much to hear
 From friends or kindred living far away:
 "Oh, Maister Pole! oh, David sir! oh dear!
 Have ye nae letter to me yet the day?
 When will ye bring me word?" the anxious
 folk would say.

Peace be with David! for he served the King,
 And therefore should have been an honest
 man;
 I know of naught against him, save one thing,
 'Twas this—he was a keen Republican;
 Ne cared he sometimes Willie Pitt to ban,
 Whene'er plebeian fury stormed his breast,
 Whene'er his zeal for honour highly ran,
 And thoughts on politics his mind oppressed;
 But now he's in the grave—there let him
 calmly rest!

TO SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

(On the occasion of his departure from Montrose, on board ane good ship, with the heart of King Robert the Bruce, to be entombt in the Halie Land, Anno 1330.)

God speed thy way, thou noble knight,
 And make thy journey sure;
 May nae mishap upon thee light,
 Nor scaith thy soul endure!
 For not Iona's blest kirkyard,
 Where all our kings are sleeping,
 Contains ane heart which we regard
 Like that in thy good keeping.

When thou dost pass proud England's coast,
 Should any stop thy way,
 Tell them thou fear'st no southern host,
 Though set in war's array.
 Tell them thou bear'st, within that urn,
 Ane heart at which they trembled,
 When on the plain of Bannockburn
 Their army was assembled.

Should France demand thine errand there,
 And stay thee on thy road,
 Tell them the heart within thy care
 Ne'er owned a slave's abode.
 Tell them that, in their boasted page
 Of Chivalry's bright glorie,
 That heart thou hast in pilgrimage
 Is sung in nobler storie.

And if the Turk should be so rude
 As dare, with wicked hand,
 To seize upon ane heart so good
 Within their heathen land,
 Tell them that heart, more wise and brave
 Than infidels can merit,
 Must find in Palestine ane grave,
 For heaven hath got its spirit.

Then go thy way ! God speed thee well !
 And make thy courage great,
 That thou may'st be inspired to tell
 The words whilk I relate ;

An' when thou dost the heart entomb,
 Thy saints' best blessing borrow,
 While Scotland sings ane hymn of gloom,
 To speak her loyal sorrow.

TO AN AULD CRUIZIE.

Wae's me, your glintin' spunkie's out !
 The wick has drappit frae your snout,
 An' roost is gatherin' fast about
 Your irons bare ;
 And neither fire nor woollen clout
 Maun clean ye mair.

Twa gapin' holes your sides expose,
 Twa clours—the proof o' thumpin' blows ;
 An' ae wrang crook upon your nose
 Has spoilt your light ;
 For thae your time is at a close—
 Gae sleep wi' night !

But yet I mind o' auld langsyne,
 When happy days o' youth were mine,
 Whan ither bairns their rash would twine
 In cap or buckie ;
 I stript the pith for thee to shine,
 An' pleased auld luckie.

An' weel I mind her elbow chair,
 Weel stuffed and filled wi' saftest hair,
 Was placed thy couthy glimmer near,
 That she might read
 Her lang, lang screeds o' ancient lear,
 Wi' speckless speed.

An' we in turn stood up to spell
 The holy book she loved sae well ;
 While she the kittle words would tell,
 An' a' explain
 About the state o' heaven an' hell—
 O' bliss an' pain.

By thy clear light—when wind an' snaw
 At Yule time on the windows blaw,
 An' Christmas preens, sae clear an' sma',
 The stake lay roun' ;—
 The tottum span—T. tak' them a',
 D. duntle doon.

Far better is the cruizie's light,
 In winter's cauld an' dreary night,
 Than lang Yule candle, burning bright
 Ance o' the year ;
 It's maybe a mair gentle sight,
 But troth it's dear.

By cruizie's light I tried to learn
 My ginge-bread letters when a bairn ;
 By cruizie's light, young Jean did darn
 The stocking's heel ;
 My mither then would spin her yarn
 Upon her wheel.

Nae wonder though I like ye, cruizie !
 An' hate a' them that wad abuse ye ;
 An' sing the best sang that my musie
 Can set in rhyme ;
 An' wish some greater bard wad chuse ye
 For theme sublime.

Some men there are whose light, I trow,
 Is little worth ; and some will glow
 Wi' gentle ray or glimmering low,
 Or glarin' rocket,
 Till they be quenched, as thine is now
 Dead i' the socket !

ALEXANDER BOWMAN.

ALICK BOWMAN'S "Little Lilts"—written at odd moments in a busy life, and appearing in odd corners of local prints—were lately issued as a pamphlet of some three dozen pages, in the introduction to which the author naively remarks that his verses "were never written with a view to their appearing in *book* form." The many friends of this popular Broughty Ferry stationer will prize his brochure, from which we select a piece which Professor Blackie termed "a very nice little poem." Mr Bowman was born in Montrose fifty-three years ago ; became, in turn, compositor, cashier, reporter, and Shipping Editor in the office of the *Montrose Standard* ; and served for two years in the reporting staff of the *Dundee Courier*, leaving that for an appointment

in the commercial staff of the *Dundee Advertiser*, a position which he has held for over thirty years. Mr Bowman has done good service by publishing, in his *Broughty Ferry Almanac*, selected specimens of the work of local bards with annotations, a feature which all the compilers of such Annuals might reproduce with advantage.

MY LITTLE LINTIE.

Oot owre a muir awa' frae din,
There grew a bonnie bloomin' whin,
A birdie fluttered oot an' in
A little rosy lintie.

An' there it sat wi' heavin' breast,
Upon its cosy, snug-built nest;
I wadna drive thee frae thy rest,
Cowerin', tremblin' lintie.

But summer's past, an' wintry blaw
Has driftit sair the frozen snaw;
I think, as to the fire I draw,
On thee, thou puir wee lintie.

Half deid, and droopin' its wee wings,
Nae mair its cheerie sang it sings;
To thee, e'en sorrow has its stings,
Sinless little lintie.

I'll tak' thee wi' me to the toon,
Wi' care I'll nurse an' bring thee roun',
An' aince mair mak' thee safe an' soun',
A bonnie whistlin' lintie.

Noo it flees about my housie,
Nibblin' moulins like a mousie,
No nane fear'd o' purrin' pussie—
Chirpin', cheerie lintie.

At times it jumps upon my knees,
Or cooily to my shouther flees,
Eats frae my mou' wi' trustfu' ease—
Liltin' little lintie.

But death has come, O! stern decree!
An' steekit fast its glancin' e'e;
Nae mair my birdie sings to me—
Flown's my puir wee lintie.

JAMES THOMPSON BOYLE.

QUITE a remarkable number of our bards have had a connection with the army, either personally or relatively. It would seem as if the comparative leisure of soldiering were favourable to the growth of those flowers of song so largely indigenous to moments of contemplation. Mr Boyle was born at Friockheim in 1849, and was educated at Arbroath and Forfar. He served an apprenticeship as a millwright, but enlisted in the Scots Greys when nineteen years of age, and remained for a few years in that famous regiment. Leaving the army at his father's solicitation, he worked for some time as mechanic in a Forfar factory; but having for reasons of health to seek an outdoor occupation, he has during late years acted as district agent for a well-known firm of publishers. Mr Boyle's poems and stories on local historic themes have appeared mainly in various newspapers, but he contemplates publishing in volume form. Readers will see from our selections that a hearty welcome will be given to the collected writings of one who can strike a chord at once pathetic and unaffected.

WELCOME BACK, ROBIN.

We welcome you, robin, aince mair here again,
Back frae the gay woodland, your green leafy hame;
While summer's bricht sunsheen mak's nature sae braw,
Ye ne'er come an' see us, blithe robin, ava.

When winter comes round wi' its cauld surly blast,
An' birdies are mournin' owre days that are past,
'Tis then, wee red robin, you mount on the wing,
And hie to oor hoose-tap, there sweetly to sing.

Richt weel yet you mind o' the auld window sill,
Where aften, last winter, your gebbie you'd fill ;
You pyket the morsels spread doon to you there ;
But the wee hand that fed you will do sae nae mair !

We welcome you, robin, to oor humble cot,
For *his* sake, sweet warbler, you'll no' be forgot ;
For want o' the laddie oor hearts now are sair,
By oor ingle nook there's a wee empty chair !

He's ta'en awa', robin, to yon sunny hame ;
The wee lad that lo'ed ye, ye'll ne'er see again ;
But come to the window when cauld drifts the snaw,
The crumbs will be there tho' your wee friend's awa'.

Hoo aften he spak' o' your bonnie red breast,
While wearin' awa' to the land o' the blest !
When summer's saft breezes yon willow boughs wave,
Some o' your kin, robin, may sing owre his grave.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I have crossed the rolling ocean,
And other lands have seen ;
'Mong the bustle and commotion
Of cities great I've been.
But the land to me aye dearest
The sun sheds licht upon,
Is where blooms the broom and heather
Around my native home.
That sweet spot, to me the fairest
In the land that I adore,
Is beside the braes of Angus
In the valley of Strathmore.

Round my heart are links entwining,
That with my life shall last,
Memories, sweet and dear, combining
The present with the past,
Which recall the days of gladness
When a boy I used to roam,

Free from care, among the woodlands
Near my cherished, rustic home,
And remind me of a loved one
I first met in days of yore,
On the lovely braes of Angus
In the valley of Strathmore.

There I've heard the laverock singing
In the cloudless summer morn,
And the blackbird's sweet notes ringing
From the blooming scented thorn ;
To that spot my love is constant
As the needle to the pole,
Aye enduring, more alluring
As the years still onward roll.
There I'll live and be contented
Though of wealth small is my store,
Ever loving to be roving
In the valley of Strathmore.

JAMES BRODIE BRECHIN.

THIS Dundee resident is the second son of the late Mr John Brechin, a well-known and respected burgher of the "Ancient City" of the same name, and was born in 1826. After serving an apprenticeship to the bookselling and binding trade, in 1849 he began business in Dundee as Bookbinder and Account Bookmaker, to which, subsequently, he added that of Bible Publisher, retiring from business in 1881.

In 1855 he published "Wild Flowers," thirty copies of which work, beauti-

fully printed on fine paper, were bound by himself in superb styles. Such copies now fetch large prices at important book sales.

In 1850-1, Mr. Brechin gave tangible expression to an idea which had long possessed him, namely, that of printing Arabic numerals (figures) alongside of the Roman numerals (letters) used in the Scottish Book of Psalms; and in 1855 he perfected the idea by planning an edition distinguished by Arabic numerals alone, and which was eventually completed in 1859.

Mr. Brechin has published four editions of the Bible at great personal expense. They are all characterised by the references being printed at the end of the verses. The collating, verifying, and adjusting of the series (about 70,000 refs.) was a laborious work, extending over a number of years. In all these editions the numbering of the chapters in the headlines corresponds with that of the Psalms. The author holds many testimonials of the public utility of his arrangements, which, when the copyrights expire, will doubtless be adopted by all Bible publishers, as is partly the case at the present time.

We give as a specimen of Mr. Brechin's versification the opening and closing stanzas of an unpublished piece which narrates, in the dialect common to the district some fifty years ago, the pitiful story of Tag Merton, a poor, drunken cobbler:—

I.

I' th' peat reek o' 'his scunnerin, ullie-crusie-lichtet den,
Tag scutter't cobblin' worn-oot soon 'till affin efter ten;
An' never thocht he'd ony richt t' speak aboot 'imsel,
As bein' left ahint b' freens wha didna use 'im well.

II.

I've seen 'im in 'is tatter't breeks, black rozen 't at th' knees,
Wi' waxen wob-thrums till they luntet up like paintet wyre;
Th' whumlin' smacks o' Boreas, an' Spring's cauldrie searching breeze,
Swirled throwe 'is ither ragget duds like watter throwe a syre.

III.

I' th' bitter sleet 'is tangelt hair aneath th' lowerin' sky
Hung heavilie an' weet agin 'is ghaistlike, glaurie cheeks;
An' as 'e stacher't, splashin', drunk, oot at th' useless steeks
O' 'is past-mendin' bauchels sput th' snaw-broo splutteringly.

XXVII.

Th' hin'mist sands o' frail Tag's life are faa'n saftly doon,
He thinks he is an angel noo an' wears a gowden croon;
An' he's singin' till a seraph's harp th' tender melody—
“Will ye gang t' th' ewe buchts, Marion, an' wear in th' sheep wi' me?”

XXVIII.

This blink o' Heav'n sheens whare 'is eldritch cantrips aye wer played,
Whin, middlin' fou, he yowl'd an' sang a reed—wid deil—ma—care;
B't we've raised 'im frae th' reekin' strae, on a snaw-white bed he's laid,
Whare th' licht skin-an'-banes lie streck't t' fecht wi' drink nae mair.

XXIX.

I hold his palsied hand beneath my moist eye's trembling screen;
I bend my head—I shudder—a dread something stands between:
And, as he faintly struggles in its still resistless grip,
Tag's last long sighs are, “*Johnnie—laud—He's—but—tin—in—up ma lip.*”

JOHN BREMNAR.

HONEST John Bremnar died last year at the ripe age of 93, and with him departed much that was strongly individualistic, and reminiscent of bygone generations. It is recorded of him that as a town councillor he refused to vote for himself being made Treasurer, and indignantly left the council room with the significant utterance "Feich!" when his opponent's vote turned the scale in his own favour. He was well known as a printer and stationer in his native town; and to him Arbroath was indebted for its first supplies of steel pens and lucifer matches. His connection, also, as publisher and editor of a number of Arbroath newspapers, was long and important; and the honour belongs to him of founding the Arbroath Museum, one of the best equipped provincial institutions of its kind to be found in the country. "The Inchcape Bell, or The Sea Rover's Fate; a Metrical Legend," is the full title of a rhyming tale, published in the form of a ten page pamphlet by its author and printer, J. Bremnar, Arbroath, in 1846. At the close of the rhyme this note and quotation occur, "Sir Walter Scott visited the Bell Rock Lighthouse in 1814, and wrote the following lines in the album kept there:—

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves, my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,

Bound on the dusky brow of night;
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.

The poem is simply a free reading of the legend immortalized by Southey, and commences as follows:—

Near where the Brothock in her silver
pride
Mingles her waters with the flowing tide,
A holy Fane was raised by kingly power,
In stately form, 'twas Royal William's dower
To sainted Beckett's memory. There did
dwell
A pious Abbot, as old records tell,
Who had a heart could feel for others' woe—
Could mingle with their feelings—was not slow
To aid, to succour, or devise a plan
To help in his distress his fellow man.
Moved by the loss of life and great mishap
That had so oft occurred at the Inchcape:
A dangerous reef of rocks that distant lie
As far from land as vision can descry;
O'er which the rolling waters flow and hide

A rugged form that's bared by neap of tide—
Grown o'er with sea-tang, and with algae
dark,
On it had foundered many a gallant bark:
The holy man, of whom I've mention made
As ever ready to bestow his aid,
Devised a plan—a plan that answered well:
Upon the Inchcape Rock he raised a bell,
Securely fixed upon a wooden stock;
It swung above the wave and sunken rock,
Worked by a float, and as the waters rolled,
Tides rose or fell, by undulation tolled,
And warned the mariners, who'd that way
steer,
To shape their course the hidden reef to
clear.

JOHN BRIDIE.

THE late esteemed Chief Magistrate of Blairgowrie was born, reared, and started in life at Dundee, which he left in order to qualify himself thoroughly as a painter and decorator by the wider experience to be gained in the Metropolis and in Glasgow. He settled at Blairgowrie in 1855, and after

a long and honourable career of usefulness as a professional and public man, and as one interested in art and literature for their own sakes, he died there in 1894. Bailie Bridie was a Justice of the Peace, and, in addition to serving repeated terms of office as Chief Magistrate of the Burgh, presided over the affairs of numerous boards and institutions in a most popular and capable manner. He was an excellent public speaker, and could use his poetic gift extemporaneously to good purpose on a public platform. His dialect poems are very pleasing efforts, and we reproduce one which seems almost unique in its simplicity, fulness, and humour, among pieces of its kind.

“THERE’S AYE SOME WATER WHAUR THE STIRKIE DROONS.”

Oh, leeze me on the auld Scots sangs, I like to hear them sung :
They mind me o’ my early days and hamely mither tongue :
But what can match the proverbs o’ oor canny country toons ?
Hech ! “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

“Oh, did you hear o’ sic an’ sic ?” the village gossips say,
As they clash about the claivers an’ the scandals o’ the day :
There’s mony an unco ferlie, but the latest story croons :
Ay ! “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

There’s weaver Jock, the bachelor, sae often wi’ the miller,
Whase only dochter, Jeanie, is expected to hae siller :
What cares he for the faither, or the mither, or the loons ?
“There’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

Ye’ve heard o’ dandy Willie and the rumour that’s afloat ?
If he hadna been amon’ the craws he wadna hae been shot.
We needna trust to ilka idle tale that gangs the roun’s,
“There’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

An’ there’s oor neebor lassies, too, are gettin’ unco braw,
Their fashions an’ their falderals are no like them ava :
There’s something at the bottom o’ their ribbons an’ their goons,
For “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

An’ there is Tam, the manager, whase cunnin’ ends are saired
By cuttin’ auld acquaintances an’ votin’ wi’ the laird ;
Gie him the cash, he heeds na for your favours or your froons—
Yea, “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

An’ what about oor merchants noo, sae lang in opposition ?
There’s naething noo but thrangity—it’s open to suspicion.
There’s something sure to happen to astonish a’ the Broons,
For “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

Gie me the steady-mindit folk that’s either in or oot,
Ye’ll aye ken whaur to find them, for they’re there or there about ;
But what can be the meanin’ o’ sae mony ups an’ doons ?
Och ! “there’s aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

ALEXANDER BROWN.

MR BROWN’S claim to be regarded as one of the Bards of the Brothock is perfectly valid ; for, though born at Penicuik in 1823, he had his home in Arbroath during the forty years of his service in the various grades of a

seafaring life, and it is now the scene of his well-earned retirement from active duty. He has made many contributions to the local press, some of them of distinct merit; one of the most popular of these being the racy song which follows, and which any writer might be proud to acknowledge.

THE AULD STOCKIN' FIT.

Before ye settle doon in life, ye've many things to learn,
Among the foremost ane is this, tak' care o' what you earn;
Lay bye ilk orra penny piece—nane ever rued it yet,
An' gin ye ha'e nae better purse, just tak' a stockin' fit.

Ilk penny hain'd 's a penny gained; when added to the stock,
It mak's ye feel within yersel' as guid as ither folk;
You never need to skulk around, nor in a corner sit;
There's a ring o' independence in a weel-filled stockin' fit.

You'll aye ha'e routh o' freends around, while a' gangs fair and richt,
To flatter ye and daut ye—an' scarce lat ye frae their sight;
An' that may be a' very well, but the best friend at the bit
Is "Victoria's" winsome visage in a weel-filled stockin' fit.

Sair trouble may o'ertak' ye—for it's been the doom o' man,
And want o' wark, or sickness, may aft thwart your best laid plan;
There's a Providence abune us a' that never failed us yet;
Sae put implicit faith in that, and in your stockin' fit.

Aye try to help a neighbour that's bowed doon wi' sair distress,
He'd maybe do the same by you, so you sud do nae less;
Ne'er turn the feeble frae your door, provide them sup and bit,
So may a blessing aye attend upon your stockin' fit.

Be carefu', but not niggardly, gi'e every man his due;
You'll ha'e to keep a sharp look-out, he'll do the same by you;
Aye drap the ither penny in, 'twill swell up bit by bit,
An' there's music in the jingle o' a weel-filled stockin' fit.

JAMES PENNYCOOK BROWN.

"POETICAL EPHEMERAS" is one of those solitary volumes by Scottish authors, presenting nothing that is distinctively Scottish and little that is generally interesting to the average Scot, however good may be its literary flavour. That there are strong features in the work, our extracts clearly show: there are, indeed, few Scottish books where merit of its kind is more conspicuous than here; but we miss those *kenspeckle* contours and colours with which our native bards have familiarized us; and all the more, may it not be? because of the presence of other excellencies. Mr Brown was a native of the Mearns, his father being a farmer there; but reverses occurring, the family settled at Brechin, where the senior went into employment as a gardener. Mrs Brown, whose name was Pennycook, was a native of the ancient city; and, judging from her son's poems, was the centre of a very devoted home circle. The poet became a compositor, and published his volume, "Poetical Ephemeris," while working in the office of the *Aberdeen Journal* in 1831. It is a beautifully printed book of 208 pages, and its merits,

otherwise, seem to have forwarded the interests of its author, who secured an appointment on a Society connected with Exeter Hall, London. He emigrated to Canada, and on returning visited Brechin and Elgin, at which latter place he had worked in earlier years, and where his death occurred in 1862.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

He sat beside his forsaken hearth,
And mute were the glad tones of mirth
That once from the lips of the loved and young
Gladdened his heart with the songs they sung,

The songs of his youthful years.
His thin grey hairs o'er his high brow fell,
Whitened by griefs which he might not tell;
Wan were his cheeks, and his eyes' dim light
Shone, weak as the faintest star of light,
Through its misty world of tears.

A lute was hung on the cottage wall,
Its tones were beloved in their joy by all;
But silent it hung; they were gone, all gone,
Who wakened the sweets of each silvery tone,
Away from their father's hearth.

They were parted all; they had gone away,
As sunbeams go from their fount astray;
For the world in the light of their eyes' bright
beams

Looked the fairy land they had seen in dreams,
And they trode with joy the earth.

He sighs for the songs and the bursts of glee
From their young hearts flowing in gladness
free,

And the sunset hours, where their steps were
heard

In the shadowy grove, by the leaves they
stirred:

As the leaves their hearts were light.
They meet no more in the evening hour

'Neath the golden bloom of their cottage
bower,
Where the rose-tree breathes, and the violet's
breast

Is bright with the dewdrops that have there sought
rest

Through the dreamy hours of night.

Alas, for the bower!—the laburnum's dead—
The golden hues of its bloom are fled;
The flowers are withered, the violet alone
Still lingers around the spot where it shone,
As fair as the fairest there.

And he, though his hearth be forsaken now
By the stars that lightened the gloom on his
brow,

Like the lonely violet, still loves to dwell
Where the glowing light of his childhood fell
In beams, as the rainbow fair.

He deems they may yet return to his home,
With the joy of childhood they all may come;
For his spirit oft calls the wanderers back
To his cheerless hearth, from the stormy track
Where their weary feet have trode.

They may all return, but the light will be
dead

In the cottage hearth which their father fed;
A dark green mound, where no mourner weeps,
Will tell where his broken spirit sleeps,
In Death's sad silent abode.

It has been asserted of Brown: "Humour he has none, while the solitary attempt at a rollicking song in his book, 'Come, push the bottle round,' is a sample of exceedingly small beer."¹ This is not quite fair. Certainly the prevailing tone of Brown's poems is quiet, or sombre; but there is at least one clear indication that he possessed the faculty denied him in the critique just quoted. For instance: here is a stanza from "A Serenader's Apology," which exhibits the gift in that refinement natural to the action of such a writer:—

You say my heart is colder grown
In love to you, my chosen;
It is a fact I can't disown,
For sure 'tis almost frozen

By watching when the stars of night
Through gloomy clouds were peeping,
Or wandering like a troubled sprite
When decent folks were sleeping,

¹ "Bards of Bon Accord."

Brown was severely introspective, almost morbidly so; but even then the pensive beauty of his thoughts and language permeate his verses with a subtle and irresistible charm. While he may fairly be termed the *saddest* of our bards, assuredly he was also one of the sweetest of them all.

ON HEARING BRAHAM SING.

Such wondrous gifts of song are not of earth,
But come from heaven, as do the passing
winds, [the trees,
Whose mellow voice breathes music 'mong
Beneath whose shade I've sat, until my soul
Seemed blending with the melody of leaves!
And by the sparkling mirror stream I've lain,
Listening its music, while it rolled along,
Wooded by the willows, whose tall stems were
bent
Over its lucid breast, beside whose banks
The sedge and water-lily sweetly grew;
And flowers—the daisy and the primrose—
bloomed
In bright luxuriance 'mong the velvet grass
That, sloping, rose into a hill behind,
Whose trees gave back the murmurings of
the stream!
There have I lain, till feelings wild and strange
Came o'er my heart, as waves in tempests
come
Leaping like lions upon the rocky shore!
These would subside, and gentler thoughts
would rise,
Awaking all my soul's best sympathies,
Unlocking all those founts, those sacred
springs,
From out whose depths affection's waters flow.
I, too, have listened to the ocean's roar,
And storm-winds howling, with a wild delight;
And to the lark that climbed the sunny sky,
As if to steal from heaven its summer song;

And to the bee that hummed among the
flowers,
That looked in beauty as if singing too;
And in the twilight hour when far away, [dell
From 'mong the birch trees in the haunted
The whistle of the thrush and blackbird come!
Yea, to all music that from nature springs
My soul and sympathies are ever tuned.
And I have sat by thee, and heard thy songs,
My gentle Lady-love—and those of her,
Thy gifted syren-sister, from whose lips
Melodious flow the wild pathetic strains,
Sung 'midst the mountains of our father-land!
But, oh! within my breast, unknown to me,
Feelings there were which I had never felt;
Bright thoughts that in their beauty might
have slept,
As do the melody of harps, till touched
By those who know the mysteries of sound!
Lo! a new sense of beauty and delight
Wakened within me, when I heard the voice,
Thou mighty spirit from the land of song!
Which fell upon my heart, as softly fall
The silver moonbeams on a sleeping flower,
Yet stirred the silent waters of my soul
Into a tempest of delicious joy
That rose, until it burst its bounds, and gushed
In one bright stream of feeling from mine eyes!
The song hath passed—the echo died away—
But in my heart its tones are lingering still,
Most beautiful! and will for ever dwell
Among the silent music of my soul!

WILLIAM BROWN.

ONE of Dundee's early flax spinners, a kindly, shrewd, and successful man of business, William Brown was a notable local figure in his day. His father was James Brown, laird of Cononsyth, one of the founders of the country's flax spinning trade in Friockheim and district, and the father's enterprise was continued in Dundee, and with singular spirit and success, by the subject of our notice, and by his energetic brothers. So keenly did Mr Brown strive to develop his business, to improve the machinery and the quality of its products, that he gave public affairs but little attention, and came to be regarded simply as a dry, hard, matter-of-fact sort of personage. His later poetic proclivities, therefore, were a revelation to his friends, and could not even be guessed at by the general public. His retirement from business in 1856 gave him leisure for travel and literature; and he published.

his writings privately, varying his activities with his "Reminiscences of Flax-spinning," a pamphlet dealing with many interesting matters pertaining to the early history of this trade. A collected edition of Mr Brown's poems appeared in 1863, in a volume of 183 pages, without the author's name, and intended for private circulation. The details of Forfarshire scenery are minuted with such scrupulous care and affection, that one is impressed with the feeling that here is a *guide* to the districts visited during an itinerary tour, which could only be improved on in certain matters of diction. Sage reflections on men and things are intermingled with scenic descriptions, as in the quotation given from the leading poem in the volume; and a variety of themes, ranging from the landscapes of Angus to the difficulties in the Crimea, are treated in a simple, almost crude, but quite unpretentious manner. Mr Brown was born in 1791, and died in 1864. Some confusion has arisen through the statement in Norrie's "Dundee Celebrities" that Ex-Provost James Brown of Lochton "published a small volume of poetical effusions for private circulation." We have the authority of the nearest relatives of this estimable gentleman for stating that though he did write "articles about trade and other things," he never wrote "anything in the shape of poetry." Doubtless his brother William's volume is that which has often been credited to James Brown; and we are pleased to be able here to resolve the misunderstanding.

THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

This northern range, with cliffs on high,
Is haunt for eagles of the sky;
All here and there the mountains rise
Three thousand feet into the skies;
The sight of which, from home of old,
I now with native pride behold.
These mighty structures of the earth
To deep emotion giveth birth;
The cliffs, so high, so bleak and drear,
Impress the mind with solemn fear;
And when, in midst, we view their face,
How truly grand the mountain race;
Compared with them, most things that grow
Are but a moment here below;
And man, though reaching seventieth year,
Is as a point in their career,
These rocks, all steadfast and secure,

Seem things for ever to endure;
And men will rise and pass away,
While they will scarcely show decay.
At present day men cry, "how old,"
But years with them can scarce be told;
Ere men their age in years can know,
They must in knowledge further grow.
'Tis possible, till latest day,
No certain date will they display;
Perhaps to man it ne'er was given
To comprehend such depths of heaven.
The Grampian hills, then, long will rest
In garb of doubt, and darkness drest;
Their lofty peaks and ridges bold
May long the world in wonder hold;
And while they steadfastness display,
Mankind, like grass, will pass away.

DAVID WILLS BUCHANAN.

THIS writer shows an equal ease and proficiency in the use of dialect and "English unalloyed," and has been so industrious that the forthcoming volume will be both ample and varied. Born at Dundee in 1844, Mr Buchanan was reared at Blackwater, Glenshee; and for some years of his residence in that locality he acted as precentor to the late Rev. James Robertson in the Free Church, Cray. He returned to his native town, and for a long period was gate and store-keeper in a shipbuilding yard, leaving that employment some two years ago, and becoming a collector for Dundee Burial Society.

His poems have appeared in numerous papers and periodicals; and some of them have been of great service at meetings of Temperance bodies, whose cause Mr Buchanan has warmly espoused. We quote as representative of many interesting productions an effusion which will appeal to all who have experienced that rare and memorable pleasure—life in a country school.

THE AULD SCHULE.

Again cauld Winter's icy breath
O'ersweeps auld Scotia's land and water;
But Hieland friendship ails nae skaithe,
It warmer grows as snowdrifts batter.

Another year its course has run,
Again comes blithesome, merry yuletide,
When frost, an' snaw, an' social fun,
Remind me o' my happy schuletime.

I mind as tho' it were yestreen,
When I was but a wee bit laddie,
A five-year-auld puir hameless wean,
Without a mither or a daddie.

But Heaven provided me a hame
Far north among the Grampian Hielan's;
I think I see as in a dream
Its fields, its cots, its hills and shielans.

I think I see the auld schule yet,
Wi' rocks an' birken trees surrounded,
Whaur mony a loon wi' lightsome fit
Has mony a time fu' lichtly bounded.

I see its maps o' lands and seas,
Its bonnet-pegs, an' crackit gables,
Its stove which aft has warmed oor taes,
Its carved an' antique seats and tables.

I see my youthfu' cronies still,
On memory's canvas clearly painted;
I think I hear their voices shrill
As when in joyous laughter vented.

There many a funny game we've played—
Fitba, Boolholes, and Boolyhorn;
Doon mony a slippery brae we've slade
Till boots an' breeks were sadly worn.

At Scotch and English we've engaged,
Played hide an' seek, an' Jockie-Blindie;
An' sometimes literal war was waged,
When rose a fearfu' din an' shindy.

But when the Dominie hove in sicht,
Ceased din an' strife, sae bauld and tragic;
Nae blusterer then would boast his micht,
But peace wad reign as if by magic.

Like lambs we followed him within,
Where reverently he asked a blessin',
Then to oor places we wad rin,
Ilk ane to their ain place, an' lesson.

But what a Babel! I declare
'Twas like a scape o' bees in summer;
Though mony a lazy drone was there,
An' mony a stupid careless bummer.

Fu' mony a curious scene I've seen,
Heard mony a cross-examination,
In mony a pawky plot I've been,
Which yielded mony a ane vexation.

Ae day I brocht a rabbit's tail,
An' preend it on my neibor's jacket;
Which sma' transaction didna fail
The hale day lang to raise a racket.

He guessed 'twas me, an' didna stick
To hook it to a lassie's ribbon;
But bein' detected playin' that trick,
It earned for him a proper dribbin'.

The Dominie pitched it in the fire,
Nor dreamed he ever wad see mair o't,
But as he turned, Jock M'Intyre
Quick nipt it oot e'er singed a hair o't.

Frae tail to tail, this tail was sent,
An' mony a loof got mony a smarter;
The Dominie swore that if he kent
Wha brocht it there, they'd catch a tartar.

He quizzed an' quizzed, but quizzed in vain,
That knowledge he could never get it;
My comrade nobly bore the pain;
The secret—na, he widna split it.

Though ance he gied a sidelong glisk
At me, the cause o' a' the yarkin,
An' whispered, "Dave, you've run a risk,
'Twas you first sent the tail a-larkin'."

Ae day my mate (his name was Pate,
His nickname, too, I mind was Tobby)
Played bools wi' me, till, far owre late,
We feared to venture past the lobby.

Pate thro' the keyhole peeped within,
Says he, "The Dominie's face I'm viewin',
We're sure to get a peppered skin;
What wad you say to play the truan'?"

Awa' we scampered up the hill,
Nor thoct o' tasks or evil habits,
But whunstone cairns, wi' richt guid-will,
We kirked aboot, and searched for rabbits.

Birds' nests among the wuds we socht, [rels,
 An' watched the whiterets, moles, an' squir-
 The hedgehog, too, that quick as thoct
 Into a ba' fu' neatly curls.

Neist mornin' when we gaed to schule
 We saw at once a storm was brewin',

The Dominie's temper ne'er was cool
 When he the doubled tause was chewin'.

Aye after this we baith behaved,
 An' gained the Dominie's estimation ;
 Life's battles noo we lang have braved,
 An' ken the guid o' Education.

ROBERT COCHRANE BUIST.

TO many the appearance here of the name of one of Dundee's busiest and most respected medical men will be a matter of surprise ; for Dr Buist, immersed in business as he is, cannot be credited with much of that leisure dear, and necessary, it may be said, to the poetic soul. But the learned doctor—who is an M.A. of St. Andrews ; B.A. Cantab. ; and M.B., C.M. of Edinburgh—has found an occasional relaxation in the society of the muses ; and we are pleased to present an interesting specimen of his communings with these divinities. He was born at Dundee in 1860 ; had a most distinguished college career ; edited the *Students' Magazine* of Edinburgh University for nearly two years ; took a leading part in all matters of University organization ; acted as a lecturer under St. Andrews University Extension Scheme ; and in varied ways prepared himself to fill the influential position he so worthily occupies in his native city.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT ON THE PENTLANDS.

FIRST HOUR.

Now is the weary hour,
 The earth lies still in grief
 Or shudders in dark fear.
 Her face is wet, for from her face
 The face of God is hid, and in its place
 The deep cold sky is curtained o'er, its blue
 All sparkled with starry taunts of far-off light.

SECOND HOUR.

Her hope is born, for from the east
 A light is passed o'er all the sky,
 The shafts of starry satire are less keen,
 And all the near is brighter, and the earth
 Dare ope her eyes of yearning in her hope.

THIRD HOUR.

Now all her heart is full with present hope,
 For rosy finger-tips from o'er the sea
 Point to the coming sun his path to-day :
 The cloudy flocked horizon, all is warm,
 And gleams a happier brightness than the
 stars
 In all their glorious distance can impart.
 And earth is wake, and in a song
 Of passionate urge pours out her longing
 heart.

THE SONG.

O come, my lord ! The night is long,
 A thousand years when thou art gone ;
 And all night-creeping things then prowl,
 Then flutter bat and hooting owl,
 And I lie still in fear.

O come, my lord ! The night is cold
 And dark as hell when thou art gone ;
 But my poor heart is darker still,
 And reft of love it has no will
 To keep away despair.

O come, my lord, my love, my life !
 I die and die when thou art gone ;
 My heart longs for thy close caress,
 My face pales for thy coldest kiss ;
 O come, lord, quickly come.

O come, my lord, and we will pass
 In happy pause the hastening hours,
 Enjoy our short eternity,
 The dalliance of a lingering day ;
 O come, lord, quickly come.

FOURTH HOUR.

And she is heard. The sun is risen,
 And showers his warm kisses on her face
 Till all her tears are glistening with new joy,
 And she, too happy for a word,
 Lies still, content, wrapt in his warm embrace.

JOHN BURNES.

THE interest attached to all that pertains to the National Bard never was so intense as now; indeed, it seems, with the centenary of his death, to have risen to a supremacy almost universal. Many eyes have turned of late years to Glenbervie, among whose rural scenes the stalwart forbears of this "King o' Men" lived their peaceful lives; and so much has been said, and hazarded, regarding them and theirs, that controversies have arisen, on several points so clear to many, that to miss them seems to savour only of partiality or worse. We cannot discuss those questions of race or pedigree here; and we turn to something authentic and un-controversial with the keener pleasure: to something pertaining to Robert Burns in the person and work of his poetic cousin-german, John Burness, renowned locally, and not unknown to greater fame, as the author of "Thrummy Cap," "The Ghaist o' Garron Ha'," and many other rhyming tales, such as delighted the peasantry of other days. Fortunately, Burness has told his own story; and to reproduce it from the very scarce volume of his Plays, Poems, and Metrical Tales, published at Montrose in 1819, should prove of decided public advantage at the present time. Without further preamble, then, we quote this autobiography, which is headed:—

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

John Burness, the author of the following sheets, is the youngest (and now only surviving) son of the late William Burness, farmer in Bogjorgan, Parish of Glenbervie, and County of Kincardine.¹ He was born on the 23rd May, 1771. He lost both his parents before he had attained his thirteenth year, and never was but one year at any school; so could have no opportunity of acquiring any learning but what nature taught him.

He served his apprenticeship to the baker business in Brechin, and afterwards wrought several years as a journeyman in the different burghs of the county of Forfar, till about the latter end of the year 1794, when he enlisted as a private in the Angus Fencible Volunteer Corps of Infantry, then raising in Arbroath, commanded by Major John Fraser of Balmadus,² with which corps he was at Dumfries in the year 1796, where he got acquainted with his relation the late Robert Burns; and here he wrote his tale of "Thrummy Cap," which was shown to and perused by Mr Burns a little before his death, and published then for the first time: it has since gone through several editions. The corps then marched for Stranraer in Galloway, where he wrote "Charles Montgomery." They afterwards embarked for the Shetland Isles, where "Rosmond and Isabella" was written.

Upon the disbanding of the corps at Peterhead, April 1st, 1799, he came to Stonehaven, where he commenced business for himself as a baker, and

¹ This was the William Burness who tenanted Bogjorgan; he died in 1784.

² The Angus Fencibles, with Burness among them, attended the funeral of Burns, and Major Fraser cast in the first spadeful of earth as a mark of respect for the poet's memory.

continued there nearly four years. Here he first published his "Charles Montgomery"; and about the latter end of the year 1801 he was married. Matters not answering his expectations in Stonehaven, he now gave over business and engaged himself as a substitute in the Forfar Militia; and with them he continued till the 10th of June, 1815, when he was discharged at Naas, in the county of Kildare, Ireland. He once more returned to Stonehaven, and attempted the baker business, but was still unsuccessful. For these three years past he has been employed in canvassing for subscribers for a company of venders of periodical publications, at which business he is still employed. What his fate next may be remains hid in the womb of futurity.

During the long time he was in the Militia he employed his leisure hours in composing the other pieces in this volume, most of which he published by themselves at different periods. They now for the first time make their appearance as a volume, in which he hopes the candid reader may find some amusement for a leisure hour; and although he is conscious that their defects are numerous, he hopes the good-natured critic will overlook them, considering his limited education. He leaves them to their fate; and although the learned may condemn them, as stubble, to the flames, damning both them and the author for writing them, yet, if one good-natured fellow declares he has any pleasure in their perusal, the author has all he wishes for.

Stonehaven, May 5th, 1819.

The poetic status and calibre of the author can only be estimated fairly by the study of his complete writings. His fame rests mainly on "Thrummy Cap," but his "Northern Laird," "Gregor and Flora," and other tales, seem equal if not in some respects superior to the story of Fiddes Castle. His shorter pieces are not of conspicuous merit, and that because their author was a *story teller*; doubtless, had his plays been cast in *story* form their hold on popularity would have been of greater tenacity. As some indication of his power in describing "the horrible and awfu'," let us examine a fragment of his tragedy "Rosmond and Isabella," Act I., Scene II., the *dramatis personæ* of which are *Lord Walcot* and *Lord Henry Whitefield*.—

Lord Walcot.—The cause is little;
So frivolous is the cause, I blush to speak it.
But, oh, my friend, I had a dream last night
That chill'd my every sense with awful horror.
Upon the summit of a lofty rock
Close by the sea, at whose rude clifty bottom,
With heavy surge the impetuous surge did
dash,
One beauteous summer's eve, methought I sat,
Contemplating the beauty of the scene:
When suddenly before me did appear
A milk-white dove, to which I took a liking.
Immediately I caught it by the wing,
And put the gentle creature in my bosom:
Then with it to my parlour hied me home,
And gave it to my daughter Isabella.
Methought it then made signs of love to her,

When with her hand she took and dashed it
from her.
Enraged at what I saw—methought, once more
I strove to make her take it into keeping,
But all in vain; so then I took it up,
And once again I put it in my bosom,
When instantly it turned into a serpent,
And subtle-like it stung me to the heart:
The blood gushed out from where the serpent
stung,
Nor could I stem the flowing purple tide.
Once more methought I stood upon the rock,
Which shook and trembled from its very basis.
My limbs did quake; cold sweat bedewed my
face;
The place whereon I stood, methought, gave
way,

And in an instant plunged me in the tide ;
 When, struggling with the waves till quite
 exhausted,
 I sought for death—But, O, ye Powers, defend
 us,
 I found the bottom was a lake of fire !
 I lifted up my wearied eyes to heaven,
 When, on the rock above, I saw you standing,
 Proudly exulting o'er the fall of me.
 Young Rosmond, like a lion, rushed forward,
 Seized in his arms your middle, threw you
 down
 The mighty precipice that I had fallen from,
 And quickly plunged you in the lake beside
 me.
 I grieved to see you share my dire misfortune,

When, with the utmost agony, I waked,
 My startled eyes beheld you in my chamber.
 I rose to tell you of my frightful dream,
 And, dreadful thought! although I was awake,
 Methought you drew your sword from by
 your side
 And in an instant stabb'd me through the
 body.

Lord Henry Whitefield.—My Lord, chase
 from your thoughts this dreadful dream:
 Be cheerful and forget these fearful thoughts,
 And tell me how sweet Isabella fares.
 Will she yet be obedient to my will,
 Or does she still remain in obstinacy?
 May I ere hope that she will be my bride?
 And shall I wed her with her own consent?

In the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, is preserved the copy of Burness' book which belonged to that prince of antiquarians, the late Andrew Jervise, Esq., of Brechin. It bears his autograph, and the manuscript of the "Epistle to the author of Thrummy Cap," which is noted below. This MS., in the beautiful handwriting of Alexander Laing, is signed "A. L.—"; and any dubiety regarding its origin is entirely removed by a short prose addenda, in which the gifted author of "Wayside Flowers" conveys his good wishes to Burness, and signs his name in full. We quote one of the stanzas of this poem, assured that it will give expression to the feelings of all who know the life and work of this once popular writer:—

Go on, thou unassuming bard,
 And never heed or think it hard
 Though scholar gentry disregard
 Thy hamely lays,
 When simple-feeling folks award
 Their honoured praise.

Many will be interested to see the following list of the contents of Burness' volume, and will be able to form some impression of his power of sustained effort from the dimensions given of its various items.

THE HERMIT; or, The dead come to life.

A Comic Dramatic Tale in three acts.
 As it was performed at the Theatre, Berwick upon Tweed.
 This piece is founded on Mr Smith's "Trevarion."
 (44½ pages; 40 prose lines per page.)

ROSMOND AND ISABELLA; or, The Persisting Penitent.

A Tragedy in five acts.
 As performed at the Theatre, Musselburgh.
 Prologue by Mr Andrew Fraser, Glasgow (38 lines).
 (48½ pages, 40 lines each; blank verse.)

THE OLD SOLDIER.

A Comic Drama in three acts.
 As performed at the Theatre, North Shields.
 (23 pages, 40 lines; prose.)

THE NORTHERN LAIRD AND HIS TENANT.

A Tale in verse.
 (22 pages; 40 lines per page.)

GREGOR AND FLORA.

A Scottish Tale in Hudibrastic verse.
 (38 pages; 40 lines per page.)

THRUMMY CAP.

A Tale in the broad Scottish dialect.
 (11 pages; 40 lines per page.)

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

A Tragedy in five acts.
 As performed at the Theatre, Musselburgh, and several
 other Theatres.
 (32 pages, 40 lines per page; blank verse.)

CHARLES MONTGOMERY.

A Tragical and Dramatic Tale.
 Written in the manner of George Barnwell, as it was
 performed at the Mason's Hall, Lerwick, in Shetland,
 April 18, 1798.
 (33 pages; 40 lines prose.)

SHORT POEMS.

A few serious thoughts on seeing the leaves
fall from the trees.
(7 verses of 4 lines each.)

Epistle to Mr Wm. Brooks, Merchant in
Musselburgh.
(64 lines.)

Extempore on the author leaving his lodgings.
(4 verses, 6 lines each.)

Yule: a humorous description of a country
Christmas.
(30 verses, 9 lines each.)

A voyage from Arbroath to Aberdeen.
(14 verses, 6 lines each.)

Epistle to Mr Andrew Sheriffs, Edinburgh.
(10 verses, 6 lines each.)

An epistle from Apollo to a weaver.
(4 verses, 14 lines each.)

An ode on the frailty of human life.
(4 verses, 8 lines each.)

A morning meditation.
(3 verses, 14 lines each.)

An evening meditation.
(3 verses, 14 lines each.)

Letter from Mr William Smith to the author.
(124 lines.)

A despairing lover eased.
(7 verses, 14 lines each.)

The Barm Stoup and Rolling Pin.
A Dialogue.
(4 pages, 36 lines each.)

Epistle to the author of Thrummy Cap.
(11 verses, 6 lines.)

Epistle to the author from J— M—, Aberdeen.
(16 verses, 6 lines each.)

“Thrummy Cap” we give entire: it is inherently, historically, and relatively one of the outstanding poems of the Mearns; a strong apology were necessary for its curtailment, and nothing would justify its omission in a work of this kind. From the date of his autobiographic sketch till the time of his death Burness continued his wanderings as a book canvasser. An interesting glimpse of the poet was furnished by Mr John Duthie, a Mearns man resident in Dundee, to Mr Geo. Hay, and was incorporated in the notice of the poet prefixed to his poem on a voyage from Arbroath to Aberdeen, quoted in “Round about the Round O” with its poets. It runs as follows:—

“In my recollections of John Burness, I may say that he called on my father, who had been an early crony of his, when on furlough. I subsequently saw him often, when he became a canvasser in 1816–17. I was a boy in the service of Mr Falconer, Bogjorgan, who was related to John Burness. John, when in the district, resided at the farm, and I often heard him telling his military experiences. He was of a sedate, quiet disposition, rather peculiar in his manner, tall, and dark complexioned. He spoke of his intercourse with his relation the poet Burns, who looked over and corrected his manuscript of ‘Thrummy Cap,’ telling him it was the best told ‘ghaist’ story he had ever seen in the Scottish dialect. Burns, who was then in bad health, was in bed. John stated that he held the manuscript in his hands, and that they were large and emaciated.”

The end of John Burness was unutterably sad. His occupation was anything but lucrative; his spirit was broken, and his physique impaired through struggles and disappointments; and at Portlethen, in 1826, the toiling wayfarer was overtaken in a snowstorm and literally “driven to the wall” by the conqueror Death. His body was buried in the Spittal burying-ground, Aberdeen. Might not the Burns Clubs of the counties combine to mark the grave of this poetic kinsman of the most distinguished scion of the Mearns?

THRUMMY CAP.

A TALE.

In ancient times far in' the north,
 A hunder miles ayont the Forth,
 Upon a stormy winter day,
 Twa men forgather't o' the way,
 Ane was a sturdy bardoch chiel,
 An' frae the weather happit weel
 Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey coat,
 And eke he on his head had got
 A Thrummy Cap, baith large and stout,
 Wi' flaps ahint as weel's a snout,
 Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,
 To keep the cauld frae gettin' in;
 Upon his legs he had gammashes,
 Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes;
 An' on his hands, instead o' gloves,
 Large doddie mittens, whilk he'd roose
 For warmth, an' an aiken stick,
 Nae verra lang, but unco thick,
 Intil his nieve he drave awa'
 And car'd for neither frost nor sna'.
 The tither was just the reverse—
 O' claes and courage baith was scarce:
 Sae in our tale as we go on
 I think we'll ca' him cow'r'dly John.
 Sae on they gaed at a guid scow'r,
 Cause that they saw a gath'ring show'r
 Grow verra thick upon the wind,
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find;
 A mighty show'r o' snaw an' drift,
 As ever dang down frae the lift,
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd—
 "Preserv's!" quoth John, "we'll baith be
 smor'd,
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er mak' out."
 "Cheer up," says Thrummy, "never doubt;
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,
 Until we see gif it grow fair,
 Gin no', a' night we'll tarry there."
 "Weel, weel," says Johnny, "we shall try."—
 Syne they a mansion house did spy
 Upo' the road a piece afore,
 Sae up they gaed unto the door,
 Where Thrummy chappit wi' his stick;
 Syne to the door came verra quick
 A mickle dog, wha barket sair,
 But Thrummy for him didna care;
 He handled weel his oaken staff,
 And spite o's teeth he kept him aff
 Until the landlord cam' to see
 And ken fat might the matter be.
 Then verra soon the dog did cease—
 The landlord syne did spier the case.
 Quoth Thrummy, "Sir, we ha'e gaane wil';
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get til';

We near were smoar'd amo' the drift;
 And sae, gudeman, ye'll mak' a shift
 To gi'e us quarters a' this night,
 For now we dinna ha'e the light
 Farer to gang tho' it were fair;
 See gin ye ha'e a bed to spare;
 Whate'er ye charge we sanna grudge,
 But satisfy you e'er we budge
 To gang awa'; and fan 'tis day
 We'll pack our all and tak' the way."
 The landlord says, "O' beds I've nane,
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain;
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles forret,
 Aside the kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,
 Wha keeps a change-house, sells guid drink;
 His house ye may mak' out, I think."
 Quoth Thrummy, "That's owre far awa';
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,
 To mak' it is nae in our power;
 For look ye there, a gathering shower
 Is coming on—you'll lat us bide,
 Tho' we sud sit by the fireside."
 The landlord says to him, "Nā, na,
 I canna lat ye bide awa';
 Chap aff, for 'tis nae worth your while
 To bide, whan ye hae scrimp twa mile
 To gang; sae quickly aff you'll steer,
 For faith, I doubt ye'll nae be here."
 "Twa mile!" quo' Thrummy: "deil speed me
 If frae your house this night I jee;
 Are we to starve in Christian land?
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,
 To nane about your house I'll crouch;
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,
 For faith we'll mak' our quarters good.
 Come, John, lat's in—we'll tak' a seat,
 Fat sorrow gars you look sae blate?"
 Sae in he gangs and sets him down;
 Says he, "They're nae about your town
 Sall put me out till a new day,
 As lang's I've siller for to pay."
 The landlord says, "Ye're rather rash;
 To turn ye out we sanna fash,
 Since ye're so positive to bide;
 But troth ye'se sit by the fireside;
 I tald ye ance o' beds I've nane
 Unoccupied, except bare ane;
 In it I fear ye winna ly,
 For stoutest hearts ha'e aft been shy
 To venture in within the room
 After the night begins to gloom:
 For in it they can ne'er get rest;
 'Tis haunted by a frightfu' ghaist;
 Oursel's are terrified a' night;

Sae ye may chance to get a sight,
 Like that which some o' our folk saw;
 Far better till ye gang awa',
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day."
 "Good faith," quo' John, "I'm thinking sae;
 Better into the neuk to sit,
 Than fly'd, guid keeps, out o' our wit.
 The Lord preserve me frae al' evil,
 I wadna like to see the devil."
 "Whist, gowk," quo' Thrummy: "haud your
 peace,

That sanna gar me quit this place;
 To great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,
 Nae ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill,
 For I'd defy the meikle deil
 An' a' his warks I wat fu' weel.
 Fat sorrow then mak's you sae eery;
 Fling by your fears and come be cheery;
 Landlord, gin ye'll mak' up that bed,
 I promise I'll be very glad
 Within the same a' night to ly,
 If that the room be warm and dry."
 The landlord says, "Ye's get a fire,
 An' candle too gin ye desire,
 Wi' bueks to read; and for your bed,
 I'll orders gi'e to get it made."
 John says, "As I'm a Christian man,
 Who never likes to curse nor ban,
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor whore,
 I'll never gang within its door;
 But by the fireside sit a' night,
 An' gang awa' whane'er 'tis light."
 Says Thrummy till him wi' a glow'r,
 "Ye cowardly gowk, ill mat ye cow'r;
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,
 An' I shall caution for you be."
 Then Johnny faintly ga'e consent,
 An' upstairs to the room they went,
 When soon they got baith fire and light,
 To haud them hearty a' the night;
 The landlord likewise ga'e them meat,
 As meikle as they baith could eat,
 Shew'd them their bed, and bade them gang
 To it, whene'er they did think lang.
 Sae wishing them a guid repose,
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.
 Our travellers now being left alane,
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,
 Coost aff their shoon and warm'd their feet,
 And syne gaed to their bed to sleep.
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
 He couldna sleep, but still lay waking,
 Sae troubled wi' his panic fright,
 When near the twalt hour o' the night,
 That Thrummy waken'd, and thus spoke:
 "Preserve's!" quoth he, "I'm like to choke
 Wi' thirst, an' I maun ha'e a drink;
 I will gang down the stair, I think,

An' grapple for the water pail.
 O! for a waught o' caller ale!"
 Johnny grips till him, and says, "Na,
 I winna lat ye gang awa';
 Wow! will ye gang and leave me here
 Alane, to die wi' perfect fear?"
 "Rise an' gae wi' me then," quoth Thrummy:
 "Ye senseless gude-for-naething bummy,
 I'm only gaen to seek some water,
 I will be back just in a clatter."
 "Na, na," says John, "I'll rather ly;
 But as I'm likewise something dry,
 Gif ye can get a jug or cap,
 Fesh up to me a little drap."
 "Ay, ay," quo' Thrummy, "that I will,
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill."
 Sae down he goes to seek a drink,
 And then he thinks he sees a blink
 O' light, that shone upo' the floor,
 Out throo the lock-hole o' the door,
 Which was na fast but stood a-jee.
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see;
 So bauldly owre the threshold ventures,
 And in within the door he enters.
 But, Reader, judge of the surprise,
 When there he saw, with wondering eyes,
 A spacious vault, weel stor'd wi' casks
 O' reaming ale—and some big flasks;
 An' stride-legs owre a cask o' ale
 He saw the likeness o' himsel',
 Just in the dress that he coost aff,
 A Thrummy Cap, an' aiken staff,
 Gammashes an' the jocky coat;
 An' in its hand the ghaist had got
 A big four-lugged timber bicker,
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor.
 Our hero at the spectre star'd,
 But neither daunted was nor fear'd;
 But to the ghaist straight up did stap,
 An' says: "Dear brither Thrummy Cap,
 The warst ye surely dinna drink."
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,
 And fill'd it up wi' the same ale
 Frae under where the spectre sat,
 And up the stair wi' it he gat;
 Took a guid drink, ga'e John anither,
 But never tald him o' his brither
 That he into the cellar saw,
 Mair then he'd naething seen ava.
 Right brown and nappy was the beer.
 "Whar did you get it?" John did spier.
 Says Thrummy, "Sure ye needna care,
 I'll gae an' try to get some mair;
 Sae down the stair again he goes,
 To get o' drink anither dose,
 Being positive to ha'e some mair;
 But still he faund the ghaist was there,
 Now on a butt behind the door.

Says he : " Ye didna ill before,
 Dear brother Thrummy, sae I'll try
 Ye aince again, because I'm dry."
 He fills his jug straught out below,
 An' up the stair again does go.
 John marvell'd sair, but didna spier
 Again where he did get the beer ;
 For it was stronger than the first,
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst ;
 Syne did compose themselves to rest,
 To sleep awhile they thought it best.
 An hour in bed they hadna been,
 And scarcely weel had clos'd their een,
 When just into the neighbouring cham'er
 They heard a dreadfu' din and clamour :
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cow'r,
 But Thrummy jumpt upon the floor.
 Him by the sark tail John did haud ;
 " Ly still," quoth he ; " fat, are ye mad ?"
 Thrummy then ga'e a hasty jump,
 And took John in the ribs a thump,
 Till on the bed he tumbled doon
 In little better than a swoon ;
 While Thrummy, fast as he could rin,
 Set aff to see fat made the din.
 The chamber seem'd to him as light
 As gif the sun was shining bright ;
 The ghaist was stan'in' at the door
 In the same dress he had afore ;
 And o'er anent it at the wa'
 Were ither apparitions twa.
 Thrummy beheld them for a wee,
 But deil a word as yet spoke he ;
 The spirits seem'd to kick a ba',
 The ghaist against the tither twa ;
 Whilk close they drave baith back and fore
 Atweesh the chimla and the door.
 He stops a while, and sees the play ;
 Syne rinnin up he this did say,
 " Ane for ane may weel compare,
 But twa for ane is rather sair ;
 The play's nae equal, sae I vow,
 Dear brither Thrummy, I'll help you."
 Then wi' his fit he kick'd the ba',
 Gard it play stot against the wa' ;
 Quick then as lightning frae the sky
 The spectres, with a horrid cry,
 All vanished in a clap o' thun'er,
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er.
 The room was quiet now and dark,
 An' Thrummy, stirpin' in his sark,
 Glauming the gate back till his bed,
 He thinks he hears a person tread,
 An' e'er he gat without the door,
 The Ghaist again stood him before,
 And in his face did staring stand
 Wi' a big candle in its hand.
 Quoth Thrummy : " Friend, I want to know

What brings you frae the shades below ;
 I in my Maker's name command
 You tell your story just aff hand :
 Fat wad ye ha'e ? I'll do my best
 For you, to let you be at rest."
 Then says the Ghaist : " 'Tis thirty year
 Since I've been doomed to wander here ;
 In all that time there has been none
 Behav'd sae bold as ye have done ;
 Sae, if you'll do a job for me,
 Disturbance mair I'll never gi'e."
 " Say on your tale," quoth Thrummy, " I
 To do you justice sure will try."
 " Then mark me weel," the ghaist reply'd,
 " And ye shall soon be satisfied :
 Frae this aback near forty year,
 I of this place was overseer ;
 When this laird's father had the land,
 A' thing was then at my command :
 Wi' power to do as I thought fit,
 In ilka cause I chief did sit.
 The laird paid great respect to me,
 But I an ill return did gi'e :
 The title deeds of his estate,
 Out of the same I did him cheat,
 And staw them frae where they did lie
 Some days before the laird did die.
 His son at that time was in France,
 And sae I thought I'd ha'e some chance,
 Gif he sud never come again,
 That the estate would be my ain.
 But scarcely three bare weeks were past
 When death did come and grip me fast,
 Sae sudden, that I had nae pow'r
 The charter back for to restore.
 Soon after that hame cam' the heir
 And syne got up the reefu' rair,
 What sorrow was come o' the rights ?
 They sought them sev'ral days an' nights ;
 But never yet ha'e they been seen,
 As I aneath a mickle stane
 Did hide them i' this chamber wa',
 Well sew'd up in a leather ba' ;
 But I was ne'er allow'd to rest
 Until that I the same confest ;
 But this to do I hadna power,
 Frae yon time to this verra hour
 That I've reveal'd it a' to you ;
 And now I'll tell you what to do.
 Till nae langsyne nae mony kent
 That this same laird the rights did want ;
 But now they ha'e him at the law,
 An' the neist owk the laird maun sha',
 Afore the court, the rights o's land ;
 This puts him to an unco stand ;
 For if he disna shaw them there,
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare ;
 Nae hopes has he to save's estate ;

This mak's him sow'r and unco blate,
 He canna think whar's rights may be,
 And ne'er expects them mair to see.
 But now, my friend, mark what I tell,
 And ye'll get something to yoursell;
 Tak' out the stane there in the wa'
 And there you'll get the leather ba'.
 'Tis just the same that you did see
 When you said that you wad help me.
 The rights are sew'd up in its heart;
 But see ye dinna wi' them part
 Until the laird shall pay you down
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,
 Whilk at my death was due to me;
 This for thy trouble I'll give thee;
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,
 'Cause I'll be free frae a' my care.'
 This Thrummy promised him to do,
 And syne the ghaist bad him adieu,
 An' vanish'd, with a pleasant sound,
 Down thro' the laft, an' thro' the ground.
 Thrummy gaed back syne till his bed;
 And cowardly John was verra glad
 That he his neiber saw ance mair,
 For o' his life he did despair.
 "Wow man," quoth John, "whar ha'e you
 been?"

Come tell me a' fat ye ha'e seen!"
 "Na, hyde," says Thrummy, "till daylight,
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right."
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap
 Until the ninth hour it did chap.
 Thrummy syne raise, put on his claes,
 And to the chamber quick he gaes;
 Tak's out the stane into the wa',
 And soon he found the leathern ba';
 Took out the rights, replac'd the stane,
 Ere John did ken whar he had been.
 Then baith cam' stappin' down the stair;
 The morning now was calm and fair.
 "Weel," says the laird, "my trusty frien',
 Ha'e ye ought in your chamber seen?"
 Quoth Thrummy: "Sir, I naething saw
 That did me ony ill ava."
 "Weel," quoth the laird, "ye now may gang;
 Ye ken the day's nae verra lang;
 In the meantime it's calm and clear,

Ye lose your time in biding here."
 Quoth Thrummy: "Sir, mind what I tell,
 I've mair right here than you yoursell;
 Sae till I like I here sall bide."
 The laird at this began to chide.
 Says he, "My friend, ye're turning rude."
 Quoth Thrummy, "I'll na claim make good;
 For here I just before you a'
 The rights o' this estate can shaw;
 And that is mair than ye can do."
 "What?" quoth the laird, "can that be true?"
 "'Tis true," quoth Thrummy, "look and see;
 D'ye think that I wad tell a lie?"
 The Parchment from his pouch then drew
 And doon upon the table threw.
 The laird at this up to him ran,
 And cry'd: "Whar did you get them, man?"
 Syne Thrummy tald him a' the tale,
 As I've tald you, baith clear and hale.
 The laird, at this, was fidgin' fain
 That he had gat his rights again,
 And fifty guineas down did tell,
 Beside a present frae himsell.
 Thrummy him thank'd, and syne his gowd
 Intill a muckle purse he stow'd,
 An' cramm'd it in his oxter pouch,
 An' syne sought out his aiken crutch;
 Says, "Fare ye weel, I maun awa',
 An' see gin I get thro' the sna'."
 "Weel, fare ye well," replied the laird,
 "But how comes it ye hanna shar'd,
 Or gi'en your neiber o' the money?"
 "Na, by my saul, sir," then quo' Thrummy,
 "When I the siller, sir, did win,
 (To ha'd in this wad be a sin)
 Afore that I the ghaist had laid,
 The nesty beast had fyle't the bed."
 And sae my tale I here do end;
 I hope no one it will offend.
 My muse will na assist me langer,
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,
 But now she's come to sic a pass
 That a' my cudgelling and weeping
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping:
 To plague her mair I winna try,
 But dight my pen, and lay it by.

REV. DAVID BURNS.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr Burns we are able to present an interesting novelty, a memento of his University days, when "A Poet's Grave" was the Prize Poem in Professor Blackie's class, as it is an admirable effort which will appeal powerfully to the finer feelings of every true son of Angus. Mr Burns

writes many charming little poems, which appear in various periodicals, and has for years been a contributor of articles to *The Quiver*. "Sayings in Symbols," a lately published volume of Essays suggested by Bible Figures of Speech, has had a most cordial reception, and stamps its author as one of the "coming men" of his denomination and times.

The descendant of a family that claimed kindred with the most illustrious bearer of its honoured name, Mr Burns was born at Montrose in 1847. His youth was passed in the office of a lawyer; but the call of the church drew him into another arena, and he sought at Edinburgh University, and the Theological Hall of the U.P. Church, the equipment necessary for his life work. Linlithgow was the scene of the young minister's labours, and six years' successful work in that historic town prepared him for a further term of service at Aberdeen. In 1887 he entered on the charge which has so prospered under his care, the founding of a new congregation at Nithsdale, a suburban district of Glasgow, where he ministers with increasing acceptance to a large and influential congregation.

A POET'S GRAVE.

(George Beattie, the Author of "John o' Arnha," died by his own hand in a little burying-ground on the seashore below St. Cyrus, and was buried there.)

The World grown weary of his noisy toil,
Fair bright-eyed Day, his loving help retreats;
And even, while we still can see afar
Her golden tresses streaming in the West,
Comes Night, the sober Night, with queenly
 tread,
And woos him for a while with coy caress,
Then gently lays him in her dusky breast,
And holds him hushed, until the handmaid
 Dawn
Leads in the blooming day, and bids her flee.

The Sea sleeps placid on his sandy bed;
And as he sleeps, the moon lits up his face
In countless dimpling smiles. Upon the scene,
Heaven's thousand glancing eyes are bent in
 love.

We bow to Midnight-Beauty's soothing sway,
But *thou*, O weary one, no rest, no peace
Is thine. Thy Soul, sore tempest-tossed and
 driv'n,

Has snapt its bands, and rushes all unmanned
Through swelling seas. The coldly oozing
 sweat,

And quiv'ring trace of inward agony
That shoots athwart thy face, bespeak thy
 pain.

Awhile thou stand'st upon this lonely spot,
And gazest on the holy majesty
Of moonlit earth and sea, and sparkling
 heaven.

But for a moment lulls the rage within.
A moment's calm, and throbs the pulse again,

And seethes the brain, with pangs unbearable.
Ah! rashly, now, he grips Death's icy hand,
And lays it on his heart to still its pain.
The worn Soul, weary of its earthy home,
Hath ta'en the darkling road, and wings its
 way

To where it cares not. Grant it may be peace!

And *here* thou took'st thy last farewell of earth!
And here they buried thee! A Poet's Grave!
Methinks it is indeed a place most meet,—
This hidden spot, afar from busy sounds,
Close by the lone seashore. The tow'ring
 Cliff—

A watcher old and grey,—with giant arms
Flings o'er thy peaceful couch a shady pall.
All round, the mighty sea. Dost thou not
 hear,

E'en now, the endless roll of Ocean's dirge?
And hear'st thou not the low wail of the winds
That glide amongst the graves, and as they
 kiss

Thy lowly tomb, give voice to plaintive cries?

Oft did we sit amidst these mouldering tombs,
Where humble headstones, left to tell of names
Once dear to some, have yielded up their trust,
And lie themselves within the unmarked
 graves:

Where pillars that once rose with lofty heads
Amongst the lowly tombs of villagers,
And vainly sought yet to maintain the pride
That Death had set beneath his iron heel,

Lie now all scattered wide, half-hid amongst
The long rank grass. But 'tis not so with all.
There is a tomb in shining granite reared,
With sculptured name unscathed by gnaw of
Time;

Off have we clung upon its 'fending rail
And spelt the hero's name, and read that he
Who lay below, undreaming of the fray,
Once led the bloody rage on that famed field
Where Britain gave a World to Liberty.
And in our youthful minds and simple love,
The name of Straton, him of war's renown,
Was linked with Beattie's; he who erst had
sung

Now boisterously gay, and now in tones
That told of fondly cherished hopes upturn,—
The melting strain that rises quiv'ringly
When dire Despair hath poured his breath
across

The rending chords of some warm heart, once
strung

In sweetest tune. That Song, before the death,
Whose melancholy cadence finds response
Far in the veil'd recesses of our Souls,
Where well the springs of human sympathy.
We loved them both: the man of war whose
hand [sung

Had been in world-great deeds, and him who
The unknown stories of our village home;—
But chiefly him. Here, in this lonely spot,
And in the cherished mem'ries of our youth
They lie together; and we look on this
As sacred ground;—A poet's buried here.

A Poet's grave! Where is the Poet's grave?
Lies he not shined within our inmost hearts?
Lives he not there, and in our solitude
Doth whisper low, strange words of earth and
heaven,

And of ourselves? And in our close commune
He moves our Souls as once did move his own.
And while he lays his finger on the string,
Such music makes he in those lonely hours,
As, when asleep upon the grassy bank
Of some glad rippling stream, we softly dream
Of Fairy-land, and hear the mellowed notes
Of fairy songs come sailing on the breeze.

If dead, he sings; and for each varying mood
He hath a tune. We're glad, and straight
he wakes

A wondrous ecstasy, and earth is heaven,
And heaven to us doth twice resplendent shine.

He gives to Joy her sister Charity,
And men we see arrayed in angel robes:
The radiance of the heart shoots thro' the eyes,
And makes all else grow lustrous as itself.
But dies the light within. And darkness there
Makes gloom without; and men are fallen men.
We're sad, and lie within ourselves, and lo!
His hand is David's on the witching harp.
The soothing sounds brood o'er the turbid deep,
And bring that calm, unmoved repose of soul,
By far more pleasant than the sprightliness
Of merriest joy. Again, we're in the fight—
The sweatful fight of life, and wildly smite,
But smite for self, and heed nor friend nor foe
So be ourselves are safe! And hark! we hear,
High o'er the tumult-cries, the battle-song
Of right and truth, whose strains innervé our
soul

With high resolve, and bid us look with scorn
Upon the fight for self—a coward war.

With joy we join that ever-conquering band
Whose peaceful might shall sway the earth
ere long

And make us princes all.

And is it so?

Then do I say, God's singers never die;
And none can say, "This is the Poet's Grave."
Better to live within the pulsing heart
Of one poor man, than, lost to love, lie dead
Amidst a mighty mass of lifeless stone.

And now perforce we bid these mem'ries cease,
Joyful that, scarce the hardy wildflower's head
Shall rise amongst yon beetling crags, ere we
To that weird spot shall make our pilgrimage:
There oft we've stood and gazed upon the sea
With leaping ripples shimmering in the sun,
While in the morning beams each yellow bent
Hung glist'ning with its load of dewy gems.
Where find a lovelier scene in brighter mood?

ARTHUR CAIRNS.

MR CAIRNS was long engaged in connection with the staple industry of Dundee; and now in his retirement from more active life, enjoys the rewards of that earnest effort which raised him from the operative's to the overseer's platform. His life-long interest in literature secured for Dundee one of the most devoted members of its Burns Club, whose services in this

connection proved of exceptional benefit. An excellent singer and reciter, and a poet to boot, Mr Cairns did more than is possible to many to enliven the meetings of his brethren ; and it goes for the saying that his popularity among them rests on a sure basis. His poetic contributions have not been numerous, but of their kind they are admirable, as one of the most popular of them will show. Mr Cairns was born at Dundee in 1840 ; and with the exception of some years spent in India, has been, as he is now, an esteemed resident in his native city.

THE LAND O' THE BROSE.

Let the Englishman sing wi' pride o' his roast,
And drink to the fame o' the Rose, man ;
But Scotchmen will ever prefer the auld toast,
The land o' the Thistle and brose, man :
There's naething can lay a foundation sae weel,
There's naething can fill up the hose o' a chiel,
Or mak' the red glow owre his countenance steal,
Like the guid halesome coggies o' brose, man.

Chorus : Sae hey for the coggie brimful o' aitmeal,
The kiltie, the plaidie, an' claymore o' steel,
The stay an' the guard o' auld Scotia's weal,
The land o' the thistle an' brose, man !

Langsyne when the Romans invaded oor shores,
They thoct there was nane to oppose, man ;
But better for them they had broken their oars,
Than steered 'mang the sons o' the brose, man :
Sae firm on their mountains, unconquered they stood,
Though claes they were scanty, and manners were rude,
Their strong brawny arms show'd guid halesome food
They had in their coggies o' brose, man.—*Chorus*.

At famed Waterloo, when they ta'en up their place,
An' stood in invincible raws, man,
Nap found that he hadna auld women to face
When he met wi' the sons o' the brose, man :
There, shouther to shouther, they stood on the field,
An' declared they wad dee, but they never wad yield
As lang's they a sword or a musket could wield,
The lads that were fed upon brose, man !—*Chorus*.

Some say that it is the braid girth o' the sea
That keeps us frae dangerous foes, man,
But Scotland will aye be the land o' the free
As lang as she sticks to the brose, man ;
Her braw hardy sons are aye first in the race,
Nae ithers wi' them need attempt to keep pace,
An' the reason o' that you fu' plainly can trace
To their guid halesome coggies o' brose, man.—*Chorus*.

REV. ROBERT HOGG CALDER, M.A.

THERE are few readers of Scottish Poetry to whom the work of Mr Calder is unknown, and there are none of his readers who do not admire his felicitous use of our musical mother tongue. His strength and grace in the

vernacular have had many charming illustrations; we might quote at random, so varied are they; but a favourite example is found in "When the Spring comes in," the opening stanzas of which run as follows:—

Oh, the winter's ill to thole wi' its weary frost an' snaw,
When we crulge around the coal as the snelly breezes blaw;
But when owre the snawless hills comes the balmy wastlan' win',
Ah, we sune forget past ills—when the Spring comes in.

Noo the lambies bleat an' play owre the green and grassy haugh,
An' in wayward gambols stray doon the burn beside the saugh;
An' the minnon in the pool plys his wavy soople fin
Through the burnie, clear and cool—when the Spring comes in.

An' the peewit wisks his wings owre the stoorie, dry, red land,
Whare the sawer stalks, and flings gowden seed-grains frae his hand;
And upon the whinny-knowe bairnies mak' a merry din,
Sportin' round the bleezin' lowe—when the Spring comes in.

Mr Calder, as minister of Glenlivet parish, addresses his immediate public *in propria personâ*; but his poetic advances to the greater constituency through *Life and Work*, *Cumbers's Journal*, the *People's Friend*, etc., are veiled, largely, under various pen names, or the simple initials R. H. C. In 1890 he had printed for private circulation a poem of about a thousand lines, entitled, "The Palace of Health"; another reminder that fractional recognition is no criterion of Mr Calder's poetic activity or variety. In pieces like "The Troot in the Well" the blending of themes is very skilfully managed. The Pictorial predominates, and appeals both to heart and mind; but the Didactic grows out of it so naturally that the message is carried before the transition is marked.

THE TROOT IN THE WELL.

Oor granny, langsyne, had a bonnie clear well,
Wi' stanes bigget roun' an' an edging o' fell,
That deep in its bosom the blue heavens showed,
An' summer an' winter unfailingly flowed;
An' among ither things i' the well was a troot,
That the well, ay, an' granny, could ill dae without;
'Twas a braid-backet troot, an' the fourth o' an ell,
I should warrant, in length, was the troot i' the well.

When saft to the wellside we laddies wad creep,
We whiles wad get just a short, wonderin' peep
O' the troot ere it hidel, sae sonsy an' fat,
Wi' its fins an' its braw supple tail an' a' that;
We fain wad ha'e caught it by hook or by hand,
But durstna, for granny's stern threat an' command;
Indeed, I maist think she had cast a bit spell
O' protection around the big troot in the well.

For the well had its ain share o' worms an' o' snails,
An' o' queer ugly things wi' lang legs an' lang tails,
That, gin nae held in check, wad a multitude grown,
An' the vermin wad soon made the whole well their own;

An' gran' was partic'lar—she couldna be sure,
 Gin' the trout wasna there, that the water was pure ;
 For a guardian o' health an' a champion to quell
 Ilka breeder o' filth was the troot i' the well.

In man there's a striking similitude found ;
 His heart is a well where unclean things abound,
 Where the thoughts and desires and emotions of sin
 Pollute and befoul the dark waters within ;
 And grace is an influence, active, unseen,
 That strives the heart waters to purge and keep clean,
 That, diligent, visits each chamber and cell
 With sweetening force like the troot i' the well.

The world is a well where the wicked and vile
 Their wickedness work an' the waters defile ;
 They creep and they crawl out of sight and in view,
 Corrupting and tainting the waters all through ;
 And the righteous man is set down among those,
 Their evil effects to resist and oppose,
 Undeified by the world, in the world though he dwell,
 Its safety and health, like the troot i' the well.

Mr Calder is a native of the parish of Durris, where his father was a farmer, and where, till about his twentieth year, he was engaged in the labour of the agriculturist. In 1869 he entered on a course of clerical study at Aberdeen and Fochabers ; and in 1872 he became a student in Aberdeen University. As a bursar and prizeman Mr Calder was fortunate and distinguished ; and having graduated in Arts, in 1877 he entered on the study of Divinity. His course was one of distinction, and he was licensed at Aberdeen in 1880. At the mission station, Finzean, and at Cullen, Mr Calder began a hopeful ministerial career ; and in 1883 he was called to occupy his present honourable position.

RED BEARD'S WELL.

Of Red Beard's Well beside the path
 From Dores to Howe of Mearns,
 A picture clear my memory hath
 Of moors and bogs and cairns ;
 Of tall luxuriant grass that grows
 Rank o'er the shaking "swell,"
 At head of which perennial flows
 The tawny Red Beard's Well.
 This spot, 'tis said, in days of yore
 A mighty giant knew,
 Who passing travellers harassed sore,
 And ruthless robbed and slew,
 Till 'neath a cunning packman's thud
 At last he weltering fell,
 And grimly died, and 'tis his blood
 That tinges Red Beard's Well.
 And likewise here in days bygone
 The Brownie had his home,
 And Will o' Wisp, so wierd and lone,
 Has oft been seen to roam ;

And here, 'mong heath and mountain flowers,
 The fairies loved to dwell,
 And revels held in moonlight hours
 On turf by Red Beard's Well.
 What youthful bands would hither fare,
 When beamed the bright May day,
 The boon of health and luck to share
 And homage meet to pay.
 And here what lads and lasses' lips
 Have tasted, who can tell ?
 And found such nectar quite eclipse
 The cream of Red Beard's Well.
 How changed the world is since the time
 When o'er this Roman road,
 With arms and speech of southern clime,
 The Roman soldier trod !
 But here how little changed the scene—
 The hills, the heathy fell—
 Since quenched the Roman's thirst had been
 Perchance at Red Beard's Well.

Man's life is but a speck in time,
 Abiding hath he none ;
 To-day he blooms in youthful prime.
 To-morrow he is gone.

But thou nor age nor change dost know,
 And, till Time's own death knell,
 Unspent, unflagging still shall flow
 Thy fount, O, Red Beard's Well.

JOHN CAMERON.

FOR many years John Cameron was a well-known character in Dundee, where he acted the kindred parts of Bagpipe-maker, Bagpipe-player, and rhymster. Mr A. C. Lamb, the eminent Dundee Antiquary, Author, and Book Collector is in possession of a number of Cameron's effusions ; and we are indebted to Mr Lamb for the specimens presented, and for the information available regarding their author. His father was a Lochaber man, and was a piper in the regiment that served with Abercromby in Egypt. John was born on the return from that campaign, but it is stated that he never knew his parents. The greater part of his life was spent in Dundee, where he was piper to the Dundee Highland Society, and to Lord Douglas's Guard. For some time before his death, which occurred from his own act in 1850, his mind became slightly deranged, and a premonition of his demise, doubtless, prompted him to the preparation of this most startling of epitaphs :—

“ Here lies John Cameron, Pipe-maker in Dundee ;
 A clausman true and Piper keen was he,
 And though he's gaen, and soon may be forgotten,
 His pipes will skirl when his auld banes are rotten.
 He was a genius, taught at Nature's school,
 Considered wise, but lived and died a fool ! ”

THE BARD'S ALARM.

Air—“ Jenny's Bawbee.”

Come, Willie lad, my comrade dear,
 Ye'll gie's a sang our hearts to cheer ;
 What canty sang ye needna spier—
 Its Burns beats them a'.

For blithe an' cheerie did he sing,
 Till hills an' dales an' woods did ring ;
 There's no a bard could Burns ding,
 He was sae gude an' braw.

An' gin a bardie now-a-days
 Attempts to sing auld Scotia's praise,
 Ilk jeerin' carl, tauntin', says,
 His sangs are blethers a'.

An' owre he'll read them wi' disdain,
 An' to his face he will maintain
 That he ilk kind an' couthy strain
 Frae Burns stealt awa'.

But Scotia's beds to Scots belang,
 An' maybe we may prove them wrang,
 An' sing them yet some canty sang
 That Burns never saw.

For by my faith, to speak the truth,
 Although o' sangs he made a fouth,
 It isna for his modest mouth
 He's roused by great an' sma'.

Some o' his sangs are rude, I think ;
 He sings o' maids, he sings o' drink ;
 O fy ! for shame ! that folk should wink
 At sic unseemly jaw.

An' yet, for a', some will protest
 That Burns o' bardies is the best,
 An' scoff an' sneer at a' the rest,
 An' sair their sangs misca'.

But, injured bardies, never mind ;
 Auld Scotia yet may still be kind,
 An' round your brows her thistle bind
 When merit ye may shaw.

Then here's a health to ilka bard,
 Wi' pleasure may his sangs be heard,
 An' Scotia's sons their worth regard,
 Gif worth they ha'e ava.

MRS ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.



THE LOCHEE POETESS, as Mrs Campbell has often been styled, was introduced to the public as a literary phenomenon by the Rev. George Gilfillan, in the critical introduction which he furnished to the collection of her poems, edited by Mr P. Whytock, and published by Elliot, Edinburgh, in 1875, under the title, "Songs of my Pilgrimage." Her writings and autobiography were warmly commended by the great critic; and all who know them read in them those qualities which secure for their author a place of distinction among writers of the class which culminates in Janet Hamilton, that most admirable of lowly Scottish women,

and one of the sweeter singers of the humbler choir that glorifies the native muse.

Elizabeth Campbell was not Janet Hamilton's equal intellectually, but in their poetry, and in their life struggles these two remarkable women had much in common. Theirs was the joy of acquaintance and fellowship too, and in his introduction Gilfillan gives us a graphic sketch of their mutual interchange of soul within the home of the blind genius at Coatbridge. Mrs Campbell's poems reveal a spirit of wondrous power and tenderness; and when their writer's lowly birth, toilsful training, and laborious life are considered, admiration may well grow the keener that these untoward circumstances have left so little for the critic to annihilate, and so much for the true-hearted to enjoy. Gilfillan deemed her short and touching autobiography "enough to stamp her a woman of genuine genius," and instances several little touches of singular power and beauty. Perhaps no better introduction to the specimens which we cull from Mrs Campbell's writings could be found than may be gathered from that simple story of her life. Let us quote a few parallel passages from that and from the poems, leaving the whole to win its way by its inherent force and attractiveness alone.

"I was born on the 11th February, in the year 1804, at the Quarryhead, by the ruins of the old Castle Vane, belonging to the Lindsays of Edzell. At the time there was a severe snowstorm. My father, whose name was James Duncan, was a ploughman, with two sons and six daughters. I am the fifth; and a little brother lies in the churchyard of Tannadice. In that parish I was born, and in that church I was baptized."

And low is the murmur, sweet Noran, in thee,
When thou first tak'st thy journey to roll to the sea;
Down through the green banks where my birthplace I claim—
I was born on thy banks, O! my pure Noran stream.

"That great kail-yard in a wilderness was the paradise of my childhood. No other spot on earth has ever borne such a charm for me as that old feudal

castle, with its towers and turrets, gun-holes, woods, wells, and mossy brooks, where me and my baby sister wandered so lonely, hunting for water hens and wild ducks among the grassy hillocks, wading for water lilies, and wandering in the moor among the sweet heather bells and the golden broom."

By the old castle ruins on the gray corrie rock,

O ! roll on, clear Noran, 'mid hazel and claes ;
 May bright shine the sun on thy wild flowery braes,
 Where wild rose and hawthorn scent the soft gale
 That wafts on its wings the loved sound of the bell
 Of the old village church, where a child I was given
 In baptismal pledge to our Father in heaven ;
 To that church and its grave-yard oft memory will fly,
 For my mother and brother there silently lie.

"I never knew the loss of my mother. Her death was to me like a dream. . . . I went out to service when I was seven years and three months old. I got a quarter at the white seam in my ninth year, and that is all the schooling I ever got while at home. My first service was of the lowest kind ; my master was a ploughman, and my work was to fetch the cow to and from the farmer's cattle, shear grass to her on the river's bank, and gather a load of whins, as much as I could carry on my back. I had also to wash the dishes, dress two children, and spin six cuts of linen yarn daily. My wages were six shillings in the half year, and my stepmother washed my clothes. I could not tell how miserable I felt in that strange ugly hovel—me that had such a strange love for the beautiful."

Time rolled ; my infant day
 Was comfortless and drear ;
 And when as a child I ceased to play,
 Things different did appear.

Life woke me from my childish dreams,
 They fled on downy wings ;
 My castles built of Fancy's beams
 Fell with my fairy kings.

"I got a year at home, and my quarter at the white seam. I then went to my second service in my ninth year. I was no more at home afterwards in my father's house—the dear old thatched cottage of my childhood—where I thought trees as high as hills, and half a mile the length of a hundred. . . . That has aye been my earthly paradise, where my dear old father gathered his motherless children around the family altar and taught us the end we were born for was to serve the living God. . . . And I bless him now that he taught me not to waste a crumb that was useful to man or beast. . . . Bless my father ! he was a man with the fear of God in his heart, and might have been a model to a nation—a Noah or an Abraham for setting an example."

The cuckoo and the swallow swift
 Their yearly visits paid
 To cheer my low and lonely lot—
 A little moorland maid.

Barefooted on those benty banks
 In summer days I trod,
 In musing mood with solitude,
 And dreamy thoughts of God.

"I grew up and served as maid at various farms, and from them got into higher situations. One was with an Indian Nabob . . . and another in

Edinburgh. . . . I went to France with the Grays of Carsegray, near Forfar, and stayed for about two years near St. Malo. . . . After I was at another place or two, I was married at Brechin, by the Rev. Mr Gray, to William Campbell, who was a flaxdresser to trade. Before this I had learned to work at the handloom; and after I was married I filled pirns to four weavers for two years when my boys were wee toddlin' things. My life has been full of toils and sorrows so many and so deep that I never could tell them. We lived after our marriage at Brechin for a number of years, and then came to Arbroath, where we stopped till my daughter and myself came to live in Lochee. My husband had an accident, by which for a long time he was never able to work, and which at last brought on his death. . . . I had four sons and four daughters. All my sons are now in the grave. . . . God has brought me through the furnace, but He gave me strength to bear what was laid upon me. . . . I will wait with patience till God's good time will come."

Mrs Campbell died at Lochee in 1878. She was a credit to her sex, and an honour to her native country; and we warmly commend her life and writings to the attention of any to whom they may not be familiar. Her poems were originally published at Arbroath in four little booklets, which appeared at intervals of some years.

THE SANG O' SPRING.

I am comin', I am comin',
I am singin' owre the sea,
And the merry woods are ringin'
A welcome back to me;

To spread the grassy carpet
Upon the meadow green,
To breathe upon the blossoms
Yet a brichter, richer sheen.

O, I bring ye blooms o' crimson,
An' flowers like flakes o' snaw,
To mind ye o' the angels,
When doon your saut tears fa'.

For me the gowanie's lauchin',
Upon the sunny brae,
An' the little birds are daffin'
In their nests up i' the tree.

High in the lift the laverock
Is singin' to the sun;

The swallows hail the e'enin',
An' the burnies bicker doon.

The busy bees are bummin'
Sae blithely an' sae free;
The bats an' hoolets thrummin'
Their dowie sangs wi' glee.

The curlew's in her nest,
In the cliff abune the sea;
The bonnie bride is dressed,
But a tear is in her e'e.

There's mony mithers greetin'
For loved anes far awa',
But I'm comin' noo an' bringin'
A brichter day to a'.

The barque shall spread her sail,
The marriage bells shall ring,
An' there's nought that winna hail
The cheery voice o' Spring.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

O! it's winter, dreary winter now,
The flowers and leaves are dead;
The lonesome birds are weeping all,
For ice-bound is their bread.
And to my naked hawthorn tree
The snow, a white shroud, clings;
Hushed is the Robin's minstrelsy,
And weary are his wings.

I love him for his shining breast,
And his rich melodious lays
That rang so sweet through the busy street
In the golden autumn days.
He has left the leafless forest bough,
And the birk tree in the glen,
To brave the smoke and clangour now
Of the city homes of men.

He steals up to my windowsill
 To eat my crumbs of bread,
 And peeps in with his clear black eyes,
 And his pretty listening head.
 I would fain caress the poor wee thing,
 But Robin is aye so shy—
 He mounts upon his dark-brown wing
 When he meets a human eye.

He will not come in to warm his feet,
 Nor shelter from the storm ;
 But by my cot amid snow and sleet
 Is seen his pretty form.
 And out amidst the driving hail,
 When winter's wild winds blow,
 He bravely struggles against the gale
 And the fleecy flakes of snow.

When last he came to my lowly door
 And sang his lullaby,
 Grief was piercing my heart to the core,
 Though tearless was my eye.
 'Twas sorrow to me to hear him sing
 On my little poplar tree,
 When Death spread o'er my cot his wing,
 And stole my son from me.

There was a time when youth and health
 Sat throned upon my brow,
 And the blush rose bloomed upon my cheek :
 'Tis pale and careworn now.
 O ! Robin dear, with the bright, red breast,
 And strange, black, raven eye,
 Still come to me in russet dressed,
 And sing as in years gone by.

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

Roll away, you shining rill,
 Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
 Through the moors and mossy bogs,
 Turn the mills and fill the cogs.

Roll among yon sunny braes,
 'Mid hazel-buds and blooming slaes ;
 Where the housewife's linens bleach,
 By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
 Where the rains in torrents pour ;
 Then the crowflower's gentle bell
 Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
 Bending o'er your gleesome flow ;
 Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
 In your amber floods are seen.

O ! little rill with many a crook,
 Twisting onward to the brook ;
 Singing in your motion ever,
 Making haste to join the river.

You with trailing fragments play,
 Flowing on your watery way ;
 To wimple, dimple, day and night,
 O'er your bed of pebbles white.

Precious are you, laughing thing,
 Onward still you sing and ring ;
 Gushing, rushing, clear and cold,
 You are better far than gold.

You wash the braes in winter time ;
 Up the banks your wavelets climb ;

Rocking, in their beds so deep,
 All the finny tribes to sleep.

Charming rill ! the water elves
 Rest upon your tiny shelves ;
 With shining scale and flashing fin,
 Merrily pop they out and in.

Where clinging cresses tightly clasp
 Reeds and roots within their grasp,
 Are palaces of elf-kings, where
 They may feast on regal fare.

Then doffing boots and spurs of gold,
 When the day is getting old,
 To the hidden nooks they creep,
 Safe and happily to sleep.

At the dawn starts many a fin,
 Leaping light in loch and linn ;
 Underneath the swinging rooks,
 Where their bread is in the brooks.

Dancing down the rushy glen,
 Flowing on through field and fen ;
 Piping to the clouds and stars,
 Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
 In the meadows green it moans ;
 Murmuring in silent shades,
 Whistling through the forest glades.

Tumbling, rumbling, on it wheels,
 Into lovers' corners reels ;
 With a hearty tireless will,
 Onward bounds the busy rill.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song ;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

Leap and run and gaily dance ;
Bright the sunbeams on you glance ;
Dashing down through dale and dingle,
Till you with the salt sea mingle.

DAVID CAREY.

ARBROATH has been most prolific of poets who have not been "rhymers like by chance," but able and successful cultivators of the field of general literature. To this class belongs the subject of this brief notice, David Carey, the author of nearly a dozen volumes of poetry, and of several works in fiction and political pamphleteering. He was born at Arbroath in 1782 ; his father being a thread manufacturer with literary leanings, which resulted in the publication of a volume dealing with the "Principal Articles of the Christian Religion." Thus, Carey seems naturally to have inclined more to evolving threads of thought than to spin those of baser elements ; and so, after visiting Edinburgh and London, he founded, and for some years conducted the *Inverness Journal*, publishing most of his poetry while resident in the Northern Capital. London literary life again claimed him for a time ; but the voluminous bard's career closed prematurely in his native town in 1824. Among Carey's more ambitious efforts is the epic poem "Macbeth," published anonymously in London in 1817 ; but which, on the authority of a contemporary—James Thomson, author of the "History of Dundee"—is freely credited to the Arbroath Bard. A quotation, full of local colour, from this poem, and a ballad taken from the *Poetical Magazine* (1805), will give a fair illustration of Carey's versification.

RESTENNET.

Forward, not far, Restennet's holy spire
Of Priory is seen, around whose walls
The circling lake then rolled its rippling wave:
And here the king, with artful joy, remarked
To those beside, that on that broad lake's
bank
Fair Albyn's foes, whose prowess never yet
Against her marshalled sons had long pre-
vailed,

Once met dread overthrow and fatal seathe ;
That Feredith, the Pictish king of yore,
Surrounded by his painted host, had joined
Our ancestors in fierce encounter there,
And, ere the sun went down, with every
chief
That graced his ranks, in bloody mail was
found
Upon the turf.

DUNNICHEN.

Then clomb Dunnichen's high and woody
brow :
Awhile they stand, till Malcolm's eagle eye
Should scan the distant Bay of Lunan's wave.
Like mouth of Behemoth, or Craken huge,
The Bay's wide mouth engulfed the shining
sea,
And as the sun, yet low, on those high cliffs
Indented deep shone clear, as rows of teeth

These struck the curious eye, and filled the
mind
With tales of fabled monsters, poets' dreams.
No ship with snow-white sail the wave
adorned :
But on the rock the Red Tower's ruined wall,
Gilt by the orient beam, hung as the waned
moon,
Half risen, in autumn, o'er the dusky earth.

DUMBARROW.

Not far from hence, the crumbling towers
 appear
 On cold Dumbarrow's brow—the hateful seat
 Of fell Vanessa, mistress of the land ;
 The Scottish Jezebel, who, strange to tell,
 As hunting on the wold, by hungry wolves
 Was fiercely torn, and furiously devoured ;
 Nor aught of all her limbs, save that right
 hand

Which oft the midnight dagger had thrust
 deep
 In sleeping guest or trembling captive's side,
 Or mixed the baleful poison in the cup,
 Too horrible for ravenous paunch, was
 found ;
 And o'er that limb a monumental stone,
 On which is carved the dreaded tragedy,
 Was raised, a warning of the wrath of God !

THE GREEN LADIE OF THE ABBEY.

The wild rose is blooming, the sweet-briar
 perfuming,

Where slumber the holy and brave ;
 And the slanting gleams of the sun's setting
 beams

Shine sweet on my forefathers' grave.

'Tis where, in ages dim, the sacred hymn
 Was chaunted right holilie
 To the solemn knell of the vesper bell,
 Near Segton by the Sea ;

Where the holy quire bade their songs
 respire,

And plead at the Throne divine ;
 And the virgin in white, at the taper'd rite,
 Bent low at Saint Thomas's shrine ;

Where the priests of yore, in number twenty-
 four,

At the altar continualie
 Call'd the heavens to smile on the blessed pile
 Near Segton by the Sea.

But the songs of Heaven, at morn and even,
 Full long have ceased to swell ;
 Nor shall that holy ground again resound
 The voice of the vesper bell.

The lovely maid, in the twilight shade,
 The youth on the daisied lea ;
 How oft have they sigh'd o'er the ruin'd
 pride
 Of Segton by the Sea !

And wept, as they heard some nameless
 bard,

With wildest minstrelsie,
 Bid them sigh for her fate, while the strains
 relate

The tale of the Green Ladie.

She who is seen, when evening serene
 Shuts the gates of surrounding heaven ;
 Like some spirit unblest, courting the rest,
 The rest of the forgiven.

The moon mounts the sky, and, from battle-
 ments high,

Now scatters a languid smile ;
 Thou com'st from thy tower, at the 'custom'd
 hour,

O Lady of the pile !

Why dost thou roam, sad spirit, the gloom,
 The gloom of the yew-tree's shade ?
 Why dost thou seek, with pallid cheek,
 The mansions of the dead ?

Was thy fate, melancholie, entwin'd with the
 holie

When the torch of the impious glow'd,
 And bigot Zeal put his fiery seal
 To the altars of his God ?

The spirit is fled to its clay-cold bed,
 And vanished all silentlie ;
 For none ever heard, in the lone churchyard,
 The voice of the Green Ladie.

And still shall she glide, at eventide,
 Through the ruin'd Abbey's gloom,
 Till the morn gild the sky, and the day-spring
 from high
 Shall dawn on the night of the tomb.

The blackbird his lay, in the gleams of
 closing day,
 Sings sweet from the greenwood tree ;
 But softer the sigh of the maid with dewy eye,
 And dearer her sweet smile to me.

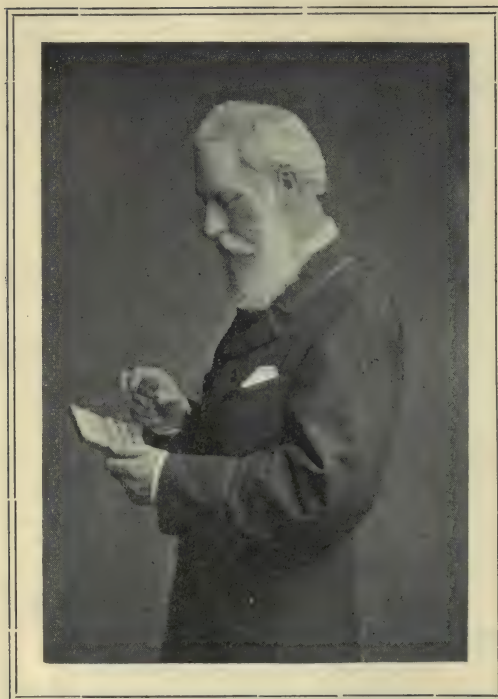
The tears that you shed, my fair Winifred,
 O'er the fate of the Green Ladie,
 O they tremble in your e'e, like the drops of
 At Segton by the Sea. [sympathie

But faster would they flow, didst thou hear
 the tale of woe

Told sweet on the daisied lea,
 When the wild notes resound, and the maidens
 weep around
 Near Segton by the Sea.

CARNEGIE.

THE EARL OF SOUTHESK, K.T.



LORD SOUTHESK occupies a distinguished position among the literary personages of the Victorian era; while as a traveller, a landlord, and a peer of the realm, his experiences have been singularly beneficent and honourable. That nobility of character, and loftiness of aim, which have inspired his varied contributions to literature, have formed the mainsprings of his lordship's life; and his poetry forms the graceful complement of a kindly, refined, and reverent nature. It was a happy thought on the part of a reviewer to remark that "Lord Southesk was not only a poet among lords, but a lord among poets": for there is a wealth of idea and imagery in his lordship's volumes, the subtle influence which we recognise as helpfulness being in the ascendant, and yielding only to that earnestness of

purpose which marks the higher poetic aspirations, and is eloquent of their ultimate success.

James, ninth Earl of Southesk, K.T., Lord Carnegie of Kinnaird and Leuchars, Lord Balinhard of Farnell, and chief of the family of Carnegie, was born at Edinburgh in 1827. He was educated at Sandhurst, obtained a commission there, and served for six months in the 92nd Highlanders and three years in the Grenadier Guards. In 1849 he succeeded his father, Sir James Carnegie, in the Baronetcy created in 1663; the old Scottish Earldom created in 1633, and under attainder since the troublous times of the Jacobite Rebellion, being restored to his lordship in 1855. In 1869 he was created a British Peer, with the title of Lord Balinhard of Farnell, and likewise a Knight of the Thistle; and in 1892 and 1895 respectively the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen. For several years prior to 1856, Lord Southesk acted as Lord-Lieutenant of Kincardineshire, and was occupied with the

re-erection of the family residence, Kinnaird Castle, now one of the architectural glories of Angus.

"Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains: a Narrative of Travel through the Hudson Bay Territory," indicated the pursuits of other periods, and the power of sustained effort in literature which is not the least remarkable of the gifts of this noble author. Several papers on Shakespearian subjects published with this volume gave clear evidence of his lordship's learning and critical acumen: "Herminius," a romance written in youth and published in 1862, may be described as poetry in a prose form: "Jonas Fisher,"—perhaps the most widely known and most popular of his lordship's poetical works,—appeared in 1875; the following year saw the advent of "Greenwood's Farewell"; and a year later that of the "Medd Maiden," and a large selection of shorter poems. Several smaller works, among them the beautiful poem, "Lurida Lumina," have been circulated privately; and in 1884 "The Burial of Isis, and other Poems" was published in one handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, containing, with many additional pieces, most of the poetic work—outside of the "Poem in Brown and White"—which the noble author deems worthy of permanent preservation.

"Jonas Fisher: a Poem in Brown and White" is the full title of his lordship's longest poem, a cheap edition of which has been a welcome literary venture; and which, as many will be pleased to know, may be had, price 1/, from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh. In the experiences and conversations of a lay missionary—Jonas Fisher—and his friend—Mr Grace,—a complete and vivid presentment of the varied social and religious problems of the age is given in terse and virile stanzas of the greatest simplicity of construction. The underlying purpose, throughout, is to enforce and illustrate the scriptural dictum: "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." The true type of woman, and the praises of pure womanhood are depicted thus in Part III. of the poem:—

"Nay! when a woman fain would right
Her sisters' wrongs or raise their state,
Her proper task is work at home
To make men work,—not public prate."

Said I, "It's rather lucky, Sir,
That none of them just now are here;
They'd treat you like that ancient Greek
Whose dogs mistook him for a deer."

"And though I hate a nasty jade,
Her rant and cant and scrape and screw,
I cannot rate the sex as low
As you, Sir, seem inclined to do."

"I, Jonas?—rate them low!" said he,
"Whence could so strange a notion start?
I love and honour womanhood
With all my strength and soul and heart."

"But, e'en as one who took delight
To gaze upon a fountain pure

That mirrored flowers and sun and sky,
Could ne'er be tutored to endure

"That the fair fountain should be made
A village pond and common sink,
A place for ducks and geese to feed,
For hogs to roll and cows to drink,—

"So I, who deem a woman true
The heavenliest thing this world may own:
The purest image of God's life,
The mirror where his love is shown;

"The exquisite ethereal flower
That decks the bareness of the earth,
Whose fragrancy enchants the air,
Whose beauty smiles like angel mirth;

"The pure fair soul, whose tenderness
To heavenly influx sets no bound,
But draws divine afflatus in
And breathes the holy influence round;

"The seeress, whose clear gaze discerns
The good 'midst bad, the bad 'midst good ;
The sacred type of passive power,
The nourisher, the mother-hood ;—

"So I, who judge of woman thus,
Abhor and scorn and execrate
The idiotic sin that seeks
To drag her from her high estate ;

"To rob the world—the universe—
In robbing her of all the train

Of glorious graces of the soul,
For sake of strengthening her brain ;

"That seeks to wreck her noble form,
Great Mother-Nature's type, and bring
A piteous apish form in place,
An acrid, acid, mannish thing."

Here came a pause. At length he said,
"I see we've nearly reached your door,
My way runs yonder—so farewell,—
I trust to look on you once more."

In Part V. there are some extremely suggestive reflections on the nature of true poetry, part of which runs as follows :—

"Pray what may be your metre, Sir ?
For much depends on that, indeed.
I like to go straight on, not stop
To work conundrums, when I read.

"And some fine poets nowadays
To understand I wholly fail,—
Like dogs that make acquaintanceship
Their words walk round each other's tail."

"Be easy as to that," said he.
"My verses have an English ring,
And march with artless, unrefined,
Dactyllic, Anapestic, swing.—

"Now here I see my critic lunge,
And feel a touch above my waist ;
For he who wears a rustic garb
Must suffer for his want of taste."

"Your pardon, Sir," said I ; "although
It may be wrong for me to make
The observation, I must say
I think you're quite in a mistake.

"I think that you are jumbling, Sir,
Your pounds and pennies in one purse.
There is a thing called Poetry,
There also is a thing called Verse.

"And as to Verse no doubt you're right ;
One does expect some skilful feat
From men instructed in a trade,
(Thus I can set shop-windows neat) ;

"And in the trade of building verse,
Like building boats or laying bricks,
One likes to see a little taste,—
Some clever strokes and pretty tricks,

"Some foreign touches here and there,
To show of what the workman's made,—
No ignorant apprentice lad,
But thorough master of his trade.

"But, Sir, to *understand* such work
Is more than common folk can do ;
To know how grand it really is,
Why, you must be a master too.

"Now when I talk of Poetry,
I mean the sort of thing that goes
Straight from an earnest glowing heart,
As water from a fountain flows :

"The sort of thing that is not planned
To seek for praise or shrink from blame,
But, like strong breezes, blessed or cursed
Pursues its journey still the same :

"The sort of thing that boasts no skill
In Hebrew-Greek to prate away,
But shouts plain English in your ears
And tells you all it has to say :

"The sort of thing that would not chant
Foul strains that Earth and Heav'n detest,
But does not stop to pick its words
Where honest coarseness suits it best :

"The sort of thing that does not care
For superfine and white kid gloves,
But comes to people, plainly dressed,
And takes their hates, or wins their loves.—

"Now, Sir, if your poetic brains
Have bred a beast at all like that,
No prudent terrier would presume
To bait it as a silly cat !"

He smiled and answered—"If, indeed,
A beast like that my brains had bred,
I'd straightway go to London town
And show it at a pound a head.

"But speaking plainly,—I suspect
My poem trembles 'twixt two stools ;
Too rough and plain for critics wise,
Too strange and deep for critic fools."

But the charm of the work can no more be conveyed by instalments than light can; nor is it a book projected for the mere delectation of the reader, but a voice to the heart of the social reformer, the philanthropist, and the thoughtful. Perhaps its main design finds truer expression in our closing extract than in those preceding: this occurs towards the finale of the poem, and delineates with great power the transition of a soul from doubt to a condition of perfect trust in the love of God. A scene of utter misery and death is described:—

And then he prayed,
All lonesome in his agony—
“O Lord, O Father, O great Lord,
Oh save my soul from doubt of thee!

“Have not I trusted thee, O Lord?
Have not I loved thee? Ah, wherefore
Dost blight with riddles! Have I loved
A shade, a phantasm?—No more

“My yearning soul shall beat itself
Against the accursed prison walls—
Thou art too mighty, heartless Fate:
See, at thy feet thy captive falls.

“Crush me, oh crush me into nought,
And end for ever all these woes;
Obliterate my utter life,
Crush all that feels, that sees, that knows!—

“And yet, how sweet a thing it was
To deem that soft around me glowed
An infinite exhaustless love;
To fancy that my being flowed

“From Him, love’s fountain,—and was set
To reach ere long its heavenly goal:—
Nay, Lord! reveal thyself again,
Allay this fever of the soul!

“Since when, in youth’s ill-ordered days,
Reflection first began to blend
With fiery earthly impulses,
Lord, I have known thee for a friend.

“The friend, the father-friend, whose eye
Watched all my steps with tireless care,—
Made e’en my sins a benefit,
For pain and sorrow taught me prayer.

“And shall I learn to doubt thee now,
Because of aught that seems apart
From justice in this groaning world?—
I, who have rested on thy heart!

“Thus felt, as one so poor may feel,
The tidal throb of love’s vast sea—
I would not do my foe such wrong,
And shall I do it, Lord, to thee?

“Ah no! whate’er of wretchedness
Befalls thy gentle guiltless ones,
Whate’er of life’s coarse outer joy
Regales thine evil tyrant sons,

“Still shall my glad unwavering trust,
My heart’s love, at thy feet be laid;
My spirit hymn the miracles
To its deep consciousness displayed,

“Through all its earthly wandering
In exile from the sacred shore,—
Whence yet it faintly hears high strains
Of melody, and longs once more

“For entrance to the heavenly home
It left, long weary years ago,
To make apprentice-pilgrimage,
Learn sin,—and sin’s reflexion, woe.”

“Greenwood’s Farewell” presents a phase of the religious problem, and leaves its solution to the thoughtful reader. An aged country gentleman, of large estate, engrossed during his long life with field sports and other rural pursuits, is dying, takes leave of his children, and with his failing strength rejects as irrelevant the professional consolations and monitions of a clerical attendant. The poem closes:—

His breath came short and broken;
Life slowly lost its hold;
His speech was left unspoken,
His tale remained untold.

Some formless words he muttered,
And closed his fading eyes,
One feeble moan he uttered,
Then drooped—as if to rise

No more. But all amazing,
He raised himself upright,
With eyes wide open, gazing
At some entralling sight:

Then sudden he upstarted,
And to his feet he sprang;
His lips convulsive parted,
And thus he spake—half sang:—

"My beautiful, my own one, thou comest from above,
 And all my heart is yearning sore for comfort of thy love.
 The years since we have parted have made thee wondrous fair ;
 More bloom upon thy lovely face, more sheen upon thy hair,
 Than in the sweet and sunny day of tender youthful bliss,
 When first thy lips were pressed to mine in one long, loving kiss.
 Say, vision bright and gentle, what message dost thou bring ?
 On thy smooth brow a crown of gold, and on thy hand a ring !
 And over me thou wavest a lily in full blow !
 Thou comest as a herald, love, to call me from below.
 But ah ! what mystic regions are now to be explored ?
 I care not, darling,—thou art here to lead me to the Lord.
 I care not : His thou art, love, He will not part with thee ;
 And nought shall ever part us twain, to all eternity.
 And thou wilt guide my spirit far with thine adoring eyes,
 And we shall live and love for aye in lovely Paradise."

He spoke as if transported
 With joy, at death's fair charms ;
 Then sinking, died :—supported
 In sweet Ianthe's arms.

Thus through the cloud that gathers
 A stream of sunshine flows.
 His corpse is with its fathers :
 His soul is—where ? God knows.

From "Ben Dixie"—the story of the reclamation of a drunken young farmer through the love of a true woman—we extract a charming description of home scenery, inspired—like the author's well known poem, "The Wanderer of Clova,"—quoted in *Modern Scottish Poets*, Vol. I.—by Glen Dole and Aucharn Cottage, Clova. It occurs in Ben Dixie's soliloquy on the conflicting claims of love, with Rose,—and wealth, with Matilda.

What a glorious glen ! I was lost in delight
 As I gazed upon mountains so verdantly bright,—
 The high slopes, and the summits and clefts of the rocks,
 Rich and green as a meadow. Magnificent flocks

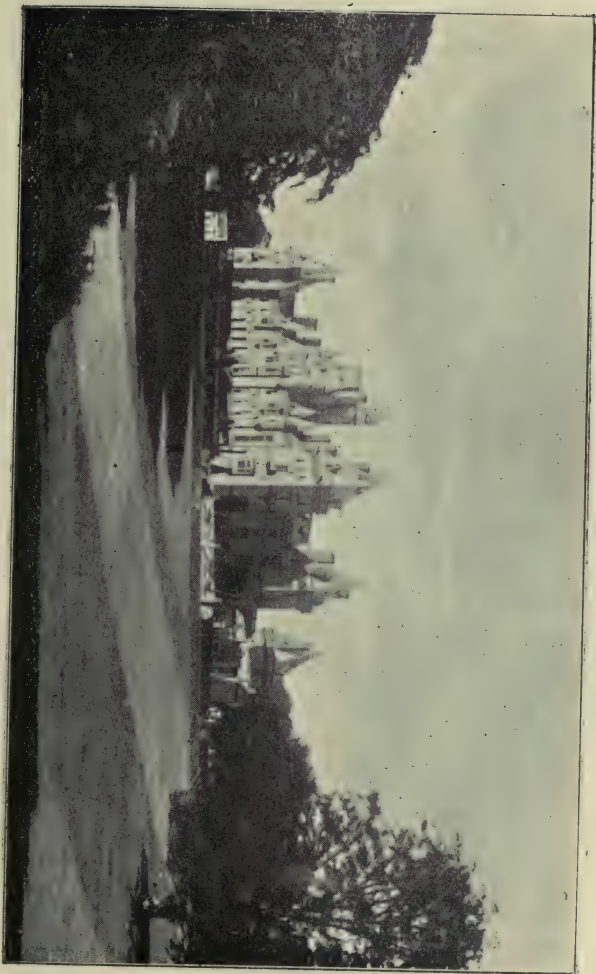
Of trim Cheviots—But halt ! I am moving too slow.
 Dola Lodge was a cottage, long, whitewashed, and low ;
 With a bench near the door,—there I settled to wait
 Till the Squire should come in—he was apt to be late.

So I rested a while. As you well may suppose,
 All the tide of my thinking set strongly to Rose.
 Is she here ? Shall we meet ? Will she count me as friend,
 Or regard me as foe ? If we meet—to what end ?

She can never be mine. Could my spirit agree
 To be chained by her fancies ?—a man must be free !
 Then besides,—about cash—what a world of regret
 You create for yourself if you marry on debt !

Such a horrible nuisance, too, living by rule,
 Doing everything right like a baby at school.
 With Matilda one's life would go smoothly along—
 We could both be content to do everything wrong—

Nearly everything, say,—yet that cuts it too fine,
 'Twould be delicate handiwork drawing the line !
 Then my thoughts made a picture of villainous hue :
 So I stopped,—raised my head, and looked round at the view.



KINNAIRD CASTLE.

From a Photo by James Milne, Aberdeen.

There were crags and great mountains, behind and before ;
 There were rivers that ran with a rush and a roar ;
 And the green level valley lay peaceful and still,
 Dotted over with cattle that wandered at will.

O, how pleasant the scene !—it must surely be best
 To surrender excitement for innocent rest.
 What is wealth—a poor movable thing like a glove—
 To compare with the treasures eternal of love !

In "The Chamorra"—in Portuguese, literally, one with shortly cropped hair—we have the unfolding of a tragic legend of Portuguese peasant life. Here is the description of the Chamorra :—

One morn, ere earliest vapours breaking
 Revealed the glories of the day,
 Behold me on my journey, making
 Pontê de Lima nearer, waking
 The echoes with a joyous lay.

The road led through a valley small,
 Whose crags enclosed a furious river :
 Passing around a rocky wall,
 Near to a shadowed waterfall,
 I saw a sight that made me quiver !

Lonely and sad in the depths of the dell,
 Where the wild waterfall, bounding to hell,
 Poured out its wrath with a thunderous might,
 There rested a woman,—close mantled in
 brown,
 Mobled and muffled from sandal to crown,
 Earthy-brown blood-colour,—fronting the
 light.

Wan o'er her face a pale sunbeam was
 creeping,
 Closed were her eyelids, as though she were
 sleeping,
 Yet in her restfulness seemed she to wake.
 Through the wide folds of her russety
 raiment—
 Muddy and wayworn, with many a frayment
 Shredded and rent in the thorn-bearing
 brake—

Through the brown raiment her hands were
 displayed,
 Spread to the sunbeam that slid through the
 shade,—
 Hands that were slender and bony and
 white—

White as the snow,—and they pendulous hung,
 Moved to the beat of her pulses, and swung,
 Basking like snakes in the chilly-warm light.
 Struck with amazement, and sore dismayed,
 Back from her nearness myself I flung,
 And prayed to the Saints in a sickly fright.

She opened her eyes and fixed them on me
 With a blinking stare that was strange to see :
 Brown were her eyes—or gray—or green,—
 Narrow and long,—and they took the tints
 Of the lights that wander in luminous flints,
 Rainbow dull-patterned in hyaline,—

And aslant they went o'er her milk-white cheek.
 She moved her mantle. Her hair was sleek,
 And silvery fulvous flecked with brown ;
 'Twas short as the slippery fur of the mole
 That clutches his prey in the darksome hole,
 And soft it seemed as the sea-bird's down.

Oh ! she bewitched me : I lost my fears
 As I gazed on her beauty. Her delicate ears
 Were long and limber, as if to seize
 The faint little breath of a coming sound
 That speaks of a wild thing's distant bound
 In secret places among the trees.

Red were her lips, for the blood within
 Bloomed through the half-transparent skin.
 She opened her mouth with a stealthy smile,—
 And I saw that her teeth were white as
 the day,
 As they gleamed in the sun like a bright array
 Of preening swans on a jasper isle.
 She fixed my eyes, and they could not stray ;
 I could not tear myself away,
 Although my spirit foreboded guile.

"Complete and Incomplete" is a poem on the loftier aspects of art, a subject which his lordship handles with the knowledge and power of a master. "Britain's Art Paradise," a powerful pamphlet published in 1871, is a splendid proof of this. The little work obtained the warm approval of that

eminent writer Mr Ruskin, and it is understood that its strictures were potent to the extent of causing subsequent alterations on several of the pictures to which critical reference was made. The close of the poem furnishes a fine tribute to the genius of Albert Durer, with special reference to his magnificent "Melencolia." It ends thus:—

Woe is the divinest thing
Moving in this world of ours,
God's own messenger to bring
Higher gifts and loftier powers;
Woe is the inspiring breath
Wafted from the angel Death.

Likewise Joy is fair and good,
Breathing on a soul at rest,—
Heaven's high purpose understood,
Perfect patience in the breast:
Earth's poor angel, Sensuous Joy,
Dances deathward—fortune's toy.

—Thus great Durer's work conveys
Truth, to holiest spirits known;
Thus the Hellenist displays
Beauty, of this earth alone:
High-imperfect, low-complete,
Both of them our love shall greet.

Endless is the world of art:
Fellow-mortals! love, I pray,
Beauty with your joyous heart;
Spurn not therefore Truth away:
Love the lovely, all above;
All things lovely deem that love.

In the poem "Coulén Forest" this description of a fine stag's head occurs:—

Well shot! True course the rushing cone
has made:

He shrinks: he stops: he droops his stately
head.

Slow moves his faltering limbs: in vain he
tries

To evade his doom: he sinks, no more to rise.

Oh joy! Behold his antlers' ample round:

Crowned are their summits—yea, and doubly
crowned.

No shepherd's staff their mighty span could
cross,

Rough as the rock, black as the inky moss;
Brow, bay, and tray, each point complete
appears—

A range of bayonets,—nay, a plump of spears!
Ah! what a strong delight my being fills:
Pale grow the memories of a thousand ills:
Let griefs and losses, sickness, cares, combine
To sap my life—this hour at least is mine!

Prayer is beautifully apostrophized in "Fatherly Counsel":—

Prayer is a thing for every purpose good,
For feast celestial, or for daily food;
A balm for sorrow, and a zest for joy;
A moment's solace, or an hour's employ;
A solemn sacrifice on bended knee,
The speechless groan of utmost agony;
The strong ejaculation swiftly sent,
The frameless whisper of a sweet content;
The mingling voice of many Heav'nward
thrown,

The secret sigh of one with God alone.
Prayer is the cherub that exultant brings
Man's noblest needs before the King of kings;
Prayer is the seraph that indulgent flies
To bear man's feeblest crave to sacred skies:
In work or play, in happiness or care,
Mix prayer with every thought, and thought
with prayer.

"The Meda Maiden" is a picturesque narrative of the call and commission of an American Indian seeress of the Ojibeway tribe. The structure and character of the work will be understood from these extracts:—

Gladly did the wistful mother
Watch the flame so nigh to smother—
Life's fair flame—grow broad and bright.
"Child," she said, "thy Spirit-Master
Keeps thee safely from disaster,
Leads thee to the mystic light.

"Say, my child, hath dream or vision
Taught thee true the dread decision
Spoke by him, the Spirit's lord?
Nought concealing, tell me truly;
Thus my soul shall ponder duly,
Weigh the Manito's award."

Then the maiden—"Mother, hear me.
Evenings twain there wandered near me
Spirits breathing airs that thrill;
And as darksome shades were falling
Softly came a sound of calling,
Gentle as a distant rill.

"Mild was the voice as a rill that is running
Slow through the meadow-grass, stealthily
shunning [roaming,
Wafts of the wind that would ruffle its
Wilderness rocks that would fret it to foaming.
Musical, chill was the sound, as the breezes
Whirling the snow when it sparkles and
freezes,
Dread in its gentleness, fateful and tender,
Moving in measures of rhythmical splendour.
'Come to me, maiden,' the Spirit was crying,
'Thou in thy weakness so desolate lying;
Fainting and famishing, lonely and cheerless,
Come to me, child of the faithful and fearless!'

"I went to the voice: lo! a pathway was
gleaming,
Like silver the track of its delicate beaming,
As cold as the northerly brightness that blazes

And fitfully dances in mystical mazes.
Far flashed the path, without winding or
turning,
Straight to the stars in the firmament burning:
Upward and upward along it I glided,
Urged by the power that upheld me and
guided.

Wan on my left a refulgence was lying,
Diffused by the sun in that hour of his dying;
Broad on my right broke a radiance incessant,
Cast by the moon from the crown of her
crescent.

All-bright, where the rays were most widely
expanding,

A woman majestic was movelessly standing.
Sacred she seemed as the Manito's daughter,
Round was her voice as the rolling of water,
Strong came her words, like the roar of a river;
'I am the Woman that liveth for Ever. [thee;
Thus am I named. With my name I endow
Gifts for thy people, behold, I allow thee,—
Might o'er diseases, for quelling and curing—
Life to thee long among mortals enduring—
Life with the deathless in splendour eternal.
Go! thou art called to the glory supernal.'"

We have here a remonstrance with missionaries who impose ugliness on
their converts:—

Gone is all her brave apparel,
Bright with beads that seemed to carol
Choruses of Nature's song:
Gone the garb of rare devices,
Snowy-white, with paradises
Blooming quaintly all along.

Sober now her dress, and gown-like,
Dull, and dim, and dark, and town-like.
—O ye Christian people wise!
Comes your creed from darksome regions
Fraught with sad, despairing legions?
Comes it not from heavenly skies?

Wherefore should your joyful tidings
Bring the outward signs of chidings
Grievously by sinners borne?
Know ye not that Christ is risen,
Wherefore haunt ye then the prison
Reft by Him in glorious scorn?

All things beautiful, all things winning,
All that shames the shade of sinning,
Take them as the Christian's own;
Hues of early Eden bowers,
Hues of forests, fields, and flowers,
Take them as the Lord's alone.

O ye Christian folk, be wary,
Tender-souled, discreetly chary,
When with heathen folk ye deal;
Heed not infant superstitions,
Stickle not at babe traditions,—
Break not wood-flies on the wheel.

Leave the lesser weeds agrowing,
Sweet perchance though strangely blowing,
Sure your garden wants not space!
Many a weed by care in tending
Blooms to beauty in the ending;
Spare small faults to save great grace.

"The Burial of Isis," a romance of early Celtic times, does not easily lend
itself to quotation: we give the following pathetic episode as indicative of its
general form. A Pictish warrior has carried off a Roman-British maiden:—

Then I lifted the maid, and I bore her off
To the boats in the sandy bay;
And I brought her safe to Alban's shore;
And I carried her far away,

Across the moor and the wood and wold,
To where I went to dwell.
And there she lived for a year and a day;
In truth I liked her well—

Though her strength was small for the
weighty work,
And few were the words she spake,
And she looked like the lights on moveless
That neither sleep nor wake. [meres,

She would sit and gaze with her yearning
For a whole long summer's day, [eyes,
At the small black image she held so close
When I carried her far away.

'Twas a moon before the fall of the leaf
That she bore me a living child ;

I laid it gently near her breast ;
She looked at it, and smiled—

The only smile that her lips had smiled
Since I brought her over the main ;
Then she sank to rest with the babe on her
breast,
And never breathed again.

So we carried her forth to the old gray stone,
And there her grave did make :
And the small black image she loved so well,
I kept it for her sake.

We give as a specimen of the lyrical pieces which grace the volume :—

SELÈNÉ.

My heart is lifted up on high
At thought of thee—at thought of thee.
All other maids, I pass them by ; [thee !
They've nought of thee—they've nought of

Oh, thou art like the mystic moon,
So gently glad—so gently glad.
Oh, thou art like a tender tune,
So mildly sad—so mildly sad.

The love within thine eye's gray deep,
All Heaven is there—all Heaven is there ;
And gleams of Eden fondly sleep
Within thy hair—within thy hair.

Thy soul upon my soul outflows
So full and free—so full and free,
That all, in most divine repose,
Is filled with thee—is filled with thee.

This series of interesting extracts may fitly close with another charming specimen of Lord Southesk's shorter pieces, the last two stanzas of which are printed here for the first time :—

FAREWELL TO GLEN-CLOVA.

A heaven of blue and silver sheen
Comes smiling in the sky ;
Black mists are rolling off, between
The distant and the nigh.

And o'er the craggy eastward vale
Vast ships of vapour sweep,
And soar away with golden sail
Above the mountain steep.

Unrestful as the airs that blow
Those vapours on their track,
Down the long valley I must go
And never turn me back.

Farewell ! I follow to the main
The gray and glassy river ;
Nor look upon my hills again
For ever, and for ever.

The bent of Lord Southesk's studies during the past eighteen years has been largely of an antiquarian nature, in the course of which he has formed a large collection of ancient gems and cylinders. Numerous letters and papers by his lordship have appeared in mediums like the *Athenæum* and *Academy*, and in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland"; and in 1893 his lordship published a book entitled, "The Origins of Pictish Symbolism," designed to show that these mysterious symbols are more probably of Scandinavian than of any other origin. The study of Ogam and Gnostic inscriptions and their kindred difficulties is no light task however fascinating it may be; and taken in conjunction with those other labours which we have indicated, it is eloquent of the vigorous and varied intellect of the noble sage of fair Kinnaird.

CARNEGIE.

LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THERE can be but one opinion regarding the position of Lady Charlotte Elliot among Scottish writers; and her native county of Angus is honoured by the inscription of her ladyship's name on its poetic records. Born at Kinnaird Castle in 1839, she was reared amid the sweetest of Scottish environments, and gave early indications of that intellectual power and literary aptitude which distinguished her published writings. In 1860 she married Thomas F. S. Fotheringham, Esq. of Powrie and Fotheringham, head of one of the oldest landed families in Angus, their son succeeding to the estates on the death of his father in 1864. That the widowed lady found some solace in poetry was evident from the publication in 1867 of "Stella, and other Poems," the pensive, sweet melancholy of whose numbers is seen to advantage in the tender lyric which we reproduce from that work:—

WHITE LILIES.

Pale on her grave
Grows a tall lily,
Over it rave
Winds bleak and chilly.

Lone blooms it there,
As she was lonely,
Mournful and fair,
Loved by me only.

E'en the rude wind
Leaves it, scent-laden;
So, ever kind
Wert thou, pale maiden.

Of blossom bereft,
Dead it is lying.
What then is left?—
Sorrow and sighing.

Fair is thy bloom,
Flower paradisa! :
Pure, in thy tomb,
Wait thine uprisal.

Waken, and stand
In Heaven's own portal;
Bear in thy hand
Lilies immortal.

A year after the publication of this volume, the Lady Charlotte married Frederick B. Elliot, Esq., son of the late Sir George Elliot, K.C.B. Lady Charlotte Elliot published in 1878 "Medusa, and other Poems," from which we extract a beautiful and picturesque piece that has been generally esteemed and admired, and which was a favourite with its gifted authoress:—

LOCH MAREE.

The heather, oh! the heather!
How fair is the bloom of the beautiful heather
That reddens the hills in the August weather,
Far, far away from here;
Where the clouds are like fairy fleeces, spun
From golden rays of the setting sun,
And mists lie light on the mountain-side,
Like garments of gauze in a rainbow dyed,
And the evening glow shines clear
In the crystal waters quiet and cool
That are set in the depths of each rock-girt pool
Like diamonds fair to see;
And, bright as the glorious floor of Heaven,
The floor of the city with jewels paven,
Lies lovely Loch Maree!

The heather, oh! the heather!
Long years ago, 'mid the blooming heather
My brothers and sisters and I together
Were happy all the day;
With bonnetless heads and with shoeless feet,
We sought the ripe blaeberries sourly sweet,
Or splashed in the burn, or waded across,
Or twined the long trails of the stag's-horn moss;
Till, tired of quiet play,
We ran down the hill in a merry race,
My brother Hugh, and my sister Grace,
And I, and Kate my twin;
And when evening fell, by the loch's dim shore
We watched for the sound of the splashing oar
When father's boat came in.

The heather, oh ! the heather !
 Far, far from the sight of the blooming heather
 I was borne away, like a wind-blown feather,
 To the dark and dreary town ;
 For sickness and woe to our home came nigh,
 And Katie and Grace in the kirkyard lie,
 And my father went out with my brother Hugh
 On the stormy loch when the fierce winds blew,
 And we saw them sink and drown.
 So now I must work for my mother and me,
 And the fatherless baby that lies on her knee,
 And I sew, and sew, and sew,
 Till my breath comes short with the pain at
 my heart,
 And my fingers are sore, and my eyelids smart
 With tears that dare not flow.

The heather, oh ! the heather !
 I dreamed a dream of the blooming heather ;
 It came in the night, but I know not whether
 I was indeed asleep :
 Methought that my body upon my bed
 Lay quiet and chilly and white and dead,
 But three fair angels were bearing me
 Far over the land, far over the sea,
 Far over the mountains steep ;
 The clouds flew past us, fleecy and fleet,
 And oh ! the wild wind from the hill was sweet
 Through swaying fir-tops driven :
 " Oh ! tell me," I said, " to what land we go " ;
 And the angels made answer in murmurs low,
 " We bear your soul to Heaven."

The heather, oh ! the heather !
 The sun shone warm on the blooming heather,
 And the glittering rocks in the golden weather
 Strange glories seemed to win ;
 For the angels had laid me down to rest
 'Mid the fragrant fir on the mountain's breast,
 And I knew, as I looked on each shining face,
 My brother Hugh, and my sister Grace,
 And little Kate, my twin ;
 And they kissed my brow with a gentle kiss,
 And I, in my dream, was a soul in bliss,
 Beside the crystal sea ;
 For there, like the glorious floor of Heaven,
 The floor of the city with jewels paven,
 Lay lovely Loch Maree !

The heather, oh ! the heather !
 All pale grew the light on the blooming heather,
 And I saw the dull mists of the city gather
 Around me, as I woke ;
 And I heard, through the silence, the heavy
 chime
 From the steeple, to warn me of working time :
 On my mother's bosom her baby slept,
 I kissed them softly and forth I crept
 To toil 'mid gloom and smoke :
 But all day long at my weary task,
 In the sweet dream sunshine I seemed to bask,
 My heart felt light and free ;
 The loved lost voices were in my ear,
 And the eyes of my soul saw bright and clear
 My lovely Loch Maree !

Lady Charlotte Elliot's much lamented death happened in 1880. In the same year there was issued privately a posthumous volume of her poems, entitled, "Mary Magdalene, and other Poems," edited by her ladyship's brother, Lord Southesk. The volume was, as the introduction informs us, "printed for distribution among relatives and intimate friends" in fulfilment of Lady Charlotte's wishes. The leading poem occupies about thirty-five pages of the book, and is a beautiful work of a profoundly religious character. In "Mary Magdalene," to quote again from the introduction to the volume, its writer's "highest and deepest feelings, and cherished thoughts, found fuller expression than in anything else she had written." No adequate impression of a poem of this nature could be conveyed by such extracts as are possible here ; but through Lord Southesk's courtesy we are enabled to present two of the shorter pieces which were for the first time printed in this memorial volume of one of the most richly endowed members of the noble house of Carnegie.

SORROW AND PAIN.

Oh, sweet are Sorrow and her sister Pain,
 And dear the troubled discord of their song ;
 For Love, whose sleep grows heavy, soothed
 too long

By mild Prosperity's unbroken stream,
 Awakened by their boding cry, is fain
 To stretch his slackened pinions, doubly
 strong

Through fear lest Death should do his
treasures wrong,
And his neglected joys untimely wane.
For still we doze away the summer hours
Until the first red spot is on the leaf;
Ah! then we cry, the blossom-time is brief,

Would these were buds again that now are
flowers!
And, as we tread our too fast fading bowers,
Love, faint with ease, wins life anew from
grief.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

O Death, how often have I felt thy shadow
Bend silently above my sleepless bed,
Mid chilly wafts of fragrance from the meadow
Whose mystic flowers no mortal feet may
tread.

Strange shapes, strange scents, strange music,
I discover,
And faint and pale the world around me
seems,

While in some doubtful border-land I hover,
And things unknown are mingled in my
dreams.

Yet hardly may I read thy secret warning,
For night by night the vision glides away,
And sleep stays near me, till the wholesome
morning
Arouses me to earth's familiar day.

And oftentimes thy hand, from me averted,
Has fall'n elsewhere with no foreboding
sign,
To leave, perchance, some loftier place deserted,
And freeze some richer stream of life than
mine.

Now hast thou come for me, and not another;
Girding me with thine arms, to bear along
To peace; and crooning softly, like a mother,
The strange sweet cadence of thy cradle-
song.

But art thou Death? Caresses slumber-giving
Soothe those who rest and wake; and tune-
ful breath,
Filling the soul with joy, is for the living
Who hear it;—thou art surely Life, not
Death.

CARNEGIE.

LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY.

LADY ARABELLA CHARLOTTE ROMILLY, eldest daughter of James Carnegie, ninth Earl of Southesk, K.T., married, in 1878, Samuel Henry Romilly, Esq. of Huntington Park, Herefordshire. Her Ladyship has printed two small volumes, entitled "Songs and Verses" (1st and 2nd series), in 1890 and 1893, respectively,—entirely, as yet, for private circulation, as is indicated by the dedication of the first series:—" . . . à ces deux ou trois âmes fidèles"; but she sanctions present reference to her verses, which have been warmly received by those who have read them, and which are deserving of the widest recognition and praise. They are characterised by refinement of feeling and delicacy of handling, and by the possession of that strange, indefinable grace that one finds in Heine's lyrics.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we present these charming specimens of Lady Arabella's lyrical power.

LOOKING BACK.

Orpheus arose, and took his lute,
Knowing of old its magic spell,
And journeyed, for a weary space,
To where the dead men dwell.

And when he reached the darksome land
And sat him down awhile to play,

It seemed to those benighted souls
'Twas once more light and day.

Mothers reached up their cold, white hands
To children left in happy earth;
And lovers, through the tender strains,
Remembered love and mirth.

And the belov'd Eurydice
Rose, without either smile or tear,
Passionless and companionless,—
For what should love do here ?

She caught the music of the past,
Quick gliding, through the silent gloom,
To where the King of Hades sits
In that strange, darkened room.

Still the bewitching melody
Strayed on, and on, and broke the spell
Of Death, the inexorable power
In those dim shades of hell.

All silently she floats along
Following the magic melody,
Hiding her face with spirit hands,
Lest Orpheus turn and see.

So closely following her belov'd,
The lost life seemed to rise in breath
And heart-beats, as if never touched
By the cold hand of Death.

"Ah—look not now !" she softly said ;
"For oh, what tongue could ever tell
The sharpness of a second death—
A second time, Farewell !"

They two had climbed the stair of night,
And, through the widely opened door,
The sunshine of the earth streamed down
As in the days before.

All through the music now there rang
Such ecstasy of longing pain—
Ah ! could he but a moment turn
And see her face again !

Longing of love, and yet of dread
Lest she should be less wondrous fair,
Lest death had darkened her sweet eyes
Or dimmed her golden hair.

One look ! Then those despairing cries
Of unavailing grief and pain.
O bitterest pang—to grasp the love,
And lose it all again !

AMARANTH.

A white thread here and there
In the goldness of your hair,—
What can it matter to me,
Who still can only see
What the glitter used to be ?

You say a wrinkle lies
Beneath your lovely eyes.

What can it matter to me,
Who still can only see
Sweetness enduringly ?

You sigh, because each day
Leads you more far away
From youth. What's that to me,
Who still can only see
What you must always be ?

A LEGEND OF LOST EDEN.¹

"One rose—but one!" "O Eve, thou art so
fair,

How can I look on thee and say thee nay,
How turn unheeding from thy gentle prayer,—
Passing for ever from thy home to-day ?"
At this, the Angel, hidden by the fire
Of the great swords that guarded Paradise,
Moved by the passion of her lovely eyes,
Gave her one rose—the rose of her desire.

What hast thou given us, Eve, in after days,
Thy sons and daughters ? Unavailing tears,
And toilsome wanderings in untrodden ways ;
But once, in all the overmastering years,
To breathe the perfume of that deathless
flower,—

Once—only for one moment—understand
What were the wonders of that unknown land,
What the lost secret of the Eden bowers.

SANS RÉPONSE.

She left but the name of her beauty,
And the glint of her golden hair ;
And long, long since, she has left my side,
And climbed that heavenly stair ;
And far away in a lovely land,
I dream she is waiting there.

But oh, for the lonely ones who wait !
And oh, for the lonely hours !
And oh, for the thorns and briars that strew
The path that led through flowers !
And oh, for a hand that was clasped in mine,
In days that once were ours !

¹ Eve, on leaving Eden, asked the Angel for one rose. Her request was granted, and evermore her descendants smell the fragrance of that rose once, but only once, in their lives.

My hands stretch up to the star-lit sky,—
And I wonder if she is there ;
And I pray for a sight of her face in dreams,

In passionate midnight prayer.
I pray—but the answer cometh not,
And the pleading passes—where ?

DISTANCE.

Ah ! could I tell how I love the sunset,
As I lie in my chamber, calm and still !
There is first the moorland, and then the river—
And then the hill.

Till I reach an inlet that leads through
lilies
To waters still.

Over that hill the clouds go sweeping,
Over the river, sun-lighted and fair,
And the swan-white boats go sailing, sailing—
For ever there.

Let me go floating, floating onward,
For within that haven all sorrows cease ;
Let me go onwards, call me not backwards
From perfect peace.

Let me go sailing, sailing, sailing—
Onward past woodlands, and moorlands, and
hill,

And floating still down that endless river,
Floating woodland and moorland by,
As in a dream without end or wakening—
Good-night—good-bye !

ALEXANDER S. CARNEGIE.

THE son of Mr D. Carnegie exhibits in his varied literary recreations a substantial development of the hereditary germ. Born at Arbroath in 1869, he was trained for the profession which he now follows as schoolmaster of Tayvallich School, Argyshire. Prior to his removal to this Highland sphere, Mr Carnegie acted as a teacher in Milnathort, contributing to the local papers there, and to the *Arbroath Guide*, numerous poems and articles on varied subjects, and under different cognomens. A series of excellent articles—since published in pamphlet form, entitled, “Half-hours with Arbroath Poets,” and signed by “Rusticus”—are worthy of special commendation. These present in a correct and lively form a nearly complete history of the district poets and their writings, and were read with much appreciation on their appearance in the paper mentioned above. Mr Carnegie’s poems in the *Doric* are his happiest efforts, and present themes of simple human interest in very attractive guise.

AYE BIDE LAIGH DOON.

Fu’ aft I think on bairnhood’s days,
Thae happy days sae lang-syne gane,
Tho’ noo my haffet locks are grey,
An’ o’ my freen’s I’m left alane ;
Yet as a loon I speel the wa’s,
Tho’ at the thocht my heid flees roon,
Nor min’ my mither’s warning cry—
“Aye bide laigh doon.”

Aye bide laigh doon, for fear ye fa’,
Ye’ll fin’ it’s guid advice an’ true,
An’ never haud your heid owre heich,
The lowly mien ye’ll never rue.
Life’s but a trauchle at the best,
An’ fame nocht but an empty soon’ ;
My mither spak’ richt weel, I wat’—
“Aye bide laigh doon.”

Aye bide laigh doon if, when ye climb,
Ye trample on anither’s tae,
If couth and canty at the fit
Ye dinna taste wealth’s care an’ wae.
Ne’er rax to heichts by aid o’ ocht
But honesty’s bricht sparklin’ croon ;
Ye’ll fin’ my mither spak’ richt weel—
“Aye bide laigh doon.”

Aye bide laigh doon in mind an’ heart,
Like the sweet bird that sings the best ;
Tho’ heich your thochts an’ guidness soar,
Come doon at e’en on earth to rest.
An’ mind for a’ there’s but æ end,
When Time for us has circled roon :
Then they wha fain wad reach the lift
Sall bide laigh doon.

TOWN *v.* COUNTRY.

Ye loodly craw the toon is gay,
 An' that's the place on wintry day
 An' wintry nicht as weel;
 I doot ye kenna what to say,
 My freen' an' brither chiel'.

Come to the kintra, here's the place,
 Whaur, though the snow heap Nature's face,
 We're cosy nicht an' day,
 For life moves at an ord'nar' pace,
 An' disna flee away.

Ye gaily paint the city's sights,
 An' show them in their fairest lights,
 To tell you lo'e them weel;
 Wha writes like this his pen aft dichts,
 For fear that pen should feel.

Ye talk o' speers an' thaytur plays,
 Ye tell me hoo ye pass your days
 Wi' cronies, lightsome loons;
 But bless me, wha'd gie kintra ways
 For best o' things in toons.

For here the licht's baith bricht an' clear,
 We dinna work 'neath gas oot here
 Thro'oot the hale day lang;
 If truth be tauld, ye'd aft'ner hear
 The merry curlers' sang.

Ye canna hae a game like oors,
 It's far beyond the civic po'ers
 O' ye wha dwell in toons;
 But here we curl by day for hoors—
 Oor stanes mak' joyfu' soon's.

At nicht we seek nae grand play-hoose:
 But at the fire our neibours douce
 Meet for a frien'ly crack,
 An' ilk ane jokes an' talks fu' crouse,
 An' whiles we deal oor pack.

We've nae or—— (I forget the name—
 It means a band); but a' the same
 We've aft a cheery reel,
 The lads and lassies hae a game,
 We dae enjoy 't, my chiel'.

An' here we aye hae pure, clear air,
 Nae city mist, as you hae there,
 To mak' ye kink and host;
 I tell ye, and I tell ye fair—
 Wha lives in toons is lost.

I'll write nae mair, for well ye ken
 I'm better at the stanes than pen,
 For it's an awkward chiel';
 An' weel I'd like to skip my men
 The morn again. Fareweel.

DAVID CARNEGIE.

TO deserve the distinctive appellation of "The Bard" is no mean honour, and such distinction fell to the lot of a true singer of the people, David Carnegie, whose demise in 1890 evoked many touching expressions of the esteem in which his townsmen held him. Born at Arbroath in 1826, his life was spent amid the sights and sounds of labour; and, a toiler himself, the enlargement of soul, consequent on the possession and exercise of genuine poetic talents, led him not only to sympathise with his toiling brethren, but to exert himself, and to purpose, in the amelioration of their social and personal condition. He was no recluse, and the events of the hour interested him keenly. Politics, both Local and Imperial, had their full share of attraction for the weaver bard; and, being the son of a soldier, military affairs often inspired his poetic musings. The publication of his volume of "Lays and Lyrics," in 1879, revealed his possession of a sweetly sympathetic lyrical vein, and a profound admiration for the attractions and customs of his native district. In one of his rhyming epistles, addressed to his friend and brother bard, John Bremnar, he describes his poetic aims so aptly, that with this quotation we may best attune the reader to sympathy with a simple life well lived, and to simple songs well sung:—

Though genius bright I canna claim,
 Nor friendship to the poet's name,
 Yet I can rhyme, an' that self-same
 Is some sma' praise ;
 Though low my muse, she ne'er socht fame
 In abject lays.

I canna sing like Tannahill,
 Nor paint like Scott—lake, mountain, rill ;
 Nor climb Fame's mount wi' Robin's skill,
 An' giant speed ;
 Yet I may mak' some fond heart thrill
 Wi' my puir reed.

THE HIGHLANDERS AT ALMA.

Sons of the heather hills ! pride of " Auld Scotia !"
 Bravely ye fought in the battle of right ;
 Worthy the sons of brave sires famed in story,
 The deeds that ye dared at Alma's proud fight.

When the missiles of death were shower'd down in torrents,
 " Scotland for ever ! " ye shouted, and on ;
 " Now, trust to your steel," cried the brave Colin Campbell,—
 Ye gallantly charged, and Alma was won.

The serfs of the tyrant fled fast in disorder,
 Into the trench rushed the " bonnets o' blue " ;
 The tartan of Scotland soon waved on the summit,—
 Far in the distance the vanquished host flew.

A tear for the heroes who fell in the struggle ;
 Bravely they fought, and as bravely they fell ;
 Soft be their sleep on the field of their glory !
 Immortal their fame in story shall dwell.

BROTHOCK WATER.

Flow on, little streamlet ! thou'rt dearer to me
 Than the proudest of rivers that roll to the sea ;
 On thy braes, when a bairn, I aften hae played,
 On thy banks, when a lover, I aften hae strayed.

Ilk spot I ken weel, frae the mill to the kirk,
 I hae roamed there in sunshine, at gloamin' an' mirk ;
 In summer I've pu'd the wee gowans on thy braes,
 An' slid on thy dam i' the cauld wintry days.

When schule time was owre, wi' a preen for a hook,
 We wad rin up the Den to catch fish i' the brook,
 And turn the big stanes the sma' bandies to chase,
 As they, thief-like, wad peep frae their sly hiding-place.

An' there was the Hill, whaur we bairnies did play ;
 But alas ! like our playmates, it's a' wede away,
 An' nocht now remains o' the Hill aince so green,
 But the red sandy hillock to mark where't has been.

Although sadly changed, ilka spot's dear to me,
 They remind me o' joys I may never mair see ;
 An' I hope yet to rest 'neath the green waving sward,
 Where loved ones are laid, in St. Vigean's kirkyard.

Then, flow on, sweet streamlet ! thou'rt dearer to me
 Than the proudest of rivers that roll to the sea ;
 On thy blithe flowery braes in my childhood I played,
 An' when death stills my heart, may I rest 'neath their shade.

MRS GEORGE CARNEGIE.

MISS SUSAN SCOTT, of Benholm, who became Mrs Carnegie of Pitarrow and Charlton, was endowed with a large measure of poetic ability, and wrote several highly creditable pieces, which appeared in the magazines of her day. In 1761, and when in her seventeenth year, she composed "The Vision," which opens thus:—

Methought I most devoutly prayed
To great Apollo for his aid,
And that he'd give me—nothing less—
A muse to be my governess:
When on a cloud of purple dye

A nymph came swiftly from on high,
And stopt before my wondering eye;
Perpetual smiles adorned her face
And heightened every youthful grace.

An excellent poem on "Dunnotar Castle"—that fruitful subject for the local muse—appears among the pieces by Mrs Carnegie appearing in Fraser's "History of The Carnegies," and of which these lines form a part:—

High on a rock half sea-beat, half on land,
The castle stood, and still its ruins stand;
Wide o'er the German Main its prospect bent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the ascent;
And when with labour, climbed the narrow way,
Long sounding vaults receive you from the day;
There hung the huge porteullis, there the bar
Drawn on the iron gate defy'd the war.
Oh! great Dunnotar, once the seat,
Once deemed impregnable, thou yield'st to fate,
Nor rocks, nor seas, nor arms, thy gate defend,
Thy pride is fallen, thy ancient glories end.

Mrs Carnegie was a beneficent friend to the poor, and it was through her influence and exertions that the Montrose Asylum for the Insane was established, this great institution being the first of its kind in Scotland. She also inaugurated the foundation of the first Scottish Lifeboat at Montrose, and in a myriad other ways proved herself a blessing to the district. She died at Charlton in 1821, aged 77 years.

GEORGE FULLERTON CARNEGIE.

THIS gentleman was the grandson of Mrs Carnegie of Pitarrow and Charlton, and was born at Kinnaber in 1799. He succeeded to the estates of Pitarrow, Kinnaber, and Charlton; but had, through embarrassment caused by sport and hospitality, to part with his inheritances. He died at Montrose in 1851. In 1833 he published a volume of "Poems on Various Subjects"; and in 1834 "The Destinies of Zohak": a Poem in three cantos, full of glowing Eastern colour and incident. Among Mr Carnegie's minor pieces is an admirable golfing song, in which the names of many prominent golfers of the period are given. We quote one of his shorter poems as illustrative of a manner which was at once graceful and strong.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—1832.

He is gone to the grave, where the mighty before him
 Lie sleeping in fame !
 He is gone from the land which shall ever adore him,
 And hallow his name !

The minstrel is gone ! but the fire of his numbers
 Shall lighten for ever !
 Shall gild with a halo the spot where he slumbers,
 And cease to shine—never !

Unrivalled and bright, o'er his own native islands,
 In splendour it beams !
 O'er the wild glens and caves, and grey rocks of the Highlands,
 Their lakes and their streams !

But those islands will sink, those grey rocks split asunder,
 Each wild glen and cave,
 Lake and stream, flee away at the trumpet's last thunder,
 Ere his fame find a grave.

JAMES CARNEGIE.

AMONG the many old books of Scots and English songs dear to the soul of the collector, and known by such titles as "The Hive," "The Harp," etc., there are a couple of quaint little volumes known as "The Lark," which were published at Edinburgh in 1765. Amid a myriad of other pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, in Vol. I., p. 29, appears in print for the first time, and anonymously, "Low down in the Brume," a song which soon passed into other collections, and which became an established favourite among our native lyrics. It is attributed to James Carnegie of Balnamoon, an estate lying on the slope of the Grampians about five miles N.W. from Brechin; and the evidence of its authorship rests mainly on the statement made by Struthers on its reappearance in his "Harp of Caledonia," Vol. II., p. 387. One of his correspondents declared, "I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore who has lived on the Balnamoon estate from infancy. The garrulous old fellow observed—'I kent the auld laird weel; he was a curious body, and there's nae doubt but he made up the sang.' He was firmly attached to the House of Stuart, and went out in the Forty-five. After the quelling of that unhappy rebellion, he lived for some time in the capacity of a shepherd to one of his hill-farmers: but the interest of the Arbuthnot family, with whom he was connected by marriage, soon restored him to his home and to the world." "The Laird o' Bonnymoon" figures in many county anecdotes, and Dean Ramsay found the richest *tit-bits* of his "Reminiscences" in the stories of the genial old gentleman and his man John. Carnegie's one song has been extremely popular: it quite took the place of the very much older song with which the lovely melody was associated, and which is now in the mouth of the world to Burns's "O, my luve's like a red, red rose."

LOW DOWN IN THE BRUME.

My daddie is a cankert carle,
 He'll no' twine wi' his gear;
 My minnie she's a scaldin' wife,
 Hauds a' the house asteen;
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me,
 For he's low down, he's in the brume,
 That's waitin' on me;
 Waitin' on me, my love,
 He's waitin' on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the brume,
 That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lichtlies me;

But weel I ken it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a joe had she.
 But let them say, etc.

My cousin Meg was sair beguiled
 Wi' Johnnie o' the glen,
 And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
 O' fause, deludin' men!
 But let them say, etc.

Gleed Sandy he can' west yestreen
 And speir'd when I saw Pate;
 And aye sinsyne the neebours round
 They jeer me ear' an' late.
 But let them say, etc.

MRS LINDSAY CARNEGIE.

IN an exhaustive and appreciative notice of the little volume of poems, published in Dec., 1896, by this gifted lady, a writer to the *Arbroath Guide* welcomes it "as a valuable addition to our local poetry"; and in his opening paragraph thus voices not only the general feeling regarding Mrs Carnegie as a writer, but the warm local appreciation of her gracious personality:—"It is now apparently quite an open secret that a new poet has arisen in our midst; and that 'Chameleon,' authoress of 'Children of To-day,' bears in prosaic, every-day life a name which is honoured and loved amongst us. Yet perhaps not a *new* poet; for are we not long familiar with her good works, the generous cultured soil in which always the best, and only the best of the flowers of poetry grow? Nor yet a *new poet*; for have not our columns been often adorned by the wise, the good, the beautiful thoughts and fancies of 'Chameleon,' none the less poetical that they were uttered as prose?"

Mrs Carnegie's mother was the Lady Clementina Ogilvy, daughter of the Earl of Airlie; and her father Colonel Rait of Anniston, an officer of the 15th Hussars, who had seen active service in Spain. She was born at Anniston in 1844, and in 1862 was married to Henry Alexander Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Spynie and Boysack. Mr Lindsay Carnegie was the hero of one of the bravest feats performed during the wars of the Indian Mutiny; and if state recognition of his bravery has lingered, no one esteems such gallantry the less on that account. Since the destruction of their beautiful residence, Kinblethmont House, by fire in December, 1895, Mr and Mrs Carnegie—pending the rebuilding of Kinblethmont—have resided at Arbroath, which town in many departments of social and benevolent economics has found in Mrs Carnegie a veritable Lady Bountiful. It is worthy of further note that Mrs Carnegie is not only the daughter of one soldier, and the wife of another; she is first cousin to the Earl of Airlie, also a soldier; and her brother is Colonel Rait, C.B., who won his laurels at Ashantee. "Mars" seems so much to environ her, that the gentle and graceful flow of Mrs Carnegie's

poetic diction is the more remarkable ; but history repeats itself, and several notable poetic experiences simply enrol this with them as "another of the same."

We quote these varied examples of Mrs Carnegie's writings from "Children of To-day," a fifty page booklet, which, though privately printed, may be obtained from Messrs Douglass and Foulis, Booksellers, Castle St., Edinburgh.

THE SPIRIT PEN.

Sometimes my pen is an angel's feather,
Dropped from his glorious shining wings ;
I am not I, for hours together
I do but listen, his spirit sings.

Sometimes this angel weeps for my sorrow,
Touched to his heart by my human pain,
Sometimes his heavenly joy I borrow ;
Alas ! 'tis but lent and recalled again.

Nothing is mine, for I can but hearken,
Powerless to alter the words that flow ;
I of myself can only darken
The radiant light that I do not know.

Sometimes the pen drops down from my fingers,
Then know I well that the spirit's flown ;
I, only I ! no fair thought lingers,
Back to his wing is the feather blown.

MY DAUGHTER.

She stands in the apple orchard,
Where the flowering branches meet,
And the fragrant shell-like petals
Lie white on the grass at her feet.

In her hands a primrose posy,
In her eyes the dawn of day,
And her curly locks are floating
On the breeze from the fields of hay.

She stands with her shy lips parted,
And the dew in her star-set eyes,

With her trustful face uplifted
To the arch of the grey-blue skies.

The exquisite scent of the lilac,
The buffeting breath of the May,
The fragrance from fields of clover,
Kiss the soul that awakes to-day.

She stands in her white gown waiting—
"Will he come?" Nay, I cannot say.
She is lovelier than the morning,
Flower-begemmed like her month of May.

ARBROATH ABBEY.

Where the red ruined Abbey walls arise,
Sheltering the lion heart of Scotland's King,
Lie the lone graves of those whose weeping eyes
Have long ago been dried in Paradise.
Now all disused, the Abbey guards its dead,
In sanctuary once bless'd by book and bell,
By sprinkled incense, and by matins said.
"Ora pro nobis!" oh, ye spirits fled,
Chanting your orisons around God's throne,
Stir our sad souls with thoughts from Heaven
blown.

None question there what faith ye wore, what
crown ;

In peaceful rest lie king and subject now ;
All sleep beneath the turf, as sleeps Renown
Which soared to conquer Fate, then fluttered
down.

Amidst, and round, and o'er their quiet bed
The little children play : no mourner comes
To deck with flowers, or weep above the head
Of those long laid to rest ; oh, happy dead,
With your belov'd who in God's presence stand,
"Ora pro nobis" in your "Better Land."

AUCHMITHIE.

The east wind is blowing, the white clouds are flowing
Away to the west ;
And blue rifts are showing, rich colour bestowing
On ocean's wild breast ;
The sea-gulls are screaming their quarrels unseeming
By yonder Red Head ;
The water is teeming with fishes, not dreaming
They're "bairnies bit bread" :
So empty the "stocking" that fishers are flocking
Away to the sea ;

The big boats are rocking, the long masts are knocking.
 The sails flapping free :
 The lassies are flushing with screaming and rushing
 From shingle to boats ;
 The bairnies are crushing the "sweetie" that's hushing
 The cry from their throats :
 The men folk are sailing, the canvas is trailing,
 Till wind brings it taut ;
 The laddies are baling, their mothers are hailing,
 The last words are caught :
 The sun's shining brightly on homes that are sightly
 With whitewash so gay ;
 The herring fleet lightly flies o'er the wave brightly :—
 So endeth the day.

The night winds are raking the salt waves, and shaking
 The foam from their crest ;
 Black midnight is taking her pleasure in waking
 The sea to unrest :
 Barometer's falling, and fierce gusts appalling
 Sweep in from the main ;
 The children wake squalling and peevishly calling
 For "father," in vain :
 The mothers are tending their lamps and defending
 Their light from the wind ;
 Those gleams feebly blending with darkness, and sending
 Small help to mankind.
 The chill dawn of morning, all mystery scorning,
 Rides in o'er the quay,
 Her wet locks adorning with seaweeds—a warning
 From rocks out at sea :
 The gray waves are thrashing the shingle, and crashing
 On ironbound shore ;
 The sea-birds are flashing their white wings, and dashing
 Far inland once more :
 The women are weeping, and sorrow is keeping
 Grim watch at their door ;
 The bairnies are sleeping, or joyfully heaping
 Sea-shells on the floor.

The deep sea is roaring, but rain is downpouring,
 Like oil on the waves ;
 And muttered words soaring to heaven are imploring
 For havens, not graves !
 Whilst pale women praying, lift red eyelids, saying,
 "They'll come back no more !"

The light winds are playing, the sails set are laying
 Boats dead for the shore ;
 The blue waves are curling, and round the keel purling
 In laughter and fun ;
 And all the dread swirling and passionate whirling
 Is over and done :
 The woman's wail hushes, and thanksgiving rushes
 From white lips afraid ;
 The bearded man flushes, as wet cheek he brushes,
 "Twas wild work,—we prayed !"

JAMES CHAPMAN.

FROM the rhyming epistle to this bard, given with the sketch of Alex. Doig, which follows, the reader will be able to infer the generous esteem with which Mr Chapman inspired his poetic brethren. His own estimate of and devotion to the poet's art are strikingly shown in these lines taken from the introduction to his volume, "A Legend of the Isles," published in 1878:—

I glory in the gush of song ;
It rises and it rolls along ;
It spurns constraint, defies control,
And pours like sunshine o'er the soul.
Like winds that sweep the mountain side—
Like ocean's singing, swelling tide—
As gust on gust, and wave on wave,

The winds grow rude, the waters rave ;
Ecstatic thought on thought comes teeming,
Till all is lost in glorious dreaming ;
Till fancy captive leads the brain,
And madly through each glowing vein
Careers and thrills the rapturous shiver,
And thoughts are born that live for ever.

Mr Chapman was born at Tilwhilly, Upper Banchory, in 1835. His father was a blacksmith and farmer ; and at the farm of Craigalsh the future poet learned to hold the plough, and to string together his juvenile rhymes. In the prime of his young manhood he turned his face southwards, and by and by became a member of the police force at Partick. Here he passed through the various grades of this service, eventually becoming Sanitary Inspector for the burgh ; a position which he filled most worthily till his death in 1888. In addition to the work referred to, he published (1883) "Ecce Homo, and other Poems" ; and shortly after his death, "The Scots o' Langsyne," a memorial volume edited with a memoir by Alex. J. Murdoch, appeared. Mr Chapman was a poet and artist of refined tastes, ready both with pencil and pen to depict the fancies of a teeming mind ; and his little volumes contain many striking numbers greatly valued by his brothers of the lyre.

THE BURNIE.

There's mony a bonnie burnie rins wimplin' to the Dee,
To join her on her journey frae Crathie to the sea ;
And dear to me is ane that sings the sang o' auld lang syne,
As doon it brings frae Grampian springs a better boon than wine.
It's jaupin' and its jum'lin' yet,
It's tossin' and its tum'lin' yet,
It's rowin' and it's rum'lin' yet,
'Mang braes that aince were mine.

The burnie o' my childhood, the burnie o' my dreams,
It warbles through the wildwood, 'mong mingled glooms and gleams ;
The bramble gets a siller sheen, the broom a gowden glowe,
The brackens boast a brichter green, whaur it creeps roun' the knowe.
It's purlin' and it's plashin' yet,
It's flingin' and it's flashin' yet,
It's dancin' and it's dashin' yet,
By ferny heicht and howe.

My canty wee bit burnie meets mony an unco thraw—
 Gets mony a twist an' turnie—has mony a faucht and fa' ;
 And sae ha'e I, and sae ha'e ye, and sae ha'e ane and a' ;
 But I'm like it, and it's like me ; we juist maun work awa'.
 It's soughin' and it's soun'in yet,
 It's curlin' and it's croonin' yet,
 It's swirlin' and it's swoonin' yet,
 'Mang daisies white as snaw.

This beautiful lyric is complete, and better *without* its rather conventional fourth stanza.

THE NORTHLAND.

EXTRACT.

Did e'er ye see—oh, do you know
 The Northman's land, the land of snow,
 Where winter, from his frozen throne,
 Gloats o'er a clime well nigh his own ?
 Though summer, with her genial smile,
 Yearly invades his realms awhile,
 Steals northward, and, despite his frown,
 Breathes on, and melts his icy crown.
 The cataract spurns the tyrant's yoke,
 And leaps in foam from rock to rock,
 Rehearsing, as it tears along,

Some thunder-throated Titan's song.
 Its frost-bit pines the forest rears,
 Like host with dingy pennon'd spears ;
 While from his eyrie's edge the erne
 Beholds him mirror'd in the tarn,
 That, smooth as glass, far, far beneath,
 Unruffled by the tempest's breath,
 Lies gloomy as the gulf of death.
 'Tis a wild land ; yet, sooth to tell,
 The sons she nurtures love her well.

THE AULD FERRARA.

"The auld Ferrara at ma side
 Is hacket like a saw."
 "Lat's look at it ?" "I will wi' pride,
 They've seen't ere noo wha didna bide
 To argue what was law.

"Man, there's a dint ! When that it gat
 Corrichie's burn was red ;
 An' bonnie Mary sat an' grat,
 A waefu' woman weel I wat,
 While mony a Gordon bled.

"Ah, mony an ugly gash it gave
 The day that Clavers fell !
 Yon scarf o' green wrocht meikle wae,
 When girt wi' it he faced the fae,
 He sair forgat himsel'.

"The neist time that it cloor'd a croon
 Was yont at Shirra-moor ;
 Oor lads gaed hame wi' bluidy shoon,
 An' stark lay mony a wastlan loon,
 For Cawmell's folk war' dour.

"At Prestonpans the wark was licht,
 They fled sae fast and far,
 An' Jock himsel' gat sic a fright,
 They said he was an unco sicht
 Ere he wan tae Dunbar.

"But Albin tare her yellow hair
 Ere mony months gaed by :
 Yon bluidy wark was far frae fair,
 Drumossie saw a sicht sae sair,
 Her vera faes cried, 'Fie !'

"This auld Ferrara i' ma han'
 Gat less than what it gae,
 For he wha aucht it was a man !
 He ran that day—ay ! but he ran
 To meet the foremost fae.

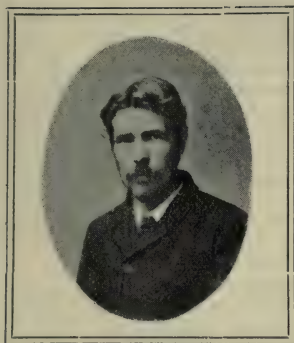
"But vengefu' Cumberland, rough shod,
 Trod doon oor butcher'd host ;
 An' he, while gaspin' on the sod,
 Cried, 'Charlie yet !' an' tae his God
 Gae back his angry ghost.

"Ma gran' sire set me on his knee,
 An' gae me this himsel',
 Syne tauld me hoo, when he was wee,
 A kiltit callant just like me,
 His father focht an' fell.

"Auld frien', ye're seldom needet noo,
 But should oor kintra ca',
 I'd pu' ma bonnet owre ma broo,
 An' stick him, as I wad a soo,
 Wha socht wi' her to thraw."

JOHN CHRISTIE.

"THOMAS KYDD."



THIS writer guarded his identity so well, that through many years of his life in Arbroath few people were aware that the signature appended to his graceful utterances was only a pseudonym; and, still, there are comparatively few who know that the "Thomas Kydd" of the *People's Friend*, *Weekly Scotsman*, *Citizen*, *Bailie*, *Quiz*, etc., is the *nom de plume* of the modest author whose name appears as the heading of this sketch. Mr Christie's parents were Arbroath people, and their son was born at Leith in 1848. They removed to their native place so soon afterwards, that the poet's earliest recollections "are of Arbroath in a snowy winter, when street-

singers were celebrating the Fall of Sebastopol." Reared close to the busy harbour, and amid stern surroundings, the meditative lad drew from the sea those deeper secrets, which coloured with a sweet, sad glamour both his earlier and his later musings. Its music seems to surge in deep undertones through all that Mr Christie writes; and few contemporary local poets have excelled him in the melody of their cadences, or the depth of their expressions. Mr Christie was employed as a clerk during his residence at Arbroath, and now follows the same "plodding" avocation in Glasgow. We have the greatest pleasure in presenting these selections from his writings: may it not be hoped that they will, in their appeal to a wide public, secure for their author that encouragement towards the publication of his complete works, which his diffidence hitherto has to a large extent prevented?

CROSSING THE FAIRPORT BAR.

Out to sea, from the old red pier,
When the morning is breaking fair,
I gaze, and the lapping of wavelets hear,
And I revel in ocean air;
My heart keeps time with the lap and spray,
As, bearing to seaward far,
The fisherman, silently sailing away,
Is crossing the Fairport Bar.
In from sea in the autumn day,
With the sun on the western rim,
The wild waves hurry and break away
On the lee-land—phantom-dim;

And keen through the rigging the tempest
While, steady, each gallant tar [sings,
Stands at his post as his vessel swings,
Crossing the Fairport Bar.

I think of Youth on the old red pier
Ere the din of the day is begun;
I think of Age in the winter drear
When the voyage is almost done;
And I wonder if I shall as calmly stand
As that weary but dauntless tar,
When my bark is nearing the silent land—
Is crossing the Fairport Bar!

OUR DEAR ONE.

The lamp burns low, and, sighing,
We gaze into the fire;
The wind of midnight crying
About the shadowy spire;

And, blowing o'er the churchyard,
It mournfully doth say—
Can we forget our dear one,
Our little one, our near one?
Nay!

Hush ! now the year is dying,
 Far tolled with solemn sound,
 One more dead year is lying
 Upon that little mound ;
 And, weeping there, and kneeling,
 We brush Time's dust away,
 He may not hide our dear one,
 Our little one, our near one,
 Nay !

Joy-bells ring forth, remind us
 That years lie far before ;
 But one sweet voice behind us
 Shall reach us nevermore ;
 So, in the silent watches,
 I call her back and say—
 I love thee still, my dear one,
 My little one, my near one—
 For aye !

A MEMORY OF BELLS—A SOLILOQUY.

To-night a memory haunts my eyes
 Of distant steeples set,
 Charred on the tremulous evening skies,
 In sombre silhouette.
 Through Seaton Wood the moonlight glows,
 While bells, far mingling, play
 In requiem, for the heart's repose,
 For gentle bells were they.

Nor rang they thus for those alone
 Who "kneel in crypt or shrine" ;
 In twilight's consecrated zone
 I made their music mine.
 All unresisting, I respond
 As this they seemed to say,
 There is a land—beyond ! beyond !
 For hallowed bells were they.

Sweet bells of Fairport, sing your song
 Again, that I may hear
 If you to happier days belong,
 Or darker days, and near ;
 If you can wake the chord of gold
 Within my heart to-day ;
 If you be still the bells of old,
 For pleasant bells were they.

Ring back, with low and lengthening chime,
 The calm of trust and truth,
 That charmed the dial-hand of time
 In golden hours of youth ;
 And bid the future lie in trance,
 As once the future lay,
 And life be still the long romance,
 For witching bells were they.

I hear you ring, and sunshine glints
 On each familiar street,
 On stranger faces, on the prints
 Of half-forgotten feet,
 Whose fading traces all are bent
 To yonder Abbey grey,
 So ring ye now in low lament,
 And lightsome bells were they.

Yet if your song but dowie be,
 Nor gay with youth's delight,
 With some consolation still to me
 I hear the bells to-night
 (While in the gathering dusk I stand)
 Come floating far away,
 From belfries of the Better Land,
 Sweet solemn bells are they.

MUSSEL CRAIG.

O'er a lovely glimpse of ocean
 Looks the ancient fisher town,
 And towards its quiet haven
 Winds a rocky path adown.

There the blue waves, minuetting
 Soberly in morning's fire,
 Spread their lacey skirts before them,
 Curtsey, murmur, and retire.

There the skipper, old and wrinkled,
 Sits beside the sunny wall,
 Sees afar the boats departing,
 Sees the blue tide rise and fall.

But each summer day has ending,
 Long although the daylight be ;
 Evening shades will come descending,
 Softly falling o'er the sea.

So with yellow sunlight lying
 O'er the cliffs and shoreland green,
 Like yon sea-birds homeward hieing
 Come the fisher-boats at e'en.

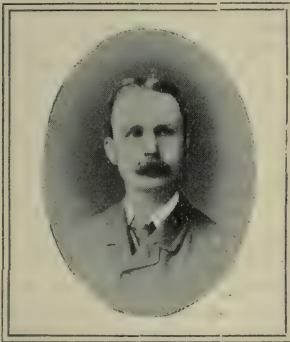
Let this then, oh ! quaint Auchmithie,
 Be the burden of my lay,
 Work while lasts the precious sunshine,
 And be happy while you may.

KELLY BURN.

When chanticleer his bugle blows
 To wake the summer morn,
 When poppies to the brier rose
 Are nodding from the corn ;
 When, glad to leave the realms of night
 And welcome morning's spell,
 The little stream, in heart's delight,
 Goes dancing down the dell ;
 Oh, fain would I that I were there
 To throw my window wide

And breathe again the caller air
 Of that sweet countryside ;
 With nought to do and nought to think,
 The livelong summer day,
 But rest, and feel the noisy world
 A hundred miles away ;
 To watch the swallows race and turn
 Around the village spire,
 O'er Kelly's story-haunted burn,
 The loveliest in the shire.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.



THE sister arts of Poetry and Music are worthily represented by this gifted son of the city of Dundee. Esteemed as a professional musician among his fellow townsmen, and having his poems honourably placed in the standard periodicals of the day, Mr Christie's future is bright with promise. Music permeates his verses, and the glamour of that which George Macdonald describes as "a sight that sees gey an' far ben," runs hand in hand with its sweet companion. There is not one poem in that volume of "Lays and Verses," published lately by Longmans, that does not fascinate: every line it contains suggests its author's dual powers.

Music and Mystery, let his themes be national or narrower, never fail to run in mutual bonds; even the weird uncanniness of some of Mr Christie's verses grows beautiful under the music of his manner. That "the ancient spirit is not dead," as some affirm, his admirable contributions to Jacobite song literature clearly prove. Like his gifted sister "Deborah," he brings us under the spell of true heart utterance, which, while it draws the tear rather than the smile, we value none the less, and, mayhap, profit by all the more.

There is a sonnet on page 66 of Mr Christie's "Lays and Verses"—a treasury of good things which every lover of true poetry should possess—part of which, though its author may not have intended it to have any personal application, we cannot hope to improve on in seeking to convey some indication of his amiable character. The poet presents us with one strong but repellent suggestion; and having looked at *this* picture, asks us to look at *that* in whose clear outlines the writer is revealed, for:—

*Open-eyed,
 At night he views the jewelled firmament,
 And heeds God's handiwork by morning light ;
 He culls the bluebell on the mountain side.
 And, lacking riches, harbours sweet content.*

CHARLIE'S MEN.

The sky was grey and the grass was green
 When the bonnie Prince in our glen was seen;
 The grass was green and the sky was grey
 When on his horse he rode away;
 When he rode away with a score and ten
 Who were blithe to go with Charlie's men.

O, loath was I from my love to part—
 Hamish the tall with the steadfast heart—
 But the Prince kissed lightly my cheek and brow,
 And "Lend me," said he, "your sweetheart
 And when we return victorious, then [now,
 You shall wed the bravest of Charlie's men."

I watched them springing down the brae,
 For they took the short and the dangerous
 I saw their spears gleam far and bright [way;
 Till the fir trees hid them from my sight,
 Till faint and small as the chirp of a wren
 Were the pipes that played for Charlie's men.

The sky was blue, green was the grass,
 When joyful word came up the pass;
 The grass was green, the sky was blue,
 And dark-browed Malcolm's dream was true.
 Although the foe for one were ten,
 The fight was won by Charlie's men.

But other tales we had to mark
 As grass grew grey and skies grew dark,
 And the strath was filled with tear and sigh
 For sires and sons who had marched to die,
 And Hamish, my own, the pride of the glen,
 Lay dead on the field with Charlie's men.

I might be blind, for I never see
 But spear heads glintin' bonnilie;
 I might be deaf, for I only hear
 The pibroch ringin' shrill and clear;
 And by moor and meadow, by burn and ben,
 My thoughts are thoughts of Charlie's men.

THE WITCH.

The mornin' hour an' the openin' flower
 For the lass o' the licht blue e'e;
 The burnin' ray i' the noon o' day
 For the man his wark to dree;
 For the lazy, rest as the sun gaes west—
 The bonnie black nicht for me.

It's sair to bide by the ingle-side
 Through morn an' eve an' noon;
 A weary life has a puir auld wife
 Wi' the clavers o' the toon;
 I' the lift I prowle wi' the bat and owl
 When the nicht's without a moon.

There are luckies three wha meet wi' me
 On steeds o' birk an' whin—
 There's Madge Macqueen an' Thoomless Jean
 An' Bell o' the Bearded Chin;

We skim an' skirl till the firtaps dirl,
 An' the clouds shak' at the din.

But it's best to float in a riddle boat
 When the witch dub's in a lowe;
 To tack an' twist thro' the reek an' mist,
 To nod, an' beck, an' bow,
 To smirk an' sing to our ain Dark King
 Wi' his takin' hornie pow!

The barn-cock craws, the mornin' daw's,
 Our happy sport has ceased;
 By the ingle-side I'm fain to bide,
 Loathed baith by man an' beast;
 O, it's ill to keep a witch-heart deep
 Within an auld wife's breast!

THE IDEAL.

It flutters on before us,
 A bird of plumage white;
 Its loveliness casts o'er us
 A spell, and with delight
 We strive to view it nearer—
 To snare it if we may;
 And dearer, ever dearer,
 It grows from day to day.

Sometimes, when mist-clouds hover,
 And heart and thought are sad,
 No more can we discover
 The bird that made us glad;

Then from a hidden hollow
 A note comes clear and strong,
 And ardently we follow
 Its free, compelling song.

But we shall reach it never
 While life is ours and breath;
 It nests beyond endeavour,
 Within the veil of death.
 Thrice happy he who passes
 Where once it stayed to sing,
 And finds, amid the grasses,
 A feather from its wing.

FEY.

There comes a ship to the lang toon,
 To the lang, lang toon;
 But nane is there the sicht to see,
 For a' are sleepin',—a' but me
 An' the yellow mune,
 My freen the mune.

This ship that comes to the lang toon,
 To the lang, lang toon,
 Has ropes o' siller and sails o' crape,
 An' the skipper,—oh! he has an unco shape
 An' a waefu' froon.
 I fear his froon!

When a' is still i' the lang toon,
 I' the lang, lang toon,

Its mast comes round by the kelpie's rock,
 Whar e'en the seamaws daurna flock;
 An' there is nae soun'—
 There's ne'er a soun'!

An' whiles there's ane frae the lang toon,
 Frae the lang, lang toon,
 An' whiles there's ane an' whiles there's twa
 That gangs aboard, an' the ship's awa'!
 For the wark is dune,
 It's owre and dune!

When mornin' comes i' the lang toon,
 I' the lang, lang toon,
 There's some that's greetin' for them that's
 Whaur I can tell, an' I alane— [gane
 An' the yellow mune,
 My freen the mune.

JAMES CLARK.

THERE is much that is pathetic in the decay of the once flourishing Mearns villages, Kincardine, of old the county town, but now extinct, and Fordoun, which now shows but the shadow of its former self. The forefathers of these hamlets looked with pride on other scenes than those which now depress us; their "reekin' lums" could be counted by scores, and a measure of prosperity was experienced by each humble toiler, where "desolation now, and silence reign." One of Fordoun's now ruinous cots was, in 1798, the birthplace of a bard of The Mearns, whose simple effusions were in their author's day as popular locally as those of any compatriot. The ploughman, trained in the schools of adversity and early service, developed into the omniverous reader, the rhymster, and the controversialist; and the opinions of sturdy James Clark, the tenant of Homepark Farm, Glenfarquhar, "have often been quoted and reprinted" since his death in 1868. A plain Scottish farmer of the old school, he preserved more than the average ability of his class. Doubtless he might have surpassed the rhymings thrown off for the mere amusement of the circle in which he moved; but such was not his bent. His local fame was to him an accident and a surprise; but that he had the gift of picturesque narration, his oft published masterpiece on the old timber bridge over the Southesk, Montrose, abundantly proves.

THE AULD TIMBER BRIG.

(Removed to make way for the erection of the present elegant Suspension Bridge, in November, 1828.)

The circling year in silence brings
 A mighty change in many things;
 The finest flowers are fairly blown,
 The birds are feathered, full and flown;
 The fragrant birks, wi' drooping head,
 In dwining nature quickly fade;
 And time draws on the fatal day

When men an' mice maun a' decay.
 And I, a brig, wi' age sair worn,
 Am now forsaken an' forlorn;
 For they wha once did muckle prize me
 In haughty mood do now despise me.
 They say I'm but a rotten clotch
 Unfit to carry cart or coach;

They scoff, they jeer, they jibe an' spurn me,
 An' vow, ere long, that they will burn me.
 Oh, sir, what sudden alteration
 Tak's place in every form an' fashion.
 Some thirty years have barely passed
 Since I across the Esk was cast,
 And at that date I was a wonder—
 A brig admired for mony a hunder.
 Folk cam' frae ilka airth to see me,
 An' did the highest honours gi'e me ;
 Nane wad ha'e thocht thae days, I trow,
 That I'd be disrespeckit noo,
 So strong was I that I could carry
 Full fifty tons across the ferry.
 When angry Neptune swelled the main,
 He raged and stormed but all in vain ;
 My manly legs, supporters brave,
 Repulsed each rising, boisterous wave :
 I, like a veteran, firmly stood
 Against the rage o' wind and flood ;
 The dreadfu' blast o' wind an' weather
 Could neither gar me shak' nor swither.
 Had my successor only been
 A brig composed o' lime and stane,
 I wad ha'e gladly left my station,
 An' wished him joy o' his succession ;
 But thou, a silly, simple coof,
 Suspending, hingin' frae the roof,
 Mair supple than a frosty tangle
 That frae a housetap aft may dangle.
 Ye frantic bodies o' Montrose,
 Ye're fain aboot him, I suppose ;
 But, by my saul, ye needna brag,
 He'll prove, I'm feared, a willie wag.
 Conceited gowk ! ill may he thrive
 Wha did the scheme at first contrive,
 And made, forsooth, in his ain notion,
 A mock o' a' the brig creation.
 Thir thirty years, an' something mair,

I've been forfochan late an' ear' ;
 On market days, and others, too,
 I trow I've had my ain ado ;
 An' aye on Sunday's afternoon
 The tradesmen dance my back aboon ;
 Large crowds o' each denomination,
 Wha gang to seek their soul's salvation
 In walking out for recreation ;
 The ladies' feet but little vex,
 For I am partial to their sex.
 But I shall say nae mair aboot it,
 The thing already is disputed.
 For mortal men have now decreed
 That I frae trouble should be freed,
 Nae mair to groan beneath the load
 O' heavy carts, and horse wheel shod
 That daily tramp, and crush my banes,
 Drivin' lime an' lumps o' stanes
 To raise the gallows tower to hing
 Willie Wag, poor silly thing.
 Whose banes for ages yet will clatter,
 Hung up in chains across the water.
 An' I will sune be dead an' rotten,
 An' a' my services forgotten,
 Unless some poet should tak' on,
 Mair for fun than true devotion,
 To be the only true recorder
 That I was aince a brig in order,
 An' gi'e some sketch in doggerel rhyme
 How matters stood throughout my time :
 How Turkish swords on Russian heids
 Were then performing wondrous deeds ;
 How Portugal, in usurpation,
 Was at that time a headless nation—
 Without a king or legislation ;
 How Catholic blades to bear a million
 Were threatening hard a dire rebellion,
 An' Britain, in a staggerin' state,
 Began to dread her future fate.

WILLIAM CLARK.

IT was a difficult matter to collect the poems of James Clark, as he kept no copies of any of his pieces ; but over thirty of them were recovered by his son William, who had them published in 1894, along with a large selection of his own verses, in a volume of 140 pages, entitled "Leisure Musings," and which has been very favourably received.

William Clark, who was born in 1826, succeeded his father as tenant of Honeybank, remaining there till 1879, when he removed to East Muirtown of Inglesmauldie, where he is still resident. As may be gathered from "My Hin'most Penny," his verses treat of subjects the most homely, and are of the simplest and most unpretentious style.

MY HIN'MOST PENNY.

Ye little dingy-lookin' object,
If ye could listen to my subject,
Or if it were that ye could hear,
Ye couldna grudge to shed a tear,
Or, gifted wi' the power o' speech,
Guid moral lessons ye might teach ;
For mony a queer road hae ye been,
And mony a strange face hae ye seen.
Ye've saired your end among the masses,
An' a' the different grades an' classes ;
Indeed, ye often dare to enter
Where common folk could scarcely venture ;
That royal stamp upon your face
Begets ye friends in every place.
Although you're nothing but a penny,
You're shunned by few and sought by many :
Gently wooed by saint an' sinner,
Each striving hard to be your winner !
I've tried my skill in every sense
To multiply you into pence,
But to all schemes that I may lay
Dame Fortune always answers, nay.
In these hard times, when siller's scarce,
An' things in common look averse ;

Labour scant and wages low,
Trade an' commerce movin' slow ;
The season's cauld, an' crops are late,
An' a' the farmers lookin' blate,
Strugglin' on from day to day,
Wi' little pleasure, peace or pay ;
The cattle cheap and profits nil,
An' farmin' wark a' standin' still ;
Landlords only here an' there
Are listenin' to their tenants' prayer ;
The soun' o' war is never ceasing,
Public burdens aye increasing.
Means an' substance meltin' fast,
The rich alone can stand the blast ;
But times and seasons still revolve,
An' darknin' clouds may soon dissolve,
An' leave behind far brighter skies—
Far better prospects may arise.
Meanwhile let priest and politician
Suppress the spirit of ambition,
An' each an' a' partake a share,
An' save the needy frae despair.
I'm only feared I tyne the grip,
An' lat my hin'most penny slip.

GEORGE COLBURN.

MR COLBURN might not inaptly be designated "The Laureate of The Mearns," so striking is his devotion to the charms of his native county, to its men and maids, and to its gifted bards. A notable contribution to our later poetic literature was made in 1891, when he published his "Poems on Mankind and Nature," a volume of 442 pages, in which was embodied a work which appeared some seven years earlier. With exceptional felicity and grace he treats of themes the most diverse ; and it is difficult to determine whether the vigour of his diction, or that restraint which is eloquent of much reserve power, is the more admirable of the predominant features of his style. Fortunately, too, the poet touches largely on what is nearest him, and we can glean from his pages much that is of value biographically. Of Laurencekirk, the scene of his birth in 1852, he sings :—

Where first I saw the light, and where my feet
In childhood ran about in field and wood,
Or by the hoary tower on Garvock stood,
Or with companions in the sunny street
Played, with light joyous heart and footsteps
fleet ;

Where my young heart first felt the kindly
glow
Of love that sweetens all our life below ;
Where pleasures rose my eager soul to meet.
But that was in the far-off past, and I
Have nought of all those joys but memory.

"Memories" form an extremely sweet and interesting section of a volume whose contents are arrayed in a striking and attractive manner. One of these "Memories," addressed to his brothers, is powerfully reminiscent of the author's early home and parental influences :—

We who felt by the same beloved hearth
 One mother's kindness, gentleness, and care
 Cast round us like a robe with equal share,
 And thought her love the sweetest thing on
 earth—

A thought all other loves have not disproved ;
 We who by common joys and pains were
 moved,

My brothers, let us be friends as we were

In childhood's days—we are but children yet,
 Learning our lessons at the world's school,
 Gaining a knowledge of our kindred there ;
 Let us give as we should, not as we get,
 Our lives still measured by love's golden rule.
 Though different talents may our minds con-
 trol,

Let us be brothers still in heart and soul.

That affection was centred on the worthiest of parents is clearly shown in many of these minor effusions. Humble, working-class people, they gave their large family of their best ; and if early education was scanty, and work as a herd-boy a necessity for the future poet, his experience braced him for the battle of life, and formed the inspiration of many of his truest lines. "To My Father," is suggestive in this connection :—

Though but a humble toiler thou, yet I
 Shall never fear to own thee. What to me
 Would wealth, and earthly power, and honour
 be,
 If to be their possessor I'd deny

My friends, however poor, or pass them by
 With looks of scorn ? And thus, my sire, to
 you

I grudge not all the love and honour due,
 But freely give it.

The Colburn family removed to Stonehaven when George was nine years old ; and at the age of fourteen he was sent to Montrose, where he learned the business of a grocer. In various parts of the country, and in America, he has spent an active career, and is now resident as a merchant at Glasgow. His poetry is so varied that it is difficult to convey a just impression of its range through such extracts as are here possible ; but these, and the quotations made at other places, cannot fail to strike the reader with a sense of the resources of this bard, whose claim to the honourable title of our opening sentence is well maintained alike in his admirable volume, and in the estimation of his fellows.

COWIE'S STREAM.

O, Cowie's stream ! O, Cowie's stream !

Thy hazel woods and dells,
 Thy gowany braes and heathery hills,
 Where memory fondly dwells ;
 The house embosomed in its screen
 Of pine, and beech, and yew,
 The tender hearts still linked with mine
 In love and friendship true ;

Where down by Mergie's thorny den
 Thy mossy current flows,
 And swift to join thy stronger stream
 The mountain torrent rows ;
 Where waves the birch and spreads the beech
 In all their sylvan prime,
 And haw flowers scent the evening's breath
 Sweet in the summer time.

With one who sweetly sang to me
 The songs of love and truth,
 Whose gentle presence lit with joy
 The golden days of youth ;
 Whose heart and soul, in weal and woe,
 Were fondly linked with mine,
 Not by the bonds of common love,
 But by some love divine.

And hand in hand we wandered free
 By Cowie's rushing stream,
 When Nature's face was fresh and fair,
 And life a pleasant dream.
 But years have sped, and friends are fled,
 Her soothing spirit's gone ;
 The daisies deck her lowly grave,
 And I am left alone.

And I have wandered in my time
Far from thy thorny den,
And fought life's battle stern and hard
In busy haunts of men ;
But still the peace and innocence
That reigned o'er Mergie's braes
Have kept their freshness in my heart
Through Fortune's darkest days.

I've seen the Mississippi's stream
Roll from its virgin woods,
And seen Niagara's rainbow crown
Raised o'er its foaming floods.
By many a stream that lives in song
I've mused at eventide,
But sweeter far the thoughts that rise
By Cowie's gowany side.

For there, beside the mossy stream,
Were hearts of love and truth,
And in the hazel woods I spent
The golden days of youth ;
And hearts and love alone can make
Earth's transient scenes seem fair—
O, what were even Cowie's stream
Had loved ones not been there ?

O, Cowie's stream ! O, Cowie's stream !
I see thy gowany braes,
I hear the warbling mavis sing
Its tender notes of praise ;
And o'er my soul a vision comes
Of early loves and joys,
And sweetly swells a gentle voice
That makes my heart rejoice ;

The music of her tender voice
Down in the thorny dell,
Still singing in their melody
The songs we loved so well.
O, gentle spirit, can it be
That thou art lingering here ?
For still thy loving accents fall
In gladness on mine ear.

And I shall love thee, Cowie's stream,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
And in my heart shall cherish still
My boyhood's friends and home ;
And when I seek some pleasant thought
To ease my heart of pain,
The thought shall be of Cowie's stream
And Mergie's thorny den.

SINGIN' WILLIE.

William Gall, an itinerant poet and musician, lately deceased, was well known in Angus and Meams. He was honest to a proverb, and that's about as much as can be said of any man. He had no ambition to be great ; was content to wander through the world like some free and joyous bird, that sings because it must—because Nature had chosen even him to interpret her language. The apparent irreverent allusion to Carlyle must be forgiven, Singin' Will having left the world about the same time as the philosopher. It does seem strange, however, that no poet should have sought to eulogise a man so honest and so kind, who was even a philosopher—if making the best of what we have be philosophy.

When death struck down the mighty soul
And laid a Carlyle in the tomb,
Then flowed men's tears without control,
And on their minds was cast a gloom,
And poets grieved in mournful strains
(To be neglected for their pains),
All serving what they would conceal,
To make his hero-worship real.

For thee, good, honest, simple soul,
Who poured the tender mournful strain,
Adown what cheeks did waters roll,
What kindly bosom bled with pain ?
Yet some there are who loved thee well,
Who can thy worth and goodness tell,
And, shrined within their memory,
Not soon thine honest name can die.

For me, how oft in days gone by
I listened to thy simple lays,
And thought thy singing swelled as high
As any bard's of other days ;

And if long years have sometimes changed
My mind, it ne'er shall be estranged
From early scenes, and early joy,
From all I loved while yet a boy.

And thus I give this simple line
To one who was simplicity ;
Though scarce, this homely strain of mine
May keep alive his memory.
Still it may tell, in tones sincere,
How much we loved him, and how dear
Was this kind soul to all who knew
His wealth of goodness, warm and true.

Farewell, dear kindly heart, farewell !
If in some higher, purer sphere
There should be found, as poets tell,
Sweet rest for those who struggle here ;
Some quiet spot be found for thee,
Safe from neglect and poverty—
There find thy refuge and reward,
There find thy rest, poor humble bard.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE case of this Arbroath soldier bard is rather exceptional ; for neither by printed volume nor by periodical publication have his numerous writings come prominently before the public. He wrote for his own gratification, happy man ; and though advised to publish, declined to run the risk of such a venture, a course in which wisdom was conspicuous more than even his inherent modesty. Mr Cooper was born at Arbroath in 1829, was engaged betimes as a painter and flax-dresser, served in the 83rd Regiment of Foot during the Indian Mutiny, and returned in bad health to his native town in 1862. Here for fourteen years he lived a quiet, unostentatious life, finding his recreation, as has been indicated, in the composition of tales in verse, and of such lyrical pieces as that which follows :—

DRY UP THY TEARFU' E'E.

Dry up thy tearfu' e'e, sweet lass !

Dry up thy tearfu' e'e ;

Trust better fortune be our lot,—

Let's live to hope and see.

We've had our troubles, that I grant,

And crosses, sad and sair,

And aften fought wi' niggard want,—

But so hae mony mair,

Sweet lass !

Ah ! so hae mony mair.

Life's heaven keeps a brighter blue,

Our stormy sky will clear ;

We've had our ups and downs, 'tis true,—

But so hae mony mair,

Sweet lass !

Ah ! so hae mony mair.

Then dry thy watery e'e, sweet lass !

Then dry thy watery e'e ;

We shouldna weep to blind our sight

When scarce our path we see.

The stout heart climbs the steepest brae,

Though fed on sober fare ;

We'll meet misfortune's sternest fae,—

As well as mony mair,

Sweet lass !

As well as mony mair.

You've aye been kind to me, sweet lass !

You've aye been kind to me ;

Oh ! cold and cruel were my heart

To cause a grief in thee.

WILLIAM COWPER.

AMONG our bards are several who have begun life in the humblest of occupations—herding and weaving, usually—but who have risen nobly from the trammels of circumstances to labour in that higher sphere where it is a

“ Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot.”

William Cowper was one of these ; and it is due to his memory to say that he laboured with much success and for many years in the dominie's profession at Craigro school. He was born at Laurencekirk in 1812, and died at Hillside, near Montrose—where he had resided in retirement for some time—in 1886. He published a lengthy poem of a grandiose type, entitled, “ At Midnight with the Book and the Stars,” along with several shorter pieces, of which we submit a specimen in a volume of 123 pages, 87 of which are occupied with the author's *chef d'œuvre*.

TO LAURENCE KIRK.

Conveth, my native home, may heaven's good-
will

To guard thy humble hearths be ever nigh !
Thy sons and daughters all endowed with skill,
In happiness to live, in peace to die !

How lovely still these haunts of early love,
Held in the page of memory so dear !
That winding walk, that solitary grove,
Sacred to love, and love's first blissful tear ;

Yon vernal shade, where summer early hung
Her beauties forth by Luther's winding flow,
And oft thy " Village Poet " in sadness sung
" The child of genius is the child of woe " ;

That sculptured gate, of old kept by the stern
Old forester with vigilance so keen ;
That lonely tower upon the witch's cairn ;
That dear thatched cottage on the market
green.

How pleasing to retrace the steps of youth,
Woody by the memory of days long gone,
While all the world seemed leal to love and
truth,
Where I have strayed in ecstasy alone.

Soft on the zephyr thousand murmurs borne
That list and linger on the captive ear,
And sighs that whisper to the even and morn ;
'Twas sweet in reverie to wander here.

Their dewy plumes when wakeful warblers
shook,
And hailed with songs the natal hours of day ;
And dawning morn rose dimpling in the brook,
Oft would I list its silver tinkling's play.

And oft the lark, wet from its grassy bed,
Gathering its notes that swelled into a
song :

The blackbird whistling in his native shade,
And echo far the mellow notes prolong :

And where she nestled with her callow brood,
The cock thrush carol to his mate below ;
And down the valley borne and round the wood,
The cascade's roar, now nearing, distant now.

Conveth, 'twas here my parents' hearts did
yearn
Over their little ones,—a happy band,
Taught by a mother's wistful care to learn
Earth's mortal tale, and seek a happier land.

While yet no ardent throbbing urged me on,
Reckless, yet sad, in devious paths to stray ;
While yet no care this aching breast did own.
Serenely passed the morn of life away.

Wrapped in the dreams of childish ignorance,
That felt nor feared that aught would ever
change,
When round these hills I cast a hovering glance,
Nor knew creation had a wider range.

Much is unchanged ; and yet so long the time !
These burnside braes sweet memories awake ;
And yonder stunted firs we wont to climb,
And from our pockets share our crumbs of
cake.

Yet, Conveth, ah, how strange ! thou hast the
graves

Of many now of youth's companions dear ;
And of the rest,—not now the tiny brave,
With whom I fought, yet loved—how few
are here !

Yon gleeful urchins on the market green
Now play the part of life we wont to play :
Short time, these too must quit the joyous scene,
And in their turn to juniors give way.

In days of thoughtless youth, so prone to rove,
Be theirs the blessing it was mine to share ;—
The wistful watching of a mother's love,
The priceless pleading of a mother's prayer !

CATHERINE PRINGLE CRAIG.

MISS CRAIG was a large contributor of meritorious poems, mainly of a serious character, to the *Glasgow Citizen*, and other papers and periodicals ; and published three volumes of her writings, "Isadore," etc., in 1844 ; "Mary," etc., in 1872 ; and "Zella," etc., in 1877. She was born at Brechin in 1826, and was reared in the manse of her grandfather, who was a minister at Kinclaven, Perthshire. Gilfillan spoke highly of her poetry, an excellent example of which will be found in the following piece.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

When the gay morn smiles on vale and plain,

To the fond heart they come

Like the echo of a happy strain

Born from the spirit's home ;

And a deeper charm o'er our joy is cast

By the gladsome voices of the past.

Musing alone, at the noontide hour,

They break on memory's ear,

Stirring the soul with a nameless power,

In their silvery tones so clear ;

And bright young hopes that fled too fast

Come back on the voices of the past.

In the low soft breath of the evening air,

How sweet are their notes of love,

While no dark whisper of change or care

The listening heart can move !

But the present seems a desert vast

Peopled with visions of the past.

When the clouds of midnight veil the sky,

And no other sound is heard

From the secret caverns where they lie,

Each long-forgotten word

Returns with the force of a trumpet's blast

In the well-known voices of the past.

Hope shines on the brow of the future years—

A star to lure us on ;

Bravely we struggle through doubts and

fears,

And deem the strength our own ;

Nor think how strangely our life is cast

In the mould of the deep-toned viewless past.

DAVID CRAIG.

THE career of this Dundee citizen is eloquent of the success which attends patient, plodding, persevering effort ; for, after forty years of labour, closed publicly in 1894 amid the hearty and substantially expressed good wishes of his fellows, his time is occupied in the administration of the competency secured by his thrift and foresight. The sphere of Mr Craig's work was the factory. Born at Dundee in 1837, he entered Messrs Baxter's works as a lad of thirteen, and there rose step by step to the position of manager of one of the largest weaving concerns in the city. From the printed collection of the speeches made on the occasion of his retirement, we learn how highly esteemed Mr Craig was, both by employers and employees ; how thoroughly he had mastered every detail of the intricate business of weaving ; and how many of the modern improvements in machinery and factory life were due to his skill and energy. His muse is typical of the man, fearless and independent. At election times his lively skits are welcomed by the local press ; and we may hope to see a judicious selection from his many poems placed in the hands of the public.

IN THE WOODS OF STOBHALL.

The sun, though lingering on his weary way,

Has passed beyond the rising western wood ;

The careless river round rude rocks does play,

Or murmuring passes on in sullen mood.

The eident reapers bind the yellow sheaves,

And Nature's golden bounties dot the scene ;

Around us thickly fall the withered leaves,

That waved in summer breezes fresh and green.

Along the byway carelessly we stroll—

Where thickly hang the hawthorn berries red—

Recounting joys, and woes we've had to thole,

Or mourning friends now numbered with the dead.

But now we pass within the thickening shade,

The spreading branches forming leafy bowers,

And pensively the soft green sward we tread,

Our thoughts in unison with fading flowers.

Low in this green retreat, on rustic chair

We rest awhile, where silence seems to reign,

Except when sportive salmon springs in air,

And splashing falls into the stream again.

Do airy phantoms round these dingles flit,
And spirits of the past still hover nigh?
Do weird-like forms among the boulders sit,
And phantom shadows o'er the waters fly?

So sauntering slowly on by bush and bower,
By winding path we reach the castle wall,
With turrets, undecayed, and goodly tower,
The ancient seat and chapel of Stobhall.

Now we must leave those rural scenes, tho'
fair,
Behind yon trees the gloamin' sun goes
down;
And towers that would not shield their right-
ful heir
Might grudge to shelter wand'ers from the
town.

THE GLEN.

An extract from Verses written on a Holiday Drive.

Next round the Esk's rectangular sweep,
Along the vale sae still and deep,
Between the mountains stern and steep,
We entered lonely Clova.

Though swift we passed the slopes sae green;
The cottar's home was seldom seen;
But ruined sites where such had been,
Too oft we mourn in Clova.

Inch Dowrie's birks that blossom fair,
Whose fragrance scents the morning air,
For amorous lovers bloom nae mair
Within the Vale o' Clova.

Sad fate is thine, ye Clova swains,
Since lordlings of your hills and plains,
For worthless grouse and sordid gains,
Drive you from green Inch Dowrie!

You're like to warblers robbed and torn,
Their fledglings aft by urchins borne,
To dingy hame, to pine and mourn—
Sad change frae green Inch Dowrie.

Your rackless lords can nane control?
Maun Clova's sons for ever thole
Those heartless wrangs that fire my soul,
And hunt you frae Inch Dowrie?

Can Clova's hills no' feed your sheep?
Your flocks no' range her valleys deep?
Nor Clova's glens your children keep,
Near birks that scent Inch Dowrie?

Your lords are hard as stingy soul
That shuts the pathway through Glen Doll,
Wha'd rather folk gaed round the pole
Than through it pass Inch Dowrie!

MRS CRICHTON.

(MARY DUNCAN SCOTT.)

WHAT a revelation it is to many to know that several of the most stirring of our Jacobite songs were written by the gentle Lady Nairne! And the source of surprise seems perennial, for many of the martial songs of modern times owe their existence to those who are strong *only on paper*. A case in point is furnished by the writings of Miss Scott, a lady of refined and delicate susceptibilities, and the authoress of at least two songs instinct with the spirit of battle, one of which, set to music by Fred Leeson of "Auld Scotch Songs" fame, had a remarkable record of popularity all over the kingdom. Miss Scott was an Arbroath lady; daughter of David Scott, Esq., of Newton, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Mr Gleig, parish minister of Arbroath. She married Dr Crichton of Woodside, and, on his death several years ago, disposed of her Forfarshire properties and settled in England. Her literary work was done in middle life, and found an outlet in the magazines of the period. We quote her song before referred to, and which in its musical form was publicly launched under the capable pilotage of Mr J. M. M'Bain, to whose vocal and literary abilities the Fairport of his birth and affection is signally indebted.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Who said we could not do it?
 Who said our arm was weak?
 Who dared against old England
 These traitor words to speak?

Who said our soldiers were not men
 As were the men of old?
 Who said their hearts were feeble,
 And their patriotism cold?

Ah! take each vile traducer
 To where the Alma runs,
 Point to the graves close tenanted
 By England's noblest sons;

And lead them on to where the field
 Of Inkerman was fought,
 And ask if soldiers grudge the price
 At which that field was bought.

We sorrow o'er the fallen,
 We weep with the bereav'd—
 But death and mourning ever come
 Ere vict'ries are achiev'd.

Fain would we heal each bleeding heart,
 But ah! how few could dare
 Intrude upon a grief that is
 Less grief than deep despair.

But now the city's fallen,
 And ev'ry doubt is o'er;
 The stronghold of the Czar is down,—
 Sebastopol's no more.

Ah! now the nations must rejoice
 The victory is won;
 And honour be to those by whom
 That glorious work was done!

JAMES CRIGHTON.

THIS most genial and popular man, who for many years contributed "Rural Notes" and poems to the local press, and who signed these "One who has Whistled at the Plough," was born at Perth in 1811, and trained to farming in the neighbourhood of Arbroath. He spent some years in America, and on his return became station-master at Broughty-Ferry on the newly opened Dundee and Arbroath railway. Subsequently he acted as an estate manager in England, but had been for many years resident at Arbroath, and Tarry Bank in its vicinity, prior to his death in 1892. "The *Whistler's* dead," was the common form of the local announcement of his demise, for by that title was the bard known and esteemed among his fellow-townsmen and friends. We give these verses by Mr A. S. Carnegie as some indication of the sorrow evoked by Mr Crichton's removal:—

One after one we lose our friends in death,
 They pass away as in a night-long dream;
 In this great harvest e'en the strong are ta'en;
 How frail *are* mortal lives—how sure they *seem*.

And while the common voice of man doth cease,
 E'en poet's muse is hushed in death for aye;
 The lyre is broken, and the garland brought
 To twine around his brow of still cold clay.

But worthy song will ever cheer men's hearts,
 And such was thine O "Whistler," now at rest;
 In freedom's cause thy wildest notes were sung,
 Thy muse aye loved the purest and the best.

While other friends around the tomb the last fond tribute pay,
 I weave a wreath for Crichton's brow, and place it there to-day.

Another mourner wrote—and the remark gives a clear glimpse of Mr Crichton's buoyant spirit—"If any one had asked him what inscription he would choose for his headstone, I can imagine him saying—'James Crichton, aged 82 : THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.'"

Mr Crichton's muse was many-sided, but the excellent sketch which follows seems in almost every respect one of his worthiest contributions to our treasury of native productions :—

AT MUIRDRUM IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Crowned with a wig, well curled and combed with care,
The village patriarch on his natal day
Sat upright in his massive elbow chair,
And near his hand the sacred volume lay.

For blessings, thanks, at morn and even, were paid,
When moral kings in lowly dwellings dwelt ;
And, while a portion of the Book was read,
It seemed as though the promised bliss was felt.

Three generations, wives, and bairns, and men—
Like steps of stairs down to myself, the boy—
Convened within the comfortable ben
To give and wish the old grandfather joy.

The old man in his youth had learned a trade ;
Though six-feet-three, on tailor's board had squat ;
For auld Panmure had buckskin breeches made,
And with the Earl held many a friendly chat.

Grandfather's tales were of the old, old Earl
Who lived before the famous Willie Maule—
That rich rough diamond, of Scotch lairds the pearl,
Beloved and honoured as the friend of all.

"Live and let live" its influence still retains,
Beneath that motto Agriculture thrives ;
When fruitless years absorb the honeyed gains,
No busy bees are driven from their hives.

Long tales were told of times when rents were light,
Part paid in coin, the greater part in "bere" ;
When masters wrought from early morn to night,
And servants' wages bare three pounds a-year.

Barefooted halflins whistled at the plough,
Of hose or shoon whose feet ne'er felt the want ;
And dames with bare feet trampled down the dew,
When fal-de-ral's and wincey skirts were scant.

With homespun plaidie pinned across the breast,
The Miss span yarn for her own bridal sheets ;
Luxurious wish was easily suppressed,
And few had tasted its enslaving sweets.

The grand horn buttons, and the long horn spoons,
 Displayed the wealth of lowly upper ten ;
 With cruizie light to supplement the moon's,
 All saw their way to make two ends meet then.

With stitch-in-time was saved the work of nine,
 The pin a-day picked up the groat a-year ;
 Men always looked before they leaped the line—
 None for the whistle ever paid too dear.

A broad blue bonnet thatched the neck and head ;
 The penny saved was aye a penny won ;
 By dint of labour and a hank of thread
 The dad's old clothes were made to suit the son.

The purse was light ; no tax-collector grieved ;
 No force, nor thieves on whom to vent their might ;
 Though fears were felt from which we are relieved,
 And doors kept barred against press-gangs at night.

With eident hands, stout hearts, and aching bones,
 By very few small crumbs of comfort cheered,
 From heath, and whins, and broom, and boulder stones,
 Slow, bit by bit, field after field was cleared.

Then books were few, and all the news was old ;
 A "Gentle Shepherd" gave the old man joy,
 A bawbee ballant servants prized as gold,
 A "Thrummy Cap" "Endymion" to the boy.

At festive board no chairman tried to preach,—
 The fewer words, if pithy, pleased the more ;
 Unused that social blunderbuss the speech,
 Of dull report and most prodigious bore.

Old Wisdom mourned when Chatterbox was born,
 And with a sigh resigned his ancient chair ;
 Now heard afar the youngster's tooting horn,
 Whose bitter blast sounds sweet to his own ear.

Wright, jack-of-all-trades, was the village sage,
 Through smith's gudewill the student got a kirk—
 Save when the laird, despite old women's rage,
 In vacant stall tied up a favourite stirk.

Tired worshippers were mesmerised in pews—
 Roused by a pinch from snuff-mull circling round ;
 Kirkyards, emporiums of the weekly news
 Retailled before the bell began to sound.

The frugal race, which memory recalls,
 Without a grudge their debt to Nature paid,
 And of proud Scotland's power and palace walls
 Upon a rock the sure foundation laid.

REV. WILLIAM CRUDEN.

WE may term this writer a bard of the older dispensation, for his collection of "Poems, with Pious and Practical Observations on the Works of Nature, and the ordinary Occurrences of Life," was printed and published at

London in 1766. Cruden styled himself the "Reverend William Cruden, A.M., minister of the Gospel at Loggie, near Montrose"; and in a lengthy preface sought to engage the reader's attention to the advantage of the study of serious subjects over that of fiction. His book is in two parts; the first, which extends to 195 pages, is entirely in the rhythm known as common metre (8.6.8.6.), and the second, embracing 100 pages, is in heroic couplets (10.10). Short specimens are given from each section of the work. Cruden, it has been said, also published a collection of hymns in 1761. He was a native of Pitsligo, and was ordained at Logie Pert in 1753. In 1767 he became minister of the Relief Church, Glasgow, and was translated to Crown Church, London, in 1773.

ON HOPE.

Hope cheers the dark desponding mind
With its reviving draught;
Her cup with sweet restorative
Even to the brim is fraught.

To pris'ners on their bed of straw
At midnight Hope draws nigh,
And in a sympathising tone
Suppresses oft the sigh.

To misery's oft repeated plaint
A patient ear she lends;
And from the bite of fell despair
The bosom long defends.

Amidst the num'rous sons of woe
The patient spends the day;
And with the wretched, thro' the night,
Her head she deigns to lay.

Amidst a universal gloom
She strikes a spark of light;
Foreboding that a cheerful morn
Shall chase these shades of night.

While shipwreck'd sailors on the plank
'Midst foamy billows ride,
A kind companion 'midst the waves,
Hope, oft will yet abide.

When underneath a load of woes
The shoulders seem to bend,
To bear the weighty burden still
Kind Hope her aid does lend.

Amidst the most bewildering stage
In life's short journey found,
Hope kindles her celestial lamp,
And darts her splendours round.

THE APPLAUSE OF MEN.

Frail man's applause is an inconstant blast,
Within few setting suns the gale is past:
The breath of fools still raise this shifty
wind,

And round the man of worth 'tis rare to find.
With it his humble sails but seldom swell,
And of its adverse blasts he much can tell;
Who steers his course by virtue's steady laws
Will not turn beggar for a man's applause.
For this poor alms great numbers plead in
vain,

Who scarce one scanty morsel can obtain.
Before the crowd grant the vain man's desire
His supple knees with constant bendings tire;
And, tho' gained o'er to puff aloft his fame,
When the wind shifts, they'll louder sound
his shame;

Some suppler knees the public voice may buy,
And to the rabble for their breath apply:

That hour their former minion is forgot,
On some new idol they as fickle dote.
Seldom the crowd dwells long on the same
string,

Their judgment hovers still on fancy's wing:
Who for their smoky incense once would bend,
Or on their alms for happiness depend?
That name's short-lived a rabble can bestow,
And but few hours his tide of fame shall flow.
No second flood shall thro' these channels rise,
There's no revival if his fame once dies:
That flimsy garb is never cheaply bought
Which in the loom of pop'lar fancy's wrought.
Who feels to-day fame's fragrance round him
spread

May weep the next; the pleasing odour fled:
Of censure's noisome gusts his nostrils smell,
And much of men's vague humours may he
tell.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE *nom de plume*, "Jack the Rover," has become familiar in several of our local papers, and the contributions appearing over it give evidence of considerable poetic skill, and the power to argue strongly on burning questions from a socialistic standpoint. The writer is a son of the late Mr John Davidson, teacher, Montrose, and was born in that town in 1875. He was trained as a compositor in the office of the *Montrose Review*, was employed on the printing staff of the *Forfar Review*, and is now in Fife. Indifferent health has made serious inroads on his activity ; but in connection with social movements, and especially among the temperance reformers known as Good Templars, Mr Davidson has done not a little good public service. We give a specimen of his muse in one of her lighter moods—a veritable ballad of the times.

THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

Come listen noo, freen's, an' a sang I will sing
'Bout something that's happenin'—a terrible thing ;
It's nae the Transvaal, an' it's nae the X rays,
It's waur nor baith thae—it's the bicycle craze.

This craze, freen's, has seized Peer an' Peasant alike—
Baith gentle an' simple noo run on the bike ;
In the warld's evolution it's raised a new phase,
An' a new era opes wi' the bicycle craze.

Wi' the men it began—then it wisna sae bad,
But noo on a tandem Meg bikes wi' her lad,
An', speak it in laigh, it's transposin' the claes
O' the ladies—this far-spreadin' bicycle craze.

If ye walk up or doon on road, lane, or street,
Ye'll scarce see a body that gangs on his feet ;
An' ye winder, d' ye no', in a kind o' a daze,
If the warld's gaen wud wi' the bicycle craze ?

There's a lass awa' by, scarcely into her teens,
But she pedals an' steers, sure it's business she means ;
There's anither, I wadna daur mention her days—
She's fell auld to be ta'en wi' the bicycle craze.

But syne this is a leap year, an', dinna ye ken,
'Tis the year that the women propose to the men ;
Wha kens, lowes o' love in men's hearts they may raise,
If they're smote wi' the fashionable bicycle craze.

An' what's a peeled nose, or a sack o' sair banes,
Wi' fa'in an' ca'in owre rough causey stanes,
If by chance at their feet a fond lover it lays,
Charm'd by their good looks, an' the bicycle craze ?

Howe'er, there's ae class it'll help for a bit,—
The class that's a-cleckin' roond ilka stair fit ;
At their clish-ma-clavers new topics 'twill raise,
Sic sweet scandal springs frae the bicycle craze.

But this ye a' ken weel, o' that there's nae doot,
Still there's nae harm dune e'er by speakin' straucht oot ;
As the crinoline-bane o' oor grandfather's days—
Sae come an' sae gang will the bicycle craze.

ALEXANDER DOIG.

THAT historical building known as Whitehall, Dundee, was the scene of Alexander Doig's birth in 1848; and in the High Street of Dumfries he closed his eyes on the land of his labours and wanderings in 1892. In his own humorous way he would tell how "auld douce Johnnie Broon o' the Chapelshade hankit my houghs to a tailor's board"; and a tailor of a roving disposition he continued till he "met his fate," married a Nithsdale maiden, and "settled down" in gray Dumfries. His shorter poems reached the public through the ordinary channels; his longest production, a humorous rhyming story, entitled "The Ghaists o' Logie Kirkyard"—an abridgment of which follows—having been published in pamphlet form. We select, also, one of Doig's most admired pieces, and an extract from one of his rhyming epistles, which, in its bearing on his brother bards, and on local interests, seems appropriate as it is meritorious.

EPISTLE TO JAMES CHAPMAN.

As through its mazy dance o' dreams
My soul was wildly whirlin',
Oblivious to the cares an' schemes
That keep my brains a-birlin',
The mornin' postie's double knock
Upon our yett cam' rap, man,
An' on my wauknin' ears awoke
The strains o' Jamie Chapman.

An' what a glorious flood o' strains!
The like ne'er crossed my portal—
I listen, an' the music rains,
As if frae spheres immortal:
Let critics haver till they're herse,
An' soulless zealots yaup, man,
I'se wat they'll howl ere they reverse
The fame o' Jamie Chapman.

But I maun dree my weird o' wae
Among the sons o' sorrow,
Wha wrastle for the "crust" to-day
They'll aiblins eat to-morrow;
What tho' a glint may brak' the gloom,
How soon the lurid gap, man—
But hush! my waes shall never loom
In front o' Jamie Chapman.

But, by-the-bye, Cock o' the North,
Ye've crooned auld Aberdeen, man;
But there's a "toonie" yont the Forth
I doot ye've never seen, man;
An' if ye haena yet been there,
Ye'll find it in the map, man;
A toon, I'll swear, fit to compare
Wi' that o' Jamie Chapman.

Dundee, my dear auld native toon,
Dreich be the ills that fa' me
When I shall tamely thole the loon
That ever wad misca' thee:
Sae, here! to prove a Forfar vow,
The gauntlet doon I'll wap, man,
An' for "Auld Stourie Thrums an' Tow"
I'll face e'en Jamie Chapman!

But, jokes aside, my denty chiel',
May a' guid things surround ye,
An' be their dad the muckle deil
That ever wad confoond ye:
An', 'bune a' things, aye mind to sen'
Soothward the ither scrap, man,
An' while yer freend can haud a pen,
He'll answer Jamie Chapman.

THE GHAISTS O' LOGIE KIRKYAIRD.

(ABRIDGED.)

Ae nicht the farm lads
Had stabl'd up their wearied yaulds,
Had supper'd them, and, a' things richt,
Were at their leisure for the nicht;

Around the bleezin' bothy fire
Some o' them sat to scrape the mire
Frae aff their tired bedraigg'd shanks,
While some were bent on playin' pranks.
Noo, it's weel-kent that farm cheil's

For tricky deeds are e'en-doon deils;
Gude save's! the cantrips that I've kenn'd
Wad rise yer very hair on end;
And a' dune under cloud o' nicht,
"For darksome deils aye shun the licht,"

An't matter'd not a fig wha did it,
The Deil was sure to get the credit.
Eh, sirs! auld Nick maun ha'e a trauchle
'Neath such an awfu' load to wauchle.

"Jock M'Lean" being out courting, it was resolved "to fleg the gowff as he comes hame by Logie howff"; and little "Scoogem M'Intyre" was selected to be the ghost.

Noo Scoogem was a droll wee bodie,
In fact, a philosophic study,
Sae scrimpit baith in form an' mind,
I'll vouch my word ye wadna find,
Were ye to search auld Scotland wide
Frae Caithness to the Solway tide,
The mortal marrow o' the creatur',
And Sawtan's print on every featur';
And for a leer, 'twas there he shone,
Scoog' in that line stood next to none;
Ye crack o' dochtie "Arnha,"
That famous wicht was nocht aya
To be compared wi' this same cheil'
Whase lees wad shamed the very Deil,
Joost in his cheek—*ane an' a hauf*,
Losh! then, hoo he could reel them aff,
And wad keep reelin' on for hoors,
And a' on's ain *miraculous pooers*.

Hoo ance at "Stobb's Fair," single-handed
Six pleecemen on their backs he landed,
And yarkit them baith hip an' side,
Yet no' ae scart upon's ain hide;
Hoo ance, 'tween Dronly and Newtyle,¹
He raced the train for near a mile,

And won by—weel, I winna pinch—
I think 'twas just by hauf an inch;
And aiblins tho' a thochtie mair,
An inch is neither here nor there;
And when in hand a scythe he took
'Twas three to bind and twa to stook;
And for a "poacher," losh! to hear 'im,
At nickin' game there's nocht cam' near 'im;
A keeper yince tried hard to pin 'im,
And fired near fifteen bullets in 'im,
But deil-ma-care, 'twas a' in vain—
Scoog' fired *as mony back again*;
Losh, lees cam' slidin' frae his moo'
As easy's gruntin' frae a soo,
And ilka lee, to mak' a fac' o't,
An aith was stamped on the back o't;
And aye to mak' the thing complete,
He fixed them a' wi' day and date.
But aince a droll lang-heided loon
Taen't in his pow to note them doon,
Then layin' ae item wi' anither,
And addin' up the lot together,
Brocht oot to view, without a blunder,
That Scoogem's years were near *three hunder*.

The "young Laird" overheard the details of the ploy, and resolved to have some sport on his own account. Securing the hide of a newly flayed cow he wrapt it round him—

Sae wi' his carcase thus adorned,
The garb uncouth, the head weel horned,

And fu' o' fun—as *second bogie* .
Set oot likewise *en route* for Logie.

At last midnight rang from the old steeple, and Jock came whistling home—

As checks the colt its full career,
At some uncanny object near,
Sae halted Jock, and wildly gowpfit
As oot the apparition loupit.
His bannet sprang clean aff his heid,
His mouth near rent his jaws abreed;
And as his knees ilk ither strak
His hair rose like a hurchin's back;
His very een wi' horror, stelled
As they the awfu' form beheld;
While ilka pore frae heid to feet
Distill'd a blob o' clammy sweat.

Sae Jock bein' naething mair than human,
But joost a ruckle country plooman,
As soon's his legs regained their pooer,

He till his heels—and aff like stour—
And "Scoogem" made to follow up,
When—horror! *something* laid a grup
Upon the fag end o' his sheet;
And quickly wheelin' roond to see't—
But losh! the sight that met his view
Near sent his heart skyte to his moo—
And grumphy's yell, when on her thrapple
She feels the deidly butcher's grapple,
Was naething to the horrid air
That burst upon the midnight air
Frae Scoogem's wide distended throat,
As frae auld Logie, like a shot
He madly fled in frantic fear,
Wi' "Rankin" hard upon his rear.

¹ Up the incline; a fact.

THE LAND WE CA' OOR AIN.

"Hail ! land o' Scots and Freedom's hame,"
 Sae sung the bard wi' muckle glee ;
 But ither lands his sang may claim,
 For here I trow it mayna be.

I've wandered mony a weary fit
 Owre Scotland wide, baith hill and plain,
 But never hae I sighted yet
 The spot that Freedom ca's her ain.

Seek I yon breezy height to climb
 That I micht breathe a purer air,
 Some titled coof's officious limb
 Maun ken my richt and business there ;

Wi' tardy step and stifled wrath
 I seek the dusty road again,
 To me, alas ! the only path
 In a' the land to ca' my ain.

Be't moor or mountain, glen or field,
 It matters nocht, 'tis a' the same,
 His lordship's hiring's at my heel
 To see I dinna steer the game.

Nae wunner Freedom's ta'en farewell :
 For Freedom canna long remain
 Whaur titles, gold, and hiring zeal
 O'erride the land we ca' oor ain.

A land o' liberty atweel,
 Whaur honest want and sterling worth
 Maun crouch beneath the iron heel
 O monied might and brainless birth ;
 A land whaur deer may freely roam,
 When her best sons maun cross the main,
 To seek in lands ayont the foam
 Those richts denied them in their ain.

Oh could the Scots whom Wallace led
 Behold their native land aince mair,
 And see for what their bluid was shed,
 By heavens ! that bluid were grudged sair.
 Cease, all ye bards, your idle songs,
 Cruel mocking sounds in every strain,
 And string your lyres to Scotland's wrongs,
 And Scotland yet may be oor ain.

DAVID DOIG, LL.D.

DR DOIG was a person of some eminence in the Scotland of his times, and a poet of considerable skill. He was the son of the tenant of Mill of Melgund, Aberlemno ; and was born in 1719. Though educated at St. Andrews for the church, he adopted the role of teacher, and acted as such at Monifieth, Kennoway, and Falkland, prior to his appointment to the Rectorship of the Grammar School, Stirling. Because of his acquirements in Ancient and Oriental Languages, the University of Glasgow conferred on him an honorary degree, and there are other evidences of the esteem in which Dr Doig was held by his compatriots. In 1796 he published, in large quarto form, "Extracts from a Poem on the Prospect from Stirling Castle," along with a few hymns and other pieces, one of which we quote. In his advertisement the author expresses his surprise that the lovely and classic scenes round Stirling Castle have never been celebrated in Descriptive Poetry. His work is advanced as specimens of his own efforts in this direction ; and he hints, "if the Public shall relish them, that circumstance may possibly accelerate the publication of the whole Poem, which is now upon the point of being finished. The three Hymns annexed," he goes on to say, "are specimens of a number of others, which, with a few songs in the old Scotch dialect, may then likewise make their appearance." The opening lines of "A Love Tale" may serve to illustrate the manner of this cautious bard, whose "swatches" were all that he ever was privileged to publish.

CARMOR AND ORMA.

Thus blest with royal grace, Sterlina reigns
 Fair queen of Fortha's ever verdant plains.

For her, each circling year new honour brings,
 The seat of heroes and the haunt of kings.
 Now Graces, Smiles, and Nymphs and Cupids move,
 Trip o'er the lawn, and cheer the tufted grove.
 Lur'd from her native isle, the Paphian Queen
 Now leads the moonlight revels on the green ;
 Still as they move, the sod new fragrance yields,
 And flowers, with countless tints, bestrew the fields.
 And now spruce Beaus, and sparkling Belles unite,
 With court-bred Valets, Grooms, and Squires polite,
 In all the mystic maze of France to move,
 And talk of Tiltings, Tournaments and love.

In 1795 Hector Macneill dedicated to Dr Doig his poem, "Scotland's Skaith," remarking, in gratitude for Dr Doig's friendly services, "On this opportunity I must confess, I am strongly tempted to speak out truths ; but the recollection of a MODESTY as remarkable as the GENIUS and ERUDITION of its possessor, restrains the fervour of friendship, and withholds the just tribute of applause."

Dr Doig's death occurred at Stirling in 1800. His minor efforts are reflected in the following hymn, which many will be pleased to have the opportunity of perusing.

MORNING—A HYMN.

Behold the radiant pow'r of day
 From tow'ring OCHILS darts his ray,
 And gayly gilds, with orient fires,
 Meads, landskips, villas, trees and spires.
 Amain the drizzly vapours fly,
 That low'ring bloat the western sky,
 Fresh gales the dreary damps dispel,
 That on the cloud-cap'd mountains dwell.

Far round, where'er I stretch my view,
 With silver drops, the pearly dew
 Bespangled, pours more vivid rays
 Than Heaven's resplendent bow displays.
 Wide o'er the dale, from bush to bush,
 The Lark, the Linnet, Finch and Thrush,
 With all the sons of song conspire
 To hail with Hymns their heav'nly Sire.

Awake, my drowzy soul, awake,
 Gay Nature's genial song partake,
 With heartfelt raptures tune the lays
 To him who fram'd both sun and days.
 Arise, O Sovereign source of light !
 Chase the dim fogs that veil my sight.
 Blest source of comfort, fill my heart,
 Thy kind, reviving light impart.
 O ! dwell for ever in my breast,
 And calm my labouring soul to rest.

Blest be the Pow'r, who from the night
 Has rais'd me safe to view the light ;
 Still may it shield me thro' the day,
 From snares that Fiends and Falsehoods lay ;
 And when life's dreary scene is o'er,
 And suns are set to rise no more,
 Conduct me to the blest abodes,
 To dwell with Seraphs, Saints, and Gods.

GEORGE WEBSTER DONALD.

IT was our privilege to have a personal knowledge of the late custodian of Arbroath's venerable Abbey, and it may therefore not be inappropriate to reproduce here these tributary verses, first published in the local press on the occasion of his death in 1891. They indicate the common experience of all who knew the genial old man, and the general esteem entertained for him among his fellows :—

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE W. DONALD.

Sanct Tammas, ring a doleful knell,
An' far a-field thy sorrow tell;
They're dowie sounds that round thee swell,
 Without remeid;
Again auld Death has lichted fell—
 Thy Laureate's deid!

There wasna ane thy fame could sing
Like pawky George, nor freer bring
The draucht frae Scotia's caller spring
 O' Doric soond;
An' nane mair workmanlike could fling
 The flood aroond.

But mair than a', thy glorious fane
He tended as it were his ain,
Nor time nor trouble on't wad hain,
 Nor canny fraise;
He lifted aye his heichest strain
 To furth its praise.

An' like the bard that's passed away,
I cherish Brothock's Abbey gray;
I first behoud the licht o' day
 Aneath its bield:
Fu' oft, sinsyne, like laddie gay,
 Its wa's I've speiled.

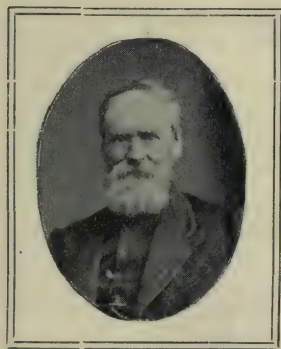
An' some hae windert, mony a time,
What gart me brak' oot into rhyme
In praise o' auncient stane an' lime
 No' worth a cent;
They didna ken ae single styme
 O' what I kent.

For, mair than gem o' modern airt,
Its eild could thirl a' throo my he'rt,
Ay, whiles could touch the inner pairt
 That seldom steers;
The storied past richt up wad stairt
 Throo dreepin' tears.

An', weel I wat, I liket weel,
When tired o' scartin' cairds wi' keel,
A' throo its gloomy nuiks to reel
 In Geordie's care;
Weel furnished was he, heid to heel,
 Wi' a' 'at's there.

Wha will forget his hamely crack—
The weel-kent leed sae aft he spak'?
An' wha but wissed aye to come back
 An' hear't aince mair?
I've startit whiles on ither track,
 An' landed there.

The auld toon stands beside the sea,
But no' the toon it used to be;
The Abbey an' Arbroath to me
 Hae lang been ane;
What was, I never mair will see,
 Sin' Geordie's gane!



G. W. Donald was born at Westfield, the estate of George Webster, Esq., in the immediate vicinity of Forfar, in 1820; and spent his earlier years there, and at Dunnichen, where for some time his father had a small farm. The chief occupation of those years was herding, every leisure moment being given to self-improvement, and the study of Scottish lore and song; but, in course of time, he learned to weave, and his inherent ability asserting itself he became dominie first at Dunnichen, and afterwards at Kingsmuir. Passing through the Normal College course of training, he, in 1847, was appointed teacher of Tarfside School, Lochlee; and while there he gathered much informa-

tion about Alexander Ross and his work, which served as a basis for numerous sketches and poems on this interesting subject. Subsequently he taught at Luthermuir, Forfar, St. Vigeans, etc., latterly securing the appoint-

ment at Arbroath, which he filled as to the manner born. Mr Donald was lame through an accident sustained in childhood, but his infirmity laid no embargo on his geniality or intelligence. As a poet he ranks among our favourite county writers; no fewer than five editions of his poems have been published, and his name appears in several standard poetic works of reference. Our illustrations show his work in varied aspects, but it is difficult to represent fairly in this manner so varied and voluminous a muse.

'MANG OOR AIN FOLK AT HAME.

'Tis winter, the reaver, he's goulin' amain,
Wi' a cauld eerie sough an' a sowf o' his ain;
Nae birdie sings now 'mang the broom on the brae,
Where robin sits chirpin', the semblance o' wae.
Blithe summer has gane, wi' the saft mellow hum
That rose frae the loaning when gloamin' had come;
E'en the crune o' the burnie that danced 'mang the faem
Is mute—yet there's joy 'mang our ain fouk at hame.

There's a lowe that blinks bonnie, an ingle that's warm,
Wi' the voice o' contentment to soothe like a charm,
Where the leal-hearted gather, sae couthie an' fain,
Wi' a smile that bids welcome for welcome again.
E'en the bairnies are toddlin', sae fou o' their glee—
They trowna that life has a canker to gie;
While care frae our hallan jouks backwards in shame,
To list the glad sound 'mang our ain fouk at hame.

That hame is our kingdom, while virtue's the crown
Nae tyrant may shatter or shake with a frown;
Fair freedom's our birthright—our fathers were free—
Let us gather the fruit where they planted the tree.
Sae come, my auld cronies, sae trusty and true,
'Twill sweeten ilk pleasure to share it wi' you;
'Tis the dawn o' the year, an' there's nane who can blame,
Tho' we're happy ance mair 'mang our ain fouk at hame.

Tho' the lang mirky night an' the cauld sleety shower
Hae blighted the garden an' rifl'd the bower,
Tho' nae star thro' the welkin in brightness appear,
The bright lamp o' friendship will lighten us here.
And fondly we'll pledge the dear friends o' th' past,
Tho' mountains and billows between us are cast;
Their mem'ry, their worth, we'll aye cherish the same,
And they'll ever be dear to our ain fouk at hame.

To the land o' our birth let us drink with a will—
The land o' the mountain, the lake and the rill;
To the steep rocky glens, e'en the haunts o' th' free,
Where the eagles o' Rome in their might cudna flee;
To the bairns she has nurtured in days o' langsyne—
The statesman, the hero, the bard, the divine,
Whase names are enrolled in the bright book o' fame,
And 'graved on the hearts o' our ain fouk at hame.

On our wa' there's a flicker, a shadowy gloom,
When we think on auld friends wha hae gaen to th' tomb ;
Nae mair shall they come wi' their blithe looks to cheer,
An' speer for our weal at the change o' the year.
Some wan'd in th' morning, some withered at noon,
An' some frail an' hoary, life's gloamin' gaed down ;
Like them, when the Master shall ca' on our name,
May we mingle in heaven 'mang our ain fook at hame.

THE BONNIE LASS O' CAIRNIE.

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
When nature smiled in sunny May,
I met a lassie, fair and gay,
Amang the braes o' Cairnie.

Her gracefu' mien an' modest air
Proclaimed her fairest o' the fair,
But lured my heart to love's fell snare,
Amang the braes o' Cairnie.

The gowden locks that screened her broo
Hung doon her cheeks o' rosy hue ;
Her lips were wat wi' honey dew,
The bonnie Lass o' Cairnie.

Her een were bright as starnies twa,
Her bosom white as virgin snaw
When Winter wreathes St. Mary's Law,
An' haps the knowes o' Cairnie.

Frae sic a face, frae sic a form
I felt the power o' ilka charm,
An' langed to shield the fair frae harm,
The bonnie Lass o' Cairnie.

I said, " My lass, gif sae it be
That ane sae fair could won wi' me,
I'll lo'e thee till the day I dee,
My bonnie Lass o' Cairnie."

She turned awa—she said nae mair
Than this, which gies me muckle care :
" Your love to me ye weel may spare,—
The lad I loe's in Cairnie."

An' now, while ithers, blithe an' free,
At e'enin' join the younkens' glee,
I saunter lanely owre the lea,
An' sigh, " The Lass o' Cairnie!"

Ye birds that round St. Vigeans sing
To welcome in the flowery spring,
Like you I've garred the echoes ring
Amang the braes o' Cairnie.

But now I cower to hide my pain
Frae ilka nymph an' ilka swain,
An' sigh an' sing this dowie strain,—
" Fareweel ! fareweel to Cairnie!"

THE ABBEY GATE.

Still at my gate I stand, I wait
To let another pass ;
Another and another comes,
And still they come, alas !
The young, the old, the weak, the strong,
And he in manhood's bloom ;
The timid and the brave alike
Are moving to the tomb.

The child that only saw the light
When Death came lingering nigh,—
The Giver lent him scarce an hour
To bless the mother's eye.
He tasted not life's bitter cup,
Nor heard youth's gladsome chime,
As if his soul had been too pure
For things of sense and time.

The blushing maiden, floweret sweet,
Of twenty summers mild :
The rose-lit deeper dyed her cheek
When fond ones round her smiled.

She comes ! and now that cheek is pale,
And cold that lovely form ;
The grave is made—her bridal bed !
Her bridegroom is the worm.

He comes who built him airy towers,
While fools applauded loud ;
Oh ! whisper not that all his dreams
Are muffled in a shroud.
He boasted of his wealth and power,
And bade the world admire ;
That little world that hung in scorn
Around his evening fire.

They quaffed his ale, and heard his tale,
And wondered at the man,
But never told that truth of old,—
That life is but a span.
And when at last misfortune's blast
Made all his dwelling groan,
They came not nigh—they let him die
Forsaken and alone.

He comes, who crawled about the earth,
 And wept and cried for bread ;
 He comes to claim, what kings must share,
 A turf to hide his head.
 Yet he had friends, and some will miss
 The beggar's downcast eye ;
 They gave a crust, that crust was all
 Their goodness could supply.

He comes, who on the mighty deep
 Saw dangers rise around,
 Who through the surging billows cut
 When all his mates were drowned.
 His brow was tanned by summer suns,
 And chilled by winter's hoar ;
 He trode on India's sultry plain
 And Lapland's frozen shore.

Yet he was open, generous, kind,
 Beloved by all his crew ;
 True as the needle to the pole,—
 In love and friendship true.
 But now his voyages are o'er ;
 'Mid bitter tears and sighs
 He comes to where no tempests beat
 Nor bounding billows rise.

And he who gave the poor man toil,
 And gave the poor man bread ;
 Who lived and longed that all might live
 To bless his hoary head.
 While borne along, the mourning throng,
 With silent step and slow,
 E'en to the end cling to their friend
 With anxious looks of woe.

And now a tender mother comès,
 While weeping friends deplore ;
 Her children saw her fall asleep
 At noon, to wake no more.
 And yet they thought she would awake
 To smoothe their brows at even ;
 But, ah ! she slept Death's long, long sleep :
 Her soul had gone to heaven.

Come, stranger, to that field of graves,
 Where dust on dust is piled ;
 The father, and the father's friend,
 The mother and the child :
 There lonely meditate, and prone
 Let proud ambition fall ;
 Then trust in Him, in life, in death,
 Who keeps and cares for all.

JAMES DONALD.

ABOUT four years ago this typical worthy of the old Chartist school was taken from the familiar scene of his long and active labours. He was born at Kirriemuir in 1815, famous as the year in which *Waterloo* was fought ; and his record shows clearly that his acquirements in poetry, music, oratory, and politics were much in advance of those common to the humble occupation which he followed through life in his native town. Not many weavers, clever though many of them were in varied ways, bothered over contemporary English Literature, or the writings of the Lake poets ; but to James Donald such mental fare grew easy of assimilation ; and in the study of the intricacies of political and philosophical problems his was a master mind. A local leader in the Chartist agitation, his public appearances were frequent and influential, and his ability brought him into personal touch with the famous founders of that historical period. James was a notable precentor, band leader, and singer ; and as a *raconteur* of the exciting scenes and curious experiences of his varied experiences he was inimitable. Many of his townsmen honour his memory as a man of outstanding characteristics, and esteem him as a poet of considerable power.

A DEATH REVIEW.

One night I awoke in wonder,
 Startled at the cannon's thunder
 And the drum tap-tapping under
 All the sounds of deeper tone ;

An idle thought me haunted
 That some demon dark I wanted
 To show me where war vaunted
 When the fear of God was gone.

I saw lines far extending,
 But no shouts the skies were rending,
 And the guns no bullets sending
 To lay the warriors low ;
 The spears with rust seemed hoary
 Which once with blood were gory ;
 But I must tell in this story—
 'Twas a dumb and spectral show.

Yet timorous I crept nearer
 Before the standard-bearer,
 When the moon came shining clearer
 In a flood of silvery light ;
 Yet I saw no red eyes glaring,
 At the intruders staring,
 And ne'er was deed of daring
 Done in a stranger night.

Still I trembled, as if danger
 Might come from some avenger,
 Hurt at the prying stranger
 Thus wandering too and fro ;
 Ignobly thus I founded
 Fears—fabulous, unbounded—
 Till my sinking soul sunk wounded,
 A prey to saddest woe.

Fierce from the steep rock's chamber
 Came the hungry wolf to clamber,
 And howled aloud in anger
 O'er this cold and lifeless host ;

No mother there sat weeping,
 Or her tender vigil keeping—
 All kinsman's eyes seemed sleeping,
 Their sense of vision lost.

The birds of heaven came flapping
 Till their wings were rapping
 On the wolves that now are lapping
 The red blood on the plain ;
 But no hand to scare was lifted
 When the hungry wolves there shifted
 On the flesh, with no eye lifted,
 And insensible to pain.

Still stand they in Death's slumber,
 Dead, mighty in their number,
 And their dismal ranks encumber
 The white ghosts as they pass ;
 Though the hoary storms break o'er them,
 Though the greedy worms devour them,
 And all have a foe before them,
 Yet none will cry "Alas !"

Thousands of graves are yawning,
 Lit by the moon now waning,
 And though the day was dawning
 No sound the spectres drew ;
 Horse and riders are decaying,
 All ended with the slaying ;
 So I finish this by saying—
 'Twas but a Death Review.

JAMES DONNET.

EXTREMES meet, and very clearly, in the poetry of this genuine Son of Song. In company with D. S. Robertson, after-mentioned, Donnet produced a volume of 108 pages, entitled "Lays of Love and Progress," 39 of the "Lays" being by Donnet, and 13 by Robertson. No distinction was made, and the reader was left to judge of the authorship as best he might. But to the student of *quality*, the assignment never was difficult: Donnet's muse had a dignity of movement which Robertson's never approached, and his individuality is apparent in every line he wrote. "Love, Nature, and Progress" would have been a perfect title for the book; for these are the three themes on which its author enlarges, and with a power which is at times surprising. *Love*, and *Nature*, may have seemed as one to the bard who could so chastely combine the two; to us it seems unfortunate that the rabid radical tendency, termed Progress, should have forced its company upon the smiling twain, to the detriment of their sweet demeanour, and to as little purpose as the exercise of undue harshness never fails to experience. Donnet was a flax-dresser to trade, was born at Dundee in 1830, and died in the Royal Infirmary of that city in 1869. All through life he was of a retiring and studious disposition, preferring books to the company of mankind, and finding in these, and in his poetry, the pleasures of his life. Our illustrations show him at his best, in the three aspects to which we have referred.

A SUNSET SONG.

I am lying 'mong white daisies on an upland fragrant lea,
 With Labour's fever off my heart, I woo sweet Liberty :
 The murmuring Ericht, far below, is sounding thro' the vale,
 While I watch the brooding glories of sunset's shadowy pale :
 All heaven is a burning heap of glorious stars to-night,
 And my heart it is a-flood with tides of sweet delight ;
 The wandering spirit of the air is beating on my brow,
 But it cannot mount the starry heights my spirit mounteth now.

The evening shades have dropped into the gush of sunset hours,
 And there's a heavenly weirdness on silent hills and bowers ;
 The butterfly, o'er yellow broom and streamlet, is abroad,
 And all things glow in the glowing breast of night's eternal God :
 There are roses red and white—for I do know them yet—
 On the budding fragrant banks, within their thorny net ;
 Oh ! that the darling of my soul, with her sweet yearning eyes,
 Were with me now that she might feel the glory of the skies.

My darling is all feeling, all grace and beauty too,
 And I know her soul in ecstasies would cleave heaven's paly blue ;
 She has a heart that loves of the wonderful to read,
 And angel feet that often walk heaven's star-replenished mead :
 The tender stems of summering flowers a-waving here and there,
 She could not feel to trample on, or spoil their beauty rare ;
 But blessings she would rather pour upon them on the ground,
 And hush them into happiness as eternity profound.

I cannot tell my darling how much I'd feel of pain
 Were my humble lyre to cease her praise, in simple artless strain ;
 Oh ! may I never see the sun in skies of heavenly blue,
 When fades her image from my soul, or from my fancy's view ;
 But may Heaven pour rich blessings down upon her aged head,
 And feed her soul for ever with Christ's immortal bread,
 That she, while journeying on life's golden valley through,
 May look on high and keep her heart for ever fresh and true.

Now I'm sick, I'm sick with poesy, and the sweet breath of the flowers,
 The beauty and sublimity of mountains, suns, and bowers ;
 And therefore I am troubled by much thinking, by much care,
 As the awful clouds that darken God's eternal summer air.
 The songs of all the happy birds, methinks I hear them still,
 Of their divinest melodies my wearied soul I'd fill ;
 Oh ! the upland leas I've wandered ; oh ! the dingles wild and deep ;
 Oh ! the beauteous panorama of my charmed midnight sleep !

MAY.

Full of bright sunshine, heavenly sweet,
 Once more the glorious May I greet,
 And clasp with joy sweet Nature's feet.

For I methought her almost dead—
 Now, snow-white blossoms crown her head,
 And balms of flowers begin to spread.

And soon—a sight for poet's eyes—
 Upon Spring's wealthy morns will rise
 The glorious dawn of Summer skies.

Beauty meanwhile haunts the woods,
 Where the eclipse of daylight broods,
 And glorifies their solitudes.

The blind-white wilderness of sky
 We gaze into, with upturned eye
 We cannot through the shades descry.

Myriads of golden flower-jewels gleam
 In the bright opulent noonday beams,
 That through the budding valleys stream.

Fountains pulse out their rivers dun
Whose foamy waves bright splashing run,
And borrow glory from the sun.

To the lone silent seas below
Those streams of God will ever flow
Through years of change, but no change know.

To deep absorbing heights I rise,
When up to noon's sun-flaming skies
I gaze, beneath her golden eyes,

When laughs the earth in sunny air,
All glorious with the radiance fair
Of heaven's infinite thoroughfare.

THE WORKER'S SONG.

Grandly swells the impassioned burden of the noble worker's song,
As he toils from morn to evening, aye enduring bitterest wrong ;
But though slavery's slave he be, he is not a slave in soul—
Never has he lost the god-force of a powerful self-control :
A glorious wrestler he with song, holding ever by the right—
Is he not the noblest noble in God's world of living light ?
Oh ! how sweet to him is evening, when the day's hard toil is o'er ;
Then methinks I hear him singing this sweet song of his once more :—

“ In the fragrancy and greenery of our lusty summer bowers,
Where the murmuring of waters flow on the enchanted hours,
Where the birds of God are singing 'neath the sunset's golden wing,
Making all the glowing landscape with voluptuous music ring,—
In proud ecstasy of heart, on my darling mother's breast,
Sweetly then I dream away some bright hours of happy rest,
Dreaming of that glorious time when poor men shall cease to slave
To uphold the kingly grandeur of the tyrant and the knave.

“ The Devil's devils weave in vain the tyrant's crown of pride,
For, year by year, fair Freedom marches nearer to our side ;
And she shall march eternally, till lies the human race
For ever in the heavenly hold of her divine embrace :
Oh ! how the poor will then rejoice, with the joy of heaven above,
As their existence yields to them the fruits of mighty love !
Man's hell of fraud and falsehood will nevermore be known,
For o'er the world beautiful our Christ will reign alone ! ”

ALEXANDER KENT DORWARD.

ANOTHER of the bards whom Vinney Den has charmed into song, and whose effusions are well known to readers of the Dundee and Forfar papers, was born at Letham in 1866. Weaver, tailor, and soldier by turns, Mr Dorward's career has been a varied one, and his experience in many spheres lively in the extreme. He served the regulation time with the 71st Highlanders, and worked for some years in a Forfar factory, during which time some of his best contributions were made to the *Forfar Herald*. A short time ago Mr Dorward emigrated to America, and is now resident at Pawtucket, U.S. We give examples of his earlier and later writings, all of which possess lyrical qualities which development might merge into excellence.

IN NATURE'S KIRK.

The lav'rock sings this Sabbath morn
Among the fleecy clouds sae hie ;
The lintie whistles on the thorn,
An' music rings frae every tree.

On Vinney's braes the wild flowers bloom,
The bracken in profusion grows ;
An' 'mang the yellow whins, and broom,
Like siller threid, the Vinney flows.

Out owre the muir I take my way ;
 The path my fathers lang syne trod
 With humble hearts, each Sabbath day,
 To worship in the house of God.
 But kirk bells, ring they e'er so long,
 Can never lure me from this spot ;
 With so much beauty, so much song,
 How can our Maker be forgot !

The swallow skims the ripening corn,
 The lark still higher sings wi' glee :
 From every bush, and tree, and thorn,
 Rings out a glorious melody ;

My heart's in unison with theirs,
 Thrilled to its inmost with their lays ;
 I cannot but forget my cares
 In Nature's Kirk on Vinney's braes.

Oh ! loveliest vale on Scotland's shore,
 Fair Nature's sweetest joys are thine ;
 I love thee though for nothing more
 Than memories o' the lost langsyne.
 The scenes I view, the songs I hear,
 And all the gifts that God has given,
 Enthrall my soul, and I feel near
 Unto the golden gates of heaven.

OWRE MONRIMMONT MUIR.

Oh ! I'm comin' back again
 To whaur my he'rt was aye sae licht ;
 Whaur a pair o' bonnie hazel een
 Wi' love were shinin' bricht ;
 Whaur lovin' smiles awaited me
 Ilka bonnie summer's nicht,
 I cam' whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to
 meet ye.

Whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to meet ye ;
 Whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to meet ye ;
 Oh ! my he'rt wi' love was licht,
 Ilka bonnie summer nicht,
 I cam' whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to
 meet ye.

Fu' blithe was I the lee-lang day
 Amang the wids sae green ;
 But blither far when set the sun
 Behind the hills at e'en ;
 For then, wi' lightsome, merry he'rt,
 I left the lovely scene,
 An' cam' whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir
 to meet ye.

Frae morn to e'en Monrimmont wids
 Wi' glorious music rang ;
 An' merry echoes 'mang the trees
 Sent back the cheery sang ;
 But I lilted just as blithe a lay
 As ony o' the thrang, [to meet ye.
 As I cam' whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir

I thoct upon your hazel een,
 And on your cheeks sae reid,
 The wealth o' bonnie yellow hair
 That crowns your shapely heid,
 An' kisses sweet that would be mine,
 Oh ! 'twas happiness indeed
 To come whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to
 meet ye.

But simmer days are past an' gane,
 An' winter winds are shrill,
 An' deeply lies the driven snaw
 On bonnie Birtle Hill ;
 But I'm comin' back, my darlin',
 For I kent nae joy until [meet ye.
 I cam' whistlin' owre Monrimmont Muir to

JOHN DORWARD.

EARLY in the century, John Dorward—a humble, illiterate man, employed as a carter at Letham spinning mill—published some rhymes in the local papers, which show very commendable powers of expression, and good Scottish diction. These pieces had the advantage of revision by Mr John Bowman, late parish schoolmaster at St. Vigeans ; and Mr Robert Blythe, gardener at Kelly Castle, and a great herbalist. The three were boon companions ; and Dorward wrote the "Elegy," from which we quote a few verses, on hearing of the accidental death of his friend Blythe, of whom it has been recorded :—"For the needy he had a penny, for the sick he had a remedy, and for the sore he had a salve."

ELEGY.

Mourn, a' ye nymphs, an' ance gay swains,
On sunny hills, an' gowanie glens ;
Ye birdies, chant your dowie strains
At close o' day,
For Rob, the pride o' a' our plains,
Now sleeps in clay.

A wae be to the Laird o' Kelly,
That's been to Robin sae ill-willie ;
He's wandered like some houseless gillie
This towmont past,
And now the honest social billie
Is drown'd at last.

Monie a chappin, pint and gill,
Has Robin gotten for his skill !
Were it a' rinnin' in a rill,
I'm bauld to say,
It wad drive Letham spinnin' mill
A simmer day.

But ah ! his skill nae mair will ease
The pale-faced victim o' disease ;
Nae mair his medicines will raise
Them up again :
Death, only death, will then release
Frae grief and pain.

Ye fook that drive at brake an' harrow,
An' ye who work wi' spade an' barrow,
Ye ploughmen whistlin' owre the furrow,
Gie up your glee,
An' drap a tear in silent sorrow,
An' mourn wi' me.

In vain the herbs an' flowers blaw
By burnie's edge or birken shaw ;
Their weepin' leaves will fade an' fa'—
There's nane to tent them,
For ah ! poor Robin's ta'en awa',
Wha brawly kent them.

When wild flowers paint ilk bank an' brae,
Whar Elliot's waters wimplin' play,
Aft shall thy friend at gloamin' gray,
Wi' tearfu' e'e,
Amang the wild woods pensive stray,
And mourn for thee.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

TO Brechin belongs the honour of being the birth-place of Gavin Douglas, known as Bishop of Dunkeld, and the great founder of Classical Scottish poetry. Jervise says in his "Reflections on the Past":—

'Twas here that Douglas nursed the holy flame
That shines resplendent o'er his noble name ;
Whose honoured "Palice," and his other themes
Of old "King Hart," and Virgil's classic dreams,
Display a power of letters then unknown,
And worthy rival for Parnassus' throne !

The father of Douglas was Archibald the Great Earl of Angus, his mother being Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Boyd, high chamberlain ; and the dates of his birth and death are given as 1471 and 1522 respectively. He was in turn Rector of Hawick ; Provost of St. Giles, Edinburgh ; a nearly successful aspirant for the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, and the Abbacy of Aberbrothock ; Bishop of Dunkeld ; and latterly, on account of the troubles of his times, an exile in England, his death taking place in London, and his body being buried in the Savoy Church, under the inscription : "A man learned, wise, and given to all virtue and goodness." It is remarkable that in the Scotland of Bishop Douglas' times the art of poetry should have been cultivated so successfully in its higher branches, while in England the merest buffoonery was the only appreciable result of the influence of the great

Chaucer. The first translation in metre of any ancient classic that had appeared in any of the three kingdoms was that of the "Æneid" by Bishop Douglas; and by this, as through his other translations and original writings, the prelate and scholar secured for all time a name and fame of the greatest distinction. His "Palice of Honour" is an allegorical poem which, according to Irving, "displays much versatility of fancy, and a ready command of striking imagery"; and "King Hart," perhaps the most rhythmical of his works, is, according to the same authority, "a very ingenious adumbration of the progress of human life." His "prologues" to the different books of Virgil contain many striking passages, and are greatly esteemed by scholars: despite the difficulties of the medium of communication, even the general reader will not fail to be struck by the sonorous ring and splendid imagery of this old Scots poetry, and may be tempted by the short specimens here presented to make further incursions into a realm whose pleasures are well-nigh inexhaustible.

THE PALICE OF HONOUR.

PROLOGUE.

VI.

Richt hailsome was the sessoun of the zeir
Phebus furth zet depured bemis clear
Maist nutritive till all things vegetant.
God Eolus of wind litt nocht appear,
Nor Auld Saturne with his mortal speir,
And bad aspect contrair till eurie plant,
Neptunus Nold within that palice hant,
The beriall stremis rynnning men micht heir,
By bankis green with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
The purgit air with new engendrit heit,
The sol enbroued with colour, ure, and stone;
The tender grene, the balmy droppis sweet,
Sa rejoycit and comfort was my spreit,
I not was it a vision or fantone,
Amyd the buskis rowming myne alone,
Within that garth of all plesance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as Phebus schone.

VIII.

Singand, O May, thow Mirroure of Soles,
Maternall moneth lady and maistres,
Till eurie thing adown respirature,
Thyne heaunlie work and worthie craftiness
The small herbis constrainis till incres.
O verray ground till working of nature
Quhais high curage and asscurat cure
Causis the irth his fruitis till express
Diffundant grace on eurie creature.

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning incomparabill,
Dantis the sauage beistis maist unstabill,
And expellis all that nature infestis,
The knoppit Syonis with leuis agreeabill,
For till reart and burgione or maid abill,
Thy mirth refresches byrdis in thair nestis
Quhilkis the to praise and nature never restis,
Confessand zow maist potent and lowabill,
Among the brownis of the Olive twistis.

THE ÆNIS OF VIRGIL.

From the "*Prologue of the Eycht Booke.*"

Preistis suld be patteraris, and for the pepyl pray,
To be Papis of patrymone and prelatis pretendis;
Ten teyndis ar ane trumpe, bot gyf he tak may
Ane kinrik of parisch kyrkis euplit with commendis.
Quha ar wirkaris of this were, quha walknaris of wa,
Bot incompetabyl clergy, that Christendome offendis?
Quha reissis, quha ar ryotous, quha rekles bot thay?
Quha quellis the pure commouns bot kyrkmen, welk kend is?
Thare is na state of thare style that standis content;
Knycht, clerk nor commoun,
Burges, nor barroun,
All wald haue vp that is doun,
Welterit the went.

From the "Prologue of the Twelt Booke."

Welcum the lord of licht, and lamp of day,
Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene,
Welcum quihikynnar of flurist flowris schene,
Welcum support of euey rute and vane,
Welcum comfort of al kind frute and grane,
Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,
Welcum maister and reulare of the zere,
Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,

Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
Welcum the lyffe of every thing that spredis,
Welcum storare of al kynd bestial,
Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al,
Welcum celestial myrroure and espye,
Atteiching all that hantis sluggardy.

GEORGE DOWIE.

"HE was one of the excellent of the earth," writes a correspondent regarding George Dowie; and a study of his published "Essays and Sketches on our Church Life," several of his poetic effusions, the press notices of his death at Dundee in 1895, and the general record of his useful and beautiful life fully bear out this testimony. Born at Edinburgh in 1824, he was in youth engaged as a stationer and bookbinder, and pursued music as a hobby with remarkable devotion and success. As leader of Praise in the Church of Baptized Believers at Edinburgh, he compiled the anthem book still used by that body, several of his own compositions appearing in its pages. For the latter twenty-eight years of his life he was resident at Dundee, where he was extremely popular as a teacher of music, a lecturer, and a speaker on Biblical and kindred subjects. Original and enterprising in everything to which he put his hand, he invented a set of "Music Cards," designed to simplify the Theory of Staff Notation, and which, under the guidance of those who know how to use them, are of good service still in elementary classes. "The Choral Primer" (now published, with the *Cards*, by Messrs Parlange, Paisley) has for long been a favourite instruction book, and it is interesting to know that its author's son, Mr James Dowie, has for the past eighteen years used it in his training of the large preparatory classes of Edinburgh Choral Union. Fertile in expedient as an illustrator of his subject; able to command attention on musical, historical, linguistic, scientific, and religious subjects; George Dowie's gifts seemed at times to approach Genius; and if his incessant labours in these varied fields afforded him but little time for the cultivation of poetry, what he has left is good, as a *People's Journal* Prize Poem of twenty years ago, and another specimen, will show.

THE FOREST.

I.

I walked in the forest at morn,
When all nature was fragrant and sweet;
Oh, rare was the bloom on the thorn,
And the primrose was fair at my feet.

Every dewdrop that hung on the spray
Was a-twinkle with youthful delight,
For the flash of young eyes seemed to play
In the gleam of those spangles so bright.

And the blackbird aloft on the tree
Rung his notes out so mellow and strong,
Not a rival durst warble when he
Was filling the forest with song.

Once again I'd the heart of a boy;
And my spirit, no longer forlorn,
Felt the tremor of youth's early joy,
As I walked in the forest at morn.

II.

I walked in the forest at noon,
 By the murmuring brook in the shade,
 Saw how brightly the sun-glints of June
 On its bosom so lovingly played.

There around me in majesty stood
 A cathedral of figure divine;
 Sung the choir in the rich underwood,
 Humm'd the organ aloft on the pine;

And the meadow-sweet incensed the air—
 All was calmness and beauty and rest;
 And the soul, wont to venture and dare,
 With a holy enchantment was blest.

Then my father-heart prompted the pray'r
 That this beautiful blessing and boon
 All my children might gratefully share
 When they walk in life's forest at noon.

From among Mr Dowie's MSS. we select a piece excellent in feeling, and suggestive of that originality of view which even in versification did not fail him. In the hands of a good reciter this might prove an effective reading.

THE DUNDEE CHIMES.

He lingers on the threshold stone
 And thinks upon his youth now past;
 He ponders scenes of days bygone,
 The joyful days that could not last;
 Those vanished years
 Call out his tears,
 And fain to stay, and loth to go,
 He hesitates awhile, when, lo!

From the tall tower the quarter chime
 Peals out its warning of the time:—

m :-	r :d	s ₁ :-	
Bim,	bome, &c.		

Aroused, awaked, up-braced he stands,
 To loving friends, with clasped hands
 And beating heart, he bids farewell.

Soon in the city's busy streets,
 With active pace he speeds along;
 Knows well the face of each he meets,
 Again fond memories on him throng,
 And grateful tears

For bygone years:

When, fain to loiter on the way,

He hears above the city's fray,

From the tall tower the sounding chime

Peal out the warning of the time:—

m :-	r :d	s ₁ :-	s ₁ :-	r :m	d :-	
Bim,	bome, &c.					

He starts to hear that well-known sound,
 And, silently, to all around
 With throbbing heart he breathes farewell.

III.

I walked in the forest at eve,
 In a peaceful contemplative mood;
 From the bustle of life sought reprieve
 In the deeper recess of the wood.

Every blossom was folded to rest,
 Every warbler had finished his lay,
 And beneath the mild stars sought his rest
 As the twilight was fading away.

Like an echo of youth came the sound
 Of games, distant and faint, on the green,
 And the whispering lovers around
 Were the phantoms of what I had been.

But I grudged them not youth's happy lot;
 Nor at age's approach could I grieve;
 God's best blessing upon them I sought,
 As I walked in the forest at eve.

Adown the quay amid old friends,
 With hurried greetings and adieus,
 His hindered, heart-sad course he bends,
 And fain each kindly face he views;
 Those ready tears
 For bygone years,

Unbidden from his dim eyes start,
 And tender wishes throng his heart;

When lo! again the tall tower's chime

Peals out the warning of the time:—

m :-	r :d	s ₁ :-	s ₁ :-	r :m	d :-	m :-	d :r	s ₁ :-	
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Push off! and as upon the deep

The oar dips oft, with measured sweep,
 To friends ashore he waves farewell.

Afloat upon the river now,
 And soon to lose all sight of home;
 What if some fears should cloud his brow
 Of the unknown in which he'll roam?

O, bygone years,

You have his tears!

Now fain would sight delay to leave

Those scenes for which his heart will grieve:

He sees the tower, its sounding chime

Peals out once more the note of time:—

m :-	r :d	s ₁ :-	s ₁ :-	r :m	d :-	
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m :-	d :r	s ₁ :-	s ₁ :-	r :m	d :-	
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With strong resolves drear thoughts to check
 He starts; yet from the ship's high deck
 To home and friends he sighs farewell!

PETER DUNCAN.

BRED to the legal profession, and engaged in its pursuit for over thirty years, Mr Duncan forms another exception to the common impression that there is no communion between the works of law and literature. His studious disposition led him to make companions of books and nature; and his poems are the results of his personal observations and predilections. Gilfillan was interested in the first of the pieces we quote, wrote highly of it, and secured its wider publicity by a republication in the well-known and largely circulating medium the *Dundee Advertiser*. Mr Duncan is a native of Montrose, and has acted as Registrar of the Parish since 1871. He was born 1837, educated at Montrose Academy, entered as a compositor in the *Standard* Office, promoted to the law office of Provost Calvert, the proprietor and editor of that paper, and was engaged as a law clerk in Edinburgh and Montrose until his appointment to the important office which he now holds.

WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

Up among the waving woodlands,
Down along the burnie's side,
Scatter'd o'er the mountain summits
Growing graceful in their pride;
'Mong the bonnie blooming clover
Where the breezes breathe so low,
Ankle deep in purple heather,
Where the wild flowers grow.

Where the bonnie bramble roses,
And the primrose faint and pale,
With the golden-crested kingcup
And the bluebell thin and frail,
Bloom so far from toil and trouble
And away from care and woe,
I would sit among the gowans
Where the wild flowers grow.

Peeping under long green rushes,
Like the stars in midnight sky,
The meek and modest violet
Looks forth to catch the eye.

By the margin of the streamlet,
Bloom the daisies white as snow;
Oh! to wander in the places
Where the wild flowers grow!

And the wild flowers are an emblem
Of man's estate so mean;
Blooming sweetly for a little,
And then cut down at e'en.
For the wild flowers teach a lesson
To be humble, meek and low:
'Tis good to sit and muse awhile
Where wild flowers grow.

When weary age comes on apace,
And the pulse beats faint and low;
When the eye grows dim and heavy
And the wheels of life move slow;
When life's brief day is over,
And in death I'm laid below;
Let me lie among the shadows
Where the wild flowers grow.

WHERE I WOULD BE.

Not in the busy street,
Where pomp and pleasure meet
Crushing and jostling 'mid everything gay;
Where all are so intent
Eager on pleasures bent,
Driving and pushing, pursuing their way;

Not where proud fashion reigns,
Binding in iron chains,
All her vain worshippers bending around;
Where is the mocking smile,
Where tongues are steeped in guile,
And fair words are spoken, only to wound;

But where the billows bright
Break in their gentle might,
Soft on the yellow sand, kissing my feet;
Where is the snow-white foam,
Where the wild sea-birds roam,
Where the hushed breezes so lovingly meet;

Where my rapt spirit lone
Lists to the ocean's moan,
Watching with rapture the wild tossing sea;
Where the fierce tempest roar
Breaks on the rocky shore,
Making dread music—there, there would I be.

WILLIAM DUNCAN.

THIS now nearly forgotten bard published in 1796 a curious booklet of seventy-two pages of sturdy and sensible rhymes, entitled, "The True Briton," and dedicated "To the Officers and all others composing the respectable and truly Patriotic Corps of Dundee Volunteers." That Duncan had the courage of his convictions is clear from the vigour of his long preface, the spirit of his rhymes, and the general tenor of his publication. Thus he remarks, "All verses are not poetry; but if these pieces are not, they are at least good rhyme; a circumstance which every verse maker cannot boast of. Also, there is nothing in them stolen, and but very little borrowed." Regarding his status and condition he writes:—

Likewise I hae but little time;
For mony back and mony wime
Depend on me, and on my wark
For a' provisions, coat and sark:
For I hae bairns and a wife:
And we o' riches binna rife:

Yet we live middlin' on our gain
And gie to ilka ane their ain;
And aye we strive to be content
Wi' ony state that luck has sent;
But tho' I'm young, right well I know
The way of life 'mong high and low.

He gives excellent advice to Poets in these spirited lines, quoted from "An Address to The British Poets":—

"Have Christian bards no nobler themes
To decorate their odes
Than Jove, Mars, Juno, Venus names,
And heaps of Pagan gods?"

To British Poets ane an' a',
Baith auld an' young, an' great an' sma',
I've written this in hopes to draw
Frae you attention
Unto a subject I'm to shaw,
And shortly mention.

There's some things in your writin's fine
Ye doubtless think may gar them shine,
But sic a thought greees no wi' mine,
For as I think
They're hardly in the Christian line
Or on its brink.

You've maistly a' this slavish mode,
In namin' ilka heathen god;
Likewise the place o' their abode,
An' to them gies
A deal of honours very odd,
Whilk are great lies.

The muses nine ye a' invoke,
Whilk sure is naething but a mock,
And is near like to worship stock,
Or ony stane;
And wha does sae, commands hae broke,
Or I'm mista'en.

Idolatry! 'tis very like
Wi' siccan names to hae a fike,
And idolize a filthy bike
O' heathen fables,
Sae Poets a' now brak' the dike
An' turn the tables.

Let a' fling by this heathen class,
Wi' her that's ca'd the comic lass,
Just for a nesty useless mass
O' leein tales;
An' never mind to mount Parnass,
Tho' subject fails.

In makin' rhyme I wouldna gie,
For a' their help, an ill baubee;
No for the whole mythology
O' heathen gods,
An' goddesses, wi' furies three,
They mak' nae odds.

I may be safe my lugs to pand,
That very few within this land
The hauf o' thae things understand
That poets use;
This gars the vulgar tak' in hand
Them to disroos.

A staunch Tory, Duncan shows at his best in such patriotic sentiments as animate his stirring song:—

THE DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS.

Come, loyal Britons, every one,
Give ear to what I say;
For to all minds republican
'Twill thunder dire dismay;
For at the sound of war's alarms
True loyalty appears;
And with the best are now in arms
The Dundee Volunteers.

In midst of much disloyalty
Are many pillars found,
Which will support true royalty,
And stand King George's ground.
Tho' here some rogues would pull him down,
And cause uneasy fears,
These cares away are now all flown,
Since we got volunteers.

Altho' some odd uncommon tricks
Have stain'd this name—Dundee;
Yet when the bad with good we mix,
It yet may pardoned be;

And what has honoured more this town
Than all that yet appears,
To these brave heroes of renown,
The Dundee Volunteers.

They at a time when danger call'd
Courageously stept forth,
And by their presence threatenings quell'd
Before they came to birth;
Yet naughty neighbours them repay
With envy, mocks and jeers;
But all their threats will ne'er dismay
The Dundee Volunteers.

We see these gallant gentlemen
Will well defend our cause,
And all internal foes restrain
Who break the peace and laws;
For now are banished quite away
Our former doubts and fears,
So health and many a happy day
To all true Volunteers.

WILLIAM SHAND DURIE.

THIS son and bard of Saint Thomas was born in 1818, and though educated with a view to his becoming a minister, commerce eventually claimed him. He was a gifted violinist, and the possessor of many fine social qualities; but his powers of sarcasm were often more active than was agreeable to many on whom they were exercised. He contributed some skilfully constructed poems to the Arbroath and Montrose Press, some of which were afterwards published separately in pamphlet form. These include "The Lost Fisherman"—a humorous poem which grew vastly popular, and which deals with the ludicrous mistake made by some Auchmithie fishermen of forgetting to count themselves individually when "calling the roll" of the boat's crew—and "All Fools!" which we reproduce, partly to show Durie's *Ingoldsbian* faculty of phrase building, and because of its local allusions. He also wrote "Bathazar," a goblin story; "The Adventures of Tam Blaw," a Montrose character of the *Arnha'* or *Munchausen* order; "Nickie Furn the Fanciful"; and a rhyming version of the book of Job. In his more serious pieces there is a note of true poetry; but it is as a humorist that Durie is generally accepted. He emigrated to Australia in 1852, and died at Melbourne in 1874. Jervise notes that he was for some time a spirit dealer and grocer in Arbroath and Montrose.

ALL FOOLS!

'Twere worse than bootless here to tell
Of many a joke that went off well,
But *one* was on so grand a scale
That to amuse it cannot fail.

The sun got up, it would appear,
Twelve minutes sooner than last year;
Two reasons good for this appear—
We've changed to Greenwich time down here,

And this, remember, is *Leap* year—
 These make the thing not half so queer.
 In all Arbroath, that morning gay,
 There were not twenty, I daresay,
 Who did not, by the ears or eyes,
 Suck in with pleasure and surprise
 The information that Gingel
 (Who in his own line bears the bell)
 Intended to afford a treat—
 To all who would come out and meet
 Him at the common that same night—
 Of fireworks, such as would delight
 Each wonder-stricken, gaping wight.

Roman candles,
 Catherine wheels,
 Engine handles,
 Fiery eels,
 Congreve rockets,
 Squibs a lot,
 Bursting pockets,
 And what not.

Black, white, red, green, and blue lights,
 Such as the railways show o' dark nights.

Every corner of every street
 Had the prospectus quite complete,
 On handbills and posters, all very neat;
 And thoughts of the coming evening's treat
 Kept everybody remarkably sweet.

Though many, as usual (not taking *tent*)
 On humbugging April errands were sent,
 Still the day, on the whole, was merrily spent,
 And at 7 P.M., as by one consent,
 The whole of the Aberbrothwickians went
 To enjoy the affair in the way it was meant.

Nursemaids and children, navvies and sailors,
 MillspINNERS, hacklers, shipowners and tailors;
 Merchants and barrowmen,
 Broad men and narrow men;
 Schoolboys and old men,
 Cowards and bold men;

Widows in sad weeds and brides in array—
 All who by any means could get away.

All Millgate was crowded,
 And Ladyloan flooded,

With seas of blithe faces, all eager to reach
 The scene of the grand exhibition, with which
 They promised themselves entertainment
 more rich

Than if Wilson were singing, or — to
 preach.

Tories and Chartists,
 Ploughmen and artists,
 Bankers and weavers,
 Dupes and deceivers,

All in one dense body met on the Common,
 Which the new railway junction 'has cut up
 uncommon.

And every eye turned in every direction,
 To see and remark upon Gingel's erection;
 To judge by the fixtures what might be
 expected,
 And whether the spot was with judgment
 selected.

But after some time, when no glance had
 detected

A stage (from which fireworks are mostly
 ejected),

Some through the new bridge, 'neath the
 railway, directed

Their course—while others there were who
 reflected

That the *first of April* was a right awkward
 date,

And sneaked away homeward before it grew
 late.

On the brae of the Common and new cricket
 ground,

For many an hour after, crowds might be
 found—

Good-humoured at first, but at length sadly
 piqued,

But nobody was there upon whom could be
 wreaked

 Their revenge;

So at last they began to disperse,—

 It was strange.

You'd have thought they'd sustained some
 reverse,

So changed was their bearing as homeward
 they went,

Amid jeers from the knowing—of course
 kindly meant.

When gulls in a flock congregate on the land,
 That a storm is brewing we all understand:

We had better be active and get under bield,
 For six thousand *gulls* were this night on the
 field;

And their cackling, as each brood held home
 to its nest,

Showed that the poor creatures were sadly
 distressed.

'Tis reported, at present, the streets are quite
 red,

For their noses were all freely bleeding, 'tis
 said;

Yet I think they've small reason to make
 any din—

Though they had to walk out, they were all
 taken in.

GEORGE DUTHIE.

FEW men were more estimable or more esteemed than was the subject of this brief notice. Well known to many Dundee citizens during the twenty-five years in which he acted as shoemaker to the Royal Lunatic Asylum, his death in 1884 was very generally mourned; and it was felt that not only had a genuine poet been removed, but an important and interesting link with the past had been severed. Mr Duthie's birth took place at Glenbervie in 1804; and it was his happy fortune to grow into relations of the warmest friendship with Alexander Laing, to enjoy the acquaintance of many of our local bards, and to serve as the biographer of several of them who otherwise might have been forgotten. The excellent sketch of George Menzies prefixed to his collected Poems was written by Mr Duthie; and many newspaper letters, sketches, and poems might be cited to show his activity in this connection. Prior to his removal to Dundee, he pursued his calling at Fettercairn and St. Cyrus, and in both these places his memory is cherished. His songs are of outstanding merit: vigorous, musical, and glowing with patriotic zeal, they exalt his native county as no other songs have done; and it is with pleasure that we present a full and varied representation of their excellent qualities.

THE GATHERING OF THE MEN OF THE MEARNs.

Gather, gather, gather,
Brave sons o' the mist an' the heather,
A' plaided wi' bonnet and feather—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Frae hills where the sang o' the gor cock is ringin',
Frae hills where the clear gushin' fountain is springin',
Frae hills that the eagle an' raven are wingin'—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
Frae Banks o' the Dye, the Feugh, and the silver Dee,
Swift as the wind to your bold mountain minstrelsy;
Shoulder to shoulder, in glory an' Highland glee—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
Frae muirland an' fell, where the Carron and Cowie rin;
Glens where the Bervie brawls doon wi' an angry din,
Foamin' an' flashin' o'er cliff an' o'er rocky linn—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
Come frae the Strath where the Luther sae silent flows;
Braes where Strafu'la his dark mountain shadow throws
Far down the flow'ry dales, glowin' in sweet repose—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
Come frae the banks o' the Esk, noble river!
(Beauty an' brav'ry shall fade frae them never,)
Come wi' the ringin' cheer, "Mearns for ever"—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
 Come frae the bloomin' plain, meadow, an' ocean shore;
 Come frae the fairy howes, rose sprent an' daisied o'er;
 Come as your fathers came, proudly, in days of yore—
 Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.
 Come frae the Castle, the cot, and the clachan;
 Come, ilka gallant lad, wrapt in his rauchan;
 Come, ilka bonnie lass, cheerie and laughin'—
 To dance wi' the men o' the Mearns.

MY NATIVE MEARNS.

(Written for the Mearns Gathering in Dundee, 1876.)

Where flows the Northesk mountain stream,
 And seaward rolls the Highland Dee,
 There glows a land of martial fame,
 The dearest land on earth to me;
 A land of song and minstrelsy,
 Of strath, and stream and mountain glen;
 A land of chiefs and chivalry,
 Of maidens fair, and gallant men;

Whose hills, instinct with freedom's flame,
 Frowned back the shattered power of Rome;
 When Saxon, Dane, or Norman came
 As foe, its mountains were his tomb;
 Where heather waves, and thistles bloom,
 True emblems of the unconquered will
 And stern resolve, 'mid fire and gloom,
 That Scotland shall be Scotland still.

Home of my childhood, first and best,
 Scenes of my happy youthful days,
 Your soothing memories from my breast
 Time, chance, or change can ne'er efface.
 In dreams I oft your bow'rs retrace
 In music of my native tongue,
 I hear my honoured father's voice,
 I hear the songs my mother sung.

Companions of life's joyous years,
 Tho' hope's illusive charms are o'er,
 I see you still through memory's tears,
 And sigh that we can meet no more.
 With hearts all Scottish to the core,
 For home-felt joys my bosom yearns,
 And while it throbs, will still adore
 Both thee and thine, my native Mearns.

THE MEN O' THE MEARNS.

Air—"Jinglin' Johnnie."

Hip, hip, an' hurrah! We'll brag an' we'll blaw
 O' hill, dale, an' shaw in our native Mearns,
 An' sing o' the days on their flow'ry braes,
 Where we danced an' sang when we were
 bairns.

We'll never forget our native Mearns,
 Our heart's aye het to our native Mearns,
 An' ilka true man o' the Mearns clan
 Will do what he can for his native Mearns.

As diamonds o' licht on the brow o' the nicht,
 Shine brilliant an' bricht our ancient glories,
 An' mony's the name on the banner o' fame
 Our Gutchers can claim in our langsyne
 stories.

We'll aye be prood o' the men o' the Mearns,
 An' roose as we sud the men o' the Mearns,
 As few win awa' to clap an' to craw
 That play shak-a-fa wi' the men o' the
 Mearns.

Tho' nae gien to cant we'll voust an' we'll vaunt
 O' the great muckle Saint the famed
 Palladius,

Wha cam' o'er the sea frae his ain countrie,
 Gar'd our deils a' flee afore him like caddis.
 A fine couthie carl was Saint Palladius;
 Nae saint in the warld like Saint Palladius;
 An' tho' he's lang gane we've the auld kirk
 o' stane,
 An' the left henchbane o' Saint Palladius.

An' wha doesna ken our auld John o' Fordoun,
 Whase well-gaun pen was sae gleg at
 recordin' [nation]
 The auld-warld deeds o' our brave Scottish
 An' blazed us abroad o'er the hale creation?
 Up caps i' the air when we name John Fordoun,
 A bauld rutherair when we name John
 Fordoun;
 But only for him our fame had been dim,
 And our histories slim but for our John
 Fordoun.

There's ae sturdy dame wha's left us her name,
 An' we think nae shame the world to tell a',
 Fu' bravely she did, an' fu' nobly she sped;
 That sonsie quean was Dame Finella.

She crackit the croon o' auld King Kennie;
 A base greedy loon was auld King Kennie;
 He glumpit to claw her braw gowden ba',
 An' syne rin awa' wi' her muckle penny.

We ken there a sough, though maybe a stough
 That we in a sheugh flang royal Malcolm;
 'Twas himsel' had the wyte o' the fecht an'
 the flyte
 A clink i' the kyte nae doubt we nicht
 tak' him.

We sigh o'er the grave o' young King Malcolm,
 For gentle an' brave was good King Malcolm,
 An' own it was wrang the birkie to whang,
 In a kist syne to pang the good King
 Malcolm.

What although langsyne our big folks might
 dine

On the buck an' the boar, an' whiles on our
 sherrey,
 That only proved 'twas dainties they loved,
 An' aye had a routh o' sic dainties to sair a'.
 They were trusty lads the lairds o' the Mearns,
 But gey crusty lads the lairds o' the Mearns;
 When kaimed wi' the hair they were gentle
 an' fair,
 Gin no, hae a care o' the lairds o' the Mearns.

Some haverals may say that sorrow an' wae
 Were heard on a day in grey Dunnotter;
 'Tis feckly a scheme to darken our name,
 An' on our fair fame to cast a blotter.

But we'll never blame the men o' the
 Mearns.

We'll never defame the men o' the Mearns;
 'Twas only a Whig wi' a grow-grey wig,
 I' the ribs got a dig frae the men o' the
 Mearns.

Sin' gane are sic times, their thraldom and
 crimes,

Let us sing the chorus—Peace, Freedom,
 an' Plenty;

An' pleasantly strive, o'er time as we drive,
 To mak' each ither thrive, contented, and
 canty.

An' never disgrace our native Mearns,
 Nae blush a' our face as we own the Mearns,
 Our first happy hame, when hope's rosy dream
 On our hearts shed its beam in our native
 Mearns.

To sing our rare things, saints, martyrs, and
 kings,

Our green fairy rings an' auld grey cairns,
 Wad tak' me a moon, an' ye'd tire o' my tune
 As I ne'er wad hae dune in the praise o' the
 Mearns.

Then, hip an' hurrah for the men o' the Mearns,
 Gude luck aye befa' the men o' the Mearns,
 May they join heart an' hand in a brotherly
 band

By sea or by land where there's men o' the
 Mearns.

MRS J. A. DUTHIE.

(JANE ALLARDICE FARQUHAR.)



THIS lady is favourably known to a wide circle of readers through her occasional contributions to that excellent literary and informative vehicle, the *People's Journal*. Born in the village of Tannadice in 1845, her early life was spent in the parish of Guthrie, where her father was tenant of a small farm, and in whose "God's Acre" several members of her family lie. Trained in the school of strict economy and hard work, she engaged in service till her marriage with Mr Duthie, settling at Dun Cottages near Montrose, where her husband is road surveyor. The "uses of adversity" have not proved unmingled "sweet" in Mrs Duthie's case, for they seem to have injured her physically, so that several distressing symptoms have assumed a chronic form. Nevertheless her spirit is vigorous; delighting

to give expression to such reminiscences as follow, and to the hopes and aspirations of a deeply religious nature. This latter feature may be inherent, for a brother of Mrs Duthie's, the Rev. Henry Farquhar, B.D., is an esteemed clergyman at Dalkeith. It is interesting to know that Mrs Duthie's favourite study is Astronomy, that she has made considerable progress in the science, and that she prizes a letter of Sir Robert Ball's acknowledging gratefully the receipt of a poem which she wrote him on reading his fascinating work "The Story of the Heavens."

WHEN I WAS A LASSIE LANGSYNE.

When I was a lassie lang syne,
I whyles used to bide wi' my grannie,
And O! but I likeit her fine,
She aye spak' sae gentle an' cannie.
Then sing hey for the bonnie bricht days,
How cheerily by they did canter,
When my grannie sat hummin' her lays,
And my grandfather croon'd Tam o' Shanter.

The hoose was a wee theekit cot,
But a' thing inside was aye sheenin'—
Nae tea like my grannie's I got
At the cosy fireside i' the e'enin'.
Then sing hey, etc.

The chimla was roomy an' wide,
And fine fun it was for us bairnies
To draw oor bit stoolies inside
And glowre up the lum to the starnies.
Then sing hey, etc..

My grandfather sat i' the neuk,
And keepit the ingle aye bleezin',
As he pored owre an' auld-farrant beuk,
While my grannie her 'oo was a-teasin'.
Then sing hey, etc.

In his hand he aye gruppit his mull,
That horn, wi' its brass lid sae bonnie,
And haundit it roon' wi' guidwill
When he met wi' an auld, faithfu' crony.
Then sing hey, etc.

The cruizie, wi' queer double snoot,
Gied a licht widna frichted a doolie,
And aft as I jinked about
I toomed on my heid a' the ullie!
Then sing hey, etc.

On the wa's hung a picture or twa,
And, troth, there was ane I did prize, man;
It was Auld Clottie dancin' awa'
Wi' puir Robbie Burns the exciseman!
Then sing hey, etc.

Ilka nicht we got tawties an' fat,
Rare rivities a' splittin' their jackets,
And roon' the wee table we sat,
Some on three-leggit stools, some on
Then sing hey, etc. "backets."

At Yule we aye got a fine treat,
My grannie made "carl scones" i' plenty,
And i' the pat put a bit meat,
Or a dumplin' by wey o' a denty.
Then sing hey, etc.

We kent nae the meanin' o' care,
As for sorrow, we'd never heard tell o't;
But noo we've o' baith haen a share,
While o' trouble we've aft haen a spell o't.
But we'll never forget the bricht days,
How cheerily by they did canter,
When my grannie sat hummin' her lays,
And my grandfather croon'd Tam o' Shanter.

A TENDER MEMORY.

She hadna een as black as slaes,
Nor yet like the hazel broon,
But they glowed wi' a mild and a tender licht,
And her face never wore a frown;
Her mutch was white as the drifted snaw,
An' clean aye her blue prent goon.

She had juist a wee thocht withered grown,
The sunlicht had left her face,
An' the storms o' life she had battled through
On her calm broo had marked their trace;
But her look was kind, an' her smile was sweet,
An' her heart was fou o' grace.

"My lassie, come," she was wont to say,
"An' rax me doon the Book,
Till we read since i' the gloamin' grey
O' Him to whom ye maun look,
An' the laesome lan' that we'll see some day
When we lea' this cauld rife nook."

So she read o' the life an' the cruel death
O' the Master who cam' to save;
An' she read o' trees an' spreadin' palms
That are green aye ayont the grave,
O' the gowden streets, an' the glassy seas
That are tossed wi' nae restless wave.

An' she read o' hames for the pious puir,
 Wha are often oppressed below ;
 An' she read o' rest for the weary hearts
 That battle wi' sin an' woe,
 Till the place seemed filled wi' a holy licht
 I' the calm o' the e'enin' glow.

She wasna acquent wi' politics,
 Or the science o' rocks an' trees ;
 She thoct the sun gaed roon' the earth,
 While the earth aye stood at ease ;
 But she kent the Saviour cam' to cure
 His people o' sin's disease.

I' this warl' she filled but a humble place ;
 She ne'er saw a foreign land ;
 But she did her best to please her King,
 An' to follow at His command :
 So He's gi'en her a gowden croon to wear,
 An' she lives in a mansion grand.

THE SONG O' THE PUIR.

'Tis true we've a' oor troubles, but we needna sit an' sigh ;
 When the gale its strength redoubles, it blows a' the quicker by.
 Tho' few may be oor treasures, we need nayther fume nor fret ;
 We hae a' oor bits o' pleasures, life's wirth the livin' yet.

We mayna hae a palace, nor a carriage an' a pair,
 Mayna hae the strength o' Wallace, nor yet hae muckle gear ;
 But gin we hae a bidin', clean an' snug, an' free o' debt,
 Wi' a freen true an' confidin', life's wirth the livin' yet.

We mayna hae a grapery, on roast be seldom fed,
 May hae nae gorgeous drapery, or doonie feather bed ;
 But cauff's as guid as feathers, a stuff goon's as guid as net ;
 If we're happit for a' weathers, life's worth the livin' yet.

We may hae nae struttin' flunky to attend us at oor beck,
 Or a wee conceited monkey o' a dog to train an' deck,
 But we hae oor bairns cheery, an' mair joy at hame I'se bet,
 Than the great wha aften weary ; life's wirth the livin' yet.

We may be scant o' jewels, an' we may aft hae to darn
 Stockin' feet instead o' crewels, wi' a clue o' common yarn ;
 But if oor fire be glowin', an' oor grate be black as jet,
 'Tis a sin to be throwin' ; life's worth the livin' yet.

We can a' avoid the drappie that brings sae muckle care,
 We can try to mak' fook happy when they're sinkin' i' despair ;
 We hae a' the sweets o' natur', an' if bite an' sup we get,
 Let us praise the great Creator ; life's wirth the livin' yet.

ROBERT DUTHIE.

THE vapidness of the modern Drawing Room Ballad, the subject of so much comment, is strikingly evident to all who have access to the rich stores of our gifted native bards. The contrast between the ephemeral products of the hour—published to tickle the ears of the crowd, and to fill the pockets of their producers—and the lyrical grace and strength of writers like Robert Duthie, is supreme ; and one wonders, sadly, how his submersion, and that of a myriad others, has been brought about, and what time may elapse before the wide public realizes, or cares, that froth alone predominates. When a bard can sing such songs as we have selected from Robert Duthie's

posthumously published volume, he deserves the applause of the patriotic, at least. Might not our modern composers and publishers do well to examine the works of men who can sing in the measure of these quotations ?—

O ! what is the breezy mountain ?
O ! what is the whispering glade ?
The roar of the mighty rapid—
The dash of the light cascade ?

The brooklet's tale
In the echoing vale ?—
They are tame to the melody
Of the tempest strain, and the bold refrain
Of the Grand Old Harper Sea !

Robert Duthie was born at Stonehaven in 1826, and died there in 1865. While still young, the death of his father drew him from his chosen profession of teacher, to the assistance of his mother in carrying on a baker's business ; and to the nature of this employment has been traced the beginnings of the disease to which he succumbed in the prime of life. Of a kindly, genial disposition, and with a large measure of patriotic spirit, his influence in the social and public affairs of his native town may be said to have been paramount. He acted as Clerk to its voluntarily formed Town Council, and it is on record that "Scarcely a merry-making, marriage, christening, or pic-nic, could be complete without his presence." His writings included numerous poems like those referred to and given, essays on Antiquarian subjects, tales, and a lecture on Poetry, which was published with his poems at Stonehaven in 1866. There is abundant evidence in these remains that had Robert Duthie been permitted to pursue the paths of literature with a larger experience as his guide, he would have obtained a position of great distinction. These eloquent lines from Mr Colburn's panegyric on Robert Duthie may fitly close our brief notice of his interesting career :—

He saw the light, it flashed upon his soul,
And gave him glimpses of a life divine ;
He heard from Nature's bosom music roll,
Solemn and sweet, and felt her forms entwine
His heart. The flowing streams, the waving
woods,

The green hills bounding in his native town,
The spreading bay in all its varied moods,
The mural cliffs that round it darkly frown,
With the white beach cast from its depths to
bind
Its chafing waves, and guard the town behind.

MY HIGHLAND GLEN.

My Highland glen, my Highland glen, what can with thee compare ?
Unrival'd in the heather land, thou 'rt fairest of the fair ;
The terrac'd mansions of the great, the palace, or the hall,
Where pomp and revelling luxury reigns—thou 'rt fairest of them all !
No haughty lordling's voice I hear, my Highland glen, in thee ;
Nor suppliant tones of cringing serf upon his bended knee ;
Ah no ! for freedom's flag, unfurl'd in freedom's glorious fight,
Hath long proclaim'd our powerful arm asserts the freeman's right.

My Highland glen, my Highland glen ! say, Nature's wayward child,
Ask ye for beauties fair, serene, romantic, stern, or wild ?
Then hither come, and hear upon the hawthorn bush or tree
The sweetest strains that can regale the ear of melody ;
High in the air the skylark wafts his matin on the breeze ;
Hid in the brakes the blackbird peals his mellow symphonies ;
And oh ! how sweet it is to hear, upon the quivering spray,
The redbreast and the linnet sing the parting hymn of day !

My Highland glen, my Highland glen, upon thy sod is seen,
 In purest purple, peering from the gayest emerald green,
 The blooming heather, with the bell of Scotland's truest blue,
 And starry gowans, all bespread with spangling pearls of dew ;
 And here the wilder beauties lie, sublime in stern array—
 The pouring flood, the craggy steep, and dashing cataract play ;
 And, far above, the mountain frowns upon the scene below,
 Where summer reigns, while winter caps its crest with thawless snow.

My Highland glen, my Highland glen, enshrining all I love,
 Full oft through thee at twilight's hour my wandering footsteps rove ;
 Till, from yon trellis'd cottage porch I see the beckoning hand,
 That, waving, warns me to the bower—the gate of fairyland !
 Within that sylvan shade, O bliss ! How can I call thee mine !
 For all life's little pleasures then in one grand whole combine ;
 And as her silv'ry-sounding notes swell on my raptur'd ear,
 I think my soul transported to a far more blissful sphere.

My Highland glen, my Highland glen, whate'er my fate may be,
 I'll ne'er forget, while memory lives, to think and speak of thee ;
 For, on the lightning wings of thought, sweet retrospection flies
 To rescue from oblivion's grasp each scene the sense describes
 Far in the vista of the past ; then, in the spirit's fane,
 Those happy moments I have lived, I'll live them o'er again ;
 Yea, should old age prevail, and time bedim my eye of flame,
 The thoughts of days departed will invigorate my frame.

My Highland glen, my Highland glen, may happiness and peace
 Prevail in thee, and let the shouts of clannish war-cries cease ;
 Away with all the barbarous feuds the Scottish savage loved
 Before the ban of serfdom was from Scotia's land removed ;
 Untainted be thy balmy air with slavery's pestful breath—
 Still powerful be thy sinewy arm to guard thee to the death ;
 And ever may thy free-born sons be generous, just, and free ;
 My Highland glen, my native land ! I ask no more of thee.

BOATMAN'S SONG.

Hurrah ! hurrah for the boundless sea,
 The home of the rover, the bold and free ;
 Land hath its charms, but those be mine
 To row my bark through the sparkling brine—
 To lave in the pearls that kiss the prow
 Of the bounding thing as we onward go—
 To nerve the arm and bend the oar,
 Bearing away from the vacant shore.

Pull away ! pull away o'er the glassy sea ;
 'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me ;
 Land hath its charms, but no charms like
 thine :

Hurrah ! let us dash through the sparkling
 brine.

Gloomily creeping, the mists appear
 In darker shades o'er the mountains drear ;
 And the twilight steals o'er the stilly deep,
 By the zephyrs hush'd to its evening sleep ;
 Nor a ripple appears a whiten'd crest
 To wrinkle the blue of its placid breast ;

But all is still, save the lisp'ing song
 That breaks on the shore from the wavelet's
 tongue.

Pull away ! pull away o'er the sleeping sea ;
 'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me ;
 'Tis the home of my heart where I'd ever
 rove ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the home I love.

Oh ! I love the sound of the tempest's roar ;
 And I love the splash of the bending oar,
 Playing amid the phosphoric fire,
 Seen as the eddying sparks retire :
 'Tis a fairy home ! and I love to roam
 Through its sleeping calm or its lashing foam ;
 Land hath its charms, but the sea hath more,
 Then away let us row from the vacant shore.

Pull away ! pull away o'er the mighty sea ;
 'Tis the tempest's path, and the path for me ;
 'Tis the home of the rover, the bold and free !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the boundless sea.

JAMES EASSON.

IN his characteristic way, Gilfillan wrote "a few prefatory remarks" to James Easson's "Select Miscellany of Poetical Pieces"—a booklet of sixty-four pages, published at Dundee in 1856—in which these pregnant sentences occur:—"Some expect too much from their poetry, both in a pecuniary point of view, and as an introduction to fame. They forget that poetry is an art, and an acquirement, as well as a gift; and that while a few have 'lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,' and at once leaped into reputation, the great majority even of good poets have had to serve a long and severe apprenticeship to the trade, and learned to write poetry as they had at school learned to write text—after many hard knocks on the fingers." This, and much more, did the gifted divine give of warning counsel, not to James Easson only, but to all the aspiring bardic race; and well it is for their comfort—not to mention that of their clientele—should they lay the sound advice to heart. But the critic concludes his general remarks with a generous estimate of Easson's abilities, and observes that "the candid reader will, along with many errors, find not a little that is good and true" in the collection. Certain pieces are singled out, including those we have quoted; and the "introduction" concludes:—"Altogether I have much pleasure in recommending this unpretending volume, as well as its excellent, earnest-minded, and unassuming author, to that portion of the Dundee public which loves poets and admires poetry." All this is so suggestive that it were superfluous to tabulate the ordinary details of the writer's humble life. He lies buried in the Eastern Necropolis, Dundee, and his tombstone shows that he was born in 1833, and died in 1865. It bears the further interesting statement:—"Erected by the proprietors of the *People's Journal* in memory of a working man (he was a painter to trade) who had rare literary gifts, and whose writings are his best memorial."

THE MIDNIGHT STREETS.

How solemn to walk thro' the midnight streets,
When the moon and the stars beam down;
When your brow with the mild breeze softly
meets,
And its plaintive sighing your hearing greets,
As you pass through the slumbering town!

Smooth and serene, with a soothing flow,
Come the thoughts in your mind that rise;
And an holy calm your feelings know,
For you almost forget that you walk below,
As you gaze on the deep blue skies.

Have you never thought as you walked alone,
In the watches of the night,
How sweet it were to throw down the load
Which clings to you still in your clay abode,
And rush to those realms of light?

So steady and still rolls the lonely moon,
In her majesty far on high;
And so clear is its soft and genial noon,
That you gaze in a half unconscious swoon,
While the orb seems sweeping by.

But how vain is the dream of such a flight,
While you travel this vale of woe;
For now the fair moon is lost in night,
And a cloud has enshrouded her cheering light,
While in darkness you onward go.

But you come to a mansion rich and gay,
Where the harp and the organ sound;
Through the warm red curtains the bright
lights play,
"There happiness dwells," to yourself you say,
For the laugh and the jest goes round.

Yet perhaps 'tis the laugh of a hollow heart,
 And laughed o'er the drunken bowl;
 Such sounds are often the offspring of art,
 To drown the thought of some Judas' part
 Weighing heavily on the soul!

Anon, you pass by an humble roof,
 Which courts not public eye;
 Its modest dwellers would keep aloof,
 Having felt the tread of poverty's hoof,
 As its iron car rolled by.

From the candle's dim and flickering flame
 You guess, and guess right in a breath,
 One poor and unknown to the world by name,
 Whose whole lifetime has been free from blame,
 Lies stretched on his pallet of death!

But the watchman's slow and measured tread
 Breaks your reveries, solemn and deep;
 And having gained your welcome bed,
 Soft visions crowd round your weary head,
 And people the regions of sleep.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

In a thrifty dress of an homely guise,
 All ironed smooth, and clean,
 The factory girl, at the brief meal hour,
 Is always to be seen:
 And there is ever on her face
 That look which seems to say,
 "Industry is the noblest plan
 By which to live you may."

Both snow and sleet her ceaseless feet
 Can brave without regret;
 More sweet thinks she it thus should be,
 Than sleep and wake in debt:
 And she lightly warbles while she works,
 The moments to beguile,
 As quick they fly, like the rapid wheel
 That merrily whirls the while.

Around and round the mighty arm
 Of the engine sweeps its track;
 But every turn still serves to bring
 The hour of respite back,

When the mighty bell on the lofty roof
 Calls out with clamorous din,
 "To your homes now go, all ye below,
 Who closely weave and spin."

Then home she goes to that much-loved hearth,
 And there sinks down to rest;
 When a well-won meal rewards her toil,
 Of all rewards the best:
 Then when the happy board is swept,
 Some reading forth she'll bring;
 Or, haply, with her brothers young,
 She tunes her voice to sing.

Year after year this is the mode
 In which she spends her days;
 An endless scene of activeness
 Her history's page displays.
 And though her lot may be obscure,
 The less of care has she;
 So may her happiness increase,
 And toils unnoticed be.

JAMES CHRISTIE ECKFORD.

WE do not have many "one song poets" in our anthology, though they are by no means rare in the wider national sphere; but one comes under notice now, viz., the author of "The Schule Laddies' Holiday," the racy and vigorous outcome of an ability which, to say the least, was clearly worthy of further cultivation. Mr Eckford, son of the U.P. minister of Newbigging, was born at that place in 1840. His family went to Canada in 1851; and since his maturity Mr Eckford has lived and laboured successfully as a colonial farmer.

THE SCHULE LADDIES' HOLIDAY.

See yon lot o' laddies
 Rinnin' doon the lane;
 See their happy faces,
 Hear their merry strain.

See yon little burnie,
 Hear its gleefu' noise;
 Ye canna tell wha's merrier—
 The burnie or the boys.

Merry are the laddies,
 Nae tause to fear the day;
 Buiks and slates are a' at hame,
 And they hae got the play.

Their wee bit scantit feeties
 Rin on wi' nicht and main,
 Up the burn, among the howffs
 That only laddies ken.

Whiles rinnin' and whiles stannin',
Till secrets are confest,
Some ken o' a rabbit's hole,
An' some a lav'rock's nest.

See yon ane lyin' on the bank,
He's trying troots tae gump,
Anither hawdin' by his feet,
For fear he in should plump.

He's gruppin' at ane by the tail—
Eh ! there it's sclidder't oot ;
Hoo mony o' oor dearest hopes
Are like the laddie's troot.

Yon ither, farrer doon the burn,
His crookit preen and threed
The speckled little sillerbacks
Hae little cause to dread.

Puir wee bit artless laddie,
A lordlin' or a king
Has nae sic pridefu' treasure—
Three minnens on a string.

Yon ither toddlin' rascal,
His bonnet on his thoom—
Nae doot, ye're catchin' bummel bees
Frae aff the heather bloom.

In yon clay-hole some twa-three mair
Are makin' pies like wud,
Their strippit sarks and riven breeks
A' plaistert owre wi' mud.

Some busy plouterin' in the dubs,
See horse hairs turn to eels ;
An' some are busy makin' mills,
Clay dams, and turnip wheels.

Merry are the laddies,
Merrily they play ;
New joys come on as ithers fail,
Till e'enin' close the day.

Haste ye, rin awa', lads,
Happily rin hame ;
The sun's wearin' doon the lift,
An' nicht will come amain.

I ken, ah weel ! yer sports, laddies,
We played at a' yer plays ;
They bring the happy days o' youth
To memory's wistfu' gaze.

If spared to win to men, laddies,
For gear to scrape and scart,
God grant that ye may hae, laddies,
Through life a laddie's heart.

EDWARD CAMPBELL ELLIS.

MR ELLIS is the younger of a trio of "Bards of the Brothock" remarkable in its friendliness, individuality, and power. Wm. C. Angus, And. B. Taylor, and "Sartor," as Mr Ellis signs his writings, form a group of youthful enthusiasts, bent on leaving the world the better for their life and influence ; and using rare gifts both of head and heart for the furtherance of the noble and unselfish aims which energize the efforts of all who strive to realise the universal Brotherhood of Man. Mr Ellis was born at Montrose in 1875, and followed the occupation of a tailor at Arbroath, where he resided from his early infancy, till his removal to Glasgow in 1897. His love for the beautiful, and his desire for social regeneration, he traces to the influence of his father ; and he has found many themes for the exercise of his talents in the beauteous surroundings of Aberbrothock, and in the condition of the poor who, alas ! are always with us. We turn with anticipation to the future of the youthful writer whose qualities are reflected in these representative verses :—

ON THE CLIFFS, NEAR ARBROATH.

Roll ever on, O waves,
And lull my troubled soul ;
Roar upward from your deeps,
Roll, ever roll.

I cannot speak the True
That in my heart I feel ;
Roll ever on, O waves,
Speak, speak the real.

Bring'st me no tidings new
From distant Denmark's shore ?
Or bear'st no treasure trove
Of Viking lore ?

Oft, oft, O northern sea,
I gazed upon thy deeps,
But could not tell the dream
That my heart keeps.

And from these hoary heights,
 Above thy seething tide,
 Oft have I watched in peace
 The moments glide.

Yes, in my inmost soul
 I felt the peace anew,

The peace that nature gives,
 The good, the True.

Roll ever on, O waves,
 And lull my troubled soul ;
 Roar upward from your deeps,
 Roll, ever roll.

FANCY FREE.

Oh Fancy ! Pure source of my brief inspiration,
 Sweet queen of my pleasure, yet crown of my care,
 Take me back from the darkling cloud of privation
 To the green fields of Summer where Nature is fair ;

Out where the woodlands are peacefully lying,
 When the marvellous sun rises out of the east,
 When the rose-tinted westland proclaims day a-dying,
 With my ear to the music, my soul to the feast.

Through the gold of the corn, where red poppies playing
 Answer the breezes that waft o'er the lea,
 Seems even there now my heart is a-straying,
 And dreaming, sweet Fancy, unfettered with thee.

Here in the town, midst the noise and commotion,
 Prisoned up, wearied, and sickly I feel :
 Beneath the blue skies now in deepest devotion,
 At the shrine of the floweret, in Fancy I kneel.

Yes, where the eagle soars o'er the mountain,
 Free as the foam-crested waves of the sea,
 Where the hillside is miraged in lake and in fountain,
 There let me wander, free Fancy, with thee.

JOHN EWEN.

THAT was no mean praise which the National Bard meted to John Ewen's "one ewe lamb," "The Boatie Rows," the song which heads the list of our local effusions. "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae luck about the house,'" wrote Burns ; and his verdict has met with the hearty approval of all to whom our native songs are dear. In its simple grace and graphic clearness, as in its fidelity to nature and humanity, "The Boatie Rows" ranks high among our country's lyric successes, and entitles its author to a leading place among our county bards. To Montrose belongs the honour of being the birthplace of John Ewen, and the years 1741 and 1821 measure the span and period of his career. Of his life in his native town little is known ; but it is on record that in 1760 he engaged in business in Aberdeen as a merchant in hardware goods. Marrying a rich wife, and being of a strong saving turn, he came to be comparatively wealthy ; but that his family life was none of the happiest may be inferred from the fact that he left his money to found a public charity in Montrose, ignoring the claims of his only child, who secured her portion only after appeal to the House of Lords, a striking commentary on the domestic relations so charmingly depicted in the song.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed !
 And weel may the boatie row
 That brings the bairns' bread !
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine ;
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed !

O weel may the boatie row
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet
 And buys us parritch meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed !

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;
 And muckle lighter is the lade
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dress'd myself fu' braw ;
 I trow my heart was dowf and wae
 When Jamie gaed awa'.
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part,
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us hale and warm
 As we did them before.
 Then, weel may the boatie row
 That wins the bairns' bread ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boat to speed !

CHARLES MACGREGOR FALCONER.

DUNDEE is fortunate in the possession of several private libraries which for extent and completeness might well be the envy—almost the despair—of the cultured collector and connoisseur. Mr C. M. Falconer's treasures exceed six thousand volumes in number ; and among these there is the largest "Lang" Library in existence, five hundred volumes, and several thousand signed and unsigned articles, poems, letters, and other papers, representing the enormous literary activity of the distinguished writer, critic, and editor, whom Mr Falconer reckons among his intimate personal friends. In his "Life of Lockhart," Mr Lang has made handsome acknowledgment of Mr Falconer's helpful services ; and his correspondence on "bookish matters" with numerous authors and publishers of eminence has brought him *en rapport* of the best minds of the period, and yielded him such autographic trophies as his native city should be proud to hold within her bounds. Mr Falconer was born in 1844, was trained as a teacher, and served for seven years in that profession. Eventually he engaged in business ; and to his literary tastes are due a History of Ward Chapel, the privately printed collection of poems from which our quotation is made, and several other works of interest to students of literary matters.

A LOVE IDYL.

IN FOUR SCENES.

I.

In the garden, lady fair,
But to see thee is to love thee,
Twining roses in thy hair,
With leafy boughs above thee ;
O the sight within me raises
Power of song to sing thy praises,
Peerless as thou tread'st the mazes
With green boughs above thee !

II.

In the cottage, lady cold,
Still I seek thee for I lo'e thee ;
Changed thy lot, yet I am bold
For thyself to woo thee :
Not thy wealth nor thy high station
Fired my manhood's admiration,
And my heart's best aspiration ;
For thyself I woo thee.

III.

In the city, lady pale,
Long I sought thee, sad I find thee :
Let not foolish pride prevail,
And in fetters bind thee :
Love has found thy place of hiding,
Offers thee a peace abiding
If thou wilt, in me confiding,
Let its fetters bind thee.

IV.

To thine old home as my wife
Proud I lead thee—thus I love thee—
Give thee back thy former life,
With bright skies above thee ;
Now again we sit in bowers
As of yore, while fragrant flowers
Fall upon thy head in showers
From leafy boughs above thee !

REV. GEORGE TAYLOR SHAW FARQUHAR.



THIS Sonneteer, *facile princeps* among the Bards of Angus, is the son of the late Rev. W. Farquhar, Episcopal Clergyman of Forfar, and his wife, Mary Ann Farquhar, of Pitscandly, Forfar. His early years were spent chiefly at Pitscandly, where he was born in 1857 ; and he was educated at Trinity College, Glenalmond, becoming Captain of the school and winning the Buccleugh Medal for classics. In 1875 he matriculated at Keble College, Oxford, taking the classical prize of his year there in 1877, and being placed in the second class in Honour Moderations. A breakdown in health prevented him attempting honours in the final Schools, but he proceeded at once to his B.A. and M.A. in 1882.

In 1881 he was ordained to the Curacy of his father's old church in Forfar, by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews. In 1882 he was appointed Curate of St. Mary Magdalene's, Dundee, where he obtained some helpful insight into the slum life of a large city. In 1883 he became chaplain of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, and in 1886 Canon and Precentor of the same. This appointment he still holds, as well as that of Diocesan Inspector of Schools and Supernumerary. Most of his time has been absorbed by his clerical duties, but he is also a devotee of the Muses. In 1890 he published a small volume of "Sonnetts," from which the first five of those which we have selected are taken. Certain other sonnets of his have also appeared in the *Scottish Standard Bearer*, also a few hymns, and a long poem entitled "The First Word from the Cross" (1896). The latter four sonnets, with which we

present our readers, have never before been published. Canon Farquhar's longest literary venture has been "The Episcopal History of Perth," which gives a pretty complete account of the "Scottish Episcopal Church" from the Revolution to the present day.

I. LOVE AND SONG.

There are such depths of time ! The centuries
 Are long a-dying, till it often seems—
 While multitudinous the throng that streams
 Into the tomb—that some great Empire's days
 Grow endless : yet it also treads the ways
 Of mortal things at last. And nought redeems
 Each several life, howe'er with joy it teems,
 From vanishing amid th' eternities.
 So, while this first, fresh pulse of mutual love—
 Which shall endure though not unchanged remain—
 Still makes my heart beat so deliciously
 In wandering after thee, look ! now I prove
 If even true-breathed song must strive in vain
 To keep this month embalmed for thee and me !

II. LOVE'S ENTRANCE.

I fancied that this Life was nothing more
 Than dull and grey, with just a passing glance
 Of pleasure-giving colour to enhance
 The dimness of the robe it daily wore.
 So, then, resignedly, but little store
 Of hope I built on any future chance,
 And with brave heart I said I must advance
 Still learning year by year stern Duty's lore.
 This wisdom let me keep—only, whereas
 To yield the world was then slight sacrifice,
 'Twere now an offering richer through my tears :
 For since I heard thy voice, the Earth, which was
 Like to a harp with silent harmonies,
 Resounds enchanting music in mine ears !

III. LOVE'S VICTORY.

Therefore I fear surrender, lest my love
 Should break all bounds and quench the reasoning mind,
 And lest I, turned thereby apostate, find
 Thee idolized upon God's Throne above !
 And yet what saith Saint John ? "For this there move
 All fondnesses within the breast, and bind
 Us each to each, that they may be refined
 And give us power God's tenderness to prove."
 Yea, "if our brethren please us not, then how
 Can Christ be dear ?" And, if we do not know
 True marriage love, how can we learn to be
 The heavenly Bridegroom's bride ? So, therefore, now
 Trusting in love, where'er it bid me go,
 I yield my soul from henceforth unto thee !

IV. "LOVE'S PATHOS."

Around, there lies th' unfathomed Universe ;
 And, threatening closest, the impatient sea
 Of men, which, rolling on like Destiny,
 O'erwhelms the weak and failing with its curse.
 And there is Space, where unreached stars disperse
 A waning light, which our eyes never see :
 And Time, which has been one Eternity
 And shall another be. And next, far worse,
 Comes ruthless Death, who spares no one at all,
 But from familiar Earth drives us at last
 Forth into where no human bonds can reach.
 And in the midst, ere yet God's sentence fall,
 Before the words : "No more," His lips have passed,
 Your heart and mine are beating each on each !

V. LOVE'S CROWN.

Friends ask to-day, Wherefore I no more sing,
 Nor for so long have sought to ease my heart,
 Who strove erewhile to win by homely art
 Those sweet reliefs harmonious numbers bring ?
 And 'twere enough to answer : "When the wing
 Of thought is folded, how can one impart
 To speech the needful, lofty sweep, or dart
 To regions where the voice inspired will ring ?"
 But lo ! to thee the dearer cause I'll tell
 Why now no more old longings in me swell,
 Nor wistful strivings force me into song.
 For, since we left the Altar, every hour
 Shews plainer that thy wedded love has power
 To soothe the yearnings, which were once so strong.

VI. LOVE'S PRESERVATIVE.

When first this thought found entrance to my mind,
 That thy sweet spirit must go forth alone
 Amid the dark profound of the Unknown,
 Leaving all human shelter far behind,
 Though even here thou shrinkest still to find
 Thyself in solitary night, I own
 Deep in perplexity my mind was thrown,
 And even to despair my heart inclined.
 But now by God's kind Providence I see
 Th' impending call for thy dear soul to flee,
 As the preservative of truest love.
 How can a harsh word ever quit my tongue,
 Or ought but wistful tenderness be flung
 Round one, who waits yon summons from above ?

A CHURCH SONNET.

When o'er the threshold of a Church I tread,
 Then, pausing, look around, at first mine eye
 Seeks not the glowing panes, nor columns high,
 But through the Choir my glance is swiftly led.

Wherefore? Not that I weakly fill my head
 With some convention there of ritual sign :
 Nor to this solemn, arching, westward line
 Of pillared beauty are my senses dead.
 Not so ! but 'tis because the stol'd Priest
 Makes there the dread Oblation and its Feast
 Each holy morn, that eastward I begin.
 Yea, thus the Altar soothes, for it displays
 At once the weary guilt of human ways
 And how God's love waxed stronger than our sin !

A NATURE SONNET.

Here, in the splendour of a summer's day,
 Below the platform of this rocky height,
 I view the levels of yon sandy bay,
 Ruddy like cornfields in the radiant light.
 But soon with snowy fringe of boiling surge
 The gradual flood encroaches o'er the plain ;
 Nor ceases on its landward course to urge
 Till what was shore is now the tossing main.
 O ! whence has issued the stupendous power,
 Which draws reluctant Neptune as it wills ?
 Whence has the moon this influence to shower
 Through Space a dread, that Ocean's bosom fills ?
 My God ! had I not faith in Thy control
 Nature's dark secrets would confound my soul !

AN ART SONNET.

What, though I felt that somewhere all unknown,
 Plunged in the spaces of Infinity,
 A sphere revolved, through whose benignant sky
 The storms that vex our region never moan ?
 Earth was the realm, wherein my lot was thrown :
 Too far below yon hidden world on high
 To catch its beams. And so Fate bid me try
 To make this nether dimness all my own.
 But, while I pause a listener to yon air
 Which Schubert sang, he dissipates my care :—
 Now whisper round me gales from Paradise
 And (visionary but enchanting scene !)
 Glimmering beyond its far, purpureal sheen,
 The woods and flowers of Eden fill mine eyes !

REV. JAMES TAYLOR FLOYD FARQUHAR.

THE rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Dunblane, is a brother of Canon Farquhar's, and was born at the family seat, Pitscandly, in 1858. His career at Glenalmond, Cambridge, and in the Theological Hall of his church, was one of great distinction ; and his study of church history has culminated in the publication of two learned and excellently written books, "Ignatius and the Ministry," and "St. Clement of Rome and the Ministry," which have

attracted much attention. Mr Farquhar entered on his present charge in February, 1895—having held it as assistant and successor since 1891—and in the faithful discharge of duty, alternating with varied literary projects, fills a useful and influential position. That his occasional poetic relaxations are of a meritorious kind these recent examples will show :—

CURLING.

O gi'e to me my bizzom and my bonnie channel steens,
 And earlies fond o' the play,
 Then quick will rin oor ald bluid, and soople grow oor beens,
 And we'll lach at the cald o' the day.

Ah ! the ringing run of the curling stone
 Is a song that is sweet in his ears !

Sae like it is to the days langsyne, the sna's been dingan doon,
 O soop it weel to the side !
 Pit the crampit true, for the frost is keen and the tee score's markit roon,
 And the rink's like a laddie's slide.

Ah ! the ringing run, etc.

See here's the skip wi' a' his pride, his cow a cheerie roar,
 O hark til his command !
 "Noo lad, ye'll lay a bonnie steen, straucht for the hoose front door,
 Aye cannie wi' your hand !"

Ah ! the ringing run, etc.

But words to tell that day what fell, hoo cows were plied wi' smeddum,
 Wi' a rin and a roar o' us a',
 Hoo ports were closed and cleared again, hoo steen on steen cam' crooden,
 I canna find ava.

Ah ! the ringing run, etc.

Or wha it wis that far owre sune cam' cryin' on my name,
 "Hi, Jock, ye're biden lang,
 It's noo the back o' five, guidman, and time that ye was hame
 To the kettle's cosy sang."
 But the keen, keen song of the curling stone
 Was sweeter far in his ears.

A PARABLE.

There sits one weaving willow rods, with skill
 Most admirably rare ; his nimble fingers
 Are swift and sure in work, nor ever lingers
 In dull bewilderment his master will.
 But see that stubborn stick, he bends it still,
 And bends it—ah, 'tis flawed, and snaps asunder ;
 Unmoved he takes the fragments, up and under
 He weaves and makes them yet his end fulfil.

So God works wisely with the lives of men,
 All frail we are, and flawed, yet we are made
 By Him, nor only chosen for His end,
 And yet again we're free, for He hath said,
 "I will be loved." With mercy then,
 O Father, break me if I will not bend.

WILLIAM FINLAY.

THE annals of a wasted life form the most melancholy reading, and such in its essence and end was that of William Finlay. Born at Dundee in 1828, becoming a shoemaker, marrying ere he was well out of his teens, falling into dissolute courses, and dying the most tragic of deaths, sums up the story of a career which at one time seemed full of promise, and which the late James Scrymgeour and others strove earnestly to make worthier of the man and his abilities. And yet, the unfortunate bard had some sense of the fitness of things, and some remnants of a laudable pride left him even in his degradation; for to one who offered him "a glass for a poem," he replied:—

"Though poor and degraded before you I stand,
Enslaved by the curse of mine own native land,
I'd sooner my soul to perdition would sink
Than barter the Muse for a mouthful of drink."

As a specimen of Finlay's general versification we give a little piece composed shortly before his death in 1884, and to which, therefore, a pathetic interest naturally attaches itself.

SONG OF THE WANDERER.

The auld Howff, the auld Howff,
Sad memories brings to me;
Dear friends lie in the auld Howff
I ne'er again may see.
My grandsire and my grandame,
Sae couthy aye an' kind,
And mony mair I miss fu' sair;
To mourn I'm left behind.

Auld grannie, true, I see her noo—
Her loving, kindly face;
I hear her words o' tenderness,
I feel her soft embrace.

She said I'd be a great man yet—
My youthfu' gifts were rare;
She praised my een an' muckle broo,
An' smoothed my curly hair.

Since, ups an' doons, cruel Fortune's froons,
Hae wrocht me muckle wae;
Nae hoose, nae hame, I dinna ken
Wherein my head to lay.
But He wha marks the sparrow fa',
And cleeds the lilies fair,
Will surely yield to me a bield,
An' ease a heart fu' sair.

JAMES FORD, M.D.

IN 1871 there was published at Dundee "Poems and Sonnets," by the late James Ford, M.D., author of "Titus Vespasian, and Other Poems," etc., and with an introduction by Rev. George Gilfillan. The volume was a neatly printed work of fifty-four pages; and from the twelve page essay on poetry in general, used as a preface by the learned editor, we gather that "Dr Ford was a medical gentleman in Dundee, of limited practice, but whose means enabled him to live in retirement, and to spend his leisure in writing verse. His poems show him to have been a man of very considerable culture, warm feelings, and great command of poetical language. Besides the Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems, from which a selection has been made, Dr Ford is the author of three dramas of considerable merit. The drama, however, was not his forte; and, therefore, we have decided not to reproduce any portion of these rather elaborate efforts, but to print instead some of his minor effusions, which will be found to possess no little fancy, fluency, and a sincere and

fervid vein of feeling," etc. The course pursued by Gilfillan, whether wisely or the reverse, is suggestive of a reason for the keen disappointment expressed by the deceased bard's sisters over the paucity of their brother's literary memorial. The impression seems, simply, to have been due to editorial action refusing to be fettered, remuneration or no remuneration; and that because it was guided by reasons appealing with force sufficient to sway the intelligence which prompted it.

From one who was conversant with the circumstances of Dr Ford's life we have gathered that latterly he lived the life of a hermit, denying even his relatives admission to his room, and regarding the society of his fellows with positive aversion. Occasionally, those who knew him caught glimpses of his form flitting ghost-like through the midnight streets, but every attempt at converse seemed only to drive the wanderer the swifter through the shadows. A disappointment in love was understood to be the cause of his unhappy aberration, and the pursuit of poetry seems to have been the only solace of his lonely hours. Dr Ford was a graduate of Edinburgh University.

THE OLD SAILOR.

He walks upon the mountain-height,

What time the winds are high,
And closes round the winter night,
And broods the blackening sky;
And oft he pauses, as 'twould seem,
To see the dashing sea-foam gleam
Against the moon's pale ray,
Or lonely bark that breasts along
The boiling billow's wrath among,
Enveloped in the spray.

Oh! he is old, and wherefore now,

When all are housed at home,
Does he, upon the mountain's brow,
Look o'er the ocean foam—
Does he, what time the winds aloud
Are howling, and the giant cloud
Careering through the sky,
Or lab'ring bark her dreary way
Holds struggling to some shelt'ring bay,
The warfare love to eye?

A place were fitter for his age

At chimney side, I ween,
With fragrant pipe and beverage
Of generous ale between;
And anecdote, and jibe and jest,
And wordy tales old men love best
Of bygone days of youth;
While youngers listen with delight,
All heedless of the wintry night—
'Twere meet far, in sooth.

Yes, and he still can relish these,

And these he often tries;
But still he loves the stormy seas,
And loves the lowering skies.
He was a sailor; and the sound
That howls his little cottage round,
On a tempestuous night,
His pipe aside will make him lay,
And tempt the steepy mountain-way,
To look out from the height.

A SMILE.

What is a smile? A something sweet,
That shines in the eye of beauty.—Well,
But do not you oft this something meet
In the lip, as well as the eye? Come, tell,
Has lip or eye this smiling spell?

Beshrew me, for I cannot say:
Now I think of it, also in the cheek,
I've chanced to meet this smiling play,
In the beautiful wreath, or dimple sleek—
So as to its dwelling, I am to seek.

There's a smile that speaks of heart-felt glee,
Of the sunshine of the soul 'tis born,
A smile for the wassailer's revelry,

And one for the tremulous lip of scorn—
Youth smiles, and age with wrinkles worn.

There is a smile like the light of heaven,
There is a smile for melancholy,
There is a smile to anger given;
But oh, there's a smile of all most holy.
Whence is this smile? 'Tis love's, love's
solely.

Oh! this is a smile like the evening sky,
So purely bright, so soft, serene,
'Tis thorn'd indeed, in Beauty's eye,
But yet it strays o'er all her mien—
This is a smile divine, I ween.

MEMORY.

Thou of the magic power, whose waving wand
Can bid the joys of other days arise
Bright, as in young life, visioned to our eyes,
With sadness oft is streaked thy wizard land ;
And now, as on the well-known spot I stand,
Long, long forgotten in the lapse of years,
The time of sunny smiles, ingenuous tears,

Soon dashed away by Hope's consoling hand,
Linn'd beautiful returns, and thrills my heart
With mixt emotions all too deep to tell.
Comes virtue's image undisguised by art,
As erst when fancy, with presiding spell,
Showed all this world as it may never be :
That world recurs, and mars my reverie.

GALLOWAY FRASER.

LONDON seems somehow to be the Literary Mecca towards which literary young Scotsmen journey, and it is somewhat remarkable that so many of the best journalistic positions in the Metropolis are held by Scotsmen. There are several well-known leader writers on the best London newspapers who are Scots, and scarcely is there any first-class paper to which Scotsmen are not in some capacity or other attached.

Mr Galloway Fraser is the acting editor of *Tit-Bits*, having as his chief Sir George Newnes, Bart., the well-known proprietor of the *Strand Magazine* and other successful publications. In addition to this, Mr Fraser has the editorial control of *Woman's Life*, a paper for women with a weekly circulation of 200,000 ; also edits *The Hub*, a weekly journal for cyclists ; and has lately assumed the editorship of yet another of Sir George Newnes's ventures, a weekly appealing specially for boys. It is estimated that the combined circulation of Mr Fraser's group of papers is not far short of one million copies per week, truly an astonishing total !

Mr Fraser is by birth a Perthshire man, having been born at Errol in 1862 ; but as Dundee was the scene of his life, education, and training from his fourth to his twentieth year, and as his first amateur and much of his later professional literary work became public through the medium of Dundee publications, it seems very natural for the good folks of the Tayside city to claim almost as their own one whose prosperous career took shape among them, and whose relatives are with them still.

In 1881 Mr Fraser entered Glasgow University and greatly distinguished himself in several classes ; especially so in the class of English Literature, in which he secured the highest place of his year. His contributions to various periodicals in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London during this time were important and numerous.

Mr Fraser attended the Hall of the Congregational Church in Edinburgh with a view of entering the ministry, but this intention was afterwards departed from. While in Edinburgh he edited the *Scottish Liberal*, a journal which had an all too brief career.

He represented the *Dundee Courier* in the Lobby and Press Gallery of the House of Commons for some time, and in 1890 joined Sir George Newnes in conducting the famous weekly periodical known as *Tit-Bits*. Mr Fraser's favourite hobby is the study of Scottish ballad literature ; but of late years, as can be well understood, he has had little or no opportunity for the writing of

verses. No one is more deeply interested in Scottish poets and poetry than is Mr Fraser ; and we turn with pleasure to examine a couple of his own early contributions to the treasury of the Land of Song.

FALLEN LEAVES.

I stand where evening breezes blow,
I hear the tinkling streamlet's flow,
 Meandering in the wood ;
There's music in the woodland's din,
The winds give voice to Nature's hymn
 In sad and solemn mood.

Of't have I stood beneath these trees,
Where grasses kissed the evening breeze,
 In glorious summer eves ;
But now I stand when flowers are dead,
When wintry winds weep o'er their bed,
 Amid the fallen leaves.

Pleasant it was at evening's close
To court the shelter of these boughs,
 And dream bewitching dreams.
High hopes I had, fair as the flowers
That ever bloomed in fancy's bowers,
 Or were a poet's themes.

Sweet voices spake in this dim wood ;
I heard songs in the solitude,
 Like strains from Fairyland.
All care and sorrow fled with fright,
The smiling flowers glowed with delight ;
 But now 'mongst leaves I stand.

Ah me ! how strange a tale life weaves ;
Each heart has had its fallen leaves
 In winters long ago.
Some weep o'er withered flowers to-night ;
Some lay their dead leaves out of sight ;
 But still life's stream doth flow.

Just as I learned the matchless song
The woods grew dumb—a speechless throng
 In winter's cold embrace ;
So loving hearts and dead ones gone,
Whose souls we just had searched, are flown,
 And hid from us their face.

Yet as I mourn the leaflet's death,
Methinks I feel the summer's breath,
 And see the flowers once more.
What though the woodlands cannot sing ?
I know with joy they soon shall ring
 As I have heard before.

What though 'mid fallen leaves we stand ?
In faith stretch forth thy doubting hand ;
 He who believes receives,
Thy withered flower will fairer grow,
In fields of light thou'lt see it blow,
 When gathered are our leaves.

COME FORTH.

Come forth, my friend, and leave your books,
 We'll ramble down this shady alley ;
Come, throw away those thoughtful looks,
 And scamper with me in the valley.
Think you, friend, does knowledge dwell
Close confined in student's cell ?
Know you not that wisdom glows
Where the babbling streamlet flows ?

Come forth, and feel the breezes free
 Kiss your cheek so wan and pallid ;
Flowers sing songs to you and me
 Sweeter far than ancient ballad.
Think you, friend, these dusty pages,
These old Grecian, Roman sages
Teach you all that wisdom shows
In the wild flower and the rose ?

Come forth with me where wild flowers blow,
 And smell the fragrance of the clover ;
Come, watch the streamlet's bickering flow,
 Like maiden hast'ning to her lover.

Think you, friend, that you'll be wise
If you find not with surprise
That wisdom lurks in meanest flower,
And hides herself in summer bower ?

Come forth and read in Nature's book
 Sermons and songs by priest and poet ;
If in her lovely heart you look
 You'll wisdom find, could you but know it.
Think you, friend, these yellow leaves
You pore o'er in these pleasant eves
Will teach you wisdom, when the air
Is full of knowledge everywhere ?

Come forth, there's laughter in the wood,
 Mirth peeps out from the leaves of grass,
Deep peace hides in the solitude,
 A voice speaks in each flower we pass.
Think you, friend, that this is true ?
Tell I something that is new ?
Know that wisdom dwells with those
Who watch the flow'ret as it grows.

Come forth, close up those dull old books,
 We'll ramble all the while we study ;
 Earth's putting on her pleasant looks,
 And we—our cheeks are growing ruddy.
 Think you, friend, this pleasant stroll
 Does more than e'er parchment scroll
 To cheer your heart and clear your eyes,
 And charm your ear with melodies ?

Come forth, for *you* the streamlet flows,
 For *you* the flowers are fresh and green,
 The wild flower in the alley blows,
 The daisy grows but to be seen.
 Think, my friend, these gifts are given
 To teach us more of kindly Heaven ?
 Heaven's fair book is Nature's page—
 Love is its lesson age to age.

DAVID GARDINER.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1853 or '4 a booklet of 52 pages of rhymes was published at Dundee, entitled, "Love and Liberty ; being Poems and Songs by David Gardiner, Dundee ; with additional pieces by James Donnet," and dedicated to the working classes. Nearly one third of the pieces are by Donnet ; and the author of the rest, a specimen of which we subjoin, thus narrates his pitiful life story :—

"From my earliest years I have suffered the common privations of my class. For years I have toiled at the loom from the hours of six in the morning till ten in the evening, and only received for my labour a sum scarcely sufficient to provide food and clothing. I have also toiled in the field under the blasts of winter and the heat of the summer sun. There, week after week, and year after year, I have laboured from six, and very often four in the morning to seven, and even twelve at night ; and well do you know that after such long hours and hard labour there is very little desire for mental improvement. Indeed, although I sometimes had an inclination to read, I was prevented from doing so in consequence of not being allowed the privilege of light in our bothies. Like many of you, I received no school education, and have only learned to read and write in the few moments I had to spare at meal times, or on the Sundays, when I knew no master but myself ; and yet I can scarcely say this much, for I have been refused employment simply because I choose to spend that day in a way which I considered most advantageous to myself."

TYRANNY'S FALL.

O, when ! O, when will sweet liberty come
 To cheer our sad hearts, and banish the gloom
 That has darken'd our country with slavery's
 thrall ?

O, come, freedom, come ! hasten tyranny's fall !

How long, O, how long have we toiled in the
 field,

And been robbed of the harvest our labours
 doth yield,

By brother debased, who spurneth us all ?

O ! we yet shall rejoice in tyranny's fall !

Long, long they have robbed us, but our
 rights we shall have,

The world's course is onward, freedom's sons
 they are brave ;

O ! despots shall tremble at liberty's call,
 And we yet shall rejoice in tyranny's fall !

Away with despair ! we will yet live to see
 The land that we loved and our children set
 free ;

The morning of freedom now dawns on us
 all !

And soon we'll rejoice in tyranny's fall !

Be not weary, my brothers, but firm in our
 cause,

Be strong and united, we'll yet make the laws ;
 Our tears they shall vanish, our hunger and
 all,

With the wild dying echo of tyranny's fall.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

BOTANY and Poetry! a beauteous combination, truly; and seen in wondrous perfection in "The Flora of Forfarshire," a book of over 300 pages of descriptive poems and paragraphs by Wm. Gardiner, and published at London in 1848. We quote these varied specimens of his skill in deducing from the beauties of nature lessons as sweet and true as could be taught:—

ANEMONE.

Abundant in the woods and on the hills and mountains, and often beautifully tinted with blue and crimson. Though loving the shady charm of the woodland, this elegant flower seems more partial to the open heath, where it can more easily hold communion with the flaunting breezes and enjoy the genial sunshine.

When May's soft breezes fan the woods
And waft from May-flowers fragrancesweet,
With what delight, thou lovely gem,
Do we thy open blossoms greet.
They speak of Friendship warm, sincere,
Of Love that cannot prove untrue;
Then oh! how beautiful, how dear,
Thy white flowers, crimson-tinged and blue!

In woodland fresh, where warbling voice
Of small birds charm the wanderer's ear,
And green trees, waving in the wind
Make music to his heart as dear,

Thy lovely blossoms from the glade
Look up toward a sunny sky,
Then earthward turn their modest glance
As if afraid to look too high.

Their graceful forms, so bright, so fair,
Arrest the wanderer's curious eye,
Who cannot fail to learn from them
The virtue of Humility.

It is not, merely then, sweet flower,
Thy only mission to impart
Beauty and grace to heath and bower,
But to instruct the human heart.

THE ASPEN-TREE.

A superstitious notion connected with it, entertained by some of the Highlanders, and alluded to by Lightfoot, is embodied in the following verses:—

In Highland glen, at sultry noon,
When scarce a zephyr dares to breathe,
And birds are mute and leaves are still
And bees take shelter underneath
The verdant umbrage, or, at will,
Drain nectar from some floweret's breast—
One tree the solemn quiet breaks,
Whose quivering foliage cannot rest.

And denizen of Highland glen
Will tell you why the aspen-leaves
No rest can find, though all around
Is quietude: for he believes

The cross on which our Lord was bound
The aspen furnished, and disgrace
Still clings to the ill-fated tree,
And spares it not a moment's peace.

Poor tree! methinks thy smooth green leaves,
Steeped in the golden solar ray,
Seem glad, though doomed to such reproach,
And useful lessons might convey;

For, ever active, do not they
Whisper of One whose life was given
Wholly to teach mankind the way
To win Earth's happiness and Heaven?

Gardiner was born at Dundee in 1809, and died there in 1852. Though destined for a life of toil, there were cheering elements in his lot; both his father and uncle pursuing the study of Botany with an ardour which proved infectious in the case of the studious lad. To such purpose did he prosecute his researches among the byways of the country, that he became an accredited master in the science of Botany, publishing several works on the subject, forming collections for public societies and for private delectation, becoming an associate of the Linnæan Society, having the offer of a good botanical appointment made him, and enwreathing the whole with such flowers of poesy as complete and beautify a singularly useful and interesting career.

The quotation from an admirable rhyming epistle to Alex. Wilson, which follows, will give some further insight into Gardiner's amiable character. It is taken from the volume published by Wilson while in Alyth in 1829.

In summer, when the showers
Refresh the leafy bowers
An' fragrance round us pours,
Our senses to regale;
When verdure sweet is springing,
An' bonnie birdies singing,
Till woods and wilds are ringing,
What pleasure we inhale!

When streamlets sweet are flowing,
An' cattle round them lowing,
An' Flora richly glowing
In all her radiance fine;
When hill and dale surrounding
Wi' music are resounding,
Our hearts will then be bounding
Wi' rapture maist divine.

At e'en when winter's roarin'
There's pleasure in explorin'
The scenes, an' in adorin'
The Ruler of the storm;

The lustre of the moon, sir,
The glittering stars aboon, sir,
Sae sweetly tinkling doon, sir,
On man, a worthless worm.

When meteors are extending,
And snawy flakes descending,
And Boreas rudely bending
The trees upon the plain,
We'll ken that Nature's easin'
Hersel' to bring the season
Sae charmin', sweet, an' pleasin'
To a' the sons o' men.

Wi' scenes sic like as these, sir,
Let us our fancies please, sir,
An' keep oor minds at ease, sir,
By virtue nobly led;
We'll praise oor great Creator,
The Governor of Nature,
By whom each living creature
Supported is, an' fed.

In every respect and capacity Gardiner was a personage of whom his native city has good reason to be proud. His work was of singular excellence, and one regrets that no complete collection has been made of his poetic writings, which are scattered throughout many different publications. We quote largely, but it is with real pleasure that we submit these further specimens of his genius, and which are taken from *The Dundee Cornucopia*, a curious little budget of miscellaneous anecdotes and poems, published in 1843.

A THOUGHT.

When I have shuffled off, as Shakspeare says,
This mortal coil, may my translation be
To some bright land where there are verdant shades
Filled with sweet flowers and happy warbling birds,
And watered by fresh streams that smoothly glide
Through fragrant lawns, and groves of spicy breath;
Where not an icy grief can freeze the heart,
Nor passion burn, nor withering care destroy
Its holiest thought: There, with a few true friends
Of kindred soul to share my bliss, would I
Be happy as I could be made of heaven.

THE MOUNTAIN BREEZE.

Oh! let me taste the mountain breeze
That circles far and wide,
And list the song of mountain bird
By some fair streamlet's side;
The breeze, so pure, will health restore,
The bird, so glad and free,
Will muse within my drooping soul
The germ of liberty.

How nauseous is the city's breath
Its narrow streets within,
Where house on house is huddled so
No air can enter in;
Where sickness sits on many a brow
And many a good heart aches;
And many a wealth producer starves
Amid the wealth he makes!

'Tis sickening to the soul to see
 Such misery all around,
 Where nought but happy homes should be,
 With peace and plenty crowned ;
 The healthful look, the cheerful smile
 Of gladness, should be there,
 With many a comfort, pure and bright,
 That each and all should share.

But no ! great Mammon sits enthroned
 Within its proudest halls ;
 And lost on Mammon's worshippers
 Are Nature's loudest calls :

Then let me Nature's temples seek
 As often as I may,
 And there enjoy the gifts of heaven
 That men would throw away.

I love the mountain's fragrant breeze,
 The forest's gleesome song,
 The sunny sky, the streamlet's gush,
 The fresh-blown flowers among :—
 These whisper of a better land,
 And life of perfect bliss,
 Yet bid us not unmindful be
 Of what will sweeten this !

THE STILLNESS OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

The moonbeams are sleeping on forest and hill,
 And the winds are at rest, and the waters are still ;
 Not a sound breaks the silence of nature so deep—
 Not a whisper is breathed that could ruffle her sleep.

Not a bird-warble rises among the green trees,
 Nor a sweet-murmured kiss of the leaves by the breeze ;
 And the clouds that repose on the breast of the sky
 Are like isles all asleep in blue waters that lie.

Not a dewdrop is heard from the rose-leaves to fall ;
 How profound is the quiet that broods over all !
 And am I the sole spirit that, watching, doth keep
 The eye from a slumber so potent and deep ?

Ah, no ! there's an eye that for ever is bright—
 A spirit that sleeps not by day nor by night—
 An eye whose wide glance can the universe trace—
 A spirit of love that is boundless as space !

On the flower-bosomed earth, in the star-spangled sky,
 And farther than light-pinioned fancy can fly,
 That spirit is felt like a life-giving flame—
 That bright eye is beaming for ever the same !

Then let me not dream, though all nature's asleep,
 That alone in the silence my vigils I keep ;
 For that eye on me smiling in goodness doth shine,
 And that spirit delights to hold converse with mine.

WILLIAM GARDINER. (2)

MANY will be interested to know that the father of the celebrated botanist and poet of the same name was himself a writer of verses ; and that some of his pieces were popular with his Dundee townsmen, if not indeed more widely, during the first decade of the century. In the years 1815 and 1818 he published two small collections of Poems and Songs ; and in the dedicatory lines which appeared in the first of these booklets, he thus indicated the manner of man he was :—

To a' the lovers of a Scottish sang
 I dedicate my book—be't richt or wrang :
 I dinna mean to cringe an' whinge or bow
 To onie great man wi' a powdered pow,
 An' ca' him this or that, in flatterin' style ;
 Sic trash, I think, wad only but defile
 And taint my works ; then let it ne'er be said

That I should crouch for onie patron's aid.
 I hae nae hopes a laurel to obtain ;
 Sic thochts in me wad doubtless be but vain.
 I ne'er was taught nor polished at the school ;
 What hae I then but simple nature's rule ?

A botanist too, the elder Gardiner, as has been shown, proved himself a worthy parent to his gifted son ; and all who admire the efforts made by such humble, earnest souls to rise superior to their inheritance of toil and care, must read with pleasure these warblings of the self-taught muse.

A TRUSTY FRIEND IS ILL TO GET.

Air—"Neil Gow's Strathspey."

A trusty friend is ill to get,
 As I ha'e felt ere now ;
 The world's naething but a cheat ;
 An' I will tell ye how.
 When ane is blest wi' wealth o' gear
 His friends will a' appear sincere,
 An' fawn, an' whisper in his ear,
 "Your servant, sir," I trow.

E'en though he were a senseless hash,
 Wi' little in his pow,
 His cash wad mak' the vulgar trash
 Aye treat him wi' a bow ;
 But strip him o' his superfine,
 An' gi'e him on a coat like mine,
 The Deil a ane wad flatter syne,
 Nor *sir* him, ye'll allow.

Gin I had fouth o' gowd in store,
 Then I could buy, I vow,
 Friends wha wad drink wi' me an' sclore
 Till they wad stoit an' row.

But while I ha'e a riven coat,
 An' hat an' shoon scarce worth a groat,
 The Deil a beau or drunken sot
 Will seek to come in tow !

Yea, though I were a miser tyke,
 An' Death about to caw
 My life, I'll wad, the hungry bike
 Sud flatter, freak and bow ;
 They'd tell how gude a man I'd been,
 An' will-a-wa, an' dight their een ;
 But gi'e them gowd, an' Deil a prein
 They'd care though I sud glow !

It's siller now that mak's the man—
 It's no the mettled pow ;
 Or monie i' the front wad stan'
 Wha sair maun tug an' row.
 For me I value 't no' a hair ;
 I ha'e nae gowd, I ha'e nae lear ;
 But I sall whistle aff dull care
 While I ha'e aucht to chew !

THERE'S ROASTEN BEEF IN LON'ON TOWN.

Air—"Cauld Kail."

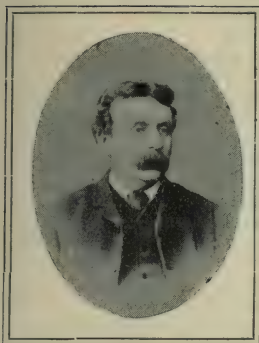
There's roasten beef in Lon'on town
 For lords an' lairds sae vouldie ;
 But I'm content to rank a clown,
 Giff I but get my crowdy.
 But I maun ha'e my crowdy, lads ;
 I winna want my crowdy ;
 Gi'e me my brose, an' I'm jocose,
 Though knave in silk sud row'd be.

O fickle Fortune, what care I
 Though I ne'er see thy gowdy,
 Giff I get drink when I am dry,
 An' store o' cakes an' crowdy !

But I maun ha'e my crowdy, lads ;
 I winna want my crowdy ;
 While I ha'e breath, I wad be laith
 To want my wee drap crowdy.

But ilka man in ilka land
 It surely must allowed be,
 That while a Scot can wag his hand,
 He ne'er should want his crowdy.
 Then I maun ha'e my crowdy, lads ;
 I winna want my crowdy ;
 I'll seek my brose frae friends or foes,
 Though I like gyse sud mow'd be.

JAMES YOUNG GEDDES.



"I GET a good many volumes of verse sent me, but very few with such elements of real power as this contains." So wrote Dr Walter C. Smith to the author of those three collections of poems, "The New Jerusalem," "The Spectre Clock," and "In the Valhalla," so well-known and prized by the lovers of the native muse. And this opinion of a distinguished poet and critic is no solitary note; for a general chorus of press and individual approval has marked each new venture made by Mr Geddes, and his muse continues as powerful and nearly as active as before. He has also written a large number of miscellaneous articles in prose, and takes an active part as leader in political and social movements, his

services in such a case as that known as the Reekie Linn Right of Way, being characterized by signal devotion to the views of the people, and marked ability in the prosecution of their cause. Mr Geddes was born at Dundee in 1850. He removed to Alyth some fifteen years ago, and has there conducted a successful business as Tailor and Clothier. Identifying himself with public affairs, as is his natural bias, he was elected to the position still held by him of Senior Bailie of the burgh. In the Council, School Board, and other public bodies, Mr Geddes is a man of light and leading: his position among our local poets is prominent and honourable, as will be inferred from these selections, chosen with some difficulty from a wealth of excellent material, and designed to show their author's command of themes both pathetic and humorous.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

In the Valley of the Shadow
Dark the road is, rough and narrow,
We into the darkness staring
See no path for those wayfaring;
On its cruel rocks, and flowerless,
Sure the foot of man were powerless,
And we hearken, but we hear nought
Save the murmurs to the ear brought,
Where the turgid, swollen river
Sullenly flows on for ever
Through the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow
Dark the road is, rough and narrow:
Who shall guide our gentle sister,
Take her by the hand, assist her?
Timid is she, shrinking, tender;
Who shall from its perils defend her?
Fitter path for her the meadows,
With their chastened lights and shadows,
Where the placid flowing river
Calmly sings of peace for ever:

Give her in her pure white vestures
Quiet waters and green pastures;
Not for her the gloomy pathway
Where no sun is, gleam, nor star-ray,
O'er the rocks and by the river
With its dirge which halteth never,
In the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow
Dark the road is, rough and narrow;
Still she lingers, to us clinging,
While the summons they are bringing,
For the fell decree is spoken,
And we cry in accents broken—
"Why should He, the Eternal, slay thee,
Perfect as a woman may be?"
Leave to earth the pure-souled maiden;
Take us, rather, the sin-laden,
Through the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow
Dark the road is, rough and narrow:

Unlike her, our gentle sister,
 We have lost the morning lustre,
 Dew of youth has from us faded,
 Battle-scarred we are, and jaded,
 And our armour bright is rusted,
 And our souls with stains are crusted :
 We endured, but yet have fainted,
 And our lives are not untainted
 With the darkening lines of error,
 Still into the vale of terror
 Would we go, the world hardened,
 Praying that our sins be pardoned ;
 So might she the pure and stainless
 Find a pathway smooth and painless
 Through the Valley of the Shadow.

From the Valley of the Shadow
 (Dark the road is, rough and narrow)
 Comes an answer—"Every mortal
 Wends at last unto this portal."
 Innocent she may be wholly,
 Timid, still she enters solely ;
 Human love can not attend her,
 Human arms can not defend her ;
 She must tread alone the pathway
 Where no sun is, gleam, nor star-ray,
 O'er the rocks and by the river
 With the dirge that halteth never.
 Shield her cannot friend or brother,
 Sister dear, or father, mother ;

Yet the Presence, all-abiding,
 Even in that gloom is hiding—
 In the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow
 Dark the road is, rough and narrow :
 O, Divine Almighty Brother !
 By the goodness, we implore Thee,
 Of the gentle heart that bore Thee—
 By Thy pure and virgin mother—
 Be not Deity—be human,
 Be to her as tender woman,
 Keep her in Thy kind embraces
 Through the dark and lonesome places,
 Soothe her fears until she hear not
 The hoarse murmurs of the river,
 Give her courage till she fear not
 Darkness there that broods for ever
 In the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow
 Guide her through the gorges narrow,
 Till the light of heaven gleaming
 To the shadow-land is streaming,
 Till the songs they sing for ever
 Drown the murmurs of the river,
 Till its waves, the gloom forsaking,
 On the pearly gates are breaking,
 Where the pure have their abode
 In the citadel of God.

DONALD DUFF.

(AN EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE.)

It's hey ! for the land o' sneezin' an' snuff,
 An' ho ! for the Highlanders grimy and gruff,
 An' hey ! for the lad whose surname is Duff—
 It's, sirs, what think ye o' Donald ?

O fair shines the sun in the north on his ha',
 Its mony braid acres his ain he can ca' ;
 O' the wealth in the bank his share isna sma'—
 A weel-lined purse ye has Donald.

At braw Highland Jennies he crookit his smooch,
 An' sair was the sabbins' an' sighin', in truth,
 When he mountit his naggie, an' hied awa' sooth—
 A venturesome chieldie was Donald.

He cam' to the palace, an' thocht it nae sin
 To knock at the yett wi' a thunderin' din :
 The servants cam' rinnin' an' ushered him in,
 Confoonding yer impudence, Donald.

"Come in," said auld Ed'ard, "come in by, my lad ;
 We're sair bathered here by an ill-willy jaud ;
 My income's but sma', an' I want her to wad,
 But deil a lad pleases her, Donald.

"I've twa three mair dochters, they'll grow in a wee;
 If the rest o' the limmers are fashus as she,
 It's what's to become o' their mither an' me?"
 "Bide a wee," to the faither says Donald.

The faither was stormin', the lassie was dour,
 Her bonnie bit facey was sullen an' sour,
 An' her jimpy bit fittie was daddin' the stour,
 Till her een chanced tae licht on oor Donald.

She lookit him up, an' she lookit him doon,
 Frae croon tae the kilt, frae calf to the shoon:
 "By my saul, but this is a wise-looking loon,"
 Says the lass to hersel' o' oor Donald.

The roses cam' back tae her twa bonnie cheeks,
 The licht in her een was glozin' like wicks;
 She sighed for the laddie a-wantin' the breeks—
 Had they wyled her a man like oor Donald.

O' wee German Lairdies they'd roond her a raw,
 Starvin', an' scrimpit, mis-shapit and sma':
 Though ye'd bunched into ane the manikins a'
 He wad been a halflin to Donald.

When Donald gaed forrit, the sweesh o' his kilt
 Blew them owre in the dubs, an' their coaties were fil't;
 They stampit and swore, but tholed the insult
 When they saw the bare shanks o' oor Donald.

"Will ye tak' me noo, Ed'ard, your guidson to be?"
 "To the dour, crabbit limmer, you're welcome for me";
 An' its doon in the dust he has bendit the knee—
 Sic a weel-mannered chieldie was Donald.

The lassie was bashfu', but ga'e him a smile;
 Her dad wi' a "Hooch" handit Donald his mull,
 Cryin', "Some day ye'll maybe ha'e dochters yersel',
 An' be muckle obleeged to a Donald."

So hey! for the land o' mountain an' rill,
 An' ho! for the land o' the stoup an' the gill,
 An' hey! for the lass, may she aye get her fill
 O' love an' contentment wi' Donald.

WILLIAM GELLATLY.

THE older race of residents in Coupar-Angus delight to tell of the wit and wisdom of Willie Gellatly, and to quote such rhymes as those he wrote on the Queen's visit to the ancient burgh, which, through Mr John Hume's courtesy, we are able to reproduce.

ADDRESS TO THE ROYAL PARTY,

BY MINE HOST OF ROYAL HOTEL, COUPAR-ANGUS, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1844.

Most Gracious Queen, I'm glad to see ye;
 May He aboon a' blessings gi'e ye.
 Ye're welcome to our hills an' cairns;
 I hope ye're weel an' a' yer bairns.

Auld Scotland's proud an' heigh this day
 To see you here wi' sic array;
 Ye're wise to leave yon smoky den;
 I'd rather ha'e my but an' ben,

Than coop'd up i' yon muckle toon,
 An' on my head to wear a croon.
 Ye're richt to come to Scotland's rills,
 An' get the air amo' the hills,
 An' freed frae a' their din an' blether
 To dance at will amo' the heather,
 Far frae the cares o' Kirk an' State
 That bore ye yonder ear' an' late;
 Just write the Duke, his country's boast,
 Till ye come back to cook the roast.
 If he should gi'e the French their paikin's,
 Ne'er fash yer thoom, just tak' yer raikin's;
 Throw care o'erboard; tho' bayonets bristle,
 Ye're safe, my Queen, aneath the thristle.

My noble Prince, ye're welcome here,
 Lang may ye live our Queen to cheer;
 Ye're come, my lad, to try yer luck
 At blackcock and the Highland buck;
 Ye'll find our moors are far afore
 Yon chaps at Fez or Mogadore;
 While sporting wi' yer gun an' lead,
 Prince Joinville may have lost his head;
 Or some wild Arab—they're sae gleg—
 May treat him to a timmer leg.
 But hark! my Prince—this i' yer lug—
 Ye'll no' sit owre lang at the jug;
 It's no' that we've been led to think,
 My honour'd Prince, ye're gien to drink,
 But when frae hame folks may get frisky;
 Tak' care o' Highland wives an' whisky;
 An' O! be couthy wi' yer Queen.—
 My noble Prince! is this your wean?

An' are ye there, my Princess Royal?
 To see yer face sae brave an' loyal,
 My blessings on yer bonnie face:
 Gudewife, ye'll bring the bairn a piece;

That filthy sea has toom'd yer stomach;
 My bonnie doo, ye'll get a bannock;
 An' noo, when to the hills ye're gaein',
 An' fond, like ither bairns, o' playin'—
 When wanderin' out to see the flocks
 Wi' Mammy or wi' Lady Cocks,
 An' sportin' i' the ley outby,
 Tak' tent an' no' gae near the kye;
 Frae sulky soo an' puttin' ram
 Keep weel outby, my bonnie lamb;
 An' gif ye i' the burnie paidle,
 Be sure an' aye put on yer daidle.
 An' when ye leave an' gae to Lunnon,
 Wi' routh o' health, my bonnie 'oman,
 Ye'll tell sic sights an' funny tales
 Tae Granny an' the Prince o' Wales.

Ye're there, too, my Lord Aberdeen;
 I'm sorry that ye're here yer lane;
 I thocht to see Sir Robert Peel,
 An' grieve to think his folks unweel.
 O man, if you wad tak' pot luck
 We'd hae a bonnie craw to pluck;
 Nae doot ye're glad the House is up;
 Wow, man, ye've gien the Kirk a whup;
 An' then sae wise, ye're mere beginners,
 To let auld Dauny thro' yer fingers:
 But hush, we mauna here palaver;
 Look doon some day, an' get a haver;
 I see the naigs are i' the yoke,
 An' we maun here cut short our joke.
 Now, bless ye a', frae Queen to Peer!
 Auld Coupar ne'er saw sic a steer:
 It looks like fairy tales o' yore—
 The Queen o' Britain at my door;
 For me, I noo shall mak' my will;
 Gudewife, ye'll see they pay the bill.

Gellatly was born at Kettins, near Coupar-Angus, in 1792, and died at Airneyfoul, near Glamis, in 1868. He was a "Wright" to trade; went for a short time to America; and settled at Coupar-Angus, where he conducted a good business of his own, and became "a very humorous old man, who could tell a story well." We give another of his productions, a piece quoted in Myle's "Rambles in Forfarshire," referring to a state of matters now scarcely credible, and which happily is superseded by conditions that not inaptly indicate the success of the Kirkyard's petition.

A VOICE FROM THE KIRKYAIRD.

ADDRESSED TO THE HERITORS OF COUPAR-ANGUS.

My humble petition I send to you greeting,
 Which I pray you to grant at your earliest meeting,
 And pity the state in which I now lie;
 I'm the laugh and the jeer of all passers-by.
 My dykes are a' doon frae ae end to the ither;
 There's scarcely a stane left to lie on anither,

The maist o' them ta'en, though strange you may think,
 To build the new houses within the "Precinct";
 For if you but look, you will easily see
 Stanes in the new walls once taken from me.
 An' O, sirs, it's hard that the living should steal
 Frae the dead the auld stanes o' their puir narrow biel!
 My grave stanes are doon, and sorely defaced,
 Some broken to bits and itherers misplaced;
 And, would you believe it? to add to my waes,
 The guidwives now use me for bleachin' their claes.
 I'm turned into everything common and mean,
 Instead of the decent auld place I hae been.
 Kye and horses let loose to trample me doon;
 An' my hollows aft filled wi' the rogues o' the toon,
 Wha come to play cards owre the heads o' the dead
 An' quarrel an' fecht whaur they scarcely should tread.
 I'm made a byroad to shun the South Toll;
 O, sirs, my condition I scarcely can thole!
 You may travel a' Scotland frae Groats' to the Border
 An' no' find a kirkyaird in sic ruefu' disorder;
 An' now, though of late you've curtailed your finances
 Wi' mendin' auld kirks an' buildin' new manses,
 You'll surely do something to get me repaired;
 An' while grass grows within me, I'm yours,
 The Kirkyaird.

ALEXANDER GLASS.

ALEXANDER GLASS—or Glas, as the name often appears—was a son of the founder of the Glassite denomination of Christian worshippers, and, presumably, was born at Tealing, where his father was minister prior to his secession from the Established Church. Glass died in his youthful prime (1740–50 ?), leaving his poem, "The River Tay," unfinished; and Morrison of Perth undertook the publication of the fragment at his own instance, generously offering to produce the poem in an improved manner should any one undertake its completion. This was in 1790; and in 1810 a superior edition of the poem did appear, but with no additions to the fragment left by the promising "young man whose productions," as the kindly publisher put it, "were very much esteemed among his acquaintances." We give the opening lines of the poem, which, in the form of its second publication, extends to 34 pages, and has for its book companion the "Pastorals" of John Rannie.

THE RIVER TAY—A FRAGMENT.

AN EXTRACT.

Thy silver streams and vernal banks, O Tay!
 Inspire my soul and swell the muse's lay:
 O could my verse rise equal to my theme,
 Wind with thy shores and warble with thy stream,
 No more should Thames triumphant flow along,
 Nor Pope nor Windsor should transcend my song.
 Let the swol'n Danube boast it to his course,
 In Alps, in clouds, in heaven to lose his source,
 Since heaven 'twould seem thy lot obscure design'd
 On this our world's extremest verge confin'd;

Where the sweet muses never tun'd their lays
 Or rapt a poet's soul to sing thy praise ;
 Yet can thy billows boast it, they are sprung
 From hills as great tho' not so often sung.
 See ! where th' extended Grampion hills arise,
 Wrapt up in clouds and lost amid the skies,
 The Roman arms whom nor the seas around,
 Nor Alps cou'd stop nor distant oceans bound ;
 Here everlasting hills their arms engage,
 Mark out their bounds and mock their thundering rage !

But see where fair Breadalbane's fields arise,
 Birds charm the ear, and meads enchant the eyes :
 Not with more joy the head of Israel's band
 From Pisgah's mountain view'd the promis'd land,
 Than travellers, when first this vale they view,
 At distance from the mountain's airy brow,
 Among the desert hills the valley stands,
 And shines like orient pearl on Indian sands.
 So Eden in the desert world was plac'd,
 So smiles fair Britain in the wintry waste.
 But rise, my muse, thy airy wings extend,
 Flow with the stream and down with Tay descend ;
 See ! woods on every side diffuse their shade ;
 See ! oaks arise, and beech their branches spread.
 Beneath his banks obscure the river flows,
 Arch'd with embowering greens and pendant boughs.
 Behold what various riv'lets wind their way,
 Fondly elate, and proud to roll with Tay :
 Now past the Grampion hills and mounts of snow,
 Observe the valleys spread themselves below.
 The fairest side of Nature meets our eyes,
 See ! flow'ry meads and vernal landscapes rise.

FRANCIS HOGG GORDON.

THE signature, "Frank H. Gordon," has long been familiar to the readers of many Scottish newspapers, the *People's Journal*, *Weekly News*, *East of Fife Record*, especially ; for few of our bards have contributed more largely to the "Poets' Corner" than has this writer of manly and vigorous verses on widely varied subjects. The descendant of many military *forbears*, Mr Gordon treats often, and with power, of martial themes—indeed, he might claim to be the Soldier's Bard ; while his poems in dialect are quite worthy of Don Keith's panegyric :—

"The auld Scotch tongue you speak fu' fine,
 And clink it weel in every line ;
 Some day, ere lang, your name will shine
 'Mang poets o' the best ;
 Sae spin awa' ; your hamest twine
 Will brawly stand the test."

Mr Gordon is a Mearns man, having been born at Durris in 1853. He was educated at Auchinblae and Fetteresso, and began work as a forester at Urie. In 1875 he went to Elie House in Fifeshire, and has followed his calling there

since then ; utilizing his leisure in sketching, carving, and bag-pipe playing, in all of which arts, as in that of versification, he is an adept.

OUR KILTED MOUNTAINEERS.

Wha's bred 'mang Scotland's mountains hoary,
The theme o' mony a sang and story,
Wha's battle cry is "Death or glory" ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha's brawny arms their blades can wield,
Wha never yet were kent to yield
To foemen on the battle-field ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha hurled the Frenchmen back frae Spain ?
On mony a fierce contested plain,
Wha bore their arms without a stain ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha fought and fell wi' gallant Moore
On dark Corunna's fatal shore,
Wha's requiem was the cannon's roar ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha stood the brunt o' Waterloo,
Whaur thick and fast the bullets flew ?
Wha back to back stood firm and true ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha bounded up the Alma's steep,
And, with one grand resistless sweep
Drove back the Russian hordes like sheep ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha manned the breach at red Cawnpore,
Shot-rent and splashed wi' British gore,
Whaur bairnies lay slain by the score ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Wha led the van Lucknow to save,
Whaur Colin Campbell, guid and brave,
Drew Scotland frae a bloody grave ?

Our kilted mountaineers !

Success to Scotland's kilted host ;
Lang may they be our proudest boast ;
Lang may this be our proudest toast :
Our kilted mountaineers !

OUR AIN BURNSIDE.

I hear the muircock cawin'

On the brow o' Glithno Hill,
Where the barley's newly sown,
He has been and ta'en his fill :

Doon the den wi' mony a windin',
Whaur the crystal waters glide,

In fancy I am standin'
At oor ain burnside.

Wi' the heather hills abune me,
And the wild woods wavin' green,
In their simmer beauty row me
Like a bonnie paintit scene ;

While the simmer sun shines clearly
Owre the heichts and hollows spread,
Roun' the hame I lo'e sae dearly
At oor ain burnside.

It seems but just a day sin'—
Hoo the time flees quickly by—
Sin' we used to gang a fishin'
Doon the plantin', on the sly ;

And on play days roun' the coppice,
Whaur the pools are deep and wide,
We sailed oor boats and shippies
At oor ain burnside.

Thae were days o' peace and plenty,
Days that winna come again,
When the auld fouks, kind and denty,
Watched oor footsteps oot and in ;
For, in rough and pleasant weather,
Oor mettle has been tried
Sin' we ran aboot thegither
At oor ain burnside.

We are a' by distance sundered,
And there's ane gane to his rest,
While the ither he has wandered
To the goldfields o' the West :
But oor hearts ha'e aye a yearnin'
For the auld fouks whaur they bide,
Whaur we spent life's early mornin'
At oor ain burnside.

JOSEPH GORDON.

"**P**OETICAL TRIFLES, by an obscure and nameless bard on the Braes of Angus," was the title of a volume of 200 pages, printed and published at Forfar in 1825, and dedicated to the Right Hon. The Earl of Airrie. Its contents, from which we make a few quotations, are not of a very high order of merit, and many of the pieces, though witty enough, are very brusque and

coarse ; but the book exists as a memento of an interesting period, and is valuable in suggestion regarding it. Its author, Joseph Gordon, was butler to the Earl of Airlie at Cortachy Castle, and that octogenarian Kirriemuir worthy, Jamie Donaldson, remembers and describes him as "a weel-faured man, wi' bonnie yellow hair." Gordon left Lord Airlie's employment, and opened a little drapery shop in Kirriemuir ; but being unsuccessful there, he subsequently started in the same line at Montrose. Ultimately, he settled in the Cape of Good Hope as a planter, and it is believed that he died there. We wonder how far our readers will agree with Gordon's own opinion of his poetic acquirements, as stated very plainly in the preface to his volume ? "To the poetical abilities of a HOGG, a BLOOMFIELD, or a CLARE, the author of these Trifles has not the most distant pretensions ; passing them, however, he does consider himself equal, if not superior, to most of the COTTAGE BARDS who have from time to time vainly essayed to attract public attention since the days of Burns " !

FAREWELL TO AIRLY.

Farewell ! farewell ! thou lovely seat,
Thou bonnie House of Airly ;
I go, but never can forget
The place I loved so dearly.
Still may thine opening gate receive
The weary, fainting stranger,
The woes and wants of age relieve,
And shield the young from danger.

Farewell ! ye winding streams that meet
In yon romantic valley ;
Where'er I turn my wand'ring feet,
My heart shall turn to Isla ;
'Twas there I spent the brightest years
That ever rolled around me ;
'Twas there I shed the only tears
That ever failed to wound me.

'Twas there I felt the tender flame
That time can ne'er extinguish ;
'Twas there my deepest sorrows came,
And there my purest anguish.
Ye flowery banks, and shady groves,
Where many years I sported,
Ye scenes of past unhappy loves,
I leave you, broken-hearted.

I see the cot beneath the hill,
The trees around it waving ;
My wildly beating heart, be still,
My bosom, cease thy grieving.
Farewell ! thou cottage ever dear,
May care and sorrow shun thee,
And guardian angels hover near
And watch o'er all within thee !

SONG.

O were my love yon heatherbell
That blooms upon the mountain's broo,
And I a little humming bee,
To guard it a' the summer thro'.
When fainting in the flaming sun,
I'd pour on it my honey cup,
Or chill, when autumn's frost came on,
My wings wad nightly fauld it up.

How I wad buzz on trembling wing,
When muirfowl near my love did creep !
How I wad use my viewless sting
To wear awa' the nibbling sheep !
And if some wand'rer's luckless tread
Should crush my soul's delight at last,
I'd bear it to some sunless shade,
And, wailing, die upon its breast.

EXTEMPORE

ON HEARING "AULD LANG SYNE" SUNG NEAR GENEVA.

Hark ! do I hear a Scottish song,
The glory of the north ?
And do I hear a Scottish tongue,
All burning, breathe it forth ?
O ! what a magic's in the sound
When heard in foreign land,
In "auld acquaintance," thrilling round
Our friends before us stand.

O ! sacred be the memory,
And hallowed be the dust,
Where it was laid for ever lie,
And blessed be the rest
Of him, whose spirit's brilliancy
Flashed forth that noble strain !
A mind like his, beneath the sky,
When shall we meet again ?

WILLIAM GORDON.

MR GORDON is favourably known through his appearances in the Forfarshire press, and by having been in the railway service at Bridge of Dun and Brechin stations. In 1878 he was appointed signalman at Glasterlaw Junction, a position which he still holds, and where his efforts toward self-culture have entirely overcome the educational disabilities of toilsome early years. Mr Gordon is an Aberdeenshire man by birth, having been born at Bourtie in 1857.

LITTLE TATTERS BAREFEET.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR CAMPBELL OF THE BOYS' HOME, DUNDEE.)

Little Tatters Barefeet ! the snaw has come again ;
But what 's the need to tell you that ? for oh, sae weel you ken !
Thae frostit, hackit heels and taes, and hands sae black and blue,
Tell ilka ane that Winter's face is owre weel kent to you.

Little Tatters Barefeet ! the rime lies on your hair,
That thro' your torn bonnetie is peepin' here and there ;
Your bits o' duds are a' in holes, you're scarcely clad ava' ;
And likely you are hungry tae, and that is waur than a'.

Little Tatters Barefeet ! we ken you'd fain be brave,
Pretendin' no' to heed the cauld, and skippin' like the lave ;
But noo and then, despite your pluck, a tear starts to your e'e—
Nae wonder ! puir bit manikie, your lot is ill to dree.

Little Tatters Barefeet ! nae doot you've fauts enoo' ;
We're tauld you'd steal as lief as beg, and maybe that is true ;
But what o' that ? are you to blame, because you dinna ken
The richts and wrangs o' moral things, to ithers made so plain ?

Little Tatters Barefeet ! your present pressin' need
Is writ so large on that wee face, that he who runs may read :
We first maun ease the hunger pangs, and shoe the blaewort feet ;
And hap you frae the bitter blast, and keep you frae the street.

Little Tatters Barefeet ! ah ! *then* we micht begin
To teach your puir untutored mind the hatefulness o' sin ;
And then, ere lang, 'twere nae surprise, gin such as cared to scan
Should see, in Tatters Barefeet, the makin's o' a man.

“THE KING MAY COME IN THE CADGER'S GAET.”

I'm thinkin', my freen's, tho' maybe I'm wrang,
That the cadger's vocation deserves a bit sang ;
Oh ! wha is mair lively and lichtsome o' hairt
Than we o' the whip, wi' guid fish in oor cairt ?
Thro' toon and thro' country we bicker along,
Aye shoutin' oor trade-cry or bargainin' thrang
Wi' hagglin' guidwives, wha'll scarce gie's oor
ain,

Till wi' banter we beat them, and aff go again,
Then hurrah, for the herrin', the haddock an' a' !
We needna be blate tho' we're no' very braw ;
Ye may shoot oot yer lip at oor lowly estate,
But “the king may come in the cadger's gaet.”

Oor callin' is honest and usefu' as weel,
Be't vendin' frae barrow, frae cairt, or frae creel ;
Oor merchandise sealy and greasy may be, [sea,
But we're proud to distribute the wealth o' the

Folk canna do wantin' the bonnie fresh fish,
That mak' sic a tasty and nourishin' dish ;
And what tho' oor neighbour may gang better
drest ?

A cadger can aye be as guid as the best.
Then hurrah, for the herrin' ! etc.

We've lords and we've ladies so proud o' their
birth,

As to think that it mak's them the saut o' the
earth ;

But, let them deny it, the best o' the land
Are they wha are eident wi' heid or wi' hand ;
We ne'er hanker aifter a butterflee's life,
We're as busy's the bee when the clover is rife ;
Let ithers despise us, we carena wha rails !
Guid luck to the fish and oor ain noble sel's !

Then hurrah, for the herrin' ! etc.

JAMES GOW.

THOUGH not by any means a great poet, and though much in his career was barely consistent with his mental gifts, James Gow, "The Weaver Poet,"—the son of a brave soldier and of an excellent mother,—was a personality whom Dundee writers have invariably treated in the most kindly manner. The Chartist agitation caught him in its embrace, and he became a partisan and mouthpiece of that fierce movement; his friends were of a very mixed order, and some of his boon companions were far from helpful; health often failed him when most required; his married life was unfortunate; and, in very truth, it requires the assurance of one who knew him well, that while he seemed morose and gloomy as one whose life was withered, "there was that about him which won him many friends and visitors." Doubtless it was this "nameless something" that attracted Gardiner, the gifted poet-botanist; William Thom, the wondrous bard of Inverurie, who resided in Dundee for several years, and who died and was buried there; the late Professor Lawson of Nova Scotia, who wrote out many of Gow's poems for him; John Mitchell, the author of "Radical Rhymes," and who led the famous Chartist march to Forfar; James Myles, author of "The Life of a Factory Boy"; John Sime, author of "The Halls of Lamb"; and many other of the worthies who figure in Dundee's interesting literary annals. And the story of his lowly birth at Dundee in 1814; of his scanty education and his life and labour struggles; his passion for poetry and Burns; his literary longings, disappointments, and successes; the appearance of his poems in the periodicals of Chambers, Tait, and Hogg; the publication of his "Lays of the Loom," and his miserable later years and death in 1872, suggest a story over which we need not linger. James Cargill Guthrie has sung his dirge: if the panegyric is high, it is evidently sincere, and Guthrie's lines will fitly round off our brief notice of the bard whose verses follow.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES GOW, THE WEAVER POET.

I knew thee not in life, 'twas only when the snow
Of death lay icy cold upon thy marble brow;
The child of grief, and yet no trace of sorrow there,
Thy lips had closed, it seemed, while breathing words of prayer.

'Twas not the high-pitched key of royal nightingale,
Nor gushing note of thrush borne richly on the gale;
But to the linnet's song thy harp of music strung,
Thy strains were sweet and true as ever poet sung.

"The Snowdrop" couldst thou sing; but 'mong the notes of joy,
Low, sad, "The Orphan's Grave" like undertones deploy;
Thus ever with the song of bird upon the tree,
Like distant dirges come the wailings of the sea.

The son of poverty, as there thou bravely slept
'Midst want and woe, could I have childlike sobbed and wept;
Oh Genius! must it be thy ever chequered doom
To languish in neglect, cloud-wrapt in deepest gloom?

LIFE.

The world of pleasure, pride, and pain,
Where envy lurks where love should reign,
'Mong worldly wise who vainly glide
O'er life's meandering chequered tide,
Sends with each day new scenes of sadness,
With intervening rays of gladness,
And seems to tantalize each plan
Arising from short-sighted man.

The towers we build in pomp's array
Are oft but idols of a day,
That leave our hearts in grief to chide
O'er baffled art, and stifled pride,
Till hope, which partly sweetens all
The human ills which life befall,
Bids our weak hearts from grief refrain,
And flatters us to build again.

These lines were sent by Gow to his true friend and helper, the late devoted philanthropist, James Scrymgeour of Dundee. "Life" is in the handwriting of the late Prof. Lawson; and the MS. of the following piece bears one of the few existing autograph signatures of "The Weaver Poet." Mr Norval Scrymgeour, who holds the original MSS., kindly placed these pieces at our disposal.

SCRYMGEOUR, to you this wreath of weeds I send.
But slightly known to fame or praise,
Believe the giver is thy friend,
The noteless author of the "Lays";
Despise them not though void of art;
With them I've sent my artless heart.

These weeds I nursed with orphan's tears,
And foodless widow's dying groans,
Who lay neglected, all in fears,
On *steadless beds*, in *fireless homes*;
This wreath I wove in wretched gloom,
While toiling on a palsied loom.

This touching dedication is followed by two of the poems by which Gow is best known, and which we have traced to several sources of publication.

THE AGED MAN.

My crazie life-clockie is a' thing but still,
An' the snaw-bree o' age through my bosom rins chill;
While my limbs are sae frozen nae summer can thaw,
For my blithe day o' sunshine is langsyne awa'.

Now summer is kindly and cozie, I'm tauld—
For me it is winter-like, dolefu', an' cauld;
For the saft sunny breeze mak's me tremble in tears,
An' sigh o'er my winter o' twice forty years.

There's naething on earth can bring pleasure to me,
For sick is my auld heart, a' dim is my e'e;
That e'en mak's me think that a' nature is chang'd,
But aiblins 'tis my nature only deranged.

For aften I think, when I'm lanely an' wae,
That morn should be nicht, an' nicht should be day;
An' the sun doesna shine near sae clear as the moon
Shone down on me when in life's sunny noon.

An' now, when the meadows are gowany an' green,
They haena, as wonted, a feast for my een;
An' though the blithe laverock sings loud o'er my ha',
His heaven-toned music seems far, far awa'.

I'm like yonder hawthorn, leafless an' hoar,
That's destined by nature to blossom no more;
For since the gay summer brought health, love, an' mirth,
I'm sadder, an' sicker, an' liker the earth.

When next th' green meadows are speckled wi' flowers,
 An' the aged for ease seek the sun-warmed bowers,
 Some time-worn pilgrim upon me may rest
 By the gowd-gilded gowan on my divot-clad breast.

But I dread not that hour when o' life I'll be free,
 For langsyne I learn'd how mortals should dee,
 An' I gae to my Maker warm prayer to enroll
 In the Ledger o' Life for the good o' my soul.

DYING ADDRESS OF WILL HARA'S HORSE.

O Will, O Will, I greatly fear
 For thee or thine I'll toil nae mair ;
 My bleeding back forbids to bear
 Your ne'er-greased cart :
 Ilk joint o' me is e'en richt sair,
 And sick's my heart.

Just as the clock struck twal' yestreen
 I swayed outricht through fever keen,
 Which made my twa time-bluiden een
 Stan' in my head,
 And think ere now I wad hae been
 Baith stiff and dead.

Ye needna stan' and fidge and claw,
 And crak yer whip and me misca' ;
 'Tis just as true's ye gie me straw
 Instead o' bran,
 That my auld stumps forbid to chaw—
 I'll dee ere lang.

Or, when I couldna eat the trash
 Ye coft when ye were scarce o' cash,
 Wi' hazel rung ye did me thrash
 On head and hip ;
 But soon I'll save ye a' that fash—
 Lay up your whip.

Gae tell gleyed Pate, your wisest brither,
 That death on me has laid his tether,
 And syne come quickly, baith thegither,
 My corpse to manage ;
 And tak' me whaur they took my mither—
 Straucht to the tannage.

But guidsake ! tell na brither Tam,
 That shapeless semblance o' a man,
 Wha's liker some ourang-outang
 Than human being,
 Nor ane o' your horse-murdering gang,
 Your auld mare's's deein'.

Mak' haste noo, Will, and gang awa'
 For Pate and his auld naig to draw
 My pithless banes to death's chill ha'—
 A dreary scene—
 For ere you're back I'll lifeless fa'—
 Amen, Amen.

ALEXANDER STEWART GRAHAM.

THIS writer of chaste and pleasing verses, whose public appearance has been mainly in that fruitful garden known as the "Poets' Corner," was born at the Scotston, Kinnard, in 1863. He became a grocer, and has followed that occupation at Dundee, Edinburgh, etc.; and has cherished that native fondness for the woods and fields which has been the inspiration of most of his poetic effusions.

WHERE FIRST WE MET.

O'er Moredun's thickly wooded slope
 The gloaming shadows softly crept,
 And evening dews came floating down,
 And kissed the daisies as they slept :
 Bright stars o'erhead shone through the trees,
 Fair scene—methinks I see it yet—
 The spot that men'ry worships now,
 Where first we met, where first we met.

But ah ! how swift those happy hours,
 When young love reigned within my heart !
 O, can it be that they are gone,
 And she and I so far apart ?
 But in life's cloudy, dreary sky
 One star so radiant lingers yet ;
 'Tis "Ever True"—our motto learned
 Where first we met, where first we met.

Sweet star ! but for thy cheering ray
 My trusting heart would fail me now ;
 True " Ever True," Hope's emblem bright—
 Our motto, and our parting vow ;

A tiny lock of golden hair,
 A faded violet once so blue !
 Whene'er I gaze on these dear gifts
 My heart seems whispering " Ever True " !

CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM.

THIS lively and interesting personality, though comparatively little known outside the circle of those humorous impersonations with which it delighted Scottish society in the early "eighteens," has distinctive claims on the regard of all lovers of our county muse, as the quotation, which we give from her writings will show. She was born in 1782, her father being Patrick Stirling, Esq. of Pittendreich, and her mother Amelia Graham of Duntrune, the representation of which latter ancient house merged in their daughter in 1844. In her youth, Miss Graham, by the exercise of very clever gifts of mimicry, an elaborate "get up" as a Scottish gentlewoman of the olden school bent on "*having law, if law there was*" on the very kittle points which exercised her, gave great enjoyment in the select circles of the Metropolis, and fairly succeeded in *mystifying*, not only her personal friends, but shrewd men like Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott. Much of this is splendidly told in Miss Graham's now scarce volume "Mystifications," which was edited by Dr John Brown of "Rab and his Friends" fame. Miss Graham died at Duntrune House in 1877, and lies buried in the churchyard near the picturesque old Castle of Mains. Her poetry has not been published in book form, but these specimens will show that it was full of interest.

SERENADE.

Awake, awake, my own true love,
 The trysting hour is come ;
 The lights of Tay are waning low,
 And Broughty sands are won.
 My skiff is launched, and buoyant floats
 Upon the light wave borne,
 And one fair planet sweetly glows
 To herald in the morn.

The dawn, now breaking in the east,
 Is spreading far and wide,
 And in a flood of living gold
 Is melting in the tide.
 From willing oars the sparkling drops
 In circling rainbows play,
 And merrily, with laughing waves,
 We'll cruise the pathless way.

THE BIRKIE OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

Ye fair lands of Angus and Bonnie Dundee,
 How dear are your echoes, your memories to me !
 At gatherings and meetings in a' the braw toons,
 I danced wi' the lassies, and distanced the loons,
 Syne bantered them gaily, and bade the young men
 Be mair on their mettle when I cam' again.
 They jeered me, they cheered me, and cried, ane and a',
 He's no' an ill fellow that, now he's awa'.

When puir beggar bodies cam' making their mane
 I spak' them aye cheery, for siller I'd nane ;
 They shook up their duddies, and muttered, " Wae's me,
 Sae lightsome a laddie no' worth a bawbee !"

I played wi' the bairnies at bowls and at ba',
 And left them a' greetin' when I cam' awa';
 Ay! mithers, and bairnies, and lassies and a',
 Were a' sobbin' loudly when I cam' awa'.

I feigned a gay laugh, just to keep in the greet,
 For ae bonnie lassie, sae douce and sae sweet;
 How matchless the blink of her deep loving e'e,
 How soft fell its shade as it glanced upon me!
 I flung her a wild rose sae fresh and sae fair,
 And bade it bloom on in the bright summer there;
 While breathing its fragrance, she aiblins may gi'e
 A thought to the Birkie of Bonnie Dundee.

DAVID GRANT.

LOVERS of Scottish Poetry honour the name of David Grant, and find in his voluminous and varied writings many elements and avenues of enjoyment. If any other feeling enters into the case at all, it may be that he wrote *so much*: two large volumes of 300 pages each, with several smaller productions, may do more than represent their author's activity; they may by their very bulk obscure much that some fain wish were better known, and the winnowing or selecting processes have an aspect of repulsion for the public mind. A cousin of the gifted Joseph Grant, this writer was born at the farm of Affrusk, in The Mearns, in 1823. He studied at Aberdeen, entered the teaching profession, and held appointments at several places in Scotland and England. He was overtaken by ill-health, and by a series of misfortunes; and, latterly, at Edinburgh "secured a hand to mouth existence by acting as a private tutor," as ran the pitiable record which he penned to a friendly editor. Talented, amiable, esteemed, but unfortunate, the victim of a too slender physical endowment, David Grant died of consumption at Edinburgh in 1886. His "Metrical Tales" (1882) and "Lays and Legends of the North" (1884) will keep his memory green; but their very existence seems fraught with sad reflections which their qualities scarce cover. Their author was strongest in Narrative, though many of his lyrics are instinct with charm. We quote a sketch from one of his longer pieces, "The Laird of Littlefirlot's Woonin'," which indicates the easy flow of his narratives; and a couple of those shorter pieces, as representatives of the fine free touch of the lyric minstrel.

THE LAIRD'S OOTSET.

Mornin' dawned on Littlefirlot
 Just as mornin' dawned elsewhere,
 E'en the laird o' Littlefirlot
 Had nae private sun an' air.
 Gat nae special wind an' weather
 For his courtin' tour prepared,
 But siclike as cottar bodies,
 Though he was the cottar's laird;
 An' he thoct the sun was shabby
 Nae to send a special ray

Doon on him and Littlefirlot
 Upon sic a special day;
 But the air wis damp and dismal,
 Murky clouds the sky owrecastr,
 Bodin' to his min' that sunshine
 Frae his social state had pass'd.
 Sure the stormy sky abeen 'im
 Boded forth the stormy life
 That awaited Littlefirlot,
 Sud he tak' 'imself a wife.

Yet fatever cares domestic,
 Dread discomforts nicht ensue,
 Littlefirlot to his purpose
 Wad adhere, like tenpence glue :
 'Twas a duty to his forbears
 That their acres sudna pass—
 Gin it lay in Littlefirlot—
 Till a smatchet o' a lass.
 Sternly, therefore, Littlefirlot
 Rade to matrimonial doom,
 While his heart within his bosom
 Sortit weel wi' Nature's gloom.
 Sixteen stanes, apairt fae gearin',
 Sat the laird upon his beast ;
 On his pow an ample beaver,
 Cost a guinea at the least ;

While a fingerin' worset gravet
 Carried comfort round his throat,
 Shelter baith fae caul' an' cravin'
 Lay within his ridin' coat,
 Happin' half the buckskin breeches
 Owre his ample hurdles drawn,
 Half the beets o' Spanish leather
 Risin' owre his ample brawn.
 On his heels were spurs o' siller,
 In his han' a ridin' whup,
 Underneath him sturdy Dobbin
 Bravely answered each "Gee up!"
 Sae bedeckt, an' sae in spirit
 Sharin' Nature's autumn gloom,
 Rade the Laird of Littlefirlot
 Forth to matrimonial doom.

THE ANGEL BIRD.

O bonnie bird ! O bonnie bird !
 I wis' I kent yer sang ;
 Methinks it tells whaur Jamie is,
 An' hoo he bides sae lang.
 'Tis weary months an' weary years
 Sin' Jamie gaed to sea ;
 O bonnie bird ! O bonnie bird !
 What keeps my love frae me ?
 Methinks ye are an angel sent
 Frae some far distant pairt
 To ease me o' the dowie grief
 That wears awa' my heart.
 Ye're nae a bird o' Scotia's breed ;
 Yer like I never saw,
 I never heard sae sweet a voice
 Sin' Jamie gaed awa'.

Ye're nae a bird o' earthly race,
 Yer feathers are sae fair,
 Ye maun hae come frae Paradise,
 Sent doon by Jamie there.
 I ken my Jamie maun be drowned,
 For it cud never be
 That ony other han' than death's
 Cud haud him back frae me.
 O bonnie bird ! O angel bird !
 When ye return aboon,
 To Jamie there the message bear,
 That I shall join him soon.
 O bonnie bird ! O angel bird !
 Yer sang, sae heavenly sweet,
 Wad ance ha'e filled my een wi' tears,
 But noo I canna greet.

AULD SCOTLAND YET !

Auld Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !
 Though bigger lands there be,
 Thy beauties I can ne'er forget,
 Far less can lightly thee.
 There's nae a land aneath the sun—
 An' nane do I despise—
 A warmer love frae me can win,
 Or mair delight mine eyes.

My Fatherland ! my Motherland !
 There's nae a term in speech
 Will shape itsel' at my command
 My love for thee to reach—
 Auld Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !
 Whatever lands I see,
 Within my benmost bosom set
 Owre a' thou bear'st the greet.

JOSEPH GRANT.

THE premature extinction of the light of genius appeals with peculiar force to the public conscience. The event, with its usual pathetic concomitants, tinges with its gloom an ever widening circle, till the posthumous fame of, say, a gifted author, grows almost a more melancholy circumstance than was the death required for its inception. Many cases in point will recur to the reader : that of Joseph Grant was free of such harrowing details as dim some

records of public neglect of genius ; but not till he had passed away did there appear an approximation of that esteem which was his due, and which by its timely appearance might have eased his passage through life, and from it.

We find a just and pleasing tribute to Grant's work and influence in George Colburn's verses on the amiable bard :—

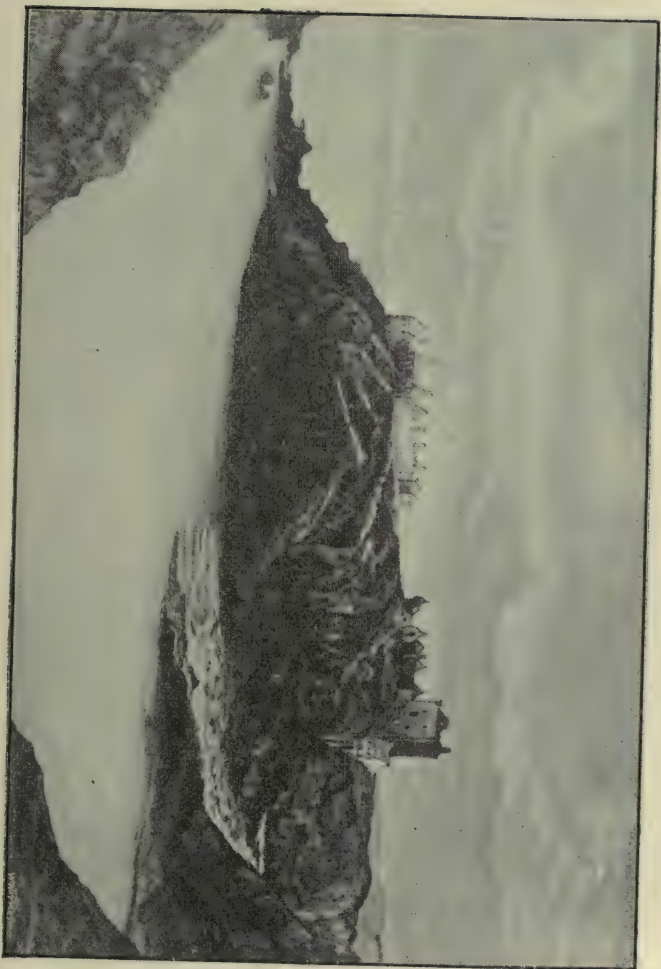
“ Long may thy gentle memory dwell
In each glen and quiet dell,
And thy tender tales remain
Dear to cottage maid and swain ;
Poured by nature, not by art,
From the life's blood of thy heart
Were thy glowing strains of fire,
Breathing high and pure desire.
Nothing servile, base, or mean
In thy life or works was seen ;

As thy life on earth was pure,
So thine influence shall endure,
Lifting weak souls from the clay
To a brighter, fairer day.
I have felt thy quiet power
In a tired and weary hour,
When all heart and hope was gone,
And but suffering left alone ;
Hence this tribute of regard
To the gentle mountain bard.”

Many others have spoken in glowing terms of the young peasant author, of whom his distinguished biographer and friend, Robert Nicoll, wrote : “ Had Joseph Grant a biographer like Southey, he would be a greater than Kirke White.” Alexander Laing, too, loved him well, as, indeed, who did not that knew him ? and the tombstone marking the resting place of the gifted author in Strachan Churchyard was erected mainly through the exertions of the genial Brechin bard who sang of “ The Wayside Flower,” and thus of Joseph Grant :—

“ A kinder, warmer heart than his
Was ne'er to minstrel given ;
And kinder, holier sympathies
Ne'er sought their native heaven.”

Born at Affrask in 1805, Joseph Grant's destiny seemed that of his farmer father, and his youth was spent in herding and in the varied labours of a small holding. Educational advantages were of the scantiest ; but a taste for reading was developed even in that remote corner of the Mearns, and Banchory held in its fourteen-year-old son a poet who made marvellous use of his cherished pen and ink-horn. In 1828 he ventured on the publication of his “ Juvenile Lays ” ; and, two years afterwards, of his “ Kincardineshire Traditions.” *Chambers's Journal* published some of his contributions ; and, on the strength of his incipient fame, Joseph, in 1831, left the parental ægis to storm the outer world. He assisted a Stonehaven merchant for sometime, and then removed to Dundee. There he held several engagements of a congenial kind, and made the acquaintance of men like Vedder, Nicoll, McCosh, and Small, and became active in the varied literary life of Dundee's most interesting period. A volume of tales and sketches was prepared under the kindly advice of many friends, and great expectations were formed on the hopes of its success. But Grant's health failed him, and in 1835 he went home to die. His work appeared as his monument ; its perfecter being Robert Nicoll, who was himself so soon to enter the shadows sacred by the presence of Joseph Grant.



DUNOTTAR CASTLE.

From a Painting by Alan Reid.

Alexander Laing has recorded that Joseph Grant "loved poetry for its own sake;" and the young bard placed his poetic leanings first among his earthly pleasures. His "Tales of the Glens"—of which a good edition was published by John Leng & Co., in 1887—may be regarded as a standard native work; and his occasional poems are clearly the emanations of one endowed with genius. "What might have been" is the accompaniment of each perusal; but "what was" is no mean eulogium on the powers of the winsome Bard of Banchory.

LOVE'S ADIEU.

The e'e o' the dawn, Eliza,
Blinks over the dark green sea,
An' the moon's creepin' down to the hill-tap,
Richt dim and drowsilie:
An' the music o' the mornin'
Is murmurin' along the air,
Yet still my dowie heart lingers
To catch one sweet throb mair.

We've been as blest, Eliza,
As children o' earth can be,
Though my fondest wish has been knit by
The bonds o' poverty;
An' through life's misty sojourn,
That still may be our fa',
But hearts that are linked for ever
Ha'e strength to bear it a'.

The cot by the mutterin' burnie,
Its wee bit garden an' field,
May ha'e mair o' the blessin's o' Heaven
Than lights on the lordliest bield;
There's mony a young brow braided
Wi' jewels o' far-off isles,
But woe may be drinkin' the heart-springs
While we see nought but smiles.

But adieu, my ain Eliza!
Where'er my wanderin's be,
Undyin' remembrance will make thee
The star o' my destinie;
And weel I ken, thou loved one,
That aye, till I return,
Thou'lt treasure pure faith in thy bosom
Like a gem in a gowden urn.

HOPE.

O, Hope's like a little minstrel bird
That sings by the path o' a child,
Aye loupin' frae bloomy bough to bough
Wi' an air sae merry and mild:
An' maist within grasp o' his gowden wings
He lats the bairnies creep,
Syne aff bangs he
To a high, high tree,
And the wee thing's left to weep.

O, Hope's like a maiden o' fair fifteen,
Wi' an e'e as dazzlingly bright
As the dew that blinks i' the violet's cap
When the sun has reached his height:
An' she bows her bright head to your sweet
waled word
Till love turns burnin' pain,
Syne wi' sudden scorn
She leaves ye forlorn,
To smile on anither swain.

O, Hope's like a sun-burst on distant hills,
When stern and cloudy's the day,
And the wanderer thinks it's a heaven-blest
spot
And his spirit grows light by the way:
The blooming moors seem lakes o' gowd,
And the rocks glance like castles braw,
But he wins nae near
The spot sae dear—
It glides aye awa' and awa'.

And whiles Hope comes like a prophet auld,
Wi' a beard baith lang an' gray,
An' he brags o' visions glimmerin' an' gran',
And speaks o' a blither day.
Ne'er heed him; he's but a hair-brained bard
A-biggin' towers i' the air—
A lyin' seer,
Wha will scoff an' jeer
When yer heart turns cauld an' sair.

CAM' YE DOON?

Cam' ye doon by yon burnside,
Whaur roses wild are thickly bloomin'—
Whaur the cowslips blink frae their mossy
A' the summer air perfummin'? [beds,

Look'd ye in at a lanely door
Round whilk the woodbine slim is twinin'?
Saw ye a lassie wi' diamon' e'en,
An' gowden hair, like moon-rays shinin'?

Sweetly warbles, by yonder burn,
 The speckled mavis at night's return':
 But there I ha'e heard a sweeter song,
 And it dwells on my memory evenin' an'
 Saftly fa', ye gloamin' shades, [mornin'.
 On yonder shaw, where the young leaves
 For a bonnie bird awaits me there, [glisten;
 An' stays her song till I come to listen.

O ye may linger in yonder shaw,
 And breathe the sweet gale as ye wander:
 An' list the burnie murmurin' on
 In mony a loup and wild meander:
 An' ye may pu' the pink o' the bank,
 An' the thorn flower, wi' its hues sae fleetin':
 But touchna the rose o' yon cottage lone,
 Or you an' I'll ha'e a canker'd meetin'.

WILLIAM GRANT.

THE local reputation of this bard was considerably in advance of that meted to many rustic singers, but it is fully explained by the fact that Grant was a man of much natural ability, and equally talented as a fiddler, poet, and debater. He was a native of Tannadice, was reared there, and followed the calling of a miller at Finhaven. In 1856 he published his poems in a pamphlet of 90 pages, entitled, "A few Poetical Pieces"; and in the same year he emigrated to Detroit, where he died about one year afterwards, aged 29. His half brother—the miller of Craigmills, Dundee—of "Grant's Oatmeal" fame—states that no reliques of William Grant were recovered after his decease; so his fame rests on his now scarce booklet, from which we extract one of its best and most characteristic numbers.

ADDRESS TO THE PLOUGHMEN.

While wheedlin', servile wretches cower
 To lairds and lords and fook o' power,
 An' sound their praises far out o'er
 Their worth o' merit,
 Their pay for that's a nod or glower,
 If pride can spare it.
 What's peers or lords or kingly clarks?
 They've but a skin aneath their sarks,
 Their ribs an' joints, and inner warks
 The same's oor ain;
 Why, then, sic fraik wi' title marks?
 A forge on men!
 Just let substantial truth come forret,
 An' that's a chap wha's wit's nae borret;
 If he don't sanction and declare it,
 I'se ride the stang,
 That ploughman lads our praises merit
 In rhyme an' sang.
 First in the rank come bonnie lasses,
 Neist, ploughmen lads an' toddy glasses,
 Syne love an' sang, an' a' the graces,
 Are round us swarmin';
 Nocht's left i' rear but stupid asses,
 The gentry vermin.
 Come, plough-bred callans, sing and whistle,
 Thou emblem o' the Scottish thistle,
 Wha buirds wi' thee needs be nae grissle
 O' feckless fram'in';
 If he but aince come through thy twissle,
 He'll rue sic gamin'.

Thae wynish'd spindle-shankit loons,
 Cramm'd up in stinkin', reekie toons,
 A puff o' wind it through them stoun's,
 Maist causes death;
 Syne o'er the fire, in bairny croons,
 Bemoans their skaith.
 For a' their drinkin' an' their eatin',
 Their niceties an' sugar sweetin',
 At best o' health you'd think them teetin'
 At their last hame,
 An' gruesome death them half-roads meetin'
 To claim their frame.
 But here's the graith o' sterlin' mettle,
 The chaps wha stride aboot the pettle,
 Wha's hale o' furniture's a settle
 An' rustic kist;
 Nae cookin' gibbles but a kettle
 To dish their feast.
 Just mark the ruddy flush that glows,
 Fresh as the opening infant rose,
 Upon the countenance o' those
 We ca' the ploughmen,
 Wi' love for friends, an' routh o' blows
 For every foeman.
 If we want soldiers for the field,
 Wi' Caledonian fury steel'd,
 Wha'd rather die afore they yield
 To any foe,
 Whaur can we get sic ranks upheld
 But frae the plough?

An' then for lovin', bonnie lasses,
 An' trystin' them to coortin' places,
 Syne treatin' them wi' couthy kisses
 To win their heart,
 Then every one o's clean surpasses
 In that sweet art.

Altho' we ca' the warld aroun',
 Baith east an' west an' up an' doon,
 In fact they're no' aneath the sun,
 Though a' were comin',
 That wad a lassie's favour win
 Afore a ploughman.

Thou art the stay o' a' the nation,
 The very Queen maun thank thy station,
 An' a' the nobles in rotation
 To thee maun bow ;
 Toom wames, nae rent, black desolation,
 But for the plough.

The tuneful nine frae hie Parnassus,
 The poet's pride, Castalian lasses,
 On ploughmen shower their richest graces
 And gifted turns ;
 For, first 'mang the poetic classes,
 You'll find a *Burns*.

Come, then, fling by cursed ostentation,
 Gie worth the merit o' her station,
 Lat's wield the link o' true relation
 An' love thegither ;
 May he be doomed to black damnation
 Wha wishes ither !

Come, then, a' ye wha till the rigs,
 An' lightsome sing ahint the naigs,
 Whether when bulerin' Boreas skegs
 On drifin' steed,
 Or when the fertile springtime begs
 Your utmost speed.

Lat's sing your praise in humble strains,
 Your furrow'd fields an' grassy plains,
 Whaur nature wairs her greatest pains
 An' coontless gifts ;
 This warld's stay man's chiefest gains,
 An' never shifts.

Guid speed, then, ploughman lads of Angus,
 The frankest chiel's we hae amang us ;
 Cursed pride an' wealth may scout and bang
 Because we roose ye ; [us
 But though thae imps may strive to bang us,
 We'll no abuse ye.

JOHN YOUNG GRAY.

THERE is no name better known to, or better liked by the intelligent youth of Dundee, than that of J. Y. Gray, the accomplished head of the Mechanical and Technical Department of Dundee High School. As the conductor of the popular Evening Artisan Classes, also, his success has been remarkable ; and to attend the prelections of J. Y., as our friend is familiarly termed by the young artisans and engineers of Dundee, is synonymous with "gaun the richt gaet." Few men have been the recipients of so many presentations as have been made to Mr Gray during his twenty-two years' connection with his varied and valued work ; and his great popularity is simply the appropriate outcome of his extensive attainments, and his attractive personality.

Mr Gray was born at Letham, in Dunnichen Parish, in 1846 ; and in that delightful village he spends the holiday season, residing in the cottage he has named "St. Cowsland's," after the patron saint of the parish. Trained in youth to follow various handicrafts, the thirst for knowledge impelled him as a young Dundee mechanic to study earnestly with a view to self-improvement, and with such success that he was able soon to teach such subjects as Drawing and Applied Science to large classes of his fellows. Mastering first one subject like Natural Philosophy, and then another like Geometry, he ultimately became Teacher of Drawing and Workshop Superintendent in Sharp's Educational Institute, Perth, but soon left that situation to enter upon those duties in Dundee High School with which his name is so honourably associated.

Mr Gray does not entertain a very high opinion of his poetry—"the glamour of the inspiration comes and goes amid worry and bustle," he says ;

but it is good, homely, Scottish ware for all that, as our readers will readily discover. Literary matters, and especially the literature of Angus and the Mearns, have their own recreative fascination for the active teacher, who has frequently lectured on our bards with that eloquence which is not the least of his gifts. Long may he be spared to write, to lecture, and to teach; and to prove the truly helpful and sympathetic friend of Dundee's youth!

LETHAM—A REMINISCENCE.

Hoo fondly we dwal on the days o' langsyne,
When the fey-licht o' Fancy made a' thing divine;
Hoo oor thochts turn backwards, through sunshine and shade,
To the woods an' the streams whaur in childhood we played.

An' back thrang the mem'ries o' youth's sunny days,
Whan laddies, we ran 'mang the sweet gowany braes,
Whan our pranks an' oor ploys a' sae pawkie an' slee,
Garr'd the woods ring again wi' oor daffin' an' glee.

Oh! the hill o' Dunnichen, sae bonnie and fair,
Whaur the rowan-tree scents a' the saft simmer air,
Whaur the lintie sings sweet, at the close o' the day,
Frae the whins an' the broom noddin' a' owre the brae.

Hoo sweet sklent the sunbeams along the brae-side!
Frae Lownie to Kippock the saft shadows glide;
Owre the kirk an' the manse nestlin' laigh i' the shaw,
An' the big-house sae bonnie an' dear to us a'.

An' Letham, dear Letham! what a chairm's in the sound!
As we whisper the name o't auld faces come roond;
Gryte, gryte grows the heart whiles, an' tears dim the e'e,
For thae far-awa' days we can never mair see.

Hoo saft fa's the gloamin' whaur sweet Vinney rows
Its croodlin' sang sabbin' aye laigh 'mang the howes;
Hoo dear unto me soonds its low cricklin' croon,
Garrin' a' my heart thrab wi' the sowf o' its tune.

'Mang warsle an' worry oor years flee awa',
An' broos brent an' bonnie get croon'd wi' Eild's snaw;
Yet the heart's warm love-lowe gleams bricht on Life's page,
Undimmed by blank distance or cranreuch o' age.

An' sweet thochts come owre us in Life's afternoon,
As the shadows fa' langer an' time gets na'ar dune;
That when Life's weary traulche an' turmoil's a' past,
We may lie doon an' rest in Dunnichen at last.

MY LOONIE.

I've a wee little loon, O! ye ne'er saw his like,
He's as duddie an' towsie as ony tint tyke;
He trauchles his mither the weary day lang,
Yet she never ance thinks fat he daes can be wrang.

He'll climb on the back o' his faither's big chair;
Get twa stools for horses an' drive to the fair,
Till coup gangs his coach an' he's owre on the flure
Wi' a reeshle that gars the cat flee to the door.

He'll be neist on the dresser to see an' fin' oot
Fat gars the 'nnock chap fan the hands feeze
about; [bell,
Syne he'll speir fu' my watch hasna gotten a
An' if it will chap whan it's auld like himsel'.

He'll sit doon in his chair juist like ony auld
man, [han',
And owre his bricht een gangs his wee chubby
For nae drap o' parritch daur cross his bit mou'
Till he's socht to be made "truly thankfu',"
I trow.

I whiles think he cracks wi' the birds an' the
 bees
 Whan they bum roond his heid 'mang the
 flooers an' the trees,
 An' they tell him queer stories o' pairts we
 ne'er saw, [him awa',
 Till I'm maist feared the fairies will moyne
 An' gi'e him a horsie a' jinglin' wi' bells
 To ride in the moonbeams 'mang sweet ferny
 dells,
 Whaur draves o' wee elfins a' robed oot in green
 Might mak' my weeloonie a king to their queen.

Whiles his een looks in mine wi' the starnies
 clear leme,
 An' he'll crack aboot things that I daurna weel
 name; [the fa',
 Whar his wee sister gaed whan she dwined i'
 An' fan her an' the angels will tak' him awa':
 Fan e'er he speaks that wye my heart it grows
 sair,
 Lest they sud come an' tak' him an' leave my
 life bare; [to me,
 Sae I pray the gude Shepherd to spare him
 Till my life's darg is dune an' I'm ready to dee.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE late Thomas Gray acted for nearly a quarter of a century as teacher of the youth of Carnoustie. From personal knowledge we can affirm that never was master more beloved of his pupils; and it would be difficult indeed to find an educational or social career more creditable than that whose latter stage was furnished by several large public schools, and the varied society of the city of Glasgow. Mr Gray was born at Lochee somewhere in the early "twenties," served for a few years in the office of a Dundee lawyer, had a school for a short time in Arbroath, and was transferred, while in his young manhood, to be teacher of the Free Church School at Carnoustie. In educational, church, and social matters his influence became dominant in the district: he overflowed with wit, was irresistible as a story-teller, and the recitation of his own poems is spoken of as something memorable by the friends of his brighter years. Mr Gray removed to Glasgow in 1875, and his death occurred there a few years ago. His poetical pieces are now sadly scattered or lost; but we invite attention to one of the best of them, a poem which many will cherish for the sake of their old preceptor and friend.

THE MOANING OF THE TAY.

A maiden, in the blush of spring,
 Stood weeping by the sea:
 "Away, ye raging waves, and bring
 My lover back to me.
 They tell me he will soon be here,
 And bid my heart be gay;
 But can they banish from my ear
 The moaning of the Tay?
 "The wind blew softly from the west
 The day my lover sailed;
 The sun sank sweetly to his rest,
 In wreaths of glory veiled.
 And many a storm has blown since then,
 But none like that to-day;
 And oh! that doleful sound again—
 The moaning of the Tay.
 "Last night I had a fearful dream:
 I paced this weary shore,
 I heard the sea-bird's warning scream,
 The billow's awful roar;

I met my true love waiting me,
 All streaming with the spray;
 I know too well his dirge will be—
 The moaning of the Tay."
 Not long the maiden had to wait
 Upon the lonely strand
 To learn her hapless lover's fate,
 And watch him come to land:
 She gazed across the stormy waste
 As sadly wore the day,
 But not another sound replaced
 The moaning of the Tay.
 A form came drifting to her feet
 That chilled her to despair,—
 The white-foam for his winding-sheet,
 The sea-weed in his hair.
 She fondly clasped him to her breast,
 Then sank beside his clay,
 No more to hear, in love's unrest,
 The moaning of the Tay.

DAVID LUNDIE GREIG.

THIS writer of poems which indicate at once a sweet refinement of taste, and that genuine sympathy with nature and experience which mark the born singer, is freely claimed both by Dundee and Arbroath, though the balance of favour lies with the town of his early and later adoption. Indeed, there is a third *Richmond* in the field; for Edinburgh was his birthplace, though but little more, as, with his family, the future poet removed to Arbroath in 1838, and when he was but one year old. The story of his early training is simply that of many another of our stout-hearted sons of toil; scant education, domestic suffering and sorrow, and work in the mills, were his introduction to real life; and his apprenticeship to the blacksmith trade the key-note to its future pursuits. On becoming a journeyman, Mr Greig entered the service of Messrs Baxter Brothers, Dundee, and remained in their employment, at Den's Mills, for thirty-four years. He has returned to Arbroath, where he holds the important position of Officer to St. Paul's U.P. Church; and in both of the communities where he has lived and laboured it would be difficult to find a worthier citizen, or one more sincerely respected.

A striking evidence of this was given in 1892, and in connection with the well-known Arbroath-Dundee publication, "Pastime Musings." This volume contains a selection of poems by three contributors; Mr Greig, Mr John Paul—who was mainly responsible for its appearance—and Mr David Tasker. Sympathy for Mr Greig's repeated and heavy family bereavements, and with the infirm state of his own health, was so active that over 2000 copies of the book were subscribed for, and over £100 thus made available towards the laudable object of aiding and encouraging a deserving sufferer. We select our examples of the work of this brotherly trio mainly from this interesting volume, which, on its merits alone, is a valuable contribution to the poetic literature of the county.

THE CALLER MOSSY WELL.

Aft when a bairn I'd watch it run,
 An' listen to its tune;
 An' wonder when it took a rest,
 An' if it wad rin dune:
 Or wi' a flagon swingin' round
 My heid—wi' laddie glee—
 Rin for the Mossy water
 To mak' my mither's tea:
 An' when I raxed beyond my teens,
 Wi' ithers like mysel',
 I'd gang to meet the lassies
 At the bonnie Mossy Well.
 The caller Mossy Well
 In memory will dwell,
 For laddie plays an' lover's joys
 Surround the Mossy Well.

'Twas grand to seize the pitchers—
 To tak' them hame, ye ken—
 Then fa' and skail them on the road
 To get back till't again;
 An' though our pows are growin' gray
 That used to gather there,
 The memory o' thae happy days
 Will shine wi' beauty rare:
 I think I see the bonny brae,
 An' feel again love's spell;
 We aye drew closer every time
 We met at Mossy Well.
 The caller Mossy Well
 In memory will dwell,
 For laddie plays an' lover's joys
 Surround the Mossy Well.

MY AE BAIRN.

Six bonnie bairnies aince I had,
 Five back to Heaven are gane;
 But God's been guid; He's left me ane
 To cheer my heart an' hame:
 An' when frae daily toil I'm freed,
 An' draw in to my tea,
 Like a pawky little pussy cat
 She crawls up to my knee.

Then as her bonnie black pow lies
 Cuddlin' on my breast,
 She keeks at mither, then she says:
 "I like my father best."
 An' though I ken weel what she means,
 It mak's my auld heart gleg;
 For it's just another way she has
 My tasty bits to beg.

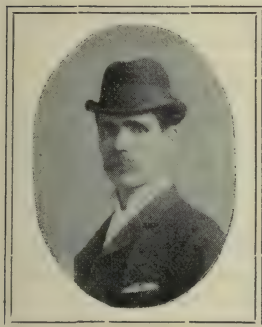
Then when we're saired, an' mither lays
 The tea things in their place,
 My bairnie says, "Noo tak your smoke,
 An' then gae wash your face;
 Syne come an' sit doon by the fire,
 An' stories tell to me,
 'Bout trees an' flowers, bright summer days,
 An' what I'll maybe be."

Wi' winderin' looks she sits an' hears
 Me little stories tell
 O' auld lang syne, an' things to come,
 An' fairies like hersel';
 An' when my stories are a' tell'd,
 She claps her hands, an' cries—
 "Sing 'Joyful' an' the 'Happy Land,'
 Wi' angels in the skies."

Then mither sweetly joins wi' me,
 Our dawtie just to please,
 The hymn that she an' I aft sang
 In oor ain bairnie days;
 An' like a soond frae heaven abune,
 Oor bairnie joins wi' us;
 Makin' me think I'm aff the earth,
 Awa' to realms o' bliss.

But sune the "sleepy beasties" come
 An' gar her nod her head;
 Then mither tak's her claisie aff,
 An' puts her to her bed.
 We hear her say her little wids
 Before she gangs to sleep,
 An' pray that He wha blest the bairns
 Wad oor ae bairnie keep!

JAMES GREIG.



JAMES GREIG is one of the cluster of poets whose names are associated with the old red town of Aberbrothock. He was born just under the shadow of "The Auld Roond O"—that landmark so dear to the hearts of Arbroathians—in the beginning of 1861. Schooldays were soon past with boys in humble homes, and young Greig found himself at a very early age amid the dust and noise of the hackling machines in one of the local linen manufactories. But, as he says in one his poems,

Within the walls (which are far from bright)
 Of the dinsome factorie
 Are souls lit up with the lustrous light
 From the fires of poesy;
 And day by day, to beguile the hours,
 In a joyous mood they sing
 Of love, and hope, and the wayside flowers,
 Till the dusty rafters ring.

Mr Greig was one of those "souls that sing;" and during his experience as a worker within the realm of flax and canvas he sang those delightfully turned verses, which, under the title, "Poems and Songs," were published in 1887. The limner's gift was his also; and, though he delighted in Poetry and Art

for their own sakes, as he grew to manhood he found himself able to add to his income by the use of his pencil.

In 1887 his friend Mr J. B. Salmond of the *Arbroath Herald* gave him a position on the staff of his journal; two years later he went up to London and very soon won his way to the confidence of several London editors. His first big commission was to illustrate a novel by Baring-Gould for *The Queen*. He now sketches for several leading publishers, and his drawings are to be found in nearly all the leading magazines. Two years spent in Paris have widened his knowledge and enlarged his artistic resources. During his sojourn in Paris he acted as Parisian representative of *Black and White*, and fulfilled other important commissions. Through it all he remained, and still remains, the same frank, kindly soul that speaks to one in the pages of his "Poems and Songs." His poetic gifts have helped him greatly as an artist—many of his pictures are poems; and it may be said of many of his poems that they are pictures. For example:—

The King of Day in glory rides
Adown the golden west,
And gay-robed clouds like courtiers
Escort him to his nest.

While sea-gulls wing athwart the sky,
Or hover in the air,
Like thoughts within a poet's mind
When viewing visions fair.

Across the ocean's gold-green breast
A boat with russet sail
Scuds like a thing of ecstasy
Before the gentle gale.

Bright sunlight waves each other chase
Like children at their play,
And break with low, sweet, murmuring sound
Upon the golden bay.

IF LOVE WERE DEAD.

I'd take my harp and break the strings
That oft the sweetest music shed,
And fly from earth on borrowed wings—
If Love were dead.

I'd never wander out at e'en
To meet a certain dark-eyed maid
Within yon waving plantin' green—
If Love were dead.

I'd never taste the pure delight
Of kissing lips like roses red;
Our eyes would never beam so bright—
If Love were dead.

Kind words would never lighten woe,
Nor gentle hands be ever laid
Upon the fever-tortured brow—
If Love were dead.

The flowerets fair would bloom in vain,
Yon trees would throw no welcome shade,
Fair summer would unfruitful reign—
If Love were dead.

The sun would never gleam on high,
Our lovely earth would shake with dread,
And man, proud man, would pine and die—
If Love were dead.

AUCHMITHIE'S QUEEN.

I ha'e a lass whase looks outseen
The fairest that were ever seen—
Weel she is named Auchmithie's Queen,
So lovely is my Mary.

A fisher lass is her degree,
But gin you saw her lightsome e'e,
I'm sure you'd join an' say wi' me,
You ne'er saw ane like Mary.

Her wondrous mass o' raven hair,
When waving in the sunlit air,
Gars auld and young stand still an' stare,
An' say, "There's none like Mary."

The sunbeams like to kiss her face,
The waves wi' ane another race
To see which first will reach the place
Where stands my bonnie Mary.

When to the toun she wends her way,
The stately trees an' flow'rets gay
A' nod their heids an' homage pay
T' Auchmithie's Queen—my Mary.

The fisher lads like her sae weel
That up yon brae they bear her creel,
An' happy, happy do they feel
If smiled upon by Mary.

There's ane wha tries his micht an' main
To win my Mary for his ain,
But a' his strivings are in vain—
He's no' the lad for Mary.

He wonders what brings frae the toun
Yon muckle-heided, lang-tongued loon—
I wonder what will be his tune
When I wed bonnie Mary?

EVENING.

Across the pale blue firmament
Great clouds pursue their way,
And, like sad mourners, hover o'er
The sepulchre of day.
But now they're gone, and ev'e's fair star
Shines in the darkening sky,
As pure as innocence within
A lovely maiden's eye.

The ambient air is heavy with
The breath of fragrant flowers
That hang their heads in sleep within
The dew illumined bowers;

The little birds are all at rest
Within yon gloomy wood,
And only love's impassioned voice
Breaks on its solitude.

Yon river, like a slighted maid,
Winds lonely through the plain,
And from its lips come snatches of
A low, sad, sweet refrain.
Lo! o'er yon hill the regal moon,
Arrayed in vestment bright,
Ascends with stately tread to rule
The destinies of night.

ALEXANDER GREWAR.

A POET with an inveterate hatred of seeing his productions in print is, in the popular conception at least, something of a rarity; but the type is by no means so uncommon as is imagined. To it Alexander Grewar belonged; and with the result, that only a few of the effusions taken down from his recital survive, the rest having found that oblivion decreed them by super-sensitiveness. He was born at Dalnamer, Glenisla, in 1815, worked during life as a tailor, and died while residing with a son at Glasgow in 1894. A romantic episode in his life deserves to be stated here. His mother, Margaret Robertson, was a great-grand-daughter of General Reid (or Robertson), who founded and endowed the Chair of Music in Edinburgh University, and who left a fortune of £50,000 to his daughter. The extinction of Baron Robertson's lineal descent was Alexander Grewar's opportunity, and he pursued it strenuously, but unsuccessfully, in an attempt to prove his elder brother next of kin and heir to this wealth. Mr David Grewar, of Glenisla, has for some time been engaged in collecting the poems of his relative; and these, with a memoir, may soon secure the permanency of book publication. Our specimen deals in an attractive manner with a phase of local superstition, which affirms that a mermaid haunts the infant waters of the Isla in Caenlochan Glen. This lady,

so runneth the legend, was once captured by the celebrated M'Combie Mhor; and the bard is supposed to have let his mind linger over the old myths, while sheltering from the thunderstorm he describes, and which for the time put a stop to his angling.

THE MERMAID OF CAENLOCHAN.

Where Isla's wimpling stream is fed
Wi' torrents frae their rocky bed,
A' owre some great projection led
 In whiteness foamins',
These lonely wilds I chanced to tread
 Ae summer gloamin'.

The sky assumed a crimson hue
Which soon did overcast the blue,
The twinkling stars came peeping through
 In boundless space;
Perspiring fell the lux'rous dew
 On Nature's face.

Earth's vegetation was increased;
A beauteous board with bounteous feast,
Which welcome bade to every guest
 And stranger flower,
To hang the tender head and taste
 The nursing power.

But dismal cauld did soon arise,
And dark and darker grew the skies,
The vivid lightning dimmed my eyes
 Each sudden shock,
And echoing thunder made replies
 Frae ilka rock.

But louder still the thunder crashed,
And quicker still the lightning flashed,
In ilka pool the hailstones plashed,
 As if wi' spite,
On howe and hillock head they thrashed
 Till a' was white.

Time does its changes soon effec',
And often, when we least expect,
The gowans that the field did deck
 Now low they lie;
Time pays to beauty no respect,
 For all must die.

Somethoughts like these my mind employed;—
How Earth's vain fabric was destroyed—
And whiles my fancies were annoyed
 By visions grim—
How water-kelpie fowk decoyed
 To follow him.

While ancient hints I viewed at once,
Where ghaists and witches used to dance,
Where elves and fairy folk did launch
 In Luna's beam,
I saw a mermaid there by chance
 Glide o'er the stream.

The rapid current she did cross,
And sat doon on a bank of moss,
I stood and glower'd, being at a loss
 To run or stand;
While at me she her head did toss,
 An' waved her hand.

I saw her een were sma' and red,
And sunken deep into her head;
An' aye for grippin' me she made,
 But naething spak';
I halfins ran, an' halfins gaed,
 But aye wore back.

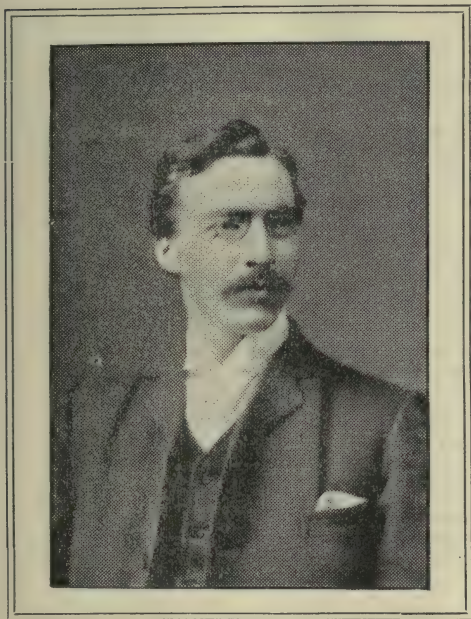
I'd heard hoo folk avoided skaith
By cuttin' witches frae the breath,
So, wi' a half confined like aith
 I took my ettle;
"Should you be witch and mermaid baith
 I'll try the whittle."

Ye never witnessed sic a wirk;
Me brandishin' the open dirk,
Her dancin' roond wi' mony a jerk,
 Like licht sae quick;
But yet on her I got a quirk
 That did the trick.

She then assumed a wildert look,
And strange and dry "Gude bye" she took,
Syne hirseld back into the brook,
 Wi' mony a threat;
The very ground around me shook
 When she was beat.

The storm then ceased, the stars did blink,
And I gaed hame what I could link,
And to my bed; but still I think
 Upon the place
Where in the water she did sink
 Wi' girmen' face.

REV. ALEXANDER GRIEVE, PH.D.



DR GRIEVE might aptly be termed a poet by birthright; for at Smailholm, a point in that region of romance which is measured by Melrose and Kelso, he was born in 1866. Trained as a teacher, and proficient in study as a youth, his success at Edinburgh University and U.P. College was almost unprecedented. Degrees, honours, prizes, bursaries—all the coveted results available were his, and were followed by an extended course of study conducted under the leaders of modern thought at Berlin, Leyden, Marburg, and Leipzig. The latter university conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and in certain essays and articles contributed to the *Scotsman*, *British Weekly*, *U.P. Magazine*, and other mediums, Dr Grieve has given what many regard as the

clear indications of coming power. His happy settlement as minister of Forfar U.P. Church was felt to be a distinct gain to the district, and the young minister has won golden opinions in every quarter. That he is a poet of true merit, as of great modesty, is but one of the charms of his singularly complete individuality. Heine in Scots is novel, and very sweet as Dr Grieve presents him; and "How Long, O Lord," is a powerful introspective effort that will appeal to many seekers after truth in those bewildering times.

SONGS FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

Gin at ma dearie's side I be,
Fu' canty grows ma hairt;
I've rowth o' a' that life can gi'e,
An' wi' the warl' could pairt!

But when frae her fond arms I gae,
That clespit me sae fain,
Then a' ma gear flees far away—
An' puir am I again!

II.

Ilka morn I mak' the query:
"Wull she come the day?"
Ilka eve I murn sae weary:
"Still she bides away!"

Nichtly I, a dowie lover,
Waukrif, canna sleep;
A' the day, as in a dower,
Up an' doon I creep.

III.

Div I but glent intae yer e'en,
 Ma dool an' wae a' vainish clean :
 Gin on yer lips a kiss I prent,
 Thro' me anew is healin' sent.

Gin on yer breest I fond recline,
 'Tis as if heaven's bliss were mine :
 But whan "I lo'e ye" soft an' sweet
 Ye say—hoo can I help but greet?

ADH-MAH, JAHWEH?

"HOW LONG, O LORD."

How long shall my feet, O Mystery sweet, walk wearily in thy quest?
 How long shall my vision tire and fail, till at last upon Thee it rest?
 Dost Thou torture me, when I long for Thee, and at times Thou comest near?
 For my soul would see Thee as Thou art: Thou dost not yet appear.

I have trodden the paths of jagged flint, far up the Pisgah height,
 If haply there Thy Form so fair would break upon my sight.
 The red sun gleamed, till to me he seemed a flame-spot from Thy wing,
 But I sought the grace of seeing Thy *Face*—Thou strange and lovely Thing!

In the wide star-dust, in the round earth-crust, to find Thee I have tried;
 To Thee I call through the mighty All, circling high and wide:
 I had dreamed to find Thee shined in art, in the chord of poet's song;
 But I found them bare, Thou wast not there: How long, O Lord, how long?

Deep into my heart I peered, I thought to see Thy finger-mark;
 So strange it seemed, I had surely deemed of Thy glory it was a spark;
 And a beauty as of Thy palace gate lit up that worldrous spot—
 I looked again—unclean, unclean! I looked and found Thee not!

Oh shall I for ever search in vain, nor find in my latest breath,
 When the darkness thickens around my head, and I feel it touch in death?
 Is what I have sought but an Image, wrought by the quiver of nerve and brain?
 Is life but a quest, that knoweth not rest, and its end the only gain?

Nay, see, there appears from the buried years a Form of beauty divine!
 And see, o'er His face of tenderest grace the bright Shekinah shine!
 And He stretches a wounded hand for mine, He beckoneth, "All is well,"
 And my heart leaps up with a great new Hope—the Christ? yea, Immanuel.

Yea, there shall arise for the tortured eyes the sight of Thy Fairness at last;
 And their ache shall cease, Thou shalt kiss them peace, when the struggle is overpast.
 I shall lie at rest on Thy tender breast; then, waked by an angel song,
 I shall open my eyes to Thine in bliss: come quickly, Lord!—How long?

JAMES GUTHRIE.

"BANKER GUTHRIE," or "the Banker," as this estimable gentleman was designated affectionately in the locality where for many years he was the leading figure, left behind him at his death in 1879 a mass of poetic MSS., from which a selection was made and published in the same year, the whole forming a neat little volume of 88 pages, and serving as an appropriate memorial of one whose personality and influence were greatly prized in Edzell. Mr Guthrie, the inheritor of an honoured name, was born at Maisondieu, Brechin, in 1826, was educated at Brechin, served for some time in a solicitor's office, acted for six years as traveller for the local Distillery Company, and in 1856 founded the business of the Union Bank in

Edzell, which he carried on successfully till his lamented demise. "The kind of man he was," is so well indicated by Mr Geo. A. Scott's "In Memoriam" verses, which appear in the volume referred to, that we give them in preference to more prosaic personal remarks—

The Banker's dead ! We'll never see him mair ;
Auld Aigle's cheenged—ay, sirs, it's altered sair ;
He was the life and soul o' a' the place,
Sair will we miss his honest, lauchin' face.

The Banker's dead ! Ye hills and streams, sing dool ;
For weel he lo'ed your ilka rock and pool ;
Your beauties, wild and sweet, he aft admired,
Aft sang your praise in verses when inspired.

The Banker's dead ! And a' Glenesk does mourn
The loss of him wham death has frae us torn ;
Weel kent was he in ilka hoose an' ha',
Weel likit and respeckit in them a'.

The Banker's dead ! And a' the Lethnot men
Lament his loss. Through a' their bonnie glen
The banker was looked up till like a chief—
Nae wonder ilka hairt rins owre wi' grief.

Mr Guthrie's poems are of unequal merit, but they abound in touches of singular strength and clearness. His use of the Doric was masterly, as may be seen in these quotations taken at random from his longest poem, "The Seasons at a Scottish Farm Toon":—

From "*Spring.*"

The craws are biggin' heich upon the trees,
The teuchats flaffer owre the tuftit bog ;
In spite o' rain, and storm, and frosty breeze,
They sune will lay their eggs amang the fog.

From "*Summer.*"

The ear is shootin' frae the stalks o' grain,
Wi' crimson bloom the clover scents the air ;
The drouthy fields are sadly wanting rain ;
Sune may it come, the craps are needin't sair ;
The cattle's pechin' in the birsin' heat,
And to the nose they wade in the mill pond ;
The sun's sae strong, it gars the sheepies bleat ;
The air's sae still there's naething heard around
Except the busy bee's low humming sound.

From "*Winter.*"

The 'crap's noo in the yaird, and theekit weel ;
There's sonsy stacks o' barley, aits and wheat,
And there's a stack o' lint to spin and reel
When aince it's scutched fu' weel, and heckilt right.
The tatties in the pits are covered owre
Wi' routh o' fine dry strae, and flauchtirt feal,
So that in spring they may be to the fore,
To be to fouk a tasty, halesome meal—
When they're ta'en oot they'll be sae fresh and hale.

Quotations such as these might easily be multiplied, but in no single poem does the vigour of the parts spread over the whole. Still, there is much here that is admirable, and more than is generally found in such collections of that *grit* which gives to true Scottish poetry its distinctive character.

GLOAMIN' AT THE FORD.

Ayont the hills the settin' sun
Wi' gowd has tinged the western sky ;
And frae the ford a bonnie maid
Is drivin' hame her father's kye.

The craws retire to widland bed ;
Among the bents the pairtricks meet ;
The teuchats, for their young afraid,
Cry out, "Peeweet, ye'll gar me greet."

Abune the ford the trouties leap
To catch their evenin' feed o' flees,
Then glide below the bank to sleep,
Rocked by the balmy summer breeze.

In yonder placid pool you see
The bank and bushes mirrored bright ;
Reflected, too, is every tree
Distinctly in the gloamin' light.

Out o' their holes the rabbits peep,
To see there is nae danger near ;
Then owre the banks they run and leap,
And scamper round wi' little fear.

Frae watery holes the rats look out,
And frae below the banks they steal ;

They're on the hunt, there is nae doubt,
To forage for their evening meal.

The rosy cheekit little maid,
Wha till her parents' word gi'es heed,
Ca's hame the crummies to their bed,
To get the rest they sairly need.

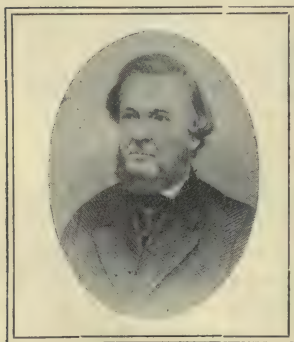
They've ta'en their drink, and pleased they
As hame they shog to cosy byre ; [look,
Sweet glints the licht frae ingle nook,
Where sits her parents at the fire.

The ferry-boat, the auld man's pride,
Lies moored beside yon birken tree ;
Across the pool he gars her glide,
When trav'lin' boddies pay the fee.

Ben to the spence the lassie gaes,
The supper's on the table there ;
Her father to the Lord gi'es praise
For humble, but richt halesome fare.

Syne to their bed they gae to rest,
In peacefu' slumber calm and deep,
And, wi' contentment ever blest,
They rise refreshed wi' balmy sleep.

JAMES CARGILL GUTHRIE.



A PROMINENT figure in the literary history of his native county, James Cargill Guthrie commands the respect and esteem of its every son ; for few have striven more strenuously than he did to exalt its name and fame. In poetry and prose alike, Angus was his chiefest theme and inspiration : its scenery, people, and legends were his poetic nourishment ; and even when he essayed the role of the historian, the rapture of his poetic moods stole frequently athwart his pages. He was born at Arniefoul, Glamis, in 1812, and came of a stock which could trace its descent from the martyred Guthrie. Educated at Kinettles and Montrose, he grew ambitious to

"wag his heid in a poo'pit," as his parents had designed ; but circumstances intervened, and his theological training at Edinburgh University served but as the precursor of a life mainly spent in the precincts of the counting-house.

The development of his poetic instinct was marked in 1851 by the publication of "Village Scenes"; a work which, in its immediate and widespread popularity, ran into several editions, and which remains one of Mr Guthrie's most interesting contributions to Scottish Poetic Literature. A quotation bearing on the author's experiences of his native parish, and its eminent minister Dr Lyon, will exhibit the structure of a poem, which, in its 300 pages of narrative and incidental lyrics, runs the gamut of nearly everything possible, to a "Sweet Auburn" like Glamis.

VILLAGE SCENES.

EXTRACT.

It was the Sabbath, and the knell
Of that loved, sweetly cherished bell
Fill'd with a grave and solemn sound
The sylvan woods and dales around ;
The flock, with preparation shod,
Slow journey'd to the house of God.

As I approach'd the churchyard stile,
Oh, many a winning, beaming smile,
And many an eager, trembling hand,
Me welcomed to my own loved land !

When seated in my father's pew,
The congregation full in view,
What sadd'ning feelings o'er me came !
The pulpit, pews were still the same,
But changed the worshippers did seem :
Oh ! sadly changed—'twas like a dream.
Grave and sedate were those, I ween,
Who romp'd with me upon the green ;
And bleach'd and furrow'd o'er by time,
Those who were then in manhood's prime ;
And, ah ! "familiar faces" sweet
I miss'd from each accustom'd seat ;
Some did in distant regions roam,
In other lands had found a home ;
While some, alas ! in youthful bloom,
Lay buried here in early tomb.

But as in saddest scenes of grief
Oft comes a season of relief,
So it was sweet to look around
On those who filled this holy ground.

There sat the sage, with silv'ry hair,
And here the lovely, blooming fair ;
Here, strictly watch'd by parent's eye,
Were groups of happy urchins by ;
While round the desk and pulpit stairs
The aged sat in crouching pairs,
In cloaks of red, or modest gray,
While on each lap a Bible lay.

How hush'd became each distant sound,
Deep, solemn stillness reigned around ;
Each soul seem'd rapt on things above,
For, oh ! this was their feast of love ;

The tables white were spread below,
Each eye with rapture seem'd to glow.

And now, in robe of black, was seen
The man of God, with solemn mien,
The pulpit stairs ascending grave,
To witness Him who came to save—
Extend the blessings of His love,
And lead their thoughts to things above.

Then, 'midst this universal calm,
He rose and read the sacred psalm ;
Then sweet arose, in holy lays,
The simple rustic notes of praise !
No organ's rich, luxurious tones,
No deep-toned sounds from white-robed ones ;
The song which then ascended high
Was heartfelt, "grave, sweet melody."

The preacher, then, with solemn air,
The mighty God address'd in prayer ;
How earnest did he strive and plead,
Yea, for all sinners intercede ;
And while he sovereign grace adored,
A blessing on his flock implored.

And then he read in solemn tone
These words of God's commissioned one :—
"How beautiful on mountains high,
When we by faith and love descry
The feet of him who joyful sings,
And tidings swift of gladness brings ;
Who peace proclaims in heavenly strains,
Who saith to Zion, Thy Saviour reigns."

Then in a solemn, simple strain
A song of Zion was sung again ;
And when the sound had died away,
The flock stood up again to pray :
Perfumed with incense from above,
The prayer arose on wings of love ;
And now from fervent lips again
Was breathed the solemn, deep Amen.

To "fence the tables," next, the holy man
Proceeded, grave, and thus began :—

"Our warrant to observe this feast
Is our Emmanuel's high behest :
That night the Saviour was betray'd
He in His hands took bread and pray'd :
And after thanks, the bread He broke,
And to His friends thus sweetly spoke :

'Take eat, my body thus for you,
Is broken ; oft this feast renew,
In sweet remembrance of my love,

When I am with my God above,'
He then the sacred cup upraised,
Gave thanks, and God his Father praised :
'This is my blood,' He now exclaim'd,
'Which pardon, peace on earth proclaim'd :
Drink ye all of it, for this blood
Shall ransom millions to their God :
This do, when I shall reign above,
In sweet remembrance of my love.'"

Mr Guthrie's other works are "The First False Step," published in 1854 ; "Wedded Love," which appeared in 1859 ; "My Lost Love, etc.," 1865 ; "Summer Flowers," 1867 ; and "Rowena," which completed the notable series in 1871. Scattered through these works are many striking lyrics, some of which have formed excellent subjects for the skill of the musical composer ; and Mr Guthrie wrote many other pieces for music, among which "The Bonnie Braes o' Airlie" may be cited as a very popular example. This affecting song refers to Mr Andrew Craik, a distinguished Cambridge Wrangler, who was a native of Airlie Parish, and whose untimely death caused the deepest sorrow in many quarters where he was known and loved.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' AIRLIE.

Bonnie sing the birds in the bright English valleys,
Bonnie bloom the flowers in the lime-sheltered alleys,
Golden rich the air, with perfume laden rarely,
But dearer far to me the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Windin' flows the Cam, but it's no' my ain loved Isla ;
Rosy decked the meads, but they're no' like dear Glenisla ;
Cloudless shines the sun, but I wish I saw it fairly,
Sweet blinkin' through the mist on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Thirsting for a name, I left my native mountains,
Drinking here my fill at the pure classic fountains ;
Striving hard for fame, I've wrestled late and early,
And a' that I might rest on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Yonder gleams the prize for which I've aye been longing ;
Darkness comes between, my struggles sad prolonging ;
Dimly grow my een, and my heart is breaking sairly ;
Wae's me ! I'll never see the bonnie braes o' Airlie !

In 1875, Mr Guthrie published "The Vale of Strathmore : Its Scenes and Legends," a work of an eminently readable nature, and greatly prized by every leal son of Angus. The importance of his varied literary labours was recognized during their author's life-time : he enjoyed the esteem of a wide circle of friends ; in 1868, he was appointed Librarian of Dundee Public Library, and organized the first Free Scottish Library so satisfactorily, that on retirement from active life in 1870 his services were publicly acknowledged and rewarded. His was a familiar figure in Dundee through many years of his active life ; and there are among her sons some who recall wistfully their friend's almost clerical appearance, and modest, dignified bearing. He was an

honour to his native county; and we trust that enough has been said to induce a study of his writings commensurate with their extent and value. His "Village Scenes" is especially commendable; and several of such lyrics as appear here are among the things which his countrymen will not willingly let die. Mr Guthrie's death occurred at Dundee in 1893.

THE FLOWER OF STRATHMORE.

The morning star's waning, the wild deer are springing,
And fair breaks the morn on the vale I adore;
Hark! sweet o'er the homesteads the lav'rocks are singing
Of golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

To songs of the mountains I've listened when roaming,
And heard the lute touched on a far southern shore;
But sweeter to me in the calm summer's gloaming,
The voice of my Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

Her hair of the sunniest, her eyes of the bluest,
On the lea tripping light as the fawn on the moor;
Her soul of the fairest, her heart of the truest,
All rivals excelling, the flower of Strathmore.

Come, hope of my life, the light of each morrow,
In my heart fondly nestling, a love evermore,
To bless me in gladness, to cheer me in sorrow,
Dear golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore!

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

Now, as beside the fire I sit,
In my old rocking-chair,
Before the lighted tapers gleam,
Disclosing beauties fair,
How vivid comes the visions blest,
Like sweet celestial dreams,
Of my own native valley—list!
The music of its streams.

The gowans, whins, and buttercups,
In all their beauty bloom;
The gowdies and the linties sing
Among the yellow broom;
Again I wander by the burn
That skirts the homestead dear—
My own loved home! can I conceal
The tributary tear?

Each scene, each sound, familiar still,
About the mill and farm;
There goes the ploughboy, as of old,
His coulter o'er his arm;
The maidens clean the luggies scour,
Stray calves encircling near,
The goslings gabble in the dam,
The cock crows loud and clear.

The breezes fresh from heather hills
Come fragrant as of yore;
My throbbing pulses bounding beat—
Yes! I am young once more;
And all is fair and beautiful—
Each sound, each sight divine;
By contrast clear, how very dear
The days o' langsyne!

GEORGE BARCLAY HADDEN.

THIS writer had, prior to his removal to Edinburgh, a considerable reputation as a poet, and teacher of dancing and the violin, in the district around Montrose, where he lived and laboured thus for about forty years. He published pretty largely, one of his books, "The Poet's Wallet"—which appeared in 1875—being popular, on account of its ninety pages presenting a

variety of very free rhymes on local subjects, written strictly to the level of a definite constituency. Mr Hadden was known as the Toll of Tayock poet, and is, to judge from the number of rhyming epistles addressed to him by "brither bards," a great favourite with them.

MAGGIE O' MONTROSE.

I.

They sing o' merry England's maids,
Wi' locks o' wavin' hair,
Amidst their green an' balmy shades
O' flowers baith rich and rare;
But gie to me yon broomy vale
Where winding Southesk flows,
An' her wha's beauty bears the bell,
Sweet Maggie o' Montrose.

II.

Oh Maggie is baith kind an' true,
She's lichtsme, young and gay,
She's spotless as the morning dew
On Rosemount's sunny brae,
An' modest as the little gowan
That a' the summer blows;
There's nae a maid mair worth renown
Than Maggie o' Montrose.

III.

The bonnie woods o' Charleton
Are clad in lovely green,
The birdies sing their sweetest sang
Amang the birks sae green:
The winding Northesk's sparkling clear,
As onward still it flows;
There aft I've met my Maggie dear,
The flower o' a' Montrose.

IV.

They sing o' lands where myrtle blows,
An' plants wi' rare perfume:
Gie me the land where heather blows,
The haw and bonnie broom;
Oh gie to me the sunny links
Where the modest gowan blows,
An' her wha's eye wi' beauty blinks,
Sweet Maggie o' Montrose.

JAMES HADDEN.

JAMES HADDEN acquired a considerable reputation as a poet in the district round Stonehaven, near which he was born in 1800. He belonged to the labouring class, and has been described as a "big sonsy chield," and remarkable for skilful draught playing while blindfolded. He removed to Aberdeen shortly before the publication of a small volume of his poems in 1850; but, latterly, things seem to have gone hard with him; for he died in pauperage at Buckhill, Kincardineshire, in 1864. A promised further selection from his stock of songs, satires, tales, and epistles did not appear, and the MSS. were left in the hands of his widow. His writing is very crude in style; but it exhibits some strength of thought, which is greatly marred by the severe, unkind, and cynical strain it constantly assumes. Quotation is difficult, but the lines which follow are fairly presentable.

ON TRUTH.

The greatest prince that ever reigned
Beneath the ambient arch of heaven,
Whose sovereign rules our rights defend,
Is early from our bosom driven:
Yet all illustrious in his reign,
Nor time can tinge with taint or stain,
Nor shall eternity decay
The beauty of his beams that dart
In through the tenets of the heart,
With urgent axioms to obey;

Their shine outvies the orb of light,
And glides along the shades of night.
His strength no armies can oppose,
His worth no might on earth disclose,
Nor power suppress, nor pride repel,
Nor darkness hide, nor mystery veil;
Yet when his all ingenite plan
Of government he shows to man,
The earthly worm through pride,
With scorn returns a rude reply,

And says, "I'll find a softer way,"
 And smartly turns aside ;—
 Roused by the sound, with powerful arm,
 Wild from the fields with flagrant storm,
 A demon comes in angel form,
 And says, "I'll be your guide" ;
 Man gives consent, the demon smiles,
 And leads him on with artful wiles,
 Through every scene of vice and sin,
 Till all polluted is within ;—

Years roll along, and age prevails,
 And death at last his life assails,
 And pain and sickness bear him down,—
 The demon's smile becomes a frown,
 The potent Prince, whose name is Truth,
 The monitor of early youth,
 Now calculates his noteless worth,
 And ranks his crimes before him ;
 In prayer he pours his spirit forth
 When death stands hovering o'er him !

REV. DAVID MACHARDY HAMPTON.



THE significance of "The Men o' the Mearns" is easy of realisation in the presence of Mr Hampton. Liberally endowed, physically and intellectually, the assistant, but virtual minister of the first charge at Culross, gives distinction to his native county, and to an honourable calling. As a teacher and preacher his career has been markedly successful, and his ability as a bard is unquestioned. To what extent the latter possession is traceable to heredity—Alexander Smart and Prof. Masson of Belfast being its lineal sponsors—may be left to the psychologist to determine : this much is clear from the examples quoted, that Mr Hampton's gift, or

heritage, is as untrammelled in its individuality as it is graceful in its movements.

ST. ANDREWS.

5TH MARCH, 1546.

O city gray ! what pageants bright
 Thy ruined wa's ha'e seen,
 O' priest an' abbot, lord an' knight,
 O' Cardinal an' Queen.

On a chill March day was a dull sair sicht
 By the side o' yon castle wa',
 When Wishart cam' wi' a smile sae bright,
 Nae brichter ane e'er saw.

An' young an' fair was the bonnie face
 O' the martyr tied to tree ;
 He was just as auld as the Lord o' Grace,
 When He died on Calvarie.

Did his e'e airt north to the bonnie Howe,
 An' dark Drumtochty Glen,
 Nocht carin' ava for the burnin' lowe,
 Wi' the faith o' the Mearns Men :

To the twinin' banks o' the Luther stream,
 An' the wuds o' Halkertoun,
 Wi' Parvock Hill, an' Clach-na-bane,
 An' Cairn o' Mount lookin' doon :

To Pitarrow auld, his father's ha',
 An' the "acre" near Fordoun hill,
 Whar' the ashes rest o' the great an' sma'
 Whan dune wi' their guid or ill :

Or far'er awa' to the land o' rest,
 To the hame o' the tried an' true,
 To his Maker God, an' the spirits blest,
 Hod noo frae oor sinfu' view ?

But the martyr's thochts werena lat abee
 By the shouts o' the bluidy gang,
 An' the jeerin' lauch frae the winnock hei'
 O' the Cardinal's yelping thrang.

Did his hair fail noo? was he dootin' than
The worth o' the bluid unpriced?
Na! na! the hairt o' the Mearns Man
Was upheld by the faith o' Christ!

An' he spak' o' the day whan Leslie true
Sh'u'd come in a wrathfu' oor,
An' the Cardinal cruel, "like a stickit soo,"
Hing owre the lofty tooter.

For the deein' ha'e oft the prophet's e'e,
An' pierce thro' the veil o' time,

Just gettin' a blink o' what's to be
Ere they gang to a happier clime.

And the spirit pure o' the martyr saint
Passed awa' thro' the halo fire,
To a land apostles failed to paint,
Whar' the joys shall never tire.

Sae noo in the midst of the witness clood
Stands Wishart by his Lord,
An' we wha are left, sh'u'd stand where he
An' haud to the Auld Record. [stood,

Mr Hampton was born at Laurencekirk a little over forty years ago, and was trained for the teaching profession. At Birse, in the Punjaub, and at Dundee, his services as an instructor were greatly esteemed; and in connection with Dundee Y.M.C.A., and the Sabbath School work of that important city, his fourteen years of devoted service has been the subject of the warmest eulogium. Ten years ago he entered St. Andrews University, and was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Dundee in 1893. Mr Hampton carried off many of the honours possible to the diligent Arts and Divinity student; an interesting memento of this period being furnished by the piece which gained the prize for poetical composition. We give the opening and closing stanzas of this production.

GORDON.—KHARTOUM.

Oh sentinel of freedom, one we blest,
The lordly Nilus sings thy requiem sweet!
Would it were otherwise! with heart opprest,
Such thoughts arise and fill the heaving
breast,
We banish them for others more than meet!

A nobler spirit thrills us; we are loth
To think thee dead, that living, lived so well,
A Christian militant, true to his troth,
Fervent in spirit, knowing nought of sloth,
Who for his fellows bravely fighting fell.

Our land is poorer, but we mourn with trust
That Choir triumphant claims thee as its
own;

In Watery Nile or desert sand thy dust,
"No sculptured urn, nor monumental bust,"
Thy matchless deeds need not be writ on
stone.

Sleep on! thy victory won! It would be well
Did native soil but hold thee till the day
When summoned to thy crown, with Him to
dwell,
Who loved thee, led thee, as thou oft didst
tell
To fellow pilgrims on the heavenward way.

The martyr saint, ascended through the fire,
The patriot, butchered at his lowly hearth,
The patient toilers that ne'er seem to tire;
These, these and others, force us to aspire,
And seek for nobler things than those of
earth.

And thou wert one, oh martyr of Khartoum!
That weary vigil kept with faithful love;
And we would follow, e'en through days of
doom,
Or darkening night enshrouding in its gloom,
Assured of "Well done!" in the home above.

Mr Hampton began his ministerial career by acting as *Locum tenens* in St. Clement's, Dundee; St. Matthew's, Dundee; and South Parish, Kirriemuir, respectively; and was elected to his present charge in 1894. A singularly complete, vigorous, and alert personality; a devoted minister; a scholar

deeply versed in varied lore; and an enthusiastic Scot, it would be difficult in the extreme to exhaust the catalogue of Mr Hampton's accomplishments, natural or acquired. We will examine a further specimen of his intromissions with his native Doric: few there are who can wield this powerful weapon more skilfully.

“A LANG SHANKIT SPUNE TO SUP KAIL WI' THE DEIL.”

Oor auld farrant wirds ha'e a clink o' their ain,
An' they aften come hame wi' a thochtfu' refrain,
So you'll aiblins find this if you read my bit rhyme,
That the sough o' the wurdies keeps up a lang time.
If my screed's no' that richt, O, I trust you'll be kind,
To my fau'ts an' my failin's a wee trifle blind;
For I mean to explain that a' body needs weel
“A lang shankit spune to sup kail wi' the Deil.”

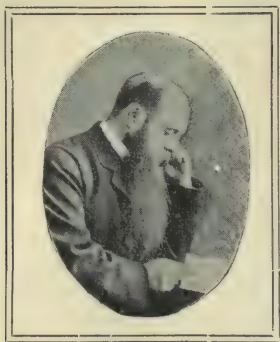
Just look at oor subject frae mair sides than ane;
For aft at the first glance nae beauty is seen,
An' you'll maybe find oot, as auld heids did afore,
There's a guid deal o' sense in the proverbs o' yore.
When enticed into sin, an' awa' frae braw deeds,
I would like to observe to a' men, whate'er creeds,
To provide themsel's wi't, ere they fa' in a creel,
“A lang shankit spune to sup kail wi' the Deil.”

If daein' first class, an' nae blocks in the way,
It's a fine thing to think that you're ha'ein' your day;
But be sure an' no' tum'le wi' lookin' owre hei',
“For the bonniest schemes do sometimes gang agley.”
Work aheid, no' stand steady, is best if you can,
An' gin nicht you may be gey far on wi' your plan;
But you'll need for a prap to keep sturdy your biel',
“A lang shankit spune to sup kail wi' the Deil.”

At oor ain ingle side we sit cosy an' neat,
An' mind nae cauld blast that blaws doon the street;
While we're crackin' an' jokin' nae evil we dream,
An' the oors slip awa' like a leaf doon the stream.
But we've maybe to face ere a day or twa mair,
A storm o' this warld baith angry an' sair;
So it's best to keep ready, 'gainst a' woe or weal,
“A lang shankit spune to sup kail wi' the Deil.”

When first frae oor hames we do wander abroad,
Ilk ane sh'u'd be carefu' in pickin' his road,
An' companions as weel, for ye ken the auld saw—
“He was aye thocht a cushat till shot wi' a craw.”
Noo I'm dune, but still thinkin' that young heids an' auld
Will be mindin' my rhyme when they're like to be sauld;
Experience aye tells us ae want aft we'll feel—
“A lang shankit spune to sup kail wi' the Deil.”

EDWARD HEBENTON.



IT is a task of acknowledged difficulty to write judicially of a friend ; and when that friend is one of the gentlest and most lovable of souls, the effort to be successful must be well nigh supreme. But that Edward Hebenton was all we have stated, and more, the writer, and many, many others gladly acknowledge ; and his poetry, good as much of it is, seems a matter of very minor importance to them when compared with his cherished memory. We stood at his graveside, in the Old Calton Burying-ground, that cold winter day in 1887, and heard his minister say, "Edward will be missed," a tribute confirmed by tears, and the blank, indefinable feeling of irreparable loss. His

was a winsome and helpful nature ; and bodily frailty seemed to add to his geniality, and counsel, the greater charm. Those who knew him may well desire to keep his memory green.

Mr Hebenton was born at Memus, near Tannadice, in 1842, and was trained to the profession of law in a Forfar Office. For many years prior to his death he was engaged as a clerk in the Register House, Edinburgh, and took an active interest, as session clerk, in the work of Infirmary Street U.P. Church there. Gatherings of Forfarians in Edinburgh knew his organizing care ; and in all county and national affairs his time and pen were ready and efficient servitors. He never ventured on the publication of his poems in volume form, though this was often talked about, and his MSS. remain in the hands of a brother. We give a selection from his general writings ; and a school song, which, from its appearance with very popular music in "School Music for the Standards," has found its way into thousands of hearts all over the length and breadth of the land.

MUSINGS.

In days bygone mayhap I dream'd the laurel might be mine,
While yet Parnassus hill I deem'd within my power to climb ;
But *then* life's sky was brightly blue, and rosy-colour'd hope
Still beckon'd on, no height in view with which I could not cope.

Ah, me ! 'twas but the strength of youth, as yet by cares untried—
The ignorance of the hard ruth that might in time betide.
Ah me ! I am not sighing now o'er these bright vanished dreams ;
I reckon them not, though life, I trow, a shade more sombre seems.

I am but musing on the past, when youth, in fever-heat,
Sought not to know its joys would last, provided they were sweet ;
I am but musing on the past—on what alone I'd sought,
Ere yet my mind had taken cast from life's maturer thought.

'Tis not, I ween, a crime to glance at days of long ago ;
Such retrospect tends to enhance the present joys we know ;
And, therefore, though my thoughts may turn back to days of yore,
'Tis not that I the present spurn, or what may be in store.

Ah, no ! mine are not vain regrets ; and for the future, why ?
 I'll leave its working with the Fates, nor in it seek to pry ;
 Enough for me it is to feel the clasp of kindly hand,
 Or meet the glances that reveal those sympathies that stand.

Unlessen'd 'midst the woes of life, untouch'd by all its cares,
 And prove, whate'er its moils and strife, heart to heart pity bears.
 Enough ! what more could one desire to fill his cup than this !
 I know not, nor would I aspire to higher form of bliss.

LONE WERE THE WAY.

Lone were the way o'er Life's dark hills,
 And hard, oh, hard the climbing,
 If down the rugg'd slopes no rills
 Flow'd with the babbling joy that stills
 Our wearied soul's repining.

Lone were the way and sad the lot,
 And deep, oh, deep the sorrow,
 If for each heart there were no spot
 Where draughts of rosy hope are got
 To cheer the darksome morrow.

Lone were the way, no stars to guide
 Our weary feet when stumbling,
 If there were never by our side
 A heart to which we could confide
 The why our hopes are crumbling.

Lone were the way had Providence
 Not made a wise division
 Of love, of hope, of joy ; and hence,
 Amidst our woes we know still whence
 To seek life's full fruition.

O BLITHE ARE THE BIRDS.

O, blithe are the birds when the forests are green,
 And the flow'rs bloom bright in the vales,
 When the sun in his strength resplendent is seen,
 And the brooks murmur soft in the dales.
 O, blithe are the birds with their twitter and twit,
 As high on the boughs 'neath the green leaves they sit.

O, blithe are the birds, and they pour out in song
 All the rapture that swells in their breasts,
 Till the day wanes and eve throws her shadows among
 The bow'rs where their callow brood rests.

O, blithe are they all with their twitter and twit,
 As high on the boughs 'neath the green leaves they sit.

And sweet is their song while the forests are green,
 And the boughs by no blust'ring winds shake,
 And the rays of the sun keep glancing between
 The leaves which the zephyrs scarce wake.

O, blithe are they then, with their twitter and twit,
 As high on the boughs 'neath the green leaves they sit.

But winter will come when the summer has fled,

And their songs, that with melody gush,
 Will be hush'd when the leaves by autumn are shed,
 And blasts through the boughs wildly rush.

O, sad are the birds, and they twitter nor twit,
 When autumn has shorn all the boughs where they sit.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

THIS bard was farmer of Drumkilbo, near Newtyle, and published a volume of poems early in the present century. It is entitled "The Illiterate Muse"; and while its contents are mainly of the strongly seasoned order common to

many rhymes of the period, there are several pieces exceptionally pure and good in feeling. Mr John Craig of Burrelton has favoured us with an extremely interesting bit of local tradition bearing on this book, and which is too good and pertinent to be lost. Our informant, after stating that the venture turned out a dismal failure, proceeds:—"The story goes that he enlisted two of his sons and got a bounty of £20 for each, for the purpose of enabling him to get his work published. One of the sons survived the wars, and was a pensioner living at Dundee about forty years ago. This son used to say that if the number of times he had been engaged were added together it would amount to six weeks of solid fighting, and that he was fortunate enough to come out without a scratch."

In William Gardiner's poems (the senior) there occurs an "Epistle to Mr James Hedderwick," in which the writer says—

O I'm comin', dear Jimmy, I'm comin' unto ye,
To visit my bard will afford me much joy.

I soon shall break loose frae this gaol that I lodge in,
To breathe the fresh air in the Howe o' Strathmore,
And soon o'er Kinpurny ye'll see me come trudgin',
To gi'e ye my hand an' my heart as before.

And there is this further "Epistle," which would suggest that *poetry* was a family concern at Drumkilbo; for, addressing "Mr A. Hedderwick," Gardiner goes on:—

Sandy, lad, ye cheered me fairly,
When I read your friendly lays;
Sweet ye sang them. O, fu' rarely
Willie's heart wi' love did blaze, etc.

Also,

Vow man! but you drest the shaver,
Yon poor critic, in Dundee;
Here's my hand, his clishmaclaver
Couldna bide a bang frae thee.
Sair ye thrash'd him,
Sair ye dash'd him;
Willie lap, and leugh like daft;
Faith the scraper
Needsna caper
Wi' the billies o' the craft!

A few stanzas from one of Hedderwick's "Epistles" will sufficiently indicate the merits of one whose devotion to poetry cost so much more than many now-a-days would care to pay.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND—JANUARY, 1788.

Willie,

You'll maybe think I'm some perqueer;
Lend baith your lugs, I hinna fear
On deafest side to gar you hear
What I've to say,
For I've made a' thing just as clear
As summer day.

To show I've some respect for you,
I've sitten down just i' the now
To scribble twa-three lines, I trow,
In a Scots style;
Gin I get the right end o' the clue,
I've gar you smile.

My muse, tho' she's illiterate,
 What can ony say to that?
 There's nane can hinder her to chat
 As I suppose,
 Tho' some chiel' wi' a beaver hat
 May screw his nose.

You ken yoursel' it's lang sinsyne
 I took delight in writin' rhyme;
 As lang as I can see a styme
 I'se screw my drone,
 An when my een are past their prime
 Nose saddle's on.

A good advice is easy gi'en,
 But fegs, it's no sae easy ta'en;
 I ken as weel as ony ane
 Youth maun be oot;
 Some vainly wiss for it again
 O'er late, I doubt.

You first maun spell afore you read,
 An' spill or you can spin a thread,
 An' creep afore you rin wi' speed;
 This I can say,
 Rome wisna bigget, true, indeed,
 Just in ae day!

I've tried it o'er and o'er again
 To crush and starve my rhyming strain;
 Yet a' my efforts are in vain,
 It winna kill;
 While nature revels in ilk vein
 Against my will.

I hinna lear nor ha'e I time
 To wret on subjects sae sublime,
 But should some beauties brightly shine
 In me a sot,
 Then thanks to Providence divine
 For sic a lot.

I think a chiel is no far flung
 Can wret an' speak his mother tongue;
 You ken how David wi' a slung
 Did cast a stane;
 Yet great Goliath he wis dung
 For a' his beam.

I'm sure there is a hantle cash
 That's spent on mony a senseless hash,
 That never yet did cut a dash
 Wi' sword or pen;
 Sic blockheads naething are but trash—
 The warst o' men.

I thank you kindly, to be sure,
 For striding east whiles through the muir
 An' comin' to my ain house floor
 To speir for me;
 Kind Heaven aye your health secure
 An' prosper thee.

Now, Willie, I maun leave you here,
 An' wishing you a good new-year;
 When ye come yont, I hope ye'll speir
 For Hedderwick;
 I'm sure it will my spirits clear
 As clea'n's a leek.

ALEXANDER HERALD.

"**F**EBRUARY, 1863; died at Guthrie, on the 12th inst., Mr Alexander Herald, postmaster there, in the 63rd year of his age," is the note in Mr Jervise's writing on his copy of Herald's poems, now preserved in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. There is thus a discrepancy between this account and that given in Mr Hay's admirable work on the poets of the "Round O," which gives Arbroath as the place, and 1865 as the date of Herald's death; and we incline to accept the statement made in the announcement quoted by Jervise. Herald published in 1845 "Amusements of Solitude," a volume of 114 pages, containing many pieces which can only be described as "halting," but with several others possessing a considerable degree of merit. The author, who suffered greatly from various maladies, touchingly observes in his preface that "but for the resource of composition his lot would have been pitiable in the extreme." We quote a few stanzas of his initial poem.

VERSES TO GUTHRIE CASTLE.

I.

Yet o'er thy ivied walls what eye can skance,
 Nor feel deep thought enwrap the soul? Thus stand
 In gloom of years, which saw thy turrets glance
 As hostile to the hostile of thy land :
 Proud streamed thy banners o'er thy trusty band,
 Taught foes to feed the dust whereon they breath'd ;
 Or, slaughter 'scap'd, they woo'd the briny strand,
 And rueful told how they in Scotia skaith'd,
 And what might hap, ere with the Rose the Thistle wreath'd.

VII.

And I have lov'd thee well. Ere surging life
 Had launch'd my shallop on its angry foam,
 And traced upon my brow the saddening strife
 Speaks pain and sleepless hours, I lov'd to roam
 Around thy bowers, claim thee my bosom home ;
 Nor yet the picture lost though paths untrod,
 My heart yet speaks, in nature's vivid home,
 To each gray stone and tree, each lov'd abode,
 Where careless boyhood slumber'd on its thoughtless road.

VIII.

The brook that murmurs by, the daisied lawn,
 The birken-mingled-copse, which o'er the waste
 Breathes fragrance on the breeze, when twinkling dawn
 Hangs pearly dewdrops on her balmy breast :
 And low in nature's kingdom, but not least
 To please her lovers, is the wild bee's hum ;
 The tuneless butterfly so gaudy drest,
 Who joys to see her short-lived day is come,
 Nor dreams to-morrow's sun shines on her early tomb.

IX.

The Lunan murmurs on its soothing voice,
 The daisied lawn still glints to nature's smile,
 And from the woodland feather'd tribes rejoice
 When morning dawns, and evening quits her toil ;
 And these will gladden hearts, and nerve to wile
 From heavy hours, as they have gladden'd mine.
 When but a few more seasons round shall while,
 My pen shall heedless drop, and memory's shrine
 In fragments lie, that used to tell of me or mine.

REV. JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS.

TO do justice in detail to the singularly varied career of this remarkable Dundonian is impossible within our limits ; but in introducing him as one of our bards, the outstanding features of his life and personality may be succinctly given. Mr Hillocks, though now in his 68th year, shows no abatement of mental, and hardly any loss of physical energy. His latest work, "Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness," is permeated with the vivid charm of style and matter which marks his numerous previous publications.

Truly Mr Hillocks has "fought a good fight" under an undimmed Excelsior, and his record is in the highest degree honourable to his powers of heart and mind, and to his native city.

He was born and reared in the humblest circumstances, and suffered greatly, more especially from the horrors of the Starvation Chartist period, by which time he had become "The Young Weaver." His "battles to live and learn" were many and severe. From the dreary weaving shop he passed on to the Public School at Smithfield before he was nineteen years of age. Gilfillan befriended the persevering youth, and in the preface to his volume, "Thoughts in Rhyme," published in 1859, gives this interesting touch, which even yet has not lost its aptness:—"It was to us, at least, always truly delightful to see our 'Young Weaver' presiding in what was sometimes called 'The Laddies' School'—a child among children—leading them, even as Una led by a line her milk-white lamb, by the unseen cord of love, to the green pastures and the still waters of knowledge, and by those ways of spiritual wisdom which are pleasantness and peace." Certain minor publications belong to this period: the tales "Sophia" and "Viola," the affecting "Passages in the Life of a young Weaver," and "A humble offering of Verses, Letters, and Lectures"; but "Life Struggles," a prize autobiography which passed through several editions, formed its author's passport to literary distinction, and opened the way for his subsequent successful career as a Christian Preacher and Social Reformer. In 1860 he removed to London, and engaged in mission work. As a friend of the poor he was instrumental in alleviating the conditions of London pauperage; and the record of his manly and masterful struggle with a certain Parochial Authority; his splendid efforts as a Temperance Reformer; and his power as an orator and preacher form an embodiment of the truism—"Truth is stranger than fiction." During all this his "Mission Life in London," and "Life Struggles" (edited by Gilfillan) appeared, as also his "Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness." It was soon after the publication of the last named work that he was honoured by the appreciation of the Queen, who conferred on him a Civil List Pension of £75 a year. Mr Hillocks has otherwise achieved a notable position; and though he has for twenty years been inactive poetically, we turn with interest to these examples of his earlier efforts.

MY MAMMY'S AWA'.

Cauld, cauld is the day, the frost nips my wee face;
I'm heartless an' sad, how waefu' my case!
On my bare wee leggies the bitin' winds blaw—
Oh! hoo is a' this? My mammy's awa'!

Baith laddies and lassies are happy an' gay,
They rin to the schule and then to their play;
But I maun rin errants 'mang frost, sleet, an' snaw—
Oh! hoo is a' this? My mammy's awa'!

They a' get braw claes an' their head fu' o' lear,
To mak' them a' great if God should them spare;
But nae schulin' for me, nae learnin' ava:
Oh! how is a' this? My mammy's awa'!

But I'll always push on to get lear like the lave,
 I'll ever be active, determined, and brave ;
 Tho' hard be my fate, it safter may blaw,
 For God will prove kind, tho' mammy's awa' !

For yet she looks doon frae the far land o' bliss,
 Aye langin' to g'e me a mither's fond kiss,
 An' watchin' my footstaps to husit or ha',
 So I'll aye be happy, tho' mammy's awa' !

Oh yes ! her loved spirit, tho' wafted on high,
 Will follow me aye till I mount to the sky ;
 Oh ! gin I were there, I wad fear nane ava,
 For God will be there, an' mammy an' a' !

THE HAPPY BARD.

If to woo the Muses fair,
 And wish their happy smiles to share ;
 If to roam in the poet's clime,
 And with the lovely ever chime,
 Impart a joy none can express,
 And swell the soul with thankfulness,
 And fill the heart with fond regard,
 Then let me be the happy bard.

If to muse on rolling time,
 Record its deeds in honest rhyme ;
 If to sing of joy and love,
 Which ever shine in spheres above,

Imbue the mind with all that's good,
 And make it long for mental food,
 And bring with labour its reward,
 Then let me be the happy bard.
 If to paint in faithful lays
 The work of man, his blame and praise ;
 If to chaunt of heaven and grace,
 Which still invite the human race,
 Give a healthy glowing bliss,
 Sweet as loving mother's kiss,
 Make fortune soft, howe'er so hard,
 Then let me be the happy bard.

I'D BE YOUR BROTHER STILL.

The ideas conveyed by the following lines were expressed by the author's only son, George Gilfillan—a promising student, 17 years of age—some time before he left to be with Christ.

“ Oh, do not weep, my sisters dear,
 We know not what may be ;
 But pray for that sweet holy fear
 Which blesses you and me.
 God knows the right, and does the best,
 When we are well or ill ;
 On earth, in heaven, in Him I'll rest,
 And be your brother still.
 “ Oh, don't be sad ; if spared with strength,
 Your kindness I'll repay ;
 By God's good help, I may at length
 Be useful in His way.
 With Him we'll work, and by His aid
 Our promises fulfil ;
 At home, abroad, in sun and shade,
 I'll be your brother still.

“ My hands are thin, my limbs are weak,
 But still my heart is strong ;
 In God I'll trust, His good I'll seek
 All day and all night long.
 In Him I live, in Him I move,
 Aye yielding to His will ;
 But should He this poor frame remove,
 I'll be your brother still.

“ And when we meet at Jesus' feet—
 True love in every heart—
 Our joy complete, our rest so sweet,
 No more again to part,
 We'll take each other by the hand,
 And mount up Zion Hill ;
 And, joining with the Glorious Band,
 I'll be your brother still.”

JAMES HOOD.

IN supplying a few particulars of the salient points in his life, Mr Hood makes these sagacious observations, which might apply to so many of us, bards and all—“ Now is not this a duplicate of the lives of hundreds and thousands round about us ? Truly Montgomery said, or sung :—

'Once in the lapse of ages past,
There lived a man ; and who was he ?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.'"

It is simply the record of a long life of toil, cheered by the radiance of song, and hallowed by the esteem of its fellows. Mr Hood, who is an office-bearer in Inverbrothock Established Church, has been for the last forty-seven years employed in different capacities at the works of the Messrs Gordon, Arbroath. He was born in 1828, got a little education at Dempster's School, commenced work as a "web starcher," and served an apprenticeship as a Flax Dresser. His poetical efforts have appeared in the *Arbroath Guide* and the *People's Journal* ; and many of them have exhibited qualities of a very commendable kind. We give two little *jeux d'esprit* in which the humour is very bright and natural, and which will be readily understood by all who know the history of the writer's native town ; and a further illustration of Mr Hood's treatment of subjects more sentimental.

A COMPARISON.

In olden days, when pirates roamed the seas,
Eager for peril, plunder, and renown,
Arbroath was visited by one of these, [town]."
Who said, "Sum up, or I'll bombard your

Panic prevailed, in dread of that fierce sailor ;
Against their waistcoats Bailies' hearts did
thump ;
The chief commandant was a "simple tailor,"
The only cannon was a *wooden pump*.

But times are changed : the Rifle Volunteers
And brave Artillerymen our guardians be ;
A double safeguard to rebuke our fears
Of an invading force by land or sea.

Unchanged are weapons 'mid a world at
strife,
That frowning fort on top of Keptie Hill,
Although it look war-engine to the life,
Alas ! 'tis but a *water cistern* still.

"SCOTS WORTHIES."

Passing a studio window, I looked in,
And saw, encased within a golden frame
A group, of which (to say less would be sin)
Each man has got a handle to his name :
I asked a likely one if he could tell
The arts by which these sages honour claim ?
If they were mates of Stanley, Tyndall, Bell,
Or embryo Darwins struggling into fame ?

He looked amazed at ignorance such as mine.
A merry twinkle flashed in either eye,
While humour, wit, and drollery combine
To furnish me this strange and quaint
reply—
"These, sir, have studied *spheres* by mathe-
matic rules,
And purchased immortality by playing bools."

THE EMIGRANT.

Loved land of my fathers, farewell !
Sweet home of my childhood, adieu !
Dear friends, whom I loved but too well,
Fair scenes I delighted to view ;
Lone haunts, where I often did stray
In the dim solemn hours of the even,
When the soul would be wafted away
To the bliss of some fabulous heaven !

I must leave thee, no more to return :
But in exile, unfriended, alone,
I'll exhume thee from memory's urn,
And weep over days that are gone !

Days, in the spring-time of life,
When the world seemed a garden of flowers,
When hunger, and sickness, and strife,
Stood aloof from its Eden-like bowers :

Days, with a sunshine so bright ;
Fields, with a verdure so green ;
Trees, with rich blossoms so white—
Thine equals I never have seen !
Nor ever will see them again :
Though stately the pines of the West,
They cover not mountain and plain
Of the land which a Briton loves best.

Lyric songsters may carol their lays,
 And the Brothock meander along,
 Each offering a tribute of praise
 To its Maker in glorious song ;
 But longer I may not recline
 On the banks of my dear native stream,
 Where oft, amid strains half divine,
 I've enjoyed an Elysian dream.

Mute, gazing in rapture and fear
 On the lav'rock ascending on high,
 Till only his song met the ear,
 When the songster was lost in the sky.

No marvel the bitter tears start
 At the sound of that hallowed church bell,
 Every peal striking home to the heart
 Like an echo of solemn farewell !

Though no more I may enter the cot
 Where the gleam of existence arose,
 Nor again ever gaze on the spot
 Where the dust of my fathers repose,—
 Away on yon far flowery land,
 In the track of the Indian I'll roam,
 And attempt, with a willing right hand,
 To build me a happier home.

REV. JAMES HOWAT.

FOR twenty-five years Mr Howat has laboured with singular devotion and success as the minister of Park Street U.P. Church, Arbroath. His title to rank with the Bards of his adopted county is thus quite valid ; for, though Muirkirk, Ayrshire, claims him as a son, half of his lifetime has been passed among the folks of Aberbrothock. A distinguished student of Glasgow University, and eminent in Mathematics, Mr Howat entered on his course in the Divinity Hall of his denomination at Edinburgh, with such endowments as augured well for his future career in pastoral and pulpit duties. His record, not in Arbroath only but throughout his church, has fully verified anticipation ; and the cordial relations existing between pastor and people, as evidenced by presentations, expressions of esteem, and hearty co-operation, are pleasing indications that while Mr Howat's poetic gift is crystallized in such admirable verses as are represented here, it also serves to sweeten all the phases of an active life.

E'ENIN' FA'.

The boats gaed off wi' the mornin' tide,
 When the sun rase oot o' the sea,
 Sheddin' gowden glory far and wide,
 Fillin' oor fisher lads wi' glee ;
 An' Willie, my true love, said to me—
 Said to me as he sailed awa'—
 We'll a' be hame wi' the e'enin' tide,
 We'll meet again at e'enin' fa'.

My heart wi' very joy ran owre,
 For I was Willie's plighted bride ;
 An' happy was that mornin' hour
 That bore him on the rockin' tide—
 Awa' where the bonnie haddies bide
 That fill oor creels and fend us a'—
 To come again wi' the e'enin' tide,
 An' meet wi' me at e'enin' fa'.

The sun owre Sidlaw hills gaed down,
 The tide cam' creepin' in the bay,
 The boats cam' a' back to the town,
 But every fisher's heart was wae :
 O sadly closed to me that day !
 My Willie wasna 'mang them a' ;
 He camna back wi' the e'enin' tide,
 We'll meet nae mair at e'enin' fa'.

The cauld sea-weeds hap Willie's frame,
 Would I were lying by his side !
 But thro' the waters he wan hame
 Where tumblin' waves nae mair divide.
 Sae I maun work and calmly bide
 Till death's dark shadows roun' me draw :
 We'll a' get hame wi' the e'enin' tide,
 We'll meet at hame at e'enin' fa'.

AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

Here at Thy table, blessed Lord,
 A place Thou hast prepared for me,
 And bid'st me by Thy loving word
 Remember Thee, remember Thee.
 Can I forget, can I forget
 My Saviour who has died for me?
 No, till my latest sun has set,
 I'll think of Thee, I'll think of Thee.

The sacramental bread and wine
 Speak of Thy love so full and free,
 And shall not this poor heart of mine
 Remember Thee, remember Thee?

I'll not forget, I'll not forget
 My loving Lord who lives for me:
 'Midst earthly cares, in death's dark pit,
 I'll think of Thee, I'll think of Thee.

These symbols speak of joys to come
 When Thou shalt set Thy people free,
 And in Thy mercy bring them home
 Thy face to see, Thy face to see.
 Should I forget, should I forget,
 Then mine were deepest misery:
 Before me still the Lord I'll set,
 I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee.

A LASSIE'S LOVE.

O! a lassie's love is worth mair than gowd
 If her heart be true;
 And he who wins it may well be proud,
 For a treasure worth more than gems and
 Is a love that's true, [gowd
 Is a love that's true.

O gowd winna buy a lassie's love,
 If her heart be true.
 For the dearest gift from Heaven above

To man below, is a lassie's love
 In a heart that's true,
 In a heart that's true.

Love can only be niffer'd for love,
 If the heart be true;
 For naething a lassie's heart can move
 To part with love, but a brave man's love
 In a heart that's true,
 In a heart that's true.

WALTER CRANSTON HOWDEN.

SCATTERED as his varied writings are throughout the pages of several popular literary serials, they lose by inaccessibility; and the publication of a volume of Mr Howden's poems would be an event pleasing to his poetic admirers, and highly creditable to the Scottish Muse. For the native rhyming fraternity acknowledge Mr Howden as a master among them, and greet with interest each fresh effort of his tuneful lyre. And they know, besides, that not only is he a true artist, but a sound critic also; and one in whose judgment, as tested by the results of numerous competitions in which he has been arbiter, they place their full reliance. He has been resident in Dundee since 1872, and has during all these years taken his full share in the literary development of the district. Employed as a jeweller with an important Dundee firm, he comes face to face daily with the leading people of the city: we wonder how many of them recognize in their gentlemanly adviser the author of many gems of poetry and fiction with which, doubtless, some of them have made delighted acquaintance? Penicuik, Midlothian, was the scene of Mr Howden's birth in 1851; but his long residence in Dundee, and his influence locally, are determining factors in such recognition of service as is possible here, and we present these specimens of his later musings to many whose disappointment would be great were their favourite bard excluded.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Sing we a lay to him that's gone,
Our laureate of the pen,
Bard of the land he's loved and known
Nigh fourscore years and ten.

With sprightly step and plaided form,
And lyart locks astir,
No more he'll battle wind or storm,
Straight as a mountain fir.

The breezy hills, the sea-girt shore,
The lonely Highland glen,
These will resound his tread no more,
Nor other haunts of men.

Sing we a requiem unto him,
A patriot leal and true,
Whose vision age could not bedim,
Nor time his fire subdue.

Heaven's sunshine rested on his face,
Where'er he moved along,

Filling his heart with kindly grace,
And his whole life with song.

He sang of gladness and of joy,
Love glowing on each page,
With all the rapture of a boy,
The wisdom of a sage.

Sing we no mournful dirge for thee,
Nor wreath of cypress bring;
More meet 'twere on thy grave to see
The heather and the ling.

For others be the sable throng,
Not thine the plumed bier;
"Thou had'st no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

Thy voice is hushed, thy lyre unstrung,
And now thou see'st, unseen,
What keeps thy spirit ever young,
Thy memory ever green!

FOR THE OLD SAKE'S SAKE.

There are times when the past draws nigh us,
And the distant days seem near,
When our long-lost friends stand by us,
And their whispers we can hear;
Like the echoes of far-off music,
They bid old memories wake,
That fathoms deep in our hearts we keep—
All for the old friends' sake.

There are times when we rake the embers
Of the heart's long-smouldering fires,
And sigh as one who remembers
The dear old home of his sires;
The ashes are cold on the ingle,
The voices are silent that spake,
But the ivy screen keeps its memory green—
All for the old home's sake.

There are times when we idly finger
Love's harp on the broken strings,
And over the lost strains linger,
As over all fleeting things;
The voice of the singer is silenced,
No song on our ears can break,
But the lips, now cold, still a sweetness hold—
All for the old love's sake.

There are times when the past draws nigh us,
And our dead dreams live again,
And we watch them sailing by us
With a pleasure akin to pain.
New homes we may build around us,
New loves and new friendships make,
But these old time ties we shall dearly prize—
All for the old sake's sake!

JOHN HUNTER.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of "The Mountain Muse," this writer was favourably known to the older race of Dundonians. He was born at Tealing in 1807, was by trade a mason, but became teacher in Butterburn and Baltic Street Schools, Dundee; and preached to the Chartist congregation which met in the latter place. In 1863 he removed to Aberdeen, where he served for over twenty years as minister of Mount Zion Congregational Church, his death taking place at Aberdeen in 1885, and after a period of service as chaplain in the Poorhouse, Old Machar. From an obituary notice we learn that "He was an ardent lover of nature, and was known as an extensive writer of verses, several of his poems appearing in the newspapers of Dundee," etc. One of Hunter's pieces appears in the *Dundee Cornucopia*, and there are several ex-

amples in the MS. *Dundee Natural History and Literary Magazine*, edited by William Ogilvie, 1847. We give an abridgment of one of the longer effusions of "The Mountain Muse," which seems aptly to illustrate his general quality and style.

THE BANKS OF THE ALMOND.

On the banks of the Almond a stranger I wandered,
 Where Graham's ancient mansion half hid meets the view ;
 Through scenery romantic the clear stream meandered,
 Where rich mazy foliage a deep shadow threw.
 By the sigh of the stream and the gloom of the shade,
 I was drawn to the dell where lovers oft stray,
 To bathe with their tear-drops the spot where are laid
 The famed Bessy Bell and the loved Mary Gray.
 Here fondly and sadly I gazed on their urns,
 Till in rapture I prayed, with the tear-gushing flow,
 That the shade of a Ramsay, a Scott, or a Burns,
 With poesy's fair flowerets this sweet spot would strew.
 The mavis and blackbird in concert were singing,
 A thousand sweet warblers were beating the theme,
 From woodland and mountain the echoes were ringing.
 These echoes awakened the sprite of the stream.
 'Twas evening, and slowly he rose from the billow,
 And thrice waved his pinions like shadows in air ;
 Then, descending, he perched on a lone weeping willow,
 And summoned the songsters to list to his prayer.
 The grove hushed to listen, the echoing slumbered,
 My senses in transport were quickly all ear ;
 The spirit his octave from A minor numbered,
 Then chanted his anthem, sweet, solemn and clear.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

List ! Scotia's fair Muse. O ! how long must I mourn
 Thy absence in sorrow and seek thy return ?
 Art thou resting with Burns ? with Scott dost thou sleep ?
 Or over poor Tannahill's grave dost thou weep ?
 Hast thou fled from our isle in sorrow, unmourned,
 Thy sons oft neglected, thy favours oft spurned ?
 Hast thou soared from a world where ambition reigns
 To sing with the angels thine own native strains ?
 Must Scotia's harp lie for ever unstrung ?
 Must Almond sigh onward for ever unsung ?
 Must Luna—that now sheds her light fairy beam
 To dance on the wavelets of Almond's clear stream—
 List nightly to prayers, unheeded, unheard,
 Invoking the Muse to inspire Almond's bard,
 While rivers, and mountains, and woodlands, and plains,
 Are vocal, enchantress, with thy magic strains ?
 The Tay, Forth, and Clyde, are all famous in song ;
 The Dee, Don, and Isla flow classic along ;
 The Ayr, Doon, and Devon breathe love's magic spell ;
 The Afton and Lugar in concert oft swell ;
 The Evan and Logan glide murmuring praise ;
 The Ettrick and Yarrow sing Nature's sweet lays ;
 The Nith, Cart, and Tweed lull sorrow and care ;
 The Bruar, Ness, and Foyers roll echoes in air.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

THIS gentleman was one of Forfar's prominent townsmen : he acted as Town Clerk of the Burgh for many years, and was the progenitor of a family whose members were and are esteemed in Forfar as medical men. A native of Brechin, and a scion of the family of Hunter of Burnside, Mr Hunter had a large and influential county connection, and socially was reckoned the prince of good fellows. The Town Council minutes of his era (he died about 1844) are models of composition of their kind ; and a lengthy dialogue poem, dealing with an imaginary conversation overheard between the Forfar Town and Steeple clocks, perpetuates his local fame as a clever rhymster. We quote a portion of this piece sufficient to indicate its general tenor.

THE TWA CLOCKS.

TOWN HOUSE CLOCK.

"Weel, frien', I houp ye're noo somewhat content,
Since ye are made sae braw wi' fine new paint ;
Gude faith, wi' a' your faces, noo, henceforth,
Ye'll bauldly front the east, west, south and north.

But have a care, lest the good-looking face
Be but a means to lead to your disgrace.
A while sin' syne it little signified
How ye kept time, e'en if ye hourly lied ;
For, those near han' did aye rely on me,
And those remote your errors could not see.
But noo your face the gaze of all will claim,
And 'Fair-faced Cheat' will be your smooth-
est name

If ye depart the least from strictest time,
Or sound in error e'en a single chime.
Losh, man ! I sometimes think the care and skill

That seem bestowed on you, bestowed right ill,
And that a little of it—sooth to say—
Should be, and might as well be sent my way ;
But to my aid not one clockmaker's called,
While you've had the whole lot, baith young
and auld."

STEEPLE CLOCK.

"My gude auld neebor, aye sae leal and true,
I little thought to be misca'd by you,
Wha ken sae weel that if I e'er backslide,
Not mine the fault, but theirs that me mis-
guide.

Ah me ! of earthly clocks 'tis my belief,
Than me not ane e'er gat sae much mischief
Frae those to whom they may hae been
entrusted

To be attended, mended, and adjusted.
Frae year to year, whate'er Town Council
rang,

'Twas aye contrived that I should suffer
wrang ;

And even now, when things o' a' degrees
Maun hae their watchful guardian Com-
mittees,

I'm looked on as some worthless vile affair,
Of which the merest botcher may take care ;
So that, though young, I long hae past my
prime,

And, sad to say, have nearly done with Time.
Reflect by whom, and how, I've been attended,
And faith you'll wonder I'm not fairly
ended."

WILLIAM GREGOR HUNTER.

"THE Martyred Queen," a poem of more than ordinary merit, was published by Shepherd, Forfar, in 1858. It was written by a member of a well-known local family (the Hunters of Burnside), Wm. G. Hunter, Esq., who married the heiress of Carse, Miss Carsina Gordon Gray ; and who died in 1861, aged 37. Mr Hunter was a Captain of the 80th Regiment of Foot, and was the improver of the old mansion house of Carsegray, near Forfar. In 36 pages the poem is brought down to the close of Part I. ; but its second part never appeared ; the death of the author, doubtless, having prevented the fulfilment of an implied promise. The introduction to the poem presents a contrast between the happy condition of Queen Victoria and that of her

unfortunate prototype Queen Mary ; and the text commences and proceeds as in our quotation.

THE MARTYRED QUEEN.

EXTRACT.

The lady looks from palace high,
 From out her silken bower ;
 The purple sunset tints the sky
 In daylight's sinking hour ;
 Still is the eve ! the river's stream
 Shines like a silver thread
 'Mid the dark fields and fading beam,
 By rays declining fed !
 Hushed is the breeze ; the distant plain
 Returns no louder sound,
 Than where some plodding country swain
 His humble mill sends round ;
 He thinks not of the public weal,
 But tends his little farm,
 Content the homely joys to feel
 Of peace's simple charm ;
 His breast no fiery spirit strains,
 No thirst of glory yields,
 Ambition buried in the drains
 That dry his fertile fields !
 And he who plucks the golden spoil
 That lowly swain rewards,
 Reaps the rich harvest of his toil
 In still increasing hoards ;
 Not of the shining ore alone—
 Bright stores of precious gold !
 But of that bliss which shines upon
 The heart when it grows old,
 'Mid scenes of peaceful happiness,
 Unknowing care or strife,
 Passed in good works of usefulness,
 A humble, blameless life.
 Sweet peace of mind ! the voice that sings
 So oft within the peasant's cot,
 But in the palaces of kings
 So seldom heard—so soon forgot !
 Such peace as dwells not in the bower
 Nor in the anxious eye
 That gazes now from topmost tower
 Of yon proud palace high :
 She sits within these lofty walls,
 And forth, with troubled eye,
 Looks out upon the shade that falls
 Around when daybeams die.
 Ah ! not for her does evening come
 With sounds she loves to hear ;
 No gladness in the city's hum,
 No joy for her is near.
 Young tho' she be, that beauteous brow
 Already shows the care,
 And painful thoughts imprinted now
 Upon its page so fair.

Fair is her form, and few her years !
 But oh, we reckon not,
 Save by our smiles, or by our tears,
 The age of mortal's lot.
 Give us but joy and gladness bright,
 No sorrow's tale unfold,
 We live then in a world of light,
 Nor think we can grow old.
 And she, tho' born to brightest state—
 The heiress of a throne—
 Lives but to mourn her hapless fate,
 And feel she is alone !
 Alone amid the fiery rage
 Of sects, and party feuds ;
 Alone amid the wars that wage
 Around where treason broods !
 Where rebel lords and courtiers base
 Now threat, now frown in turn,
 While every false and hollow face
 She looks on but to spurn.
 Changed now, indeed, those gloomy days
 From those in sunny France,
 Where many a courtly minstrel's lays
 Were kindled by her glance ;
 Where brightest 'mid the young she shone,
 And joyed the old likewise ;
 Where none she ever smiled upon
 Forgot those witching eyes !
 Forgot them ! never ! Years have past,
 And centuries have gone
 To rest, but still the charm will last
 Of beauties quite alone !
 Alone in their great loveliness,
 So sweet, so purely fair ;
 A mortal in that glorious dress
 The heavenly angels wear.
 If trials on this earth give right
 To happiness above,
 If all we suffer here invite
 The mighty Father's love ;
 If wasted youth, and beauty's tears,
 Find audience on high,
 And Truth this dim horizon clears
 To hail its native sky ;
 Then may I feel my humble lyre
 Has not been touched in vain,
 Then feel that true prophetic fire
 Has mingled in my strain ;
 That blest is yet my proudest dream,
 And righteous Fate allots
 High glory to my beauteous theme,
 Of Mary, Queen of Scots !

HON. JAMES INGLIS.

THE heartiest of welcomes have been accorded to the volumes sent across the ocean by this distinguished author; "Oor Ain Folk" taking rank as a Scottish Classic, almost, and evoking the liveliest admiration wherever it has found its way. A native of Edzell, and the son of the Rev. Robert Inglis who wrote "Memorials of the Disruption in Lochlee," Mr Inglis was born in 1845, and passed through the Arts course at Edinburgh University. He went to New Zealand; and after a lengthy and varied experience of life there, and in India and Australia, he applied himself to legislative work as representative for New England, and soon afterwards was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. A colonist of colonists, as is apparent in his book, "Our Australian Cousins," and a poet of varied resources, as "Tirhoot Rhymes" testifies, he retains an ardent enthusiasm for his native land, and sings her praises in many a touching strain.

FATHERLAND.

The fireflies dance beneath the shade
Of the fragrant chumpa tree,
And the evening song of the Hindoo maid
Comes swelling o'er the lea.
The weary sun his radiance hides
Behind a crimson band,
And through my fancy now there glides
Fond thought of Fatherland.

The twilight hour I loved so well,
The fragrant heather bloom;
The bulrush and the blue harebell,
The golden yellow broom;
The thistle bold; the daisy fair;
The hills so stern and grand,
Towering like giants in the air,
The hills of Fatherland.

The little church, the tombstones gray
Where dreary pine-trees moan;
Where mourners come to weep and pray
O'er loved ones dead and gone.
The hazels, where the merry stream
Ripples o'er golden sand;
The northern stars that dance and gleam
O'er dear old Fatherland.

I hear the distant hum of bee;
The lowing of the kine;
The cushat in the holly tree,
Where coral berries shine.
The faint, far boom of waterfall
Deep in the forest land;
The shepherd's shrill and cheery call
In far-off Fatherland.

The simple psalm ascending soft
In solemn strains to God;
The earnest, sad, imploring prayer,
That He might ease our load.
Again my father's voice I hear,
Close by his side I stand,
And now come stealing on mine ear
The songs of Fatherland.

And still fond fancy multiplies
Those memories of yore;
And visions sweet before me rise
Of days that are no more.
Familiar faces smiling are,
I stretch an eager hand;
But grasp—a void—for ah! I'm far
From friends and Fatherland.

AT NIGHT.

All around is dark and silent,
Night has donned her sable veil,
And a gloomy shadow hovers
O'er the bosom of the dale.

Cold night mists are slowly rising
From the marshy sodden soil;
And the sun has set for ever
On another day of toil.

One more day of weary labour,
Trouble, hurry, grief, and care;
O! the load of wretchedness
We poor erring mortals bear!

Hurrying clouds of gloomy grandeur
Cast deep shadows as they pass;
Plain, ravine, and hill, and forest
Merge in one confusing mass:

And sad thoughts are busy crowding
 In my hot and fevered brain ;
 Dark and sad, like all around me,
 For my heart is full of pain.

Golden dreams have fled for ever,
 Smiling hopes have been repress ;
 And I feel an ardent longing,
 "O ! that I might be at rest."

Troubled hopes are surging through me,
 Vain dumb wishes, pangs so keen ;
 Dark regrets, as Fancy pictures
 All the fond "what might have been."

But a rift is in the heavens,
 And the stars are shining through,
 Seeming like the eyes of angels,
 Moist with tender pity's dew.

And a fond face smiles upon me
 With a tender, holy gaze :

'Tis my mother, as I saw her
 In my childhood's happy days ;
 And a hymn her lips had taught me
 Gently steals upon my ear ;
 And a calm descends upon me,
 As the hallowed strains I hear :

And I feel new life within me,
 And my grief has found a balm,
 And my weary heart is softened
 With a holy, peaceful calm.

See the moon in radiant splendour
 Flooding with her silver sheen
 Every leaf, and nook, and crevice
 Where the gloomy shade had been.

And I pray for strength and patience
 To bear the ills that HE may send ;
 Hoping still, and still determined,
 To do my duty to the end.

WILLIAM BROWN INGLIS.

THIS member of the younger poetic fraternity of Dundee was born in that "hub of progress" some twenty-five years ago. Trained to a mercantile profession, he has passed through its various grades, and now occupies the position of manager to a firm of warehousemen. Mr Inglis is one of a family of strong artistic proclivities: art, in his case, appearing in the literary form so welcome to many Dundee readers and admirers.

"THE TALE OF A DREAM."

Upon a mighty plain he stood,
 Dressed up in garments rare ;
 He put an arrow in his bow,
 And shot it in the air.

I watched him as he drew the string,
 I watched the arrow fly,
 And marked its course as it flew
 Across the evening sky.

I saw the man who hastened
 To where the arrow lay,
 And plucked it from the clayey soil,
 Then hurried hard away.

I followed him where'er he went
 Throughout the world wide ;
 Across the seas he found me still
 Like a shadow by his side.

The world was fair and prosperous,
 And happy and content ;
 It seemed as if Paradise
 To earth a while was lent.

But when the man showed forth to all
 The arrow in his hand,

At once a bitter shadow fell
 Upon the happy land.

I woke : 'twas but a vivid dream,
 But a phantom of my brain,
 The archer who his arrow shot
 Across the flow'ry plain.

But the meaning of my dream made clear
 Upon my brain was rung :
 The archer's name was "Hypocrite,"
 The bow was "Slander's Tongue."

The arrow that the archer shot
 Across the evening sky
 From out the bow of Slander's Tongue,
 Was venom's gift—a lie.

And he who bore the lie abroad
 To cast discord around ;
 Who killed all peace and gentleness
 With the evil he had found :

His name was Malice, and his lips
 Were wreathed with an evil pain,
 His malignant soul looked a curse on earth,
 And his brow bore the mark of Cain.

WILLIAM JAMIE.

"THE Emigrants' Family," a lengthy poem descriptive of the journey and voyage of an Angus family to Australia, with incidental songs represented by our illustration, "The Bonnie Banks o' Tay," may be cited as the masterpiece of William Jamie, who in his day enjoyed an excellent reputation as one of the Bards of the Mearns. He published the poem referred to, with other pieces, at Glasgow in 1853; this volume of 120 pages being the fourth book of rhymes which he had issued. "The Muse of the Mearns," and "Stray Effusions," a volume of 208 pages, and which ran into a second edition, are well-known among local book-hunters; and a careful reading of Jamie's various writings proves him to have been a man of superior attainments. He was born at Marykirk in 1818; was trained and worked for some time as a blacksmith; eventually became a teacher; and removed to Glasgow, where he died in 1864. His last venture, "The Musings of a Wanderer," 72 pages of dialect pieces, was published at Glasgow in 1856. He was also the author of a prose tale entitled, "The Jacobite's Son."

THE BONNIE BANKS O' TAY.

Farewell! ye bonnie banks o' Tay,
Ye woodie vales and sunny braes,
Ye mountains steep whaur lambkins play,
The scenery of my bygone days.
Sweet little cot, my faither's ha',
How dear to me your but and ben!
Oh! aft I'll wish, when far awa',
To hae your cosie bield again.

Farewell to yon auld house o' prayer,
Oh! may its wa's yet lang be spar'd;
My father's fathers worshipped there,
Then laid them in its green kirkyard!

And ever hallow'd be yon mound,
The sacred spot, my parent's grave;
My banes will lie in foreign ground,
Nae bonnie broom will o'er *them* wave.

Farewell to you, kind-hearted friends,
For you my heart will aye beat true;
As our earth vows and time's thread winds,
May fortune's favours fa' on you!—
Till death's cauld blast shall lay me low,
Or I my sense and memory tyne,
Towards Scotia's hills my heart will glow,
To bonnie Tay and auld langsyne!

THE MAISTER'S DESK.

O, weel I mind the maister's desk,
O' queer auld-fashion'd wark;
Four sturdy posts its weight did bear,
Their sides wi' age grown dark.

At mornin', aye, when we gaed in,
Our names he called them there:
Syne gaed command to staund upright,
And raised his voice in prayer,

To Him wha made the warl' o'er,
For blessin's on our head:
And frae temptation's luring path
Our youthfu' steps to lead.

An' when we trifled on the road,
As laddies whiles will do,
'Twas then we fear'd his angry look,
Cryin', Here, my lads, come through.

Sae to the desk wi' beatin' herts,
Puir chiels, we had to gang;
An' there he questioned owre an' owre
Wha keepit us sae lang.

I think I see his earnest gaze,
Sayin', Whaur is sic a ane?
Saw ye nae him among the birks?
I fear he's no his lane:

I doubt he's gaen the backward road,
An' bringin' meikle dool;
The want o' lear they find thro' life,
Wha idlers are at schule.

I see the pin whaur hung his hat,
As through a dream ane sees;
And wee, wee Peter takin' aim
To hit its croon wi' peas.

The muckle desk had queer contents,
 Composed o' different ware;
 Jack Tamson lost his faither's knife,
 For shown't in time o' prayer.
 Big Sandy lost his muckle trump
 He bocht at Hallowe'en:
 When tryin' its tones on Jamie's back,
 He thocht he wasna seen.
 When lo! the maister's weel-kent voice
 Richt soon a silence made;
 But waes me, for puir Sandy's hairp
 Into the desk it gaed.
 Pluff guns and poulder there was in't,
 Wi' steels an' big flint stanes,
 Marble bools, an' bits o' twine,
 Wi' knackers made o' banes.
 Lammer beads, an' keys o' Gray,
 Tobacco pipes an' ba's,
 Some queer auld knives wi' double sprint,
 Toothpicks an' little saws.
 Sma' bits o' lead for rinnin' balls,
 An' pins for plaitin' hair,

An' hooks for takin' muckle trouts—
 Mony a thing was there.
 Auld sneeshen mulls o' ilka mak'
 We bocht and sold with glee;
 Though frichted for the maister's tawse,
 He didna aye us see.
 An' weel I min' upon a day
 Yet hoo we did contrive,
 Pate Sangster brought his faither's gun
 That sair'd at Forty-five;
 An' roun' we bicker'd in a ring,
 Sae eager our desire
 To see wha first wad be the ane
 To prime and mak' it fire.
 But years sin' then hae come and gane,
 Like buds upon the thorn,
 An' we look back on bygane scenes
 Langsyne in life's young morn.
 The maister's gane wi' a' his jokes—
 Death cam', he couldna hide—
 An' mony a change in life there's been
 Sin' we were at his side.

REV. JOHN JAMIESON, D.D.

CURIOUSLY enough the great compiler of the Scottish Dictionary was more ambitious to be known to fame as a poet than as a lexicographer; though as the latter his reputation is universal, while as the author of "The Sorrows of Slavery," "Congal and Fenella," "Eternity," and various other works both in poetry and prose, his is merely a literary name. Dr Jamieson was born at Glasgow in 1759, and as the son of a Seceder minister, was educated for the pastorate in that body. After short periods of service in various localities he was elected minister of the congregation formed at Kirkton, Forfar, in 1777; and in this humble sphere he remained for about seventeen years, when he was translated to Nicolson Street Church, Edinburgh. During his residence in Forfar the gifted young minister enjoyed the friendship of George Dempster; and it was at Dunnichen House that the germ of his noble work was sown, its four quarto volumes being the direct result of some suggestive conversation with Professor Shorkelin, a distinguished antiquary of Copenhagen. It is cheering to know that his splendid service to the Scottish tongue brought Dr Jamieson both honours and emoluments; and it is on record, regarding his death at Edinburgh in 1838, that he was "universally regretted, esteemed, and beloved." Jamieson's poem, "Water Kelpie," was contributed to Sir W. Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border"; and has, by common consent, been admitted on its merits to a place among standard modern increments to this species of literature. The scene is laid near Inverquharity Castle (Jamieson married a Miss Watson of Shielhill, near by), and various superstitions current in the Angus of olden times are skilfully depicted in the manner and spelling of the ancient native *makars*.

WATER-KELPIE.

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
 And throw the forest brown,
 I tread the path to yon green strath,
 Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.

Its banks along, quhilk hazels thrang,
 Quhare sweet-sair'd hawthorns blow,
 I lufe to stray, and view the play
 Of fleckit scules below.

Ae summer's e'en, upon the green
 I laid me down to gaze:
 The place right nigh, quhare Carity
 His humble tribute pays:

And Prosen proud, with rippet loud,
 Cums ravin' frae his glen;
 As gin he nicht auld Esk affricht,
 And drive him back agen.

An ancient tower appear't to lour
 Athort the neibourin plain,
 Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
 The kintrie call't his ain.

Its honours cow't, it's now forhow't,
 And left the houlat's prey;
 Its skuggin wude, aboon the flude,
 With gloom owrespreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
 And mirker grew the lift;
 The croonin' kye the byre drew nigh,
 The darger left his thrift.

The lavrock shill on erd was still,
 The westlin wind fell loun;
 The fisher's houp forgat to loup,
 And aw for rest made boun.

I seem't to sloom, quhan throw the gloom
 I saw the river shak,
 And heard a whush alangis it rush,
 Gart aw my members quak;

Syne, in a stound, the pool profound
 To cleave in twain appear'd;
 And huly throw the frichtsom howe
 His form a ghaist uprear'd.

He rashes bare, and seggs, for hair,
 Quhare ramper-eels entwinn'd;
 Of filthy gar his ee-bre'es war,
 With esks and horse-gells lin'd.

And for his een, with dowie sheen,
 Twa huge horse-mussels glar'd;
 From his wide mow a torrent flew,
 And soupt his reedy beard.

Twa slauky stanes seemit his spule-banes;
 His briskit braid, a whin;
 Ilk rib sae bare, a skelvy skair;
 Ilk arm a monstrous fin.

He frae the wame a fish became,
 With shells aw coverit owre:
 And for his tale, the grislie whale
 Could nevir match its pow'r.

With dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
 Had maistly swarfit outricht:
 Less fleyit at lenth I gatherit stenth,
 And speirit quhat was this wicht.

Syne thrice he shook his fearsom bouk,
 And thrice he snokerit loud;
 From ilka ee the fire-flauchtis flee,
 And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their elritch sound
 Was like the norland blast,
 Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back,
 That skeegs the dark-brown waste.

The troublit pool conveyit the gowl
 Down to yon echoin' rock;
 And to his maik, with wilsum skraik,
 Ilk bird its terror spoke.

The trout, the par, now here, now thare,
 As in a windrim bang;
 The gerron gend gaif sic a stend,
 As on the yird him flang:

And down the stream, like levin's gleam,
 The fleggit salmond flew;
 The ottar yap his prey let drap,
 And to his hiddils drew.

"Vile droich," he said, "art nocht afraid
 Thy mortal life to tyne?
 How darest thou seik with me till speik,
 Sae far aboon thy line?"

"Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
 That sinder sprites frae men,
 Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
 That worms like thee mae ken.

"In kintries nar, and distant far,
 Is my renoun propall't;
 As is the leid, my name ye'll reid,
 But here I'm Kelpie call't.

"The strypes and burns, throw aw their
 As weel's the waters wide, [turns,
 My laws obey, their spring-heads frae,
 Doun till the salt sea tide.

"Like some wild staig, I aft stravaig,
And scamper on the wave;
Quha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar me be his slave.

"To him I'll wirk baith morn and mirk,
Quhile he has work to do;
'In tent he tak I do nae shak
His bridale frae my mow.

"Quhan Murphy's laird his biggin rear'd,
I caryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell has heard me squeal,
For sair-brizz'd back and banes.

"Within flude-mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, quhan I please;
In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win with ease.

"Yon bonnie brig quhan folk wald big,
To gar my stream look braw:
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht;
I did mair than thaim aw.

"And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram't,
Aboon the pend quhilk I defend;
And it thai Kelpie nam't.

"Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,
Narbye yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin lays;
Thai dare na mudge for fricht.

"Now in the midst of them I scream,
Quhan toozlin on the haugh;
Than quihher by thaim down the stream,
Loud nickerin in a lauch.

"Sicklike's my fun, of wark quhan run;
But I do meikle mair;
In pool or ford can nane be smur'd
Gin Kelpie be nae there.

"Fow lang, I wat, I ken the spat,
Quhair ane sal meet his dede:
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.

"For oulks befoir, alangis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lights are seen to blaze at e'en,
With wull wanerthly gleam.

"The hind cums in, gif him he win,
And cries, as he war wod—
'Sum ane sall soon be caryit down
By that wanchancy flude!'

"The taiken leil thai ken fow weel,
On water-sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.

"But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee:
To wilderit wichts thai're waefow lights,
But lights of joy to me.

"With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fait I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
For I still do the turn.

"Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thair rin as thai war heyr't,
Despise all rede, and court thair dede;
By me are they inspir't.

"Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw war cur'd,
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak the ford.

"The hail town sware it wadna ride;
And Kelpie had been heard;
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepar'd.

"The human schaip I sometimes aip:
As Prosenhaugh rade haim,
A starnless night, he gat a fricht,
Maist crackt his bustuous frame.

"I, in a glint, lap on ahint
And in my arms him frang't;
To his door cheik I kept the cleik:
The carle was sair bemang't.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.

"But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
There's Water-Kelpie's chap,'
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
And gaif a horrid gowl:
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.

A thunderclap seem't ilka wap,
Resoundin' through the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
And sunk beneath the flude.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.

DR JAPP'S career has been long and useful; his various publications hit the public taste, and occupied corners of the literary field that others seemed of purpose to avoid. He was born at Dun in 1837, and began life amid very modest circumstances. His apprenticeship to the drapery business was more marked by the evidences of his leanings to literature than by a love for the *elvin*; but the calling served its purpose, and assisted him through the Arts classes in Edinburgh University. For some years prior to 1865, when he removed to London, he edited the *Montrose Review*; and in the Metropolis his pen has been extremely active in the production of books and compilations on subjects of every sort; Biographical, Scientific, Classical, etc., the mere catalogue of which is amazing. Dr Japp's writings have, mainly, been produced under the pen name "H. A. Page": his poems have appeared thus in several of the most popular London magazines; doubtless there are many to whom the anagrammatic signature is quite familiar. As a student, Mr Japp was *facile princeps* in many subjects, and he earned his first poetic distinction as a special prizeman in poetry under Professor Aytoun. The illustrative piece which follows is an exceedingly happy effort, and pleasingly original both in subject and treatment. In 1879, its author was honoured with the degree that marked the sense of his literary worth entertained by Glasgow University; and Dr Japp's compatriots trust he may long enjoy his distinction. It may be added that for some years he was the leading partner in the now dissolved London publishing firm of Marshall, Japp & Co.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
Fairly in a raw;
Lift this and then that,
And blaw, blaw, blaw!
That's hoo to play, Johnny,
On the pipes sae shrill;
Never was a piper yet
But needit a' his skill.

And lang and sair he tried it, too,
Afore he wan the knack
O' makin' bag and pipe gi'e
His very yearnin's back.
The echo to his heart strings
Frae sic a thing to come;
Oh, is it no' a wonder,
Like a voice frae oot the dumb?

Tak' tentie, noo, my Johnny lad,
Ye mauna hurry thro'—
Tak' time and try it owre again—
Sic a blast ye blew!
It's nae alane by blawin' strang,
But eke by blawin' true
That ye can mak' the music
To thrill folk thro' and thro'.

The waik fouk and the learnin',
'Tis them that mak's the din;
But for the finished pipers
They count it as a sin;
And maybe it's the very same
A' the world thro'—
The learners are the very anes
That mak' the maist ado!

Ye ken the Southrons taunt us—
I sayna they're unfair—
Aboot oor squallin' music,
And their taunts hae hurt me sair;
But if they'd heard a piper true
At nicht come owre the hill,
Playing up a pibroch
Upon the wind sae still,

Risin' noo, and fa'in' noo,
And floatin' on the air,
The sounds come saftly on ye
A' maist ere ye're aware,
And wind themsel's aboot the heart,
That hasna yet forgot
The witchery o' love an' joy
Within some lanely spot;

I'm sure they wadna taunt us sae,
 Nor say the bagpipe's wild,
 Nor speak o' screachin' noises
 Eneuch to deave a child :
 They would say the bagpipe only
 Is the voice of hill and glen ;
 And hear the wild notes sorrowin'
 Within the haunts o' men.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
 Fairly in a raw ;
 Lift this and then that,
 And blaw, blaw, blaw !
 That's hoo to play, Johnny,
 On the pipes sae shrill ;
 Never was the piper yet
 But needit a' his skill.

ANDREW JERVISE.

ONE of Scotland's most famous antiquarians, and the author of those magnificent and monumental works, "The Land of the Lindsays," "The Memorials of Angus and the Mearns," as of other valuable contributions to Archæological literature, this native of Brechin occupies a distinguished place among the notabilities of his times and country. He was born in 1820, and became in turn a printer and painter ; but his antiquarian tastes interfered with his progress as an artist, and latterly he secured as a Registration Examiner those opportunities for the study of his favourite pursuit, which yielded those excellent results that are the admiration of all to whom they are known. Mr Jervise died at Dundee in 1875. His poetic writings are neither extensive nor greatly meritorious ; but they are interesting, and full of information and suggestion. They include a booklet entitled "Reflections on the Past, etc.," and "The Brechin Cat Case," a humorous piece, the last stanza of which may prove interesting—

Tho' sadly bruis'd puir puss aye ga'e
 The ither mew and twistle,
 Whilk he *nicht* done e'en now, but for
 Some rascal's murd'rous fistie ;

Wha aiblins backt the fulsome deed
 Wi'—tho' the wounds wad cowder,
 I'll take the beastie's spunk, and gar
 Bob's maister dree the scowder !

His ballad, "St. Palladius' Well, or the murder of Kenneth the Third" (in 998), is worthy of mention also, and the more so, as it has appeared repeatedly as an anonymous production. Kenneth's death is thus described—

"But here, if your majesty steps to this room,
 I'll show you an object more rare !"
 The King and Fenella soon pass'd from the
 And enter'd a grand spiral stair. [hall,

And there, to the monarch, she show'd a great
 With curtains from roof to the floor, [tower
 All finely embroider'd with costlier gems
 Than royalty had e'er seen before !

And full in the middle, a fine brazen knight,
 Of a form most handsome and bold—
 One hand held a sword of the richest device,
 The other an apple of gold !

"Where got you this figure, my lady?" he
 "For its like I never ha'e seen !" said,
 "O, tak' ye that apple, my sire," she replied,
 "A present from me to thy queen !"

His majesty thank'd her, and stepp'd for his
 Which he soon from the effigy tore ; [prize,
 But from its false body the poison'd darts
 A-piercing the king's very core ! [flew,

So 'mongst those grand trophies he weltered in
 And powerless had felt the just sting, [blood
 For Fenella's own son and kinsman were slain
 By order of this very king !

Jervise's best poem is his eulogium on his friend and patron, Lord Panmure. It bears on its title to have been written at the request of the Directors of the Brechin Mechanics' Institute, and read on the anniversary of their per-

petual patron's birth, in 1847. It is a 14 page pamphlet with voluminous notes, too long for its insertion here in its entirety; but dealing with many interesting local topics as it does, it seems appropriate that its major sentiments should have full expression.

EULOGIUM ON THE RIGHT HON. LORD PANMURE.

"He is a friend, O, man! to thee, to all."

The blacken'd clouds and fierce winds go their round,
 And russet leaves along the forest bound;
 Though moaning music greet our every ear,
 In thee we find the summer of the year;
 And hail! Panmure! thy Natal day again,
 Thou friend and patron of the needy train;
 And worthy scion of him¹ who fought and fell,
 In grand defence, 'gainst Edward's tyrant spell.
 With grateful hearts thy deeds we waft along
 Our tedious stream of unaccustom'd song;
 For 'tis to thee this generous pile we owe,²
 And all the good that from it now doth flow!
 'Tis here we chase dark superstition down—
 The demon's cloak—the fairy's emerald gown!
 And bid the nurse no more on goblins cry
 To still the infant's weary fret and sigh;
 But rather chaunt the song where morals run,
 'Bout "Willie Winkie" and "The Truant" son!
 Here, too, the peasant, when his labour's o'er,
 May read the tales of some far distant shore;
 May know for what Columbus earned his fame—
 And why his king we never wish to name!
 How English Newton and our Scottish swain
 Were honour'd students of the ærial train!
 May know how stars their wondrous course perform—
 Of winter's snow and summer's thunderstorm!
 How Franklin drew the lightnings from the sky—
 Why Kepler first proved optics from the eye!
 He, too, may trace earth's vegetable plan,
 And laugh to scorn the God-distrusting man!
 Yes! Art and Science own thy ready hand—
 Poets and Painters—all thy debtors stand!
 Rise, shade of Howe!³ affection's tribute pay,
 On this, thy patron's glorious natal day!
 Come forth, too, Gow!⁴ thy violin let us hear,
 Thou favour'd hero of the Poet Peer!
 Had PANMURE known where gifted Burns lay,
 He would have cheer'd his sad and dying day—
 He would have sooth'd his bleeding heart awhile,
 And caused his independent soul to smile!
 This could not be: but those he did regard,
 Whose future welfare pained the dying Bard!
 For 'twas Panmure who cheer'd his widow's gloom,⁵

¹ Sir Thomas Maule. ² Breechin Mechanics' Institute.

³ This celebrated animal painter spent some of his happiest days under Lord Panmure's roof.

⁴ "Famous Neil" Gow and his son Nathaniel were much indebted to his Lordship's never ceasing kindness!

⁵ Lord Panmure afforded a liberal annuity to the widow of our National Poet, which was continued for many years, until Burns's sons requested its withdrawal.

Drove Scotland's shame from Burns's early tomb,
 Where lay the son who sang her every praise,
 Her pastimes, sorrows,—all her little ways,—
 Who told the world of something more in man
 Than pomp and adventitious honour can !

We've trode old Edzell's fam'd and ruin'd towers—
 Admired her trees and finely sculptured bowers !
 We've swell'd the hearth where viol and pibroch wails,
 'Mong Lochlie's rocks and birk adorned dales ;
 Where Craigmaskeldie towers among the skies
 And shades the grave where "Lindy's" poet lies !
 From Wirren's brow we've view'd the boundless main—
 The verdant fields—the sylvan cover'd plain ;
 We've scann'd lone Navar's church-deserted tombs,
 Where unmolested many a stranger roams !
 No dastard lord man's herdsman here employ,
 Nor menial dare the wanderer's path annoy—
 The angler's smile—the min'r'al student's sound—
 All breathe the liberty that reigns around !

Such deeds are known ! yet heartless men exclaim—
 "They're all for show, and ostentatious fame !"
 But, with one voice, the *wise* of varied creeds
 Confess thy worth, and hail thy generous deeds !

ELLEN JOHNSTON.

THE commendation of Gilfillan was ever worthy of attention ; and when it was bestowed in connection with a volume of poems published by a *bona-fide* "Factory Girl," it is easy to understand how it helped to swell the tide of popular favour for the productions which, under the well-known *nom de plume*, had become familiar to the readers of several weekly papers. The volume was published at Dundee in 1877, and extended to 232 pages. The grandfather and father of the "Factory Girl" were Lochee and Dundee men respectively ; and Ellen was born at Hamilton sometime between the years 1830–40. Her autobiography is a feature in the book ; and a tale of greater suffering it would be difficult to conceive. The poems are mainly on such subjects as Mills, Factories, Foremen, Masters, Friends, etc., and are of little account except to those on whom they bear. An example of more general interest it is difficult to find ; but the piece which follows will serve to show the calibre of one who as a rhymster enjoyed a considerable fame among her fellow-workers. The author died in the Barony Poorhouse, Glasgow, in 1873. It is a noteworthy fact in her career that, along with the gifted Janet Hamilton of Coatbridge, Ellen Johnston was the recipient of a gift of £50 from the Royal Bounty Fund.

THE LAST SARK.

Gude guide me, are ye hame again, an' ha'e ye got nae wark ?
 We've naething noo to put awa', unless yer auld blue sark ;
 My heid is rinnin' roon' about far lighter than a flee :
 What care some gentry if they're weel though a' the pair wad dee !

Our merchants and mill masters they wad never want a meal
 Though a' the banks in Scotland wad for a twelvemonth fail;
 For some o' them ha'e far mair gowd that ony ane can see:
 What care some gentry if they're weel though a' the puir wad dee!

This is a funny world, John; wealth's no divided fair,
 An' whiles I think some o' the rich ha'e got the puir folks' share;
 To see us starvin' here the nicht wi' no' ae bless'd bawbee:
 What care some gentry if they're weel though a' the puir wad dee!

Oor hoose ance bien an' cosy, John; oor beds ance snug an' warm,
 Feels unco cauld and dismal noo, an' empty as a barn;
 The weans sit greetin' in oor face, an' we ha'e nocht to gi'e:
 What care some gentry if they're weel though a' the puir wad dee!

It is the puir man's hard-won cash that fills the rich man's purse;
 I'm sure his gowden coffers they are het wi' mony a curse;
 Were it no' for the workin' man what wad the rich man be?
 What care some gentry if they're weel though a' the puir wad dee!

My head is licht, my heart is weak, my een are growin' blin';
 The bairn is fa'in' aff my knee—Oh! John, catch haud o' him.
 You ken I hinna tasted meat for days far mair than three;
 Were it no' for my helpless bairns I wadna care to dee.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

ANY account of the "Bards of the Brothock" would be very incomplete without reference to the personality and work of good Provost Johnston. The son of a manufacturer in a limited way of business, Mr Johnston learned in turn weaving, clerking, and banking; and for many years served his native burgh well as a member of its Town Council. He was elected Provost in 1849, his term of office being marked by great sagacity of view and action. The Dale Industrial School was founded mainly as the result of his enlightened effort; and his interest in its affairs, as in philanthropic movements generally, was active to the close of his life. Great as a pamphleteer, poetry was a secondary consideration with him; but in the *Literary Mirror*, etc., he published a few pieces which have their own importance as memorials of one of Arbroath's most worthy sons. His "Weirdless Wattie," if not very high class poetry, is at least characteristic of old times and ways. One wonders if its hero were that "lazy weaver," who answered his mother's reproaches with—"Haud your tongue, mither; I ken I'm lazy. *Gin I was a t'nock I wad stand!*" Mr Johnston died in 1864, in the 80th year of his age.

WEIRDLESS WATTIE.

Wha is yon puir body, gangin'
 Up an' doon frae door to door,
 Wi' twa cloutit meal-pocks hangin',—
 Ane ahint an' ane afore?

Wha is it but Wattie Drowsie,
 Frae the Kirktown o' Drummead,—
 Raggit, puir, an' pale an' lousie,
 Beggin' for his daily bread.

Aft his guid auld mither tauld him
 (An' she was a wily wife)
 O' the ills that wad befall him
 For his lazy, sluggish life.

Wattie heard her, aye contentit,—
 Never dreamt sic ills to feel;
 Aye resolved, but ne'er repentit,—
 Promised aye, but ne'er did weel.

A' his wark he slouthed for daffin',
 A' his time he spent in vain ;
 Playin' sae lang, an' playin' sae aften,
 E'en his pastime turned to pain.

Aye in simmer, sweet an' sweatin',
 By the dyke-side wad he beek ;
 Sat, when winter cauld was bitin',
 Cutherin at the ingle cheek.

Laith at morn his een to rax aye,
 Be the weather rough or fine ;
 Though ilk ane got up at sax aye,
 Wattie lay till aucht or nine.

Then, like lazy snail, slow creepin'
 To his wark was Wattie seen ;
 Halfins wauken, halfins sleepin',
 Rubbing at his drowsy een.

Braws he hadna, nane need doubt it ;
 Poor an' raggit, too, he gaed :
 Ae dud coat, sair tashed an' cloutit—
 A' the coats that Wattie had.

Breeks wi' knees without a button,
 At the waistband wadna meet ;
 Just ae pair o' hose to put on,
 Twa auld bauchles for his feet.

Aye as lang's his guid auld mither
 Kept her land an' kept her coo,
 Unco shifts they made thegither,
 Wattie aye gat's gabbie fou.

But when Death, that gruesome carl !
 Was for Eppie's carcase sent,
 Ilka thing they had i' the warl,
 Goods an' gear an' a' was spent.

Bereft o' mither, house, an' haddin',
 Wantin' freens and wantin' gear,
 Sic a case was ne'er poor lad in—
 Wattie had the warst to fear.

But, in midst o' a' his thralldom,
 Gentle love ! thou heardst his mane,

Touched his heart, an', whisperrin', tauld him
 'Twasna guid to live his lane.

Wattie felt the saft affection
 Warm the vital source o' life,
 Stayed na lang to haud reflection,
 But gaed aff to seek a wife.

Ilka bloomin', tochered lassie
 Wattie socht, but socht in vain ;
 Wealth was prood an' beauty saucy,
 Baith but shaw'd him cauld disdain.

Ilka lass within the clachan
 Scorned his han' wi' honest pride,
 A' but lazy Lizzie Strachan—
 She at last becam' his bride.

Sune they buckled were thegither ;
 Fitter marrows nane could see !
 Baith seemed made for ane anither—
 She a slut, a sluggard he.

Baith but little wark put forrit,
 Baith but little siller wan ;
 Ilka thing they had was borrit,
 Ilka dud they gat' was awn.

Time, at first that passed unheedit,
 Brocht them troubles nae that sma' ;
 Ere three simmers by had speedit,
 Lizzie bore him bairnies twa.

Ane grew sick, anither dwinin'
 Through misguidin', sune fell by ;
 Lizzie, nakit, starved, an' pinin',
 Too, in bed was forced to lie.

Ills beyond a' calculation
 Gart puir Wattie's bosom smart ;
 Care an' grief, an' black starvation
 Filled his house, an' racked his heart.

Now you see him, weirdless, gangin'
 Up an' doon frae door to door,
 Wi' twa cloutit meal-pocks hangin',—
 Ane ahint an' ane afore.

REV. JAMES JOLLY.

THE late minister of the West Port Free Church, Edinburgh, was a man of eminently earnest character ; and his death in 1888, and on the completion of his heroic efforts in rearing the fane in which a large congregation now worships, was regarded by the metropolitan community as the pathetic and premature closing of an almost apostolic career. Mr Jolly was a son of worthy parents who were natives of Marykirk, and was born at that quiet Mearns village in 1845. The family removed to Dundee within the same year, and here the work of education and training were carried on. The

father's trade of joiner seemed in natural sequence to fall to the son ; but in 1859 the celebrated evangelist, Duncan Matheson, proved the means of changing the whole current of Mr Jolly's life. He decided to enter the ministry ; and, after attendance at Edinburgh University, and Glasgow Free Church College, he was, in 1872, ordained minister of Hillhead Free Church, in the western city. In the following year he was translated to Edinburgh, where, as minister of the first charge formed under the Territorial Scheme of Dr Chalmers, he became the moving spirit of a great reforming and christianizing movement in a needy part of the city. Mr Jolly left several poetical pieces in MS., among these being a few hymns which are printed with the memoir written by his brother-in-law, Mr H. M. Adams of Aberdeen ; and certain other pieces which the author entitled "Sputterings of my pen." "Carrier Donald" is one of these, and is a successful narration in verse of one of the standard anecdotes of the Mearns.

CARRIER DONALD.

Frae pairts far north o' Aberdeen,
Lang ere the penny post was seen,
Or iron horses raced the win',

And the world jogged sae canny,
To please the public, lab'in' sair,
Carrier Donald drove his mare ;
Far south and wast he socht his fare,
And earned an honest penny.

But Donald was a social chiel,
An' liked the drappie unco weel ;
Richt sair did canny Jenny feel

How whiles a drucken crony
Wad gar him lea' his ain fireside,
Or—far frae hame—wad war betide,
An'—leavin's mare at the roadside—
He tint baith time and money.

But to our tale : ae winter time
He took his way through frost and rime,
An', wae to tell ! our changefu' clime
Did serve him maist uncanny ;
The roads were blocked wi' wraiths o' snaw,
Laid up in Mearns far south awa ;
To tell hoo Donald fared ava

There's ne'er a scrape to Jenny.

Ae day a blithesome pedlar loon
Fell in wi' Donald in his roun',
An' o'er a stoup he said he'd soon
Some loving errand carry :
The heedless bodie, i' the strand
A shabby wee bit paper fand,
"Gi'e'r that," and shoved it in his hand,
"To tell her why we tarry."

The luckless scrap the pedlar sent ;
Richt sair was Jenny's wonderment,
An' straicht she to the elder went
To see what licht he'd gi'e.

Three mystic letters, "D. D. B.,"
Upon the scrap there chanced to be,
An' great was her anxiety
To ken the mystery.

The elder drew a face as lang's
Three winter nights ; her heart wi' pangs
Sae keen were wrung—to her belangs

A vision dark and horrid—
"The meanin's clear and plain," says he,
"That thae three letters 'D. D. B.'
Conceal, reveal, as you may see,
That Donald's Dead and Buried."

Clean swallowed up in her distress,
Her heart was crushed an' naething less ;
A neebor, wi' a shrewder guess

O' what the truth might be,
Bade never mind the elder's whim,
A doited carle, ane sour and grim !
Advised her no' to rest wi' him,
But try the Dominee.

The Maister got the scrap belyve,
A cunnin' chiel frae near Stanchive
Was he : he set himself to dive

Gey deep into the puzzle.
Tho' true, as auld Scotch proverbs tell,
"In Bervie toun there's best sma' ale,"
Yet there, he'd aften tell the tale,
He'd witnessed mony a guzzle.

Ae 'lection time, sae very wild
The whisky ran, it clean beguiled ;
An' ilka woman, man, an' child

Was drunk, and nane to serve ye.

'Twas little wonder, then, that he
Thocht that the riddle he could see ;
Thae puzzling figures, "D. D. B.,"
Were "Donald's Drunk in Bervie."

The bodie wip'd her tearfu' een ;
A sair relief it was, I ween ;
That he was only drunk was seen

Nane strange—the mair the pity.
The minister, baith wise and kind—
The first report upon his mind—
A word o' comfort had designed,
Stept in an' that his ditty.

The vexin' missive swift was brocht ;
He in his pouch his glasses socht,
Prepar'd to gie't his serious thoct—

That paper black and scrawly ;
Then smiling said, "It seems to me
As plain and clear as A B C ;
This sair perplexin' 'D. D. B.',
As ane micht tell wi' half an e'e,
Means 'Donald's Doin' Brawly.'"

CHARLES KEITH, M.D.

"THE Farmer's Ha'" is one of those poems whose value as a presentment of the social life of a century ago can hardly be overestimated, and which is worthy of being given entire, not only on that account, but also on its literary merits. Considerable confusion has arisen among antiquaries regarding its authorship, and the dates of its original appearances, some giving the author's name as George Keith, and several assigning various dates both for his birth and the publication of his masterpiece. Jervise uses the name "George" in a footnote ("Memorials," Vol. I., p. 106), but a critic in a recent number of *Scottish Notes and Queries*, remarking on this, has overlooked the fact that the error is corrected in the Appendix (Vol. II., p. 293), and the date of its composition given there as between the years 1700–80. The first publication seems to have been made at Aberdeen in 1776, and its full title was "The Farmer's Ha'; A Scots Poem, by a Student of Marischal College." Jervise gives 1749 as the date of Keith's birth—a date which has been questioned, as the poet entered College in 1775, and took his M.A. degree in 1779; but there is no doubt that Montrose was the place of his birth, as it seems also to have been the scene of his death. Dr Keith contributed over the initials C. K. to the periodicals of his time, but no collection of his poems was ever made. A well-known edition of "The Farmer's Ha'" is one published at Edinburgh at the commencement of the century, and which has, preceding and bound with it, a poem of a kindred spirit, "The Hairst Rig," written in autumn, 1786, by a farmer in the vicinity of Edinburgh." On the last page of the twenty devoted to "The Farmer's Ha'" appears a curious "Epitaph on B——s the Poet," but what connection it has with the contents of the volume is very difficult to surmise. Chambers gives "The Farmer's Ha'" among his "Popular Scottish Poems"; it appears also in Gilchrist's "Scottish Ballads," and in Oliver and Boyd's "Cabinet of the Scottish Muses," and in so many separate editions that it would be tedious to enumerate them.

THE FARMER'S HA'.

In winter nights, whae'er has seen
The farmer's canty ha' convene,
Finds a' thing there to please his een,
And heart enamour,
Nor lings to see the town, I ween,
That houff o' clamour.

Whan stately stacks are tightly theekit,
And the wide style is fairly steekit,
Nae birkie, sure, save he war steekit
For his lang hame,
But wad gie mair for ae short week o't
Than I can name.

The lasses aye the gloamin hail,
 For syne the lads come frae the flail,
 Or else frae haddin the plough-tail,
 That halesome wark;
 Disease aboot they dinna trail,
 Like city spark.

They a' drive to the ingle cheek,
 Regardless o' a flam o' reek,
 And weel their meikle fingers beek,
 To gie them tune;
 Syne sutor's alson nimble streek,
 To mend their shoon.

They pu' and rax the lingle tails,
 Into their brogues they ca' the nails;
 Wi' hammers now, instead o' flails,
 They mak great rackets,
 And set about their heels wi' rails
 O' clinkin tacketts.

And aye till this mitheriven age,
 The gudeman here sat like a sage;
 Wi' mull in hand, and wise adage,
 He spent the night;
 But now he sits in chamber's cage,
 A pridefu' wight.

The lasses wi' their unshod heels,
 Are sittin at their spinnin-wheels,
 And weel ilk blithsome kemper dreels,
 And bows like wand;
 The auld gudewife the pirny reels,
 Wi' tenty hand.

The carlin, aye for spinnin' bent,
 Tells them richt aff, they've fa'en ahent,
 And that the day is e'en far spent;
 Reminds ilk hussy,
 And cries, "Ye'll no mak out your stent,
 Save ye be busy."

Tib braks, wi' haste, her foot-brod latch;
 Meg lights the crusie wi' a match;
 Auld luckie bids her mak dispatch,
 And girdle heat,
 For she maun yet put out a batch
 O' bere and airt.

There's less wark for the girdle now,
 Nor was in days of yore, I trow;
 Gude scouder'd bannocks hae nae gou'
 To husbandmen;
 For oven wheat-bread dits ilk mou'
 That stays the ben'.

The young gudewife and bairnies a'
 Right seein now look near the ha',
 For fear their underlins sould shaw
 A cauld neglect;
 But pride was never kenn'd to draw
 Luvie or respect.

The tailor lad, lang famed for fleas,
 Sits here and maks and mends the claes;
 And vow the swankies like to tease
 Him wi' their mocks;
 The women cry, "He's ill to please,"
 And crack their jokes.

But he's a slee and cunnin loun,
 And taunts again ilk jeerin clown;
 For, tho' no bred in borrows town,
 He's wondrous gabby,
 And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,
 Tho' he be shabby.

Auld-farrant tales he skreeds awa',
 And ca's their lear bot *clippings* a',
 And bids them gang to *Thimble-ha'*,
 Wi' needle speed,
 And there learn wit without a *flaw*,
 Frae the board head.

Auld lucky says they're in a creel,
 And redds them up, I trow, fu' weel,
 Cries, "Lasses, occupy your wheel,
 And strait the pin";
 And bids the tailor haste and dreel
 Wi' little din.

Quo' she, "Ye've meikle need to sew:
 Oh! times are sairly alter'd now!
 For twopence was the wage, I trow,
 To ony Scot;
 But now-a-days ye crook your mou',
 To seek a groat."

The colly dog lies i' the nook,
 The place whilk auld brown birkie took,
 And aft toward the door does look,
 With aspect crouse;
 For unco' folk he canna brook
 Within the house.

Here baudrons sits, and cocks her head,
 And smoothes her coat o' nature's weed,
 And purrs contentedly indeed,
 And looks fu' lang,
 To see gin folk be takin heed
 To her braw sang.

The auld gudewife, wha kens her best,
 Behalds her wash her face and breast;
 Syne honest luckie does protest
 That rain we'll hae,
 Or on-ding o' some kind at least,
 Afore't be day.

To her remarks lists ilka lass,
 And what she says aft comes to pass,
 Altho' she has nae *chemic mass*
 To weigh the air;
 For pussy's grannum's weather-glass
 I do declare.

Nae sooner has auld luckie done,
Nor Meg cries she'll wad baith her shoon,
That we sall hae weet very soon,
And weather rough ;
For she saw round about the moon
A miekle brough.

Aft times the canty lilt gae round,
And ilka face wi' mirth is crown'd ;
And whiles they sing in safter sound—
Sic as the swain
Of Yarrow, or some lover drown'd
In ruthless main.

Oh ! royal tales gae brawly on,
And feats of folk that's dead and gone ;
The windy piper sounds his drone,
As weel he can ;
And aft they speak o' their Mess John,
That haly man.

They banish hence a' care and dool,
For they were bred at mirthfu' school ;
They count how lang it is to Yule,
Wi' pleasure vast ;
And tell wha' sat the cutty stool
On Sabbath last.

The chapman lad, wi' gab sae free,
Comes in and mixes i' the glee,
After he's trempet out the e'e
O' mony dub,
And gotten frae the blast to dree
A hearty drub.

He says he did Auld Reekie ca',
To bring them things to mak them braw,
And got them free o' crack and flaw,
And patterns rare :
The proverb says, " Fowls far awa'
Hae feathers fair."

He tells them he's weel sorted now
Of a' thing gude, and cheap, and new ;
His sleekit speeches pass for true
Wi' ane and a' ;
The pedlars ken fu' weel the cue
O' Farmer's Ha'.

He hauds his trinkets to the light,
And speirs what they're to buy the night ;
Syne a' the lasses loup bawk height
Wi' perfect joy,
'Cause lads for them coff brooch sae bright,
Or shining toy.

They finger at the trantlins lang ;
But whan they're bargaining right thrang,
In goes the gauger quickly bang,
Wi' visage awfu',
In quest o' some forbidden fang,
Or goods unlawfu'.

He says, his information's close,
And bids them therefore no be cross,
Or else they'll find it to their loss,
And skaith na sma',
For he'll their doors to flinders toss,
And stand the law.

Ben the gudeman comes wi' a spang,
And says, " Ye're short to be sae lang,
But think nae, billy, ye're to dwang
Folk wi' a sham ;
For save ye shaw your warrant, gang
The gaet you cam."

Wi' birr he bangs his paper out,
And thinks his point ayont a doubt,
To ilka hirn he taks his route
(For he's na fey),
And gangs just staving about
In quest o' prey.

After he's raised a needless reek,
Syne he begins to grow mair meek,
For he meets wi' a great begeek
Frae empty binks,
Sae wi' his finger in his cheek,
Awa' he slinks.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door
Whan beggars they come in gelore,
Wi' wallops flappin' in great store,
Raised up in cairns,
And birns baith ahint and fore
O' greetin bairns.

The auld anes raise a whingein tone,
And sigh and sob, and cry Ohon !
Syne blessings come wi' mony drone,
Frae man and wife,
Wha to their childer seek a scone,
To succour life.

Quo' they, " We're trachled unco sair,
We've gane twal mile o' yerd and mair,
The gaet was ill, our feet were bare,
The night is weety ;
And gin ye quarters hae to spare,
Oh, shaw your pity !"

The lasses yamour frae their wheel,
" There's mony a sturdy gangrel chiel
That might be winnin' meat fu' weel,
And claes an' a' ;
Ye're just fit to mak muck o' meal,
Sae swith awa'."

Auld luckie cries, " Ye're owre ill set,
As ye'd hae measure, ye sould met ;
Ye ken na what may be your fate
In after days—
The black cow hasna trampit yet
Upon your tae.

Gie owre your daft and taunting play,
 For you and they are baith ae clay :
 Rob, tak them to the barn, I say,
 And gie them strae,
 There let them rest till it be day,
 And syne they 'll gae."

Whan John, the head ploughman, comes in,
 They mak a loud and joyfu' din,
 For ilka heart is raised a pin,
 And mair, I trow,
 And in a trice they round him rin,
 To get what 's new.

Oh, wat ye whare the lad has been,
 That they're sae happy ilka ane?
 Nae far aff journey, as I ween,
 For ploy sae rare ;
 But, reader, ye shall ken beeen
 The hail affair.

As he was working lang and strang,
 And fallowin wi' pith and bang,
 The couter o' the plough gaed wrang
 (A' thing maun wear) ;
 Syne he did to the smithy gang,
 To men' the gear.

This is the hough of ane and a',
 And mony ane does *even* draw,
 Altho' they hae but errand sma'
 To tak them there ;
 Some gang to hear, and some to shaw
 Their rustic lear.

They tell news here of a' kin' kind,
 In pithy words as e'er were coin'd,
 Sic as beseem the untaught mind,
 And nature plain—
 Sic as the heart will sooner find,
 Than speeches vain.

O' John's return spak ilka nook,
 They aft gaed to the door to look ;
 For they were on the tenter-hook,
 For smithy chat ;
 And now, I trow, like printed book,
 He gies them that.

He thus begins : " What 's this ava' ?
 There 's sad wark in America,
 For folk there dinna keep the law,
 And wad be free,
 Nor o' King George stand ony awe,
 Nor taxes gie.

They say we're listing heaps indeed,
 And shipping them awa' wi' speed,
 And vow I fear there 's mickle need ;
 By what I hear,
 The rebels hae made unco' head
 Within this year.

The smith thinks they hae play'd a trick,
 Sin we o' time did miss the nick ;
 But now, let us our winning lick
 (He cried in pet),
 And said, Folk sould the iron strike,
 Aye whan it 's het.

I wish our folk soon hame again,
 And no to dander 'yont the main ;
 Because I dread the King o' Spain,
 And wily France,
 Will seek the thing that 's no their ain,
 And lead 's a dance.

I wat o' cunning they're no lame
 And they wad think it a braw scheme,
 Whan our men 's far awa' frae hame,
 Mischief to ettle ;
 At ither times we'd mak them tame,
 And cool their mettle.

But I'll hae done wi' foreign lands,
 And mind the thing that 's nearer hands ;
 On Friday next a bridal stands
 At the Kirk-town,
 The bridegroom gae me great commands
 To bring ye down."

Quo' Meg and Kate, " We'll keep the toun,
 We're laying up to buy a gown."
 " Hoot, fy ! (quo' Jock, that blithsome loon),
 Oh, binna thravin,
 For Rob and I sall dossy down
 Your dinner-lawin.

As bairns blithe wha get the play,
 I trow we'll hae a merry day ;
 And I'm to be the *Alikay*
 At Kirk-town ha' :
 Mind, sirs, put on your best array,
 And let 's be braw.

Oh, lasses ! ye 's get *favours* fair,
 And *sweethearts*, maybe, ye'll get there ;
 We'll hae a day o' dancing rare,
 Just in a trice ;
 But mind, your soles ye maunna spare,
 Nor yet be nice.

Gin ye wad thole to hear a friend,
 Tak tent, and no wi' strunts offend ;
 I've seen queans dink, and neatly prin'd,
 Frae tap to middle,
 Looking just like the far aff end
 O' an auld fiddle."

Wow but they a' tak wondrous tent,
 Till Johnnie's budget is quite spent,
 And syne baith ane and a' are bent
 To tell their minds ;
 Then comes the various comment
 Frae honest hinds.

Now the gudeman comes ben the house,
 Whilk o' their gabbin maks a truce,
 The lads and lasses a' grow douse,
 And spare their din;
 For true's the tale, "Weel kens the mouse
 When pussie's in!"

And syne he does his orders gie,
 And says, "Ye'll busy need to be,
 The fallowin' yon field, I see,
 Taks unco force;
 But gae awa' e'now (quo' he)
 And meat the horse."

While I describe this happy spot,
 The supper maunna be forgot;
 Now lasses round the ingle trot,
 To mak the brose,
 And swankies they link aff the pot,
 To hain their joes.

The dishes set on unspread table,
 To answer nature's wants are able:
 'Round caups and plates, the cutties sable
 Are flung ding dang,
 The lads and lasses to enable
 Their wames to pang.

They a' thrang round the lang board now,
 Whare there is meat for ilka mou';
 Hiremen their hats and bonnets pu'
 Upo' their face,
 But gentle folks think shame to bow,
 Or say a grace.

Oh, here are joys uninterrop',
 Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup;
 Clear-blooded health tends ilka sup
 O' simple diet;
 But flees awa' frae *keepin't up*,
 And midnight riot,

When supper's owre, and thanks are gien,
 Mirth dances round wi' canty mien;
 In daffin, and in gabbin keen,
 An hour they pass;
 And ilka lad, wi' pawky een,
 Looks at his lass.

But Morpheus begins to chap,
 And bids them a' gae tak' a nap,
 And when they've sleepit like a tap,
 They rise to wark,
 Like Phœbus out o' Thetis' lap,
 As blithe's a lark.

DON KEITH.

THE district of Stracathro, which has given us several of our bards, was the scene of Mr Keith's birth in 1848. He was trained to follow the plough, was for a couple of years in America, and acted for some years as a game-keeper at Brechin Castle. Now he is tenant of Lichtnie farm, Lethnot; and is well known poetically as a member of that cheerful brotherhood whose epistolary rhymes, and general versifyings, figure in the limited arena sacred to the Muses within the realm of newspapers.

CAULD WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

Mount Battock's donned his dress o' white,
 The wind blaws cauld an' snell;
 Nae mair we see the daisy bright,
 Or purple heatherbell:
 The furrowed fields look bleak and drear,
 The lowerin' sky's owrecastr,
 And naked-like the trees appear—
 Cauld winter's come at last.

Nae mair we hear the mavis sing
 To greet the early morn;
 Nae mair we see the dew-drops hing
 Upon the growing corn;
 But blinding showers of sleet and snow
 Drive onward wi' the blast
 That's sweeping, whirling to and fro;
 For winter's come at last.

But why should man sit down and mourn,
 Though a' looks cauld and drear?
 Wi' hollies green your roofs adorn,
 To greet the coming year!
 The spring will come wi' sunny showers,
 And breezes frae the wast,
 And deck the plain wi' bonnie flowers,
 When wintry days are past.

The birds will sing frae ilka bush,
 And lambs loup on the lea;
 The lark, the blackbird, and the thrush
 Will mix their melody;
 The sun will spread its smiling rays
 To cheer the labouring swain;
 We'll pu' the gowanies on the braes
 When summer comes again!

PETER KEITH.

A CONSIDERABLE contributor to the "chap-book" style of publications, "Peter Keith, Ploughman," as he designates himself in his title pages, hailed from the parish of Fearn, and was well known around Brechin in the early part of the century. His rhymes and dialogues are often of the most archaic order, and show but occasional glimmerings of poetic insight; though it is evident that their author was conversant with much that is curious in the lore of his native district. One of his brochures, "The Banished Wight's Return," etc., extends to fifty pages; others, like "The Ghaist o' Fearnden," etc., and "Poems and Songs," are twenty-four page booklets, and were published by subscriptions of threepence made among his fellow-workmen, to whose level he wrote. We give one of the best of Peter's songs, taken from the collection last mentioned.

FAREWELL TO DUN.

Farewell, ye birds that sing sae clear,
Ye cheer me on this flowery brae;
Perhaps nae mair your song I'll hear,
As from this place I now maun gae.

These notes might charm each lover's mind,
Gin they were 'mang thae shades so sweet;
They earthly pleasure here might find,
Were love and harmony to meet.

This scene it makes my breast to glow,
And warms my blood in ilka vein;
To sing aright of this fair show,
'Twould baffle a' the muse's train.

The beauties of each morning's new,
Ye birds are pleasant to be seen,
Amang the blooms moistened wi' dew,
On stately trees of ever-green.

Your boughs extend, ye spreading trees,
And hide the burn that on doth run;
The blackbird's notes come in the breeze,
And welcome back the morning sun.

The fields are green on every side,
The gowans are sparkling on the lea,
The wondrous main throws out its tide,
An emblem of eternity.

But while I wander here alone,
O! nature, I do thee revere;
Tho' from this scene I maun be gone
An' view the shades some ither where.

These braes are like the bonnie braes
An' rashy banks so fresh an' mild,
Where I did spend my gowden days,
An' mused alone when but a child.

I'll nae mair see the broom-clad hut,
No mark nor track of it remains;
But aft I mind upon the spot
Where first I thought of rustic strains.

But why do I time backward trace?
Farewell, each bird, each tree an' flower;
I now must leave this pleasant place,
Yon bell proclaims my parting hour.

JAMES KENNEDY.

AN esteemed Scottish-American writer, was born at Carsegowrie, near Forfar, in 1848. His father, who traced his descent from the Kennedys of Lochaber, was engaged in the well-known quarrying operations of the district, and died while comparatively young, leaving ten helpless children to the care of their devoted mother. A very little learning had, perforce, to serve her seventh son, who became an apprentice machinist in Dundee, and, eventually, famous as an athlete, as also a supporter of all movements to further the interests of the agricultural classes. Poetry formed one of the many earnest studies of his early manhood; and many "Poets' Corners" were enriched by his own contributions to the fertile field. He emigrated to New York in 1869;

and has since then vigorously pursued the attainment of a cultured education, while cultivating with growing success the graces of his muse. His "Poems on Scottish and American Subjects," and "The Deeside Lass, and other Poems," have met with the cordial approval of both Press and Public; while his serial story, "Willie Watson," and his numerous articles on Social and General topics, add lustre to his popularity. As a resident of New York city, Mr Kennedy is esteemed quite as much for his genial manhood as for those qualities which endear him to all the friends of literature on both sides of the Atlantic. We quote one of the most pathetic of his poems; a little gem which, alas! reflects a very real family sorrow, and which can hardly fail to evoke the ready sympathy of every reader, while it proves its writer's power as a true and tender singer.

WEE CHARLIE.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 Samuel xii. 23.

O gin my heart could ha'e its wiss
Within this weary world o' care,
I'd ask nae glow o' balmy bliss
To dwell around me evermair;
For joy were mine beyond compare—
And O, how happy would I be—
If heaven would grant my earnest prayer,
An' bring wee Charlie back to me!

He cam' like sunshine when the buds
Burst into blossoms sweet an' gay;
He dwelt like sunshine when the clouds
Are vanish'd frae the eye o' day;
He passed as daylight fades away
An' darkness spreads owre land an' sea;
Nae wonder though in grief I pray,
O bring wee Charlie back to me.

When pleasure brings her hollow joys,
Or mirth awakes at friendship's ca',
Or Art her varied power employs
To make dull time look blithe an' braw;
How feckless seem they ane an' a'
When sad remembrance dims my e'e;
O, tak' thae idle joys awa',
An' bring wee Charlie back to me.

But vain's the cry: he maunna cross
Frae where he dwells in bliss unseen,
Nor need I mourn my waefu' loss,
Or muse on joys that might ha'e been.
When could death comes to close my een,
Awa' beyond life's troublous sea,
In everlasting joy serene,
They'll bring wee Charlie back to me.

In many of his poems Mr Kennedy sings very sweetly on Scottish themes; an admirable specimen of his manner being inspired by that fruitful source of local effusions—

NORAN WATER.

I stood where Erie's waters flow,
O'er steep Niag'ra's awful brink,
And watched where to the depths below
The mighty torrents fold and sink;
And as my senses seemed to swim,
And quicker beat my throbbing heart,
The sounding waters sang their hymn,
More grand than music's measured art.

And I have sailed upon the flood
That laves Manhattan's busy shore,
By tangled brake and dark-green wood,
By beetling crags, moss-grown and hoar,
By cultured fields, where graceful bends
The maize's yellow-crested stalk;
And where, to swell her tide, descends
The waters of the dark Moharok.

And I have gazed with joy untold,
Where through Wyoming's valley green
The noble Sasquehanna roll'd
In stately majesty serene.
While pure as that unclouded day,
Far seen in azure skies profound,
The magic of a poet's lay
Made all the scene seem hallowed ground.

But these, though happy thoughts they bring,
When clear upon the memory's eye
They glow in bright imagining
As vivid as reality;
Yet dearer memories fondly forth
Come linked with Noran's crystal stream,
That, bright as in its native North,
Oft sparkles in my fancy's dream.

O Noran ! how I see thee dance
 By heath-clad hills alone, unseen,
 Save where the lonely eagle's glance
 Surveys thee from his crag serene.
 For ever joyous thou dost seem,
 Still sportive as a child at play,
 Who, lost in pleasure's careless dream,
 Makes merry music all the day.

By fairy nooks I see thee flow,
 Nor pausing in the artless song,
 Till where the fir trees spreading low
 Obscure thy stream their arms among.
 There, sweet amid the shady gloom,
 Thou hear'st the blackbird chant his lay ;
 Thou see'st the pale primroses bloom,
 And silent ling'rst on thy way.

Then forth the waters dazzling come,
 Where sweet-brier scents the balmy breeze,
 And where the wild bees softly hum
 Faint echo of thy harmonies.
 Green spiky gorse thy banks adorn,
 Gold-tassell'd broom thy fringe-work weave,
 While feather'd choirs, from dewy morn
 Make melody till dewy eve.

Then, foaming in fantastic flakes,
 Thou dashest down a deep ravine,
 Where overhanging wild-wood makes
 A canopy of leafy green.
 While, sweet as when cathedral naves
 Are filled with voices grave and gay,
 Soft echoes from their hidden caves
 Repeat thy ringing roundelay.

Then eddying deep by flowery dells,
 Or babbling on by clovery lea,
 Thou glittering glid'st while crystal bells
 Of diamond lustre dance on thee,
 And happy children's eager eye
 Pursues them, or with tiny hands
 Collect the pearly shells that lie
 Begemming bright thy silvery sands.

Then on by pleasant farms that breathe
 Of calm contentment's happy clime,
 Or laughing where the ivy's wreath
 Clings round the ruins of olden time ;
 And on where stately mansions rise,
 Or lowly gleams the cottage hearth,
 Unchanged thy smile still meets the skies,
 Unchanged still rings thy song of mirth ;

Till, like a maid whose bridal morn
 Beholds her decked to meet her love,
 Thou com'st where gayest flowers adorn,
 And sweetest warblers charm the grove ;
 And mingling with the Esk's clear stream,
 In fond embrace he claspeth thee,
 And smiling 'neath the sunny beam,
 Rolls grandly to the German Sea.

O Noran ! bright thy memory brings
 My careless boyhood back to me,
 When ardent hope on fancy's wings
 Beheld life's future gleam like thee.
 But though life's path be dull and strange,
 And rare the promised joys I meet,
 In thee I have, through time and change,
 One golden memory ever sweet.

JOHN KERR.

FORFAR is fortunate in the possession of a musician who is regarded by his professional brethren as one of the leading exponents of the Tonic Sol-fa system in Scotland. As Precentor, School Board Music-master, Conductor of Public Musical Societies, as in other public and private capacities, Mr Kerr has established a record second to none ; and is, with the course of years, steadily adding to the honours that already have fallen liberally to his share. It may cause surprise to some to find him numbered among our Bards ; but those who knew him as an inveterate youthful rhymers will acquiesce in the selection, and will appreciate these evidences of his genuine poetic skill. Mr Kerr was born at Greenock in 1859 ; spent his early years, and commenced his precentor's career at Dunlop, Ayrshire ; and was elected precentor of Forfar Parish Church in 1879. His published works include numerous part-song settings and arrangements ; the music of the Cantata "The Babes in the Wood" by J. Y. Geddes ; and the exquisite scores of the Operettas "Marjory Daw," and "The King and the Cobbler," by the present writer.

A SANG O' THE INGLESIDE.

Before the simmer was awa',
 When nature smiled in a' her pride,
 I used to spend an hoor or twa
 By heath'ry brae or burnie side ;
 But noo, when days are creepin' in,
 An' wintry win's blaw snell and keen,
 I spen' the happiest hoors, I fin',
 Beside my ain fire-en' at e'en.

I min', when I, a steerin' loon,
 Juist in the hinmaist o' my teens,
 Began to rake the kintry roun'
 For "winsome Megs," an' "lovely Jeans,"
 My mither, wi' an anxious e'e,
 Said—"John, gin ye'll be ye're ain frien',
 Juist stay, an' read yer book wi' me,
 Beside oor ain fire-en' at e'en.

"An' gin ye *hae* made up yer min'
 To wale some lassie for a wife,
 Seek ane o' your auld mither's kin',
 Wha never enters into strife ;

Ane that'll min' her ain affairs,
 And on the street be seldom seen ;
 A lass like that will smooth your cares,
 An' keep a snug fire-en' at e'en."

Quo' I, "You're maybe nae far wrang,
 Sae I will stop my gallivantin'";
 I did; an' syne it wasna lang
 Till I began the fireside rantin';
 A wifie followed in the train,
 Wha stole my he'rt an' fancy clean ;
 And noo, sae prood that she's my ain,
 I winna lea' the hoose at e'en.

The ills an' trials o' this life
 Are aiblins sometimes hard to bear ;
 But O! a trustin', lovin' wifie
 Will cheer the heart an' lichten care :
 Sae, young men, gin a wifie ye take
 To be a thrifty household queen,
 Juist place yer happiness at stake
 Wi' ane that keeps the hoose at e'en.

THE FISHER LASSIE'S LAMENT.

There's sabbin' on the shore,
 There's sabbin' on the sea ;
 But nae he'rt sabbin' like to mine,
 Nor saut tears minglin' wi' the brine,
 Sic as are wrung frae me.

O! but my Tam was fair !
 O! but my Tam was true !
 Ay, fair, an' true, an' bauld was he,
 As ever ventured oot to sea,
 Or toiled amang the broo !

Sair he'rts upon the shore,
 Sair he'rts upon the sea ;
 The win' howls oot a dirge o' pain,
 My selfish he'rt croons this refrain—
 Why was he torn frae me ?

O, Thou wha rul'st the storm !
 O, Captain o' the sea !
 Speak peace, an' licht this darken'd he'rt
 Wi' hope, that sune we'll meet, and pairt,
 Nae mair, O Lord, *frae Thee!*

GEORGE HENDERSON KINNEAR.

THE recent publication, from the *Montrose Standard* press, of "Glenbervie, the Fatherland of Burns," has directed general attention to its author, who worthily fills the responsible position of Headmaster of the Public School, Glenbervie. His interesting work appears most opportunely, and is a contribution of distinct value to that swelling flood of literature which the work and personality of our greatest Scotsman have evoked. Mr Kinnear was born at Forfar in 1863, and was educated as pupil and pupil-teacher under the eye of Mr James Smith, the "Vinney" of many a "Poets' Corner" contribution to the county press. Copying out his worthy preceptor's musings had such an influence on their youthful transcriber, that he in turn became a rhymers; and as the result of his early "jingles at the muse" he has acquired a fair distinction as a bard, while, as has been indicated, he has done good work also in general literature. A patriotic operetta for juveniles, and a

pamphlet on "Agriculture in the Mearns one hundred years ago," may be noted among the varied labours of this active teacher, whose career in Edinburgh F.C. Training College, at Lochgelly Public School, Fife—where he taught for four years—and in his present situation, has been eminently creditable and useful.

THE MAIDS OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

There are mony braw belles in London town
Wha boast o' beauty fair;
But fause their charms, tho' the forehead shine
Wi' jewels rich and rare.
And poor in their pride are they, I trow,
To the lasses wha bear the gree—
The high-souled dames, the pride o' our hames,
The maids of the North Countrie.

In bygone days, when the warrior's joy
Was to battle with spear and sword,
To fight for the lass his heart loved best
And prove him a valiant lord,
How sweet was the smile, yet sad the farewell,
As he pledged his love so free
To some sprightly dame of an ancient name—
Some maid of the North Countrie.

But now the voice of the trumpet is still,
And the war drum beats no more
Thro' the glens and the vales o' oor ain loved
And we need not as of yore [land,
To follow the flight of the fiery cross
In its 'vengeful majesty;
But are captive led by some lovely maid—
Some maid of the North Countrie.

And the lofty roof of the ancient hall
Resounds with the lively strain
Of maiden voices, singing the deeds
Of leal, true-hearted men,
Who flinched not from the fiery fight
Till they triumphed valiantly,
Yet crestless fell to love's keen shafts
From the maids of the North Countrie.

THE VALE OF STRATHMORE.

I would not give my native vale
For all the wealth of India's shore;
Nor could I tell a sweeter tale
Than that I could of fair Strathmore.

A fairer sight ne'er met the eye—
No land displays Dame Nature's store
So beautifully or lavishly
As does the lovely vale Strathmore.

O happy vale! in childhood's days
Thy fields a radiant beauty wore,
And each returning season lays
A fresher charm on thee, Strathmore.

On earth no fairer spot I'd find
Though I should roam the whole world o'er,

No brighter streams than those that wind
Along the lovely vale Strathmore.

Full oft the stirring tale's been told,
Culled from the page of thy quaint lore,
Of ladies fair and heroes bold
Who graced thee, lovely vale Strathmore.

Thine is a hardy peasant band;
May heaven on them rich blessings pour;
Vile Luxury's brand may they withstand,
And be the pride of fair Strathmore.

O could my muse take laureate flight,
Or e'en with thine own singers soar,
I'd sing thy scenes of beauty bright,
O lovely native vale Strathmore.

BRETHREN A'.

When laughter rings loud o'er the gay festive
board,
And brother meets brother in social accord;
When sorrow and grief hae flown far awa,
'Tis then that we feel we are brethren a'.

When Wisdom, enthroned on her pedestal, sits,
And Folly supreme to her dictates submits;
When Charity reigns, the Queen o'er us a',
'Tis then that we feel maist like brethren a'.

When labours are ended, and give place to joy,
And life is stript bare of the cares that annoy;

When Love lights the taper in cottages and ha',
'Tis then that we feel maist like brethren a'.

When Fancy soars far on her light airy wing,
And mem'ry again sweet visions will bring;
When we commune wi' spirits noo far, far awa,
'Tis then that we feel like dear brethren a'.

And when visions of earth fade dim on the
view,

And we long for the land o' oor brethren true,
At rest in the hame o' the King o'er us a',
We'll feel evermair we are brethren a'.

DANIEL KIRKLAND.

SEVERAL songs by this writer have become known to the public through their appearance in the *National Choir*, the musical settings being by the author's son, Mr Alexander Kirkland, a musician in New South Wales. Mr Kirkland is also well known as precentor of Stracathro Parish Church, a situation he has held for over thirty years; and, otherwise, he is employed in one of the factories in Brechin, the town where he was born in 1833. We give two of the pieces to which reference has been made; simple, heartfelt utterance has not been denied their author.

BRECHIN'S BRAES.

Come, sing the praise o' Brechin's braes,
Its groves an' leafy bowers,
Where through the sunny summer days
Bloom sweet the bonnie flowers;
The bloomin' knowes smile to the howes
When gentle zephyrs blaw,
Borne on the breeze, the laden bees
Come hame at ev'ning's fa'.

The braes around wi' woods are crown'd,
Fair clusters charm the eye;
The birds sae gay sing a' the day
Upon the pine tops high.
The South Esk stream wi' silvery gleam
Flows down the bonnie dell;
Aft ha'e we wade its pearly bed
And found the gemmy shell.

In thy kirk-yaird stands, like a gaird
O'er sleepin' frien's and faes,
The roond tower strang that's stood sae lang,
The boast o' Brechin's braes.
The castle ha', on rocky wa',
Hame o' the brave Maule race!
Stands bonnie aye upon the brae,
The Ancient City's grace.

Aft ha'e we trod ilk brae-side road,
An' love to wander still—
To breathe the air, sae healthfu' there,
An' fragrant frae the hill.
Fair nature's spell! what tongue may tell
The power it has to raise
The heart anew, to prize the view
O' Brechin's bonnie braes!

THE WEE CHAIRIE.

What gem in yer castle is dearer to ye
Than the chairie whaur sat the pride o' yer e'e?
Ilk bairnie ye had made good their claim on it,
An' learned to lisp in it a simple bit sonnet.

The cantie wee chairie, ye canna neglect it,
Amang a yer gear it is muckle respektit,
As there yer dear bairnies a' restit at times,
And laughed at the ring o' the wee rattle's chimes.

Thae marks on the chairie yer dear ones hae made,
When they in their daffing some cantrip had play'd;
The kind wirds o' warnin' ye gaed to them then,
An' taught them a lesson on their fingers ten.

Hoo aft did ye sing them their cheerie bit lays,
To keep them in tune in the rosebud o' days;
An' the blessin's ye pour'd on ilk floweret sae fair
Brought grace to the chairie an' drove awa' care.

The wee chairie reca's the bricht days o' langsyne,
And yer dear lassie bairn, noo far owre the brine,
Has a house o' her ain, and a dear bairnie too,
Wi' her een just like grannie's, the brichtest o' blue.

MRS JEAN KYD.

(JEAN CHRISTIE = "DEBORAH.")



A NAME "revered, beloved" in her native town of Dundee, and, indeed, as far beyond its borders as the deep true tones of a master singer can penetrate, is that now brought before our notice. It were superfluous to praise the work, so familiar to so many, appearing in the Dundee press over the *nom de plume* "Deborah"; but as the personality of our esteemed poetess appeals irresistibly to her readers, we cull the following sonnet from the writings of a contemporary, and place the sweet expression of mingled praise and sympathy as an introductory tribute to the selections made from "Poems of the Hearth," a handsome volume of 200 pp. published in 1889.

TO DEBORAH.

*Hail, gentle writer, thou who long hast trod
The path of sorrow, stood beside the brink
Of Death's dark river when thy loved would sink
Beneath its waters, borne th' afflicting rod
With faith and patience, looking unto God
For strength to bear what most had made us shrink—
Th' enduring cross of many a broken link,
Which crushed thy soul beneath no common load.
Above the din of city life, its rounds
Of daily toil, the march of hurrying throng,
Over the tumult of earth's warring sounds
Is heard the sweet sad music of thy song ;
Born of the Faith which in thy soul abounds
Its strains are rising clear and sweet and strong.*

MAGGIE TODD.

We need only add that "Deborah" occupies a congenial sphere in the literary department of the *Dundee Advertiser* offices; and that as "Aunt Kate" her usefulness extends as far as the publications of the Dundee Press are known.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

Beneath the tables and the chairs
Wanders my little Nan,
Keekin', when I'm unawares,
Frae back o' pot an' pan ;
Creepin' oot, an' creepin' in,
Like some wee merry mouse,
An' wi' her lauchin', dimplin' din
Aye fillin' a' the hoose ;
Noo catchin' at the sunny glint
That dances on the hearth,
Syne crawlin' far the door ahint,
An' rinnin' owre wi' mirth.

O, but the little knees are black,
When grey o' gloamin' comes,
An' on my lap she gies her crack,
While pussy sings her thrums ;
An' a' her little cotties torn,
Or fyled an' pu'd agee,
An' the wee bit bootie-taes outworn ;
But faither says to me—
"O never fash, what needs ye fret ?
She'll rin, ye ken, or lang ;
Just bide a wee, ilk bairnie yet
Maun creep afore it gang."

It's aye the same, I daurna say
 A word aboot the bairn ;
 "She's fu' o' mischief a' the day !"
 He answers, "I'm no carin' ;"
 Just gie oor Nannie a wee space,
 She'll learn anither sang ;
 But when the lassie, bolder, tries
 To use her wee bit feet,
 Her faither, airms extendin', cries—
 "O Nannie, Nannie sweet,
 Ye'll surely fa', ye'll sure come doon,
 My lassie, ye do wrang,
 Ye'll bump your bonnie curly croon,
 Creep, bairnie, ere ye gang."
 Nae doot he's richt ; aft dreamin' through
 The busy hours o' day,

I think that Ane aboon the blue
 Guides us that very way ;
 He patient bears wi' a' oor ill,
 Although we try Him lang,
 An' keeps a guid hope for us still,
 Wha creep afore we gang.

O when the road grows hard an' dule
 For my wee Nannie's feet,
 An' I, aneath the kirkyaird mool,
 Nae mair can hear her greet ;
 When mony a rough bit o' His choice
 Lends sorrow to her sang,
 O may she hear her Father's voice
 Say, "Creep afore ye gang."

MIZPAH.

Thou in the heaven, I on the sea,
 Between us wild wastes of water rave,
 Mountainous billows 'twixt thee an' me,
 Sundering surf and wave ;
 With brine-stained shroud, and tattered sail,
 Weary of land, I ply the oar,
 Striving against the growing gale,
 I on the sea, thou safe on the shore.
 I see afar the city's light,
 The city that needs not sun nor star—
 Where thou and the sainted walk in white,
 Where the harp and the singing are ;

My straining eyes are turning thither,
 Thither, my heart, dove-like, will flee
 Where shipwreck comes not to blast and
 Thou on the shore and I on the sea. [wither,
 I on the sea and thou on the shore,
 Stretch angel-hands to me over the brine,
 For sake of the days that were of yore,
 Ere thou had'st harboured in ports divine :
 Thou in the heaven, I on the sea, [gether,
 Apart ! who have sailed and anchored to-
 The Lord be watch between thee and me,
 And grant us to meet in His summer-weather.

NEAR HAME.

The gloamin' wind is pleasant,
 The sun has westered far,
 The licht that shines upon my road
 Comes na frae moon or star.
 The music soundin' in my ears
 Comes frae nae earthly string ;
 It's the harpin' an' the singin'
 In the City o' the King.
 The cup the Father's gi'en me
 Hasna aye been fu' an' sweet,
 And the path His hand has led me
 Aft has wearied my weak feet ;
 An' the soughin' wind o' sorrow
 Aft has killed life's dearest thing—
 But there'll be nae sighin'
 In the City o' the King.
 The freends that wi' me started,
 Strong at the break o' day,
 Have a' gaen in afore me,
 Alane I tak' my way ;
 And the skies shine nae sae brichtly,
 An' my heart it winna sing,
 But He'll tune my lips to praise Him
 In the City o' the King.

Ane after ane ! my dear gudeman,
 The kindest and the best,
 And twa dear little bairnies
 That hung aboot my breast ;
 Till I thoct my very heart would burst
 Or brak' its secret spring—
 But they're waitin' a' to greet me
 In the City o' the King.
 O pleasant is the gloamin' oor
 To them that's needin' rest,
 And to the weary wanderer
 The nicht's a welcome guest :
 The flicht is nearly ended noo,
 And weary is my wing,
 But new strength will be gi'en me
 In the City o' the King.
 My pilgrim shoon are a' outworn,
 The dust cleaves to my dress,
 But there is Ane has bought me
 A robe o' righteousness :
 Nae hands on earth could fashion
 Sae fine an' fair a thing,
 And He will put it on me
 In the City o' the King.

It's no' the gold crooned angels
That will mak' the place sae sweet,
As wi' viol, harp, an' singin',
They throng the shinin' street :

The Lamb will be the pleasure,
And kent faces He will bring
To smile on me a welcome
In the City o' the King.

SONG.

Forth to the field she goes,
My Ruth, my queen ;
Fair is her face as a sweet wild rose,
And the wooing breath of the west wind
blows
In the wealth of her hair's bright sheen.

While here through the day so long
With my flocks I lie,

I hear her voice in happy song,
For she is a maid in the gleaming throng,
And a shepherd lad am I.

And she will be my spouse,
My darling, mine ; [vows,
And since true are our hearts and pure our
The blessing of God will be on our house,
Better than corn or wine.

ALEXANDER LAING.

WHAT higher wish might a poet cherish than that of being read, sung, or quoted largely ? and who among bards would not prize the honour of having their writings published in such representative collections as Struthers' "Harp of Caledonia" ; Motherwell's "Harp of Renfrewshire" ; Rodger's "Whistle Binkie" ; R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," and other works of similar importance ? All this was granted to Alexander Laing, a singer sweet, powerful, and true ; and an honour to his native city of Brechin, where he was born in 1787, and where he died in 1857. "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar" ; "Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me" ; and "Lass o' Logie," among his lyrics ; and among his longer pieces, "Archie Allan"—a tale in metre, first published in Forfar in 1827—indicate clearly the eminent position of "The Brechin Poet" among those minor singers who have raised their country's poetry to a unique place in the republic of letters. Than his "My Ain Wife" there is nothing sweeter or more tasteful in Scottish song ; indeed it would be difficult to imagine possible a finer deliverance on the topic marital than is here so feelingly given :—

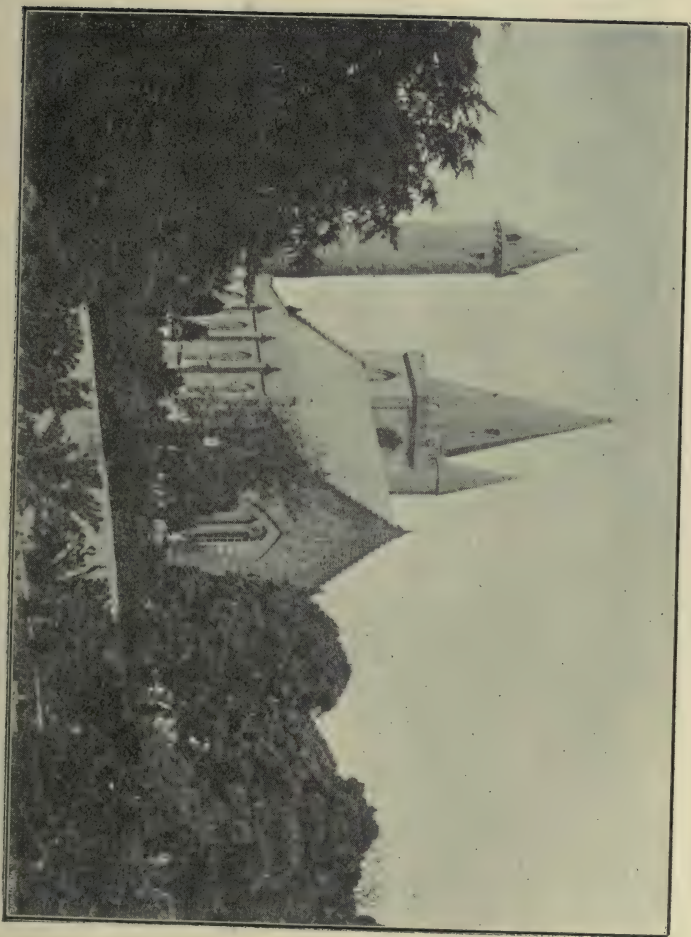
MY AIN WIFE.

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see ;
For O ! my dainty ain wife,
She's aye sae dear to me ;
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
As fadin' as it's fair,
It looks fu' weel in ony wife,
An' mine has a' her share ;
She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass,
She's bonnie aye to me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

O ! couthie is my ingle cheek,
And cheery is my Jean ;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on aye.
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

But, O ! her looks, sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When owre the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight.
She looks intil its bonnie face,
An' syne she looks to me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.



BRECHIN CATHEDRAL.

From a Photo by D. B. Robertson.

Many a good Scottish literary reputation has been reared on that slenderest of all foundations, a meagre education ; and Alexander Laing was no exception to the common rule. His parents were poor, plain, agricultural people ; and it was greatly to their credit that their gifted son could acknowledge that, personally, they largely supplied the training which they were unable to give him in the ordinary way. *Two winters' schooling, and herding cattle while but eight years old !* Think of it in the light of his poetry, and in view of the varied literary work he eventually carried out ! An edition of Tannahill's Poems ; many of the anecdotes in the "Laird of Logan" ; poetical biographies, etc., for the "Angus Album" ; an extensive correspondence on the subject of Scottish Song ; and the purification and enrichment of the native chap-book literature : these form no mean achievements of the herd laddie and packman, who crowned his labours with that sweetest of volumes, "Wayside Flowers !" The lad who, while he herded, read our native authors, and studied that he might emulate them, in many ways surpassed them all. It is gratifying to know that he earned a competency, died respected and honoured by all who knew him, and that the place of his repose is marked by a handsome marble monument, erected by the church of which he was an esteemed elder. It may not be inappropriate here to give a tabulated list of those minor products of the Breechin Press, in whose publication and dissemination Alexander Laing took so active an interest. However meanly fashioned, the Chap-book was a literary influence in its day : its price placed it within the reach of those to whom books generally were impossible ; and when its producers worked on the lines indicated by our *miniature bibliography*, the modest demands of the period were, if not amply, at least worthily met.

<i>Title of Booklet.</i>	<i>Date of Publication.</i>	<i>No. of Pages.</i>
Andrew Lammie	1831.....	8
Grigor's Ghost	1832.....	8
Songs—The Blaeberries, etc.	"	8
The Lass of Fair Wone	"	8
Sir James the Rose	"	8
The Angushire Melodist	"	24
Thrummy Cap, & Brownie o' Fearnden ..	"	24
Life of Sir W. Scott (D. D. Black)	"	24
Scottish Seer, or Dream Book	"	24
The Babes in the Wood (Ballad)	1833.....	8
Songs—Barbara Allan, etc.	"	8
Lass of Bennachie, etc.	"	8
Gil Morice	"	8
The Piper of Peebles (Anderson)	"	24
The De'il an' Davie ; Geordie an' Eppie ..	"	24
The Humorist (Ballads)	"	24
Jamie and Nancy of Yarmouth	1834.....	8
The Goudhurst Garland, etc.	"	8
Songs—When the Kye come hame, etc.	"	8
William & Margaret ; Bruce's Lines, etc. ..	"	8
Ghaist o' Fearndeane, etc. (Peter Keith) ..	"	24
The Hermit of Warkworth	"	24
Paraphrase on S. Catechism (Mitchell) ..	"	24
The Miller of Calder (prose)	"	24
Scots Proverbs	"	24
The New Book of Fate	"	24
Samson's Riddle, a Sermon (Burdur)	"	24
Prayers for the use of Families	"	24
Sweet William, etc.	1835.....	8

<i>Title of Booklet.</i>	<i>Date of Publication.</i>	<i>No. of Pages.</i>
Songs—Come under my Plaidie, etc.	1835.....	8
The Raid o' Fearn, etc. (Laing)	"	24
Bruce's Breakfast (Alex. Balfour)	"	24
Old Maid and Widow, do.	"	24
Auld Horse's Complaint, etc. (Keith)	"	16
Original Poems and Songs (Jas. Glen) ..	"	36
Sunday Evening's Conversation, etc.	"	24
Scotland's Skaith, etc. (Macneill)	1836.....	24
Ghost of Fakenham & c. (Bloomfield, &c.) ..	1837.....	8
Songs—Ae Happy Hour, etc.	"	8
The Minstrel ; Scottish Songs	"	24
The Kaim of Mathers, etc.	"	24
The Ghost of Dunn, etc. (Keith)	"	50
The Wife of Beith	N.D.	24
The Warlock of Glendye (Jos. Grant)	"	24
Dominie of Kilwoody	1837.....	24
The Ghost, etc. (Paulding)	"	24
Donald and Norna (W. Ayr, Teacher, Edzell)	1837.....	16
Blind Allan (From "Lights & Shadows") ..	N.D.	24
Songs—Johnny Cope, etc.	1838.....	8
My Grannie's Pouch, etc. (Alex. Smart) ..	"	8
Songs—Burns and Highland Mary, etc.	"	8
—Rory O'More, etc.	"	8
—Auld Robin Gray, etc.	"	8
The Banish'd Wight's Return, &c. (Keith) ..	"	50
The Long Pack (Ettrick Shepherd)	N.D.	24
Archie Allan (Laing) Third Edition	1841.....	16

ARCHIE ALLAN.

Ay! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's nae poor!
 A mair dainty neebor ne'er entered ane's door,
 An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
 Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
 Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie
 befell?

Then listen a wee an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts, an' twenty are
 gane,

Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e rankit as men—
 Sin' we could ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
 At a' kinds o' farm-work, at hame, or a-field;
 Sin' we could ha'e carried the best bow o' bear,
 An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony
 pair.

Ah! then we ware forward, an' flinty an'
 young,

An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung;
 We ware lang fellow-servants, an' neebors fu'
 dear,

Fouk didna flit than about ilka hauf-year!

Whan he was the bridegroom an' Mary his
 bride,

Myse! an' my Jeanie ware best man an' maid,
 'Twas a promise atween us—they could na
 refuse;

Had our bridal been first, they had gotten
 the glo'es.

Aweel, they ware married, an' mony ware
 there,

An' Luve never low'd on a happier pair;
 For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could
 rue,

An' Mary was sakeless o' breakin' her vow.
 They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to
 be

Whan their ain gather'd pennie wad set them
 up free;

Sae, clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel;
 They thrave out an' in like the buss i' the
 biel'

Their wants ware na monie, their family was
 sma',

Themsel's, an' but ae lassie bairn, was a';
 Sae, wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
 They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards ware
 they;

Nae slaves to the warld, to want—an' to ha'e;
 Tho' they ken'd weel eneuch a' the bouk o'
 their ain,

They wad tak', they wad gi'e, they wad borrow
 or len';

Whan a friend or a neebour gaed speering
 their weel,

They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the
 yill;

They had hearts that cou'd part, they had
 hands that ware free,

An' leuks that bade welcome, an' warm as
 cou'd be;

Gaed ye in, came ye out, they ware aye, aye
 the same,

There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours
 like them!

Thus, blithesome and happy, time hasten'd
 awa',

Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an'
 twa;

Whan she, a' the comfort and hope o' their
 days,

Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease;
 She was lang ill, the lassie, an' muckle she
 bore,

They monie cures gied her, but death winna
 cure;

She dwyn'd like a flower 'mang the newly
 maw'n grass;

Some luve disappointment they said was the
 cause.

Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be
 a mean,

Her grave was na sad, and her truff was na
 green,

Whan Mary, hir mither, a' broken an' pin'd,
 Wi' trachle o' body—wi' trouble o' mind—

Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel
 sair'd,

An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yaird!

Oh, sirs! sic a change—it was waesome to see,
 But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be,

Whan the day o' Prosperity seems but at noon,
 The night o' Adversity aften comes doon;

I've lived till my locks they are white as the
 snaw,

Till the freends o' my youth they are dead
 an' awa';

At deathbed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
 But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen.

The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
 But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;

For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
 He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, whan relations
 ware gane,

Whan left i' the house, wae an' weary, his lane,

As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An hour i' the gloamin's wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' oor neebour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us whan kindred's awa'.

We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
O' the frail fadin' nature o' a' earthlie things;
O' life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len',

That the Giver whan He wills has a right to
His ain;

That here tho' we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peacemaker's name,

To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness an' faith,

Believe in His merits an' trust in His death;
To them—tho' the coffin an' pale windin'-sheet,
Tho' the cauld grave divide them, in heav'n they shall meet—

Shall yet ha'e a blithe and a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we aften beguil'd
The hours o' the gloamin' till three summers smil'd;

Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry and lessen'd his grief—

Tho' nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,

Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.
Sometime than-aboot as it happen'd to be,

I had na seen Archie for twa weeks or three;
When ae night a near neebour woman came ben,

An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's a-gaen?"

It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae fouk nae,

That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yestreen."

"Aweel, weel," quo' I, "It may even be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld fouk, we'll a' get a day;"

But whan it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard an' said naething—I thought it a lee!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;

But to think he wad ever tak' ane for a wife
Wha had lived sic a loose an' a throwither life—
Wha had been far an' near whar it cou'd na be nam'd,

An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'd na believ'd,
But ithers forbye me were sairly deceiv'd;

For the Sunday thereafter, wha think ye was cry'd,
But Archibald Allan and Marg'rt Muresyde?

Weel, how they foregather'd, an' a' what befell,
Tho' it's painful to speak o' t, ye'll wish me to tell.

She came in about here as it happen'd to fa',
An' was nearest doorneebor to him that's awa';
An' seein' a fu' house, an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'd na the world, wi' her wiles she began;

Seem'd sober an' decent as ony ye'll see,
An' quiet an' prudent as woman cou'd be;
Was aye bravly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen
Was better na monie, an' marrow 't by few,
Till a' came about as she'd wish'd it to do;
But scarcely her hand an' her troth hehad tane,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours again.
Their courtship was short, an' short their honeymoon.

It's sayerue'd at leisure what'sow'r rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde!—she's a Never-do-weel;
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour,
She had got ilka plack o' the purse in her pow'r;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gather'd—in pounds it was spread.

Her worthless relations, an' ithers siclike,
Came in about swarmin', as bees till a birk;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profan'd the Blest Name,

An' Sunday an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' had lyin' sae free,
To comfort an' keep him, whan ailin' or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an' bauld.

An' sair was he troubl'd to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in.
Yet griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durst na ance say it was ill that they did!
But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell,
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means an' himsel',

For constant an' on as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was aye i' the unhappy turn,
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit was gane,
Till he hadna a pennie or aught o' his ain;
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow,
Till he had na a morsel to gang in his mou'!

Aweel! neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the daylight came in,

Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy
 snaw,
 Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa',
 To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
 An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an'
 the high.
 O! had I but seen him whan he gaed a-field,
 I wad ta'en him in-with to my ain couthie bield;
 An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free
 My bannock, my bed, an' my hinmost bawbee.

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro'
 the day,
 What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say;
 But when the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell
 down,
 He sought the fireside o' some distant farm-
 town:
 Wi' the door hauflin's up an' the sneck in his
 han',
 He faintly inquired, Wad they lodge a poor
 man?

The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
 "We may lodge you the night, but ye mauna
 come back"—
 Said beggars an' gang'rels ware grown uncorife,
 Speer'd what place he came frae—gin he had
 a wife?—
 Ay! that was a question!—O, sirs, it was sair,
 Had na he ha'en a *Wife*!—he had never been
 there!
 Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin'
 he sat,
 An' cauld was the bed, an' the beddin' he gat,
 The floor and the roof-tree was a' they could
 spare,
 An' he lay down, alas! to rise up never mair;—
 Was he lang or sair ill, there was naeboddy saw,
 Gin the daylight came in—he had worn awa'!
 Wha ance wad ha'e thought it, that Archie
 wad been
 A beggar—an' dee't in a barn his lane!
 But we need na think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
 For the langer we live the mae uncos we see.

Full of strong local interest and colour, and showing the writer in a favourite aspect, is his well-known ballad—

THE BROWNIE O' FEARNDEN.

Their livit ane man on Norinsyde,
 Whan Jamis helde his aine;
 He had ane maylen fair and wyde,
 And servants nyne or tene.

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
 Worthe all his maydis and men;
 And wha was this yyn ye wald speir?
 The Brownie o' Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to thresh or dichte,
 Or barne or byre to clene,
 He had ane bizzzy houre at nicht,
 Atweene the twall and ane;

And thouch the sna was never so deip,
 So wylde the wynde or rayne,
 He ran ane errant in a wheip,
 The Brownie of Fearnden!

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
 Fell sicke as sicke could be,
 And for the skilly mammy-wyfe
 She wantit ane to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
 Wald venture doun the glen,
 For feir that he micht heir or see
 The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far to seeke,
 For weil he heard the stryfe;
 And ablynis thocht, as weel he mychte,
 They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
 And thruch the wynde and rayne;
 And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
 Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
 That she micht bettere heir,
 "Thair is a mothere wald gyve byrth,
 But hasna strengthe to beir."

"O, ryse! O, ryse! and hape you weil,
 To keip you fra the rayne."
 "Whaur do you want me?" quoth the wyfe,
 "O, whaur but owre the den!"

Whan baythe waur mountit on the mear,
 And ryding up the glen;
 "O watt ye, laddy," quoth the wyfe,
 "Gyne we be neir the den?"

"Are we com neir the den?" she said;
 "Tush! wyshte, ye fule!" quoth he,
 "For waure na ye ha'e in your armis,
 This nicht ye wyonna see!"

They sune waur landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit doun—
“I’ve lefte the house but ae haufe houre,
I am a clever loun!”

“What mak’s your feit sae brayde?” quoth
“And what sae reid your een?” [she,
“I’ve wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sichtis I’ve seen!”

“But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the wean,
And see that a’ gae richt;
And keip the beyld of biggit land
Till aynce the mornnyng licht;

“And fyne they speir wha brocht you heir,
‘Cause they waur scaunte of men!
Even tell them that ye rade ahint
The Brownie of Fearnden.”

ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o’ the clachan,
When he stoitied ben,
Sairly was he pechin’;
Spak’ a wee, but tint his win’,
Hurkel’t doun, an’ hostit syne,
Blew his bike, and dichtit’s een,
An’ whausel’t a’ forfouchen.

But, his hostin’ dune,
Cheerie kyth’t the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An’ leuch to Auntie Madie;
Cried, “My callans, name a spring—
Jinglin’ John or ony thing—
For weel I’d like to see the fling
O’ ilka lass an’ laddie.”

Blithe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blithe the piper blew,
Tho’ shakin’ han’s wi’ ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro’;
Wha wad thoct his comin’ now
Was for our maiden auntie?

She had ne’er been socht,
Cheerie hope was fadin’,
Dowie is the thoct
To live an’ dee a maiden.
How it comes we canna ken,
Wanders aye maun wait their ain.
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An’ sune we’ll ha’e a weddin’.

Of widely different shades, but of equal skill in their manipulation, are the two well-known pieces with which we close, and which are simply selections from many available lyrics, all equally good. Truly Alexander Laing’s was a master hand. Long may his memory be green, and his songs be treasured wherever the spirit of Poetry is a living influence!

THE MAID O’ MONTROSE.

O sweet is the calm dewy gloaming,
When saftly, by Rosie wood brae,
The merle an’ mavis are hymning
The e’en o’ the lang summer’s day;
An’ sweet are the moments when o’er the blue
ocean
The full moon arising in majesty glows;
An’ I, breathing o’er ilka tender emotion,
Wi’ my lovely Mary, the Maid o’ Montrose.

The fopling sae fine an’ sae airy,
Sae fondly in love wi’ himsel’,
Is proud wi’ his ilka new deary,
To shine at the fair an’ the ball;
But gi’e me the grove where the broom’s
yellow blossom
Waves o’er the white lily an’ red smiling
rose,
An’ ae bonnie lassie to lean on my bosom,
My ain lovely Mary, the Maid o’ Montrose.

O what is the hail warld’s treasure,
Gin nane o’ its pleasures we prove?
An’ where can we taste o’ true pleasure
Gin nae wi’ the lassie we love?
O’ sweet are the smiles and the dimples o’
beauty, [repose,
Where lurking the loves an’ the graces
An’ sweet is the form an’ the air o’ the pretty,
But sweeter is Mary, the Maid o’ Montrose.

O Mary, ’tis nae for thy beauty,
Though few are sae bonnie as thee;
O Mary, ’tis nae for thy beauty,
Though handsome as woman can be;
The rose bloom is gane when the chill autumn’s
lowering, [blows:
The aik’s stately form when the wild winter
But the charms o’ the mind are the ties mair
enduring:
These bind me to Mary, the Maid o’ Montrose.

THE BRAES O' MAR.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely ;
The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar
Is sounding lang and sairly :

The Highlandmen,
Frae hill and glen,
In martial hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids,
And burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and Gallant Harry ? (Maule)
Macdonald's men,
Clanranald's men,

Mackenzie's men,
Macgilvary's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men
Of Callander and Airlie ?

Fy ! Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley ;
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.

We'll go—we'll go—
And seek the foe,
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash—
And fleg the German Charlie !

ALEXANDER LAING. (2)

IN 1840, the author of "The Raid o' Fearn" addressed to his namesake, the gifted author of "Wayside Flowers," the following rhyme, unique in its grouping of curious coincidences:—

Our grandfathers rang our parish bell,
Inviting all to worship God ;
They tolled their neighbour's funeral knell,
Now both rest low beneath the sod :
In 'eighty-six to life we came,
And both were sprinkled at one font,

Our names and surnames are the same,
And both have viewed, not climbed the
To one profession both were bred, [mount ;
Both still are in the land of grace ;
Grant, when we make the grave our bed,
That we may see our Father's face !

But here resemblances cease ; for the calibre of the two men differed exceedingly. This one had talent, and so far improved his gift that he became schoolmaster at Stracathro ; the other had genius, and grace which kept him free from the bane of his namesake, who perished miserably among the snow near his own dwelling in 1854. In addition to the duties of dominie, Laing performed those of Session-Clerk and Precentor ; but the session records show that his habits caused his superiors trouble ; though, as one of his old scholars testifies, he was one of the kindest of men. He wrote a twelve-page tale, "The Brechin Recusant" ; but his best known poem is "The Raid o' Fearn, or the Battle of Sauchs ; a Legendary Ballad," which has been several times printed in pamphlet form, the latest edition having been published at Brechin in 1885. We quote the description of the onset between the men of Fearn and their Cateran foes.

THE RAID O' FEARN.

EXTRACT.

They chose their captain M'Intosh
In mutual courtesie—
A stately youth as ever trode
O'er heath or flow'rie lea.

He took command ; then aff they hied
Impatient for the fray,
An' reached the banks o' Sauchs betimes
Upon that bloody day.

The mist now creepin' up the glen
Loot knap an' knowe be seen,
Till by degrees it wore awa'
And left the hill-taps clean.

Then on a craig, nor distant far,
The catrin stood in view ;
They seemed engaged consultin'
An' debatin' what to do.

Their chief wha had the second sight,
Foresaw the dismal strife,
An' sair he urged them to escape
That day to save their life :

For his claymore, that wont to blaze
An' brighten in the sun,
Seemed dim an' dwibble in his hand,
As if its work was done.

A presage sure o' their defeat ;
He urged his force in vain ;
They left him lanely on the craig
An' rushed on Ferna's men.

But Ferna's men right manfully
Repulsed their rude attack ;
An' showers o' bullets frae their files
Nailed Catrin crack for crack.

Again they close in fierce onset,
An' steel on steel resounds ;
Till half M'Gregor's clan lie dead
Or gaspin' in their wounds.

The rest retire in desp'rate flight,
An' scour along the bent ;
Our Fearn's bauld heroes after them,
An' gall them sair ahent.

Their chief, indignant at his faes,
An' wae to see his men,
Rampagin' galloped frae the craig
To rally them again.

He pu'd a horn frae oot his pouch,
An' blew 't baith loud an' shrill ;
But here an' there his huntit clan
Ran bleidin' owre the hill.

His ponderous sword an' bossie targe
He brandish'd in the air,
Then fierce an' headlong on his faes
He dash'd in wild despair.

Now chief 'gainst chief, claymore an' targe,
Gar'd ither stoyte an' reel ;
For baith were dext'rous brawny dogs,
An' baith were clad in steel.

Lang time they faucht in doubtful' strife,
Till Mains o' Auchnacree
Hamstrung M'Gregor unawares
And drave him on his knee,

Then on his knees, or on his stumps,
He hashed an' smashed around ;
But Ledenhendrie pierced him through
An' laid him on the ground.

"Draw out your sword, brave youth," he
As he gave up the ghost. [cried,
"Na, na," says Ledenhendrie, "chief,
Oor spits gae wi' the roast !"

Here ceased the strife, an' a' was still
An' silent owre the glen,
Save gleds an' corbies in the air,
That hovered owre the slain.

The historic data regarding this locally famous encounter is somewhat conflicting ; but a rhyming epitaph preserved on a tombstone in the old kirkyard of Cortachy is worthy of quotation in this connection. It commemorates the death (aged 72) of James Winter at Glenisla in 1732, and proceeds :—

Here lyes James Vinter, who died at Peathaugh,
Who fought most valointly at ye Water of Saughs,
Along wt Ledenhendry, who did command ye day—
They vanquis the enemy, and made them runn away.

ALLAN S. LAING.

THAT great literary "Wapinschaw," the *People's Journal* prize competition, has laid the foundation of many a poetic career and fame. So fared it in Mr Laing's case; for, from 1879, when he gained, as indicated, a prize for his piece "A Trial," he has gone steadily forward, establishing a good reputation as a local bard, by periodic contributions of excellent poems and lyrics to a variety of mediums. Mr Laing was born at Dundee in 1857, and owes none of his literary qualifications to the circumstances of his early training. He learned the business of an upholsterer, and has worked in that capacity in various Scottish towns and at Liverpool, where he settled some years ago. His effusions, both in English and his native Doric, while refined and tender, show no trace of weakness; and are, as the reader will feel, leavened with the spirit of true poetry.

YON TIME.

O Jeannie, dae ye mind o' yon happy summer days,
When we wandered han' in han' owre the daisy-deckit braes;
When the birdies seemed to warble a' for oor delight the while,
An' the cluds to break an' vanish that the sun on us nicht smile?
O Jeannie, dae ye mind—dae ye mind yon time?

Dark Sorrow on oor hearts ne'er cuist his gloomy froon,
In oor een the lauchter glinted ere the tear had drappit doon;
By the burnie on the brae, or in the woods, oor happy sang,
Thro' the lee-lang summer day in ever careless liltin rang:
O Jeannie, dae ye mind o' yon happy happy time?

An' as aulder we grew—an' bairns aye we couldna be—
I watched the love-licht kindlin' in your bonnie lauchin' e'e;
An' Jeannie, dae ye mind when I socht ye for my ain?
O, sic nichts are heaven's antidotes for a' oor earthly pain!
O, the pleasure without measure o' yon dear, dear time.

An' when the gray-haired minister your han' put intil mine
While he spak the solemn words that made oor hearts and fortunes join,
Oor cup o' joy was lippin' fu', for we wi' love were fain,
An' in this bonnie warl' o' oors life kens nae dearer gain
Than the gladness that was yours an' mine in yon sweet time.

O Jeannie, dae ye mind when oor little Willie cam' ?
As we lookit on his angel face oor een in water swam;
Aye, angel, for he cam' to show the licht o' human bliss,
Syne he flew to wait oor comin' in some fairer warl' than this,
Whaur we'll see oor wee lost bairnie in that near-drawin' time.

Yet oor hearts ha'e aye been cheered by oor ither bairns' care,
An' the love that we ha'e borne them has but made them love us mair;
We're drawin' to the end, but oor years ha'e gane to prove
That the sang o' life is bonnie gin the owreturn o't be love!
An' we've lo'ed ilk ither, Jeannie, sin' yon dear bairn-time.

Sae we'll thank oor God, my Jeannie, for oor life sae lang an' sweet,
As we airt us to the rest that waits oor travel-weary feet;
Oor he'rts are warm and lovin', aye, an' tho' oor bluid be cauld,
When the Gowden Yetts gleam near us there's nae grief in getting auld—
We'll be young and fleet for ever in God's ain lang time!

MY MIND HATH A THOUSAND FANCIES.

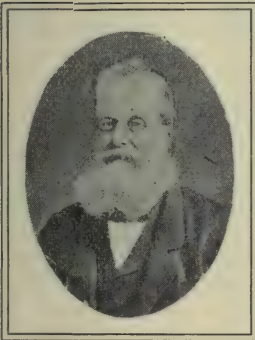
My mind hath a thousand fancies,
 My spirit a myriad thoughts,
 And I long for the power of a poet's soul
 To utter the thronging notes.
 I'd fill the broad earth with music
 Poured from my teeming tongue,
 Had I the voice of a poet inspired,
 Rich, and singing, and young :
 But, alas ! the sweetest of earthly songs
 Are the songs that were never sung !

Deep in my heart abiding
 Are memories calm and sweet,
 Of days when the world was glad and fair,
 And flowers bloomed at my feet.
 But my heart cries out for the children
 That nestled within my breast,

And strange, strong yearnings fill my soul
 With the pangs of a vague unrest ;
 And I feel that the deepest of human thoughts
 Are the thoughts that were ne'er expressed.

'Mid the rushing of Death's black river,
 The plash of its sullen waves,
 Comes glad and full a sweeter sound
 To the shores of the life it laves,
 And my soul at the sound leaps upward
 With the joy of a soaring bird,
 Though it falls on my spirit without a
 breath,
 And speaketh without a word ;
 Yet the sweetest of voices to earthly ears
 Is the voice that was never heard.

WILLIAM DUNCAN LATTO.



THE fruits of conversation are often interesting, and sometimes well worth garnering. A friend remarked lately—"There's a lot of romance afloat regarding the 'Kail Yaird School,' and Scottish fiction generally. My mental impression of the whole subject is that of a tree with Scott as the root ; Galt as the stem ; Moir, Latto, Alexander, and Whamond as the branches ; and Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and the rest, as the spreading boughs." General agreement with these deductions may not be possible, but they are extremely suggestive. Certain it is that any criticism of the modern development of Scottish fiction that contemns, minimises, or forgets the enormous influence of

Mansie Waugh, Tammas Bodkin, Johnnie Gibb, and James Tucket, on the Scottish reading public and our modern native writers, is manifestly unfair, ridiculously misleading, and pitifully mean.

Though W. D. Latto is a native of Fife—having been born at Ceres in 1823—the greater part of his life has been spent in Forfarshire, and in the sphere through which he has acquired a world-wide reputation, the editorship of the *People's Journal*. Herding and weaving were the pursuits of his early years ; and the educational morsels furtively secured in the parish school were splendidly improved on by varied efforts of self culture. The public questions of the hour, the Chartist movement, the Disruption Controversy, etc., were thoroughly studied by the young weaver ; and freedom in trade and in church, if not indeed universally, became his permanent creed of action. To such purpose did the earnest student apply himself, that he became teacher of Baldinnie subscription school, eventually studying for the higher qualifications

at Moray House, Edinburgh; and, at length, securing appointment as teacher of the parish school at Johnshaven, a position which he worthily occupied for eleven years. Thus acquiring, toiling, and making his primal flights into the regions where he was destined to rise as a master, Mr Latto's contributions to the *People's Journal* became so widely popular that its proprietor offered him its editorship. This necessitated his leaving the profession for which he possessed eminent qualifications; but the proffered situation had its charms for Mr Latto, and he entered on its duties in 1860. Since then he has been one of the prime factors in developing the literary interests of the race, almost; for the *People's Journal* is found wherever Scotsmen travel; and has its circulation not increased from 20,000 to 250,000 copies weekly!

It were impossible here to enumerate the varied methods adopted to popularize the *Journal*, and to extend its scope and influence; but open Literary Competitions in which Fiction, Essays, and Poetry played leading parts, are deserving of special mention among these for the encouragement given through their means to many who to-day are accredited masters in these subjects. More, perhaps, than any other person, Mr Latto has fostered the production of poetry among us; and that he is the titular parent of more poets than he could reckon is a matter which affords him much gratification in connection with the present work. Regarding his own writings it is not necessary that much be said here. The *Bodkin* fountain still sheds its perennial stream; those delightful *Song Sermons* are melodious as of old; and the courtesy which has endeared this Prince of Editors to myriads of correspondents seems never-failing. As a poet Mr Latto started with the characteristic determination of becoming Poet Laureate; and if he has failed to reach that office, may the reason not have been, simply, that he was called to a higher? His polemical poetic pamphlet "The Twa Bulls" forms racy reading, as our extract will show; and his general versification is admirably sampled in our further quotations. Long may his bow abide in strength, and long may he hold the helm of that good ship whose company have again and again shown how they appreciate the gifts and graces of *Tammas Bodkin*.

MY GRANNIE.

Wha was't that taen me on her knee,
An' kindly keekit in my e'e
That morn, the first that rase on me?
My grannie!

Wha threepit wi' the howdie-wife,
That, blest wi' breedin', lear, and life,
I'd be o' queer vagaries rife?
My grannie!

Whan I was but a feeble pout,
Wha bare me in her arms about,
And row'd me in a nameless clout?
My grannie!

Wha fed me aye wi' bite an' soup?
Wha, when I brak the nine-pint stoup
Flet sair, an' deftly peyed my doup?
My grannie!

When I begoud to gang to school,
An' wilder grew, and waur to rule,
Wha e'ed my pranks wi' angry dool?
My grannie!

An' ae week when I played the truan',
Afore the hairst, while pease were growin',
Wha catched me in the pease-shod rowin'?
My grannie!

Wha wauken'd on me wi' a bang,
And whang'd me wi' the lether whang,
Till I could scarcely stand or gang?
My grannie!

Neist day, wha cadged me on her back,
An' tauld Jock Hornbook a' the fact,
To screen my looves frae monie a thwack?
My grannie!

When I wad first a courtin' gae,
An' edged awa to Beenie Kaye,
Wha traced my fitsteps roun' the brae?
My grannie!

When I stawl hame tweesh twa an' three,
Thinkin' that nane could hear or see,
Wha watch'd my creep wi' waukrife e'e?
My grannie!

At sax neist mornin' when I raise,
An' gruntin' banged me to my claes,
Wha spak o' *Hoolets, Bats an' Kaes*?
My grannie!

Wha speered gin I had spied the Deil,
Yestreen ayont the auld mill wheel,
Where sootie blinkers nightly squeel?
My grannie!

Gin I had met the towsie tyke,
Daunderin' down the lang march dyke,
Wha yelps for human banes to pyke?
My grannie!

Gin I had met, by Cootie's Common,
The frightfu' semblance o' a woman,
Astride a coffin witchward sowmin'?
My grannie!

At last wha speer't for Beenie's mither,
Her dad, her sister, an' her brither?
Gin we'd agreed to creep thegither?
My grannie!

Wi' hums an' haws I blink'd her quizzin',
An' just to keep her gab in sizzin',
O' Beenie's plums I gae'r a dizen,
My grannie!

At length fell death gae ane the wink,
That lang had hunker'd round our bink,
An' wha could that be d'ye think?
My grannie!

I saw thy wheel taen frae the neuk;
I saw the stance thy reel forsook;
But ah! 'twas vain for thee to look,
My grannie!

An' when the mist comes owre we e'e,
An' life has nae delights for me,
Like whom wad I desire to dee?
My grannie!

Farewell, auld bodie! Peace be wi' ye;
A grave-stane's a' that I can gie ye;
But some day soon I'll come an' see ye,
My grannie!

ADDRESS TO A GAS METER.

And thou has whirled around (how strange
the case is!)

Since last inspected—some three months
ago—

Just twice as rapidly as were thy paces
In days ere yet thine owners' overthrow
Had been demanded by the public clamour
Or mooted in the press or Council Cham'er.

Speak! since thou hast a face, why not a
tongue?

Come tell us if, in thy mysterious belly
There is not some of the machinery wrong,
That thou art moving on so fast, old felly?
'Tis said by many men of skill and gumption
That thou art in a galloping consumption.

Tell us—for doubtless thou art well aware—
The reason why thou hast become so leaky?
Is it pure gas, or atmospheric air,
Commingleing with the drop of real Monikie,
That, driving round thy indices so slickly,
Makes my poor gas account mount up so
quickly?

Perchance this moment, out at Peep o' Day,
The wind is being blown into the pipes,
Which hitherward, by many a devious way,
Will come ere long to rack thy frame with
gripes,

And make thee, colic-stricken, yield, alas!
Of fetid vapours quite as much as gas.

I need not ask thee if the Gas Directors,
Hungering for big annuities, have planned
This rapid motion of the hidden flectors
That guide the progress of thy tiny hand,
The better to induce the Arbitrator
To make the value of their "business" greater.

Since first thy form was in this press erected,
Some strange events have happened in the
town.

We've seen a Cowgate Junto, self-elected,
On civic Council with contempt look down;
While Gas shareholders have so selfish grown
As to ignore all interests save their own.

Hast thou not heard the terrible "to do"
There's been about thee these two sessions
past?

How Magistrates, Directors, merchants too,
Havemade St. Stephen's bobbies lookaghast,
As, earwigging M.P.'s, both great and small,
They bustled up and down Westminster Hall?

Meter of Gas—mysterious apparatus!
Unconscionable register of lies!
Deceptive indicator, who of late thus
Has made my gas accounts so strangely rise—

Thy mystic movements will continue crooked
Till the Gas Companies be compell'd to 'hook it.'

Why should thy worthless mechanism here
Remain to tell a tale that is not true?

Why for thee pay my eighteenpence a year
To Gas Directors—avaricious crew!
Tallow for ever!—speed the whaling ships!
Henceforth I'll take to oil and penny dips!

THE TWA BULLS.

EXTRACT.

(John Bull and The Pope's Bull—the *dénouement*.)

The parlance ended; Monk confounded
Stood speechless, motionless, astounded,
Cast down his een, and hung his lugs
An' screwed his chaffs as pert as Pug's.
Meanwhile, John kept baith watch an' ward,
Resolved the pawkie boy to guard,
O' every movement to be heedfu'
An' to repel by force if needfu'.
Amid Monk's luggage, John espied
A something Monk was fain to hide,
A ponderous box, wi' bolt an' bar,
Secured as dusky dungeons are.
"Pandora's box!" cried John, "Ods rot 'em!
Hopeless most likely at the bottom!"
Wi' that he leapt among the trunks
An' knocked the luckless box to spunks!
When, lo, there lay exposed to view
To Monk's designs the fatal clew,
That a' his sage manœuvres foiled
An' a' his future hopes beguiled.
Broad hats an' hosen painted red
Were snugly packed beneath the lid;
An' then a dozen past'ral crooks
Lay cleekit in ilk ither's hooks;
But last o' a', an' warst o' a',
The treasonous things that Johnnie saw,
Cam' boots, an' gyves, an' brimstone matches,
To frichten contumacious wratches;
An' deeds of excommunication

T' expurgate frae the British Nation,
As by the crossing-sweeper's besom
The dross o' Johnnie's Sectarism!

This black discovery crooned the whole;
John bit his lips but couldna thole;
He growled awae, an' pawed the ground,
Then set his horns an' made a bound,
Raised Monk aloft, an' pitch'd him over,
To fields beyond the Straits o' Dover.
"Now bide thee there," cried John, "an' study
Henceforth designs less base an' bloody!
Paint winkin' virgins by the hunder,
To mak' the vulgar cattle wonder,
But don't expect to find, auld cronie,
A second Bonaparte in Johnnie. [key,
Thou might'st have still been playin' the flun-
As now thou strut'st a meddlin' Monk-ey,¹
Had there been nane but John's dragoons
To fecht for foreign despots' croons.²
This said, John slowly turned him roun',
An' snooved awa', an' hummed a tune,
Surveyed his lan's from sea to sea,
An' blest his stars they still were free.
So feared abroad, revered at home,
John quietly snap his thooms at Rome;
Enjoyed his future years in peace,
An' saw his wealth an' power increase,
An' reared his sons, a gallant band,
An honour to their fatherland!

GLENESK.

Amid the God-built battlements men call
The Grampians, spanning Scotland, like a wall
Of adamant, from Bon Accord the "brave"
To where Lorne's mountains flout the western wave,
Are beauties manifold: glen, loch, and strath,
And trackless waste, and rambling bridle-path,
The rock-pent torrent, in its boisterous mood
Singing weird music in the solitude,
Where none may hear its song, save, now and then,
The plaided shepherd, or the sporting men
Who sally forth, in mellow autumn weather,
To hunt and shoot among the purple heather;
But not in all that Alpine wilderness
Does grander scene the pilgrim's footstep press,
Than that wild glen down which, from dark Lochlee,
Esk's turbid stream rolls toward the German sea.

¹ Alluding to Pius IX's restoration to the Papal throne by Napoleon III. after he had been compelled to fly disguised as a flunkey from the fury of his own subjects.

JOHN LEASK.

ONE of Forfar's weaver bards, and a man of singularly winsome disposition, John Leask had many admirers in the town where he was born, in 1812. He served the community in such a variety of ways that his little joke about being "*Jock o' a' trades*" was literally correct; for until his death in old age he acted as a sheriff-officer, bill-poster, messenger, weaver, bard, etc., and "came up smiling" through it all. As a bard he never excelled the juvenile production which follows; and which, though it is strongly suggestive of Linley's "*They say my love is dead*," must be credited to Leask as an original effort of much poetic merit.

A DIRGE.

My true love is dead,
And in the grave is laid,
Still and silent in his bed,
Where he lies.

His spirit soars above,
'Mong angels it doth move,
Singing to the God of love,
In the skies.

A hawthorn bush doth shade
My true lover's bed;
Its bending boughs do spread
O'er his head.

The lily and the rose
There, and the daisy, grows;
And a little burnie rows
By his side.

Oft in the summer morn,
Beneath the milk-white thorn,
My head he did adorn
With fair flowers.

How sweet it was to hear
The linnet's song so clear,
As we, lying listening there,
Passed the hours!

Oft in his arms he pressed
Me to his beating breast;
My rosy lips he kissed

While they glowed;
And he sang sweet songs of love,
Which echoed through the grove;
Now he sings new songs above,
To his God.

His spirit beckons me
To follow angels three,
Clad in glorious majesty,
For his bride.

The pale moonlight will shine
Upon this earthly shrine,
When I make that cold bed mine—
By his side.

They'll with my spirit fly
Through the pale moonlighted sky;
And the heavenly hosts will cry,
"Here they come!"

A thousand songs shall be
Sung in triumphant melody
When my true love welcomes me
To his Home.

JOHN LEE.

THE author of "*Wild Flowers of Solitude*"—a volume of over one hundred pages of very fair rhymes, and a few prose sketches, and of which a second edition was called for—was the son of a soldier, and was born at Montrose in 1797. He became a shoemaker; and being an enthusiastic musician, and of a literary turn, his position in the community was of an estimable kind. Through the advice and assistance of friends he was drawn into the congenial sphere of bookselling; but Fate, in the shape of wayward habits, was against the bard, and after various experiences in his native town and in England, he ended his struggle in Dorward's House of Refuge, Montrose, in 1882. His memory is cherished by many who knew him; and all agree that their friend was, as one of them puts it, "in many respects

a remarkable man, and his own worst enemy." Miss Potter thus gives voice to the general regret over the sad closing of a once bright and hopeful career:—

"Now the weary fight is ended,
Here at last there is repose;
Here release from all his struggling,
Vanquish'd are his triple foes.

Long the years of his probation,
Now the lengthened sands are run;
Wearied, faint with earth's temptation,
Oft he wished the goal were won."

John contributed largely to the *Poets' Corner* of the Montrose press; and wrote a number of sketches after the manner of Bowick's "Characters," which were printed as the Second Part of a volume containing Bowick's masterly delineations, with pieces by other writers, published by D. P. Davidson, Montrose, in 1880.

SCOTLAND'S MOUNTAINS.

Lives there a Scottish heart so cold,
While gazing on the lofty, bold,
Majestic mountains of his land,
Which high o'erlook the ocean strand,
That beats not strong with native pride,
That swells not with a patriot tide!
No; sons of Scotland, dear to thee
Are those memorials of the free.

There is a charm in thy pure fountains;
Sacred to thee are thy bold mountains,
Whose summits of eternal snow
Give valour to the hearts below,
And ever shall they wake in thee
Scotland's native chivalry.

Those mountains that, in every age,
Have mock'd alike that envious rage
Of storm and foe—the placid vale,
All speak the animating tale
Of deeds that ne'er shall be forgot
Within the bosom of a Scot.

How often has the mountain strain
Rung through many an echoing glen,

While that bold free-born minstrelsy
Arous'd your sires to victory!
As when the thunder peal afar
Proclaims the elemental war,
And as the fated earth below
Reels 'neath the storm-clad mountain brow,
While the dread tempest of thy clime
Bursts from its lofty halls sublime;
So did thy sires, all dread, descend
The heath-clad steep—then, rushing, blend
With the invading death-struck foe,
A mountain-storm of ruin and woe.

How often has that torrent sweep
Hurl'd the foeman from the steep!
From Scotia's hills—land of the free—
Land of the brave—of Liberty!
'Tis done—your sires have passed away
In glory with the vanish'd day;
They've pass'd away, but their bright fame
Those mountains proudly shall proclaim,
Until their summits from on high
Shrink from the last tempest of the sky.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

WERE a plebiscite to be taken on favourite Scottish poems of humour, some of those written by Robert Leighton would assuredly stand high in the list of results. There is in them such a direct appeal to the actualities of the Scots' knowledge and experience, that they easily eclipse in popular favour many cleverer and more elaborate compositions. Their charm lies in their simplicity, in that art which conceals art; their subjects or themes are never obscured by language; and they hold the interest of the reader, even as does "Tam o' Shanter," that marvellous recital which grows the more admirable the more its supreme qualities are studied. Our examples will show the deftness of Leighton's touch; and if the reader will peruse his "Scotch Words," or "The Baptisement o' the Bairn," he will feel with us that it would be difficult indeed to rate their author's manner too highly.

Robert Leighton first saw the beam of day, in the Murraygate of Dundee, in 1822. The eighth of a family of fourteen children, and the son of a father who died early, his lot was like that of many another aspirant for literary honours, cast with those who toil for daily bread. Through his mother's second marriage with a Fife farmer, he had the privilege of that "wee, wee tasting o' the herdie's blithesome ways," to which he refers in one of his poems; but ultimately he was engaged in mercantile pursuits: now doing the work of a clerk, now sailing round the world as a supercargo, and all the time evolving those delightful writings which, as "Records," or "Rhymes and Poems," were published at intervals during his early manhood. He married a Liverpool lady while he was resident as a clerk at Preston; and that his married life was singularly happy, he testifies again and again in his poetic references to the subject. After a few years' residence at Ayr, where he managed a branch of the business of an important concern, he settled at Liverpool, acting as traveller for the same firm through the different parts of the kingdom. An accident sustained during one of his journeys sowed the seeds of an illness, from which he never recovered. His robust constitution warred with an insidious foe for long, but ever vainly. Friends vied with each other in showing kind attentions to the beloved bard, whose case is eloquently indicated by his words to one who had brought him a bit of whin blossom: "To think I can never get out amongst the whins again!" Busied, during intervals of comparative freedom from pain, in preparing for the press the poems which had previously been gathered in note book fragments, Mr Leighton lingered on for about a year; but the end came in 1869, and when the sweet singer was in his forty-seventh year.

A poem of Leighton's, addressed to Jenny Lind, brought him through a friend this beautiful acknowledgment:—"Your 'bashful poet' has spoken words which even to my *worn out* ears sounded fresh. Perhaps you will kindly let him know this, and that my highest ambition in life has been to give just such an impression as he seems to have received." We may add that Leighton's poems have been extremely popular in America; we trust that their merits may win an ever increasing welcome among *oor ain folk* everywhere.

That Robert Leighton was one of our best humorous writers may be freely conceded. But he was more than a humorist, this versatile and gifted bard, and could touch a note of deep pathos or lofty grace at will. His varied writings present a peculiar difficulty of quotation: some of the following pieces show their author in an aspect different from that in which he is usually regarded, and may induce that further study of his works which cannot fail to be both pleasant and profitable.

JOHN AND TIBBIE'S DISPUTE.

John Davidson an' Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the flair,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that
Whar sorra was the cat?" [moose?
"A moose?" "Ay, a moose!" "Na, na,
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat." [guidman,

"Ow, ow, guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An' no' to ken a moose frae a rat!"
"Yon wasna a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman,
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue, an' say nae mair;
I tell ye, it was a rat!"

"Me haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!
I'll be maister o' this hoose;
I saw 't as plain as een could see 't;
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the maister o' this hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose;
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat!"

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, guidwife,
About a moose—" "A what!"

It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again,
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I ne'er will bear't; [a moose!]"
"Twas a moose!" "Twas a rat!" "Twas

Wi' her spoon she strack him owre the pow:
"Ye dour auld doot tak' that;
Gae to your bed, ye cankered sumph: [rat!]"
"Twas a rat!" "Twas a moose!" "Twas a

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose; [door,
Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the
And cried, "Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But, when the carle was fast asleep,
She paid him back for that,
And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
"Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi' me if I think
It was a beast ava!
Neist mornin', as she sweepit the flair,
She haund wee Johnnie's ba'!

THE LOST WHITTLE.

My whittle's lost, yet I dinna ken,
Lat's ripe, lat's ripe my pouch again;
Na! I hae turn'd owre a' that's in 'd:
But ne'er a whittle can I find.
A bit o' cauk, a bit red keel,
The clamp I twisted aff my heel,
A bit auld shoe to mak' a sling,
A peerie an' a peerie string,
The big auld button that I fand
When crossin' through the fallow land,
A bit o' lead, a pickle thrums,
An' last o' a', some ait-cake crumbs.

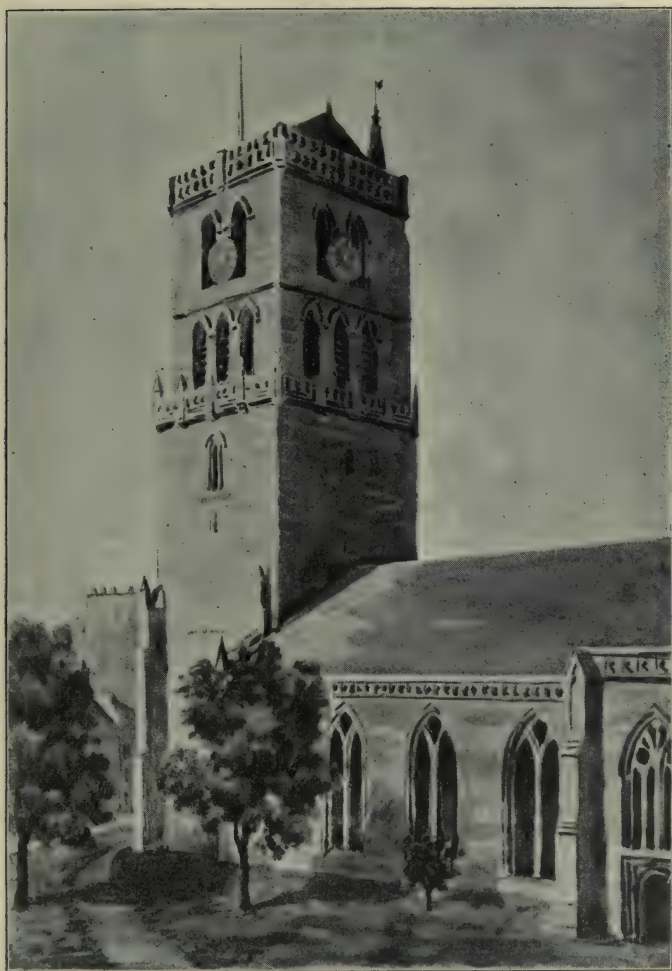
Yet ay, I turn them owre an' owre,
Thinkin' I'd been mista'en before,
An' aye my haun, wi' instinctive ettle,
Gangs to my pouch to seek my whittle.

I doot it's lost, but whaur or whan
Is mair than I can understan';
Whether it jump oot o' my pouch
That time I loupit owre the ditch,
Or whether I didna tak' it up
When I cut a handle for my whip,
Or put it in at the wrang slit,
An' it fell through, doon at my fit.
But mony a gaet I've been since then,
Owre hill an' hollow, moor an' fen,
Outside, inside, but an' ben;
I doot I'll never see 't again.

Made o' the very best o' metal,
I thought richt muckle o' my whittle;
It aye cam' in to be o' use,
Whether oot-by, or in the hoose,
For slicing neeps or whangs o' cheese,
Or cuttin' oot my name on trees,
To white a stick, or cut a string,
To mak' wind-mills, or onything.
Wi' 't I was richt whaur'er I gaed,
An' a' was wrang when I didna hae 't.
I kenna hoo I'll dae without it;
I'm sure I'm mighty ill about it;
I micht as weel live without vittle,
As try to live without my whittle.

Yon birkies scamperin' doon the road—
I'd like to join the joysome crood;
The very air rings wi' their daffin',
Their rollickin', halloooin', laughin';
Flee on, my lads, I'll bide my lane,
My heit's as heavy as a stane,
My feet seem tied to ane anither,
I'm clean dung doited a' thegither;
Hear how they rant, an' roar, an' rattle;
Like me, they hinna lost a whittle.

It was the only thing o' worth
That I could ca' my ain on earth;
An' aft I wad admiring stand,
Haudin' the whittle in my hand,



Drawn by Wm. Davidson.

From a Photo by D. Johnstone, Dundee.

THE OLD STEEPLE, DUNDEE.

Breathin' upon its shinin' blade,
To see how quick the breath would fade ;
An' weel I kenn'd it would reveal
The blade to be o' richt guid steel.

Puir whittle ! whaur will ye be noo ?
In wood, or lea, or hill, or howe ?
Lying a' covered owre wi' grass,
Or sinkin' deep in some morass ?
Or may ye be already fand,
An' in some ither body's hand ?
Or will ye lie, till, roosted owre,
You look like dug-up dirks o' yore ?

Whan we're a' deid, an' sound eneugh,
Ye may be turned up by the pleuch,
Or fand in the middle o' a peat,
An' sent to Edinburgh in state,
There to be shown—a wondrous sight—
The joteleg o' Wallace wicht !

Thus a' the comfort I can bring
Frae thee, thou lost, lamented thing,
Is to believe that on a board,
Wi' broken spear, wi' dirk, an' sword,
Wi' shield, an' helm, an' ancient kettle,
May some day lie my roosty whittle.

THE WEE HERD LOON.

Oh ! that I were the wee herd loon
That basks upon yon sunny lea,
Ilk ither wish I wad lay doon,
A laddie herdin' kye to be.

I'd lose the little lear I ha'e,
An' learn the herdie's simple arts,
To build a hoosie 'mang the strae,
To mak' wee neep an' tatie carts ;

To mak' a kep o' rashes green,
An' learn the herdie's gleesome lauch ;
To mak' a rattle for the wean,
Or cut a whistle frae the saugh ;

To licht a fire upo' the muir
That a' the herdies may sit doon,
Or set the whins on bleazin' fire
That a' the herdies may rin roun' ;

To plait a whup for drivin' kye,
An' learn the herdies' sangs to sing,
An' wi' the herdies' hoooin' cry
Gar a' the echoing woodlands ring ;

To climb the greenwood trees sae high,
An' shogin sit among the boughs,
An' watch the birdies flittin' by,
Or mark the burnie as it rows ;

To mak' windmills an' waterwheels,
To be ilk thing that's herdie-like ;
A wee thing feared o' ghaists an' deils,
Or ony ither unco tyke ;

Get shoon wi' clampit heels an' taes,
An' five fu' raws o' muckle tacketts ;
Corduroy and fustian claes,
Wi' pouches fu' o' queer nick-nackets,

O ! blithesome are the herdie's ways :
I had a wee wee tastin' o' them ;
But Time's a flood that never stays,
A flood that beats mankind to fathom ;

O ! blithesome are the herdie's ways :
I had a wee wee tastin' o' them ;
Time wafled me frae herdin' days
Ere I was weel begun to ken them.

THE AULD GABERLUNZIE.

Wild was the e'enin', the wind it was howlin',
And souffin' and snellin' the drift it did blaw ;
Doon in the moorland a doggie was yowlin'
For some weary body owreta'en by the snaw.

Sairly we wished for the dawn o' the day,
An' mony a saut tear o' sorrow did fa' ;
An' mony a heart in the parish was wae ;
'Twas the auld gaberlunzie lay dead in the snaw !

Nae mair will we feast owre the news o' the clachan,
Or hear how the lairds gang wi' lairds to the law ;
We'll hear nae mair clashes to set us a-lauchin' ;
The auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa' !

Nae mair will auld grannie sit crackin' at e'en
Wi' the couthie auld carle ayont by the wa',
An' lauch owre the jokes o' the days that ha'e been,
Now the auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa' !

Nae mair will the lassies wha work at the ferm
 Ken how 'ither lassies are growin' sae braw,
 Or wha's to be married at Martinmas term;
 The auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa'.

Nae mair will auld grandfather crack o' the war
 Wi' the skilly auld carle that ken'd o' it a';
 His heart now is dowie an' heavy an' sair,
 Since the auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa'!

Nae mair will the laddies hear auld-farrant stories
 O' ilka auld castle and queer biggit ha';
 O' ghaists an' o' witches, o' warlocks an' fairies;
 The auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa'.

Wha could ha'e thocht we sid miss him sae ill?
 The parish is no' like a parish ava!
 Naething to cheer us now—a'-body's dull
 Since the auld gaberlunzie is dead an' awa'!

THE INCENSE OF FLOWERS.

This rich abundance of the rose, its breath
 On which I think my soul almost could live,
 This sweet ambrosia, which even in death
 Its leaves hold on to give;

Whence is it? From dank earth or scentless
 air?

Or from the inner sanctuaries of heaven?
 We probe the branch, the root,—no incense
 O God, whence is it given? [there—

Is it the essence of the morning dew,
 Or distillation of a purer sphere—
 The breath of the immortals passing through
 To us immortals here?

Exquisite mystery, my heart devours
 The living inspiration, and I know
 Sweet revelations with the breath of flowers
 Into our beings flow.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

WITH the death of William Leighton at Liverpool in 1869 there closed a career of great promise, and a life of singular sweetness. This poet was a nephew of Robert Leighton. Both died young, and within a few days of each other, and both exhibited many of those gifts and graces which seem to have been a family possession. William was born at Dundee in 1841, and at the age of seven removed with his parents to the busy English city, where the family took up their permanent residence. From an early age the study of poetry was a passion with him; and before he had reached manhood he had written many of the poems now indissolubly linked with his name. Engrossed in business, his leisure was never ample; but his was the pen of a ready writer, and in addition to many such poems as represent him here, he wrote a number of valuable sketches and essays in prose, some of which have since his death appeared in his volumes and in various periodicals. Just before the short and severe attack of typhoid fever to which he succumbed, he had been busied preparing his poems for publication; and these appeared posthumously in 1870, in a volume of 150 pages. Quite a remarkable welcome was accorded the collection, and several large editions were exhausted. In 1890, a new

edition, edited and finely illustrated by the author's brother, Mr John Leighton, was issued, this volume forming a worthy memorial of a pure and true poet, whose death at the early age of twenty-eight the lovers of literature must ever deplore. Mr Leighton was trained for a business career, and had risen to a responsible and influential position in directing the affairs of a prominent firm of merchants in Liverpool.

WHAT SHALL I SING?

What shall I sing? The life of things
Is hidden from me by a cloud;
Nothing is known. The moving crowd
Are full of vain imaginings!
Some simple song at random sung—
A tale to make the tear-drop start:—
Vague thoughts are struggling in my heart,
But find no utterance on my tongue!
The thought that all the world commands—
That far into the future dips;
The poetry of clinging lips;
The poetry of clasping hands;

The throbbing joys that thrill the soul
With deepest, wildest ecstasies;
The longings that like troubled seas
Across the gulf of Being roll;—
All these I've known and tasted long,
But cannot give them forth in words;
I make a trembling 'mong the chords,
But cannot catch the soul of song.
When will the dew drop from the sky
To slake the soul's undying thirst?
When will this pent-up spirit burst
Forth in one flood of melody?

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—
Baby died to-day!
Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day!
Voice, whose prattling infant love
Was the music of our way,
Now is hushed for evermore—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day!
Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!
Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a happier world than this
Baby lives to-day!

THE BIRDIES.

A wee bird, weary o' her hame,
Flew far awa' into the west,
An' whaur she thocht nae birdies came
She built hersel' a lanely nest.
A neibor birdie, cauld an' weet,
Ae day socht shelter i' the tree,
An' near the nestie, low an' sweet,
He sang his luve fu' tenderly.

She listened wi' a flutterin' breast;
An', losin' a' her lanely pride,
She bad' him till her cosy nest,
An' creepit closely to his side!
An' aye sinsyne, in weal or woe,
The birdies hae been ne'er apart;
By day they heavenwards singin' go,
By nicht they nestle heart to heart.

THE SEASONS.

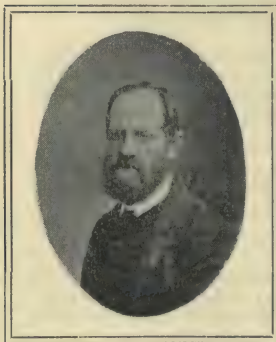
O Morn! by softest breezes fanned,
Pour down thy sunlight in a flood!
The Spring is laughing o'er the land,
And dancing in my blood!
I clasp a warm hand, soft and fair,
A strange wild joy my bosom swells;
And floats upon the happy air
The chime of marriage bells.

The Summer sky in beauty glows;
The Summer breezes murmur light;
And, underneath the blossoming rose,
The dews are glistening bright.
And Summer, fair in every part,
A thing of joy to me has grown,—
I feel the love-warmth of a heart
That beats against mine own!

The leaves are falling sere and dead,
 Hushed is the Summer's gladsome hum !
 The Summer flowers their bloom have shed,
 And Autumn time has come.
 The light has passed from sea and shore,
 These days are not the days of old ;
 I hold the hand I held of yore,
 But ah ! its clasp is cold !

O wind of Winter, rave and blow !
 Sweep wildly o'er each crested wave !
 Howl up the slopes across the snow,
 But pause upon her grave !
 Wail sadly there : then onward start
 With louder gust and wilder moan !—
 The joy hath perished from my heart,
 And I go forth alone.

WILLIAM LINDSAY.



IT were difficult to know whether to rank the "Bard of Kirriemuir" with Bottom the Weaver, or with the genial Autolycus, for Lindsay in his earlier life sang "all manner of songs" at the loom, and has for the last thirty years jingled his *hamert* lyre while trudging over Angus and the Mearns in the capacity of a cloth pack-merchant. William is not only a poet of distinct merit, he is a humorist as well ; and we introduce him here in both capacities ; first by a few autobiographical reminiscences, and then by a selection from those poems which are eloquent of their writer's heart and individuality.

"I made my appearance here (Kirriemuir) in 1840. My start in life was made at the *pirn wheel*, then as a herd laddie ; so that for a few years I was sometimes one thing and sometimes another, with a little schooling between hands. After a time I was at the handloom, and with the farmers, as it suited my fancy or the state of trade at the time. Then I turned a plashmiller, and wrought at that for a number of years at different mills in the district. At that time I joined the Home Rule Society, and got a number of presents in the shape of sons and daughters, a common occurrence to members of such an Order. Latterly I became a packman, and continue to be so after nearly thirty years' travelling over all the neighbouring counties. I have seen a little in that way of humanity as it is, have read a good deal, and have come to the very humbling conclusion—paradoxical though it seems—that the mair I ken the less I ken. I never go very far out now, about as far west as Blairgowrie, or east the length of Montrose. Yours for ever, and a long time after."

SIMMER IS COMIN'.

A WINTER NICHT IN CLOVA.

"Nae winder tho' the maidens o' the Doll be dun,
 For 'tween Michaelmas and Candlemas they never see the sun."—*Old Rhyme.*

Through the deep, darksome Doll surly Winter is howlin',
 Owre Ben Reid an' Ben Tirrin he's bockin' an' chowlin' ;
 But he'll juist ha'e his day, sae he e'en can be yowlin'—

For his glumshin' an' roustin' I carena a flee ;

For Simmer is comin',

Sweet Simmer is comin',

Wha'll gar him cower doon wi' ae blink o' her e'e.

Creep in owre wi' yer stools, while there's peats on the ingle,
 An' lat's ha'e an auld sang in oor ain haimert jingle,
 Or e'en aiblins a tale that will gar oor lugs tingle,
 O' mauchty deeds dune i' the days o' langsyne ;

For Simmer is comin',
 Braw Simmer is comin',

Tho' 'tis Winter without we'll haud Simmer within.

Tho' auld Winter be oorichie, cauldrie, an' eerie,
 The fond laverock will yet lilt in praise o' his dearie,
 An' the hale glen re-echo, in notes sweet an' cheerie,
 The death-knell o' Winter sae dowie an' drear ;

For Simmer is comin',
 Blithe Simmer is comin',

The green-buskit Simmer sae lo'esome an' dear.

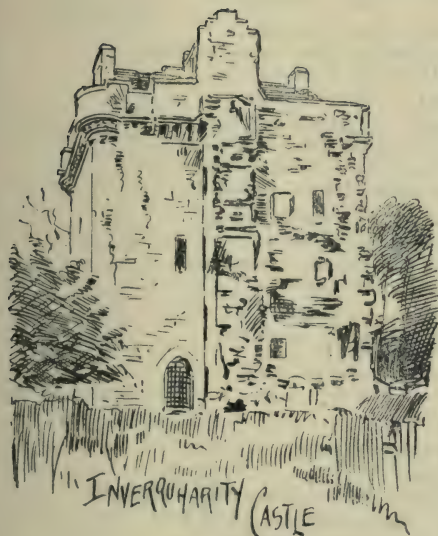
Should we e'er ha'e to wade thro' the snaw-wreaths o' sorrow,
 O, ne'er lat us grow mauchtless an' think we've nae marrow !
 Juist ye look at the broos ploo'd wi' mony a furrow

O' those wha ha'e thol'd their dreich winter o' wae ;

But Simmer is comin',
 Bricht Simmer is comin',

Dour Winter mak's dearer the lang Simmer day.

INVERQUHARITY.



Thou'rt a memento of the feudal broils
 That once robb'd Scotland of her needful
 power,
 And made the voice of lamentation rise
 From hut and hall, and lonely lovers' bower.

Hail ! ruin'd mansion of a noble race,
 A race renown'd in Scotland's ancient lore,
 Who bravely stood on many a bloody field,
 For right and liberty in days of yore.

Tall aged oaks expand their giant arms,
 As if to shield thee from the stormy blast ;
 The limpid streamlet steals beneath their
 shade,
 And softly whispers as it wimples past.

While fondly musing on thy glories past,
 Thy stately ruin to my mind recalls
 How fiery Crawford, in his savage rage,
 Assuag'd his ire upon thy massive walls.

How chang'd the time since thou wast in thy
 prime,
 When thou gav'st shelter from the hostile
 swords
 Of ruthless foemen, who, on plunder bent,
 Swept o'er the land in overwhelming hordes.

No more the clansman speeds with fiery cross
 To warn his kinsmen of their chief's
 command

To don their arms, and march forth to expel
 Some fierce invader from their native land.

Hail ! hoar memorial of a bygone age,
 An Age when Might was ruler o'er the land,
 Who reign'd triumphant o'er his vanquish'd
 foes,
 And held their birthright with a gory hand.

Weird silence reigns within thy high arch'd
hall,
Where once the minstrel's thrilling lays
were heard,

Of faithful lovers and bold heroes true,
When friends were met around the festive
board.

Now peaceful lambkins frisk along the
glade,

Where haply 'neath the sod some foeman
lies ;

Or where proud warrior breath'd his tale of
love,

And read the sequel in the maiden's eyes.

When sunset ushers in the gloaming hour,
The rustic lovers seek thy shady groves—
Bespangl'd o'er with Flora's choicest gems,
The meet beholders of their purest loves.

A solemn silence reigns o'er all the scene,
Save the sweet warblings of the feather'd
throng ;

Or murmurs, borne upon the evening breeze,
Of mingling waters as they wend along.

I love to gaze from off thy airy height,
And feast my eyes on mountain, glen, and
stream ;

While fancy revels with a keen delight
O'er many a legend of the olden time.

JEAN O' INCHMILL.

The mild simmer e'enin' fu' saftly was closin',
As doon frae my sheilin' I wander'd alane ;
An' lightly I trod by the clear windin' Prosen,
My heart fondly praisin' the charms o' my Jean.

In dark mountain corries the grey mist was creepin',
An' saft murmurs floated frae streamlet an' rill ;
While love in my breist sole dominion was keepin',
Inspired by the presence o' Jean o' Inchmill.

The ewes lay at rest on the haughs o' Dalairn,
While round them their lammies were loupin' wi' glee ;
The blackbird and mavis their joys were declarin',
And sae were in whispers my lassie an' me.

We strayed by the streamlet, oor tales o' love tellin',
Till darkness had mantled ilk heather-croon'd hill ;
The stars lookit doon frae their blue-vaulted dwellin',
An' smiled on my dearie, sweet Jean o' Inchmill.

The nurslings o' Flora that blaw by the fountains,
Nae fairer an emblem o' beauty can show ;
She's pure as the breath o' her ain native mountains,
A charm gowden lucre can never bestow.

Awa' wi' your ladies o' fashion sae gaudy,
Wha strive wi' fause airs to find lovers at will ;
But gie me my lassie by Nature made ready
For cottage or castle—fair Jean o' Inchmill.

PETER LIVINGSTONE.

THE title of this Dundee bard's first book was "Poems and Songs, etc.," and of his second, "Poems, Songs, and Lectures, etc.," and both are so well known to collectors, and even among the general public, that description of their contents is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that their author, by pushing their sale personally, made more by them than many good poets do by their writings ; was able, by means of them, to study for the ministry, and did become a preacher of some sort or other. His *volumes* ran into several

editions ; and it is a regrettable fact that "Poems, Songs, and Lectures" has, since the death of its writer, been widely circulated by one who has not scrupled to impersonate him. Livingstone was born in Dundee in 1823 ; and we bring forward his name simply on account of his claim to the authorship of a favourite Scottish song, the one brilliant flash which illuminates *and redeems* the darkness of his remarkable collection of echoes and plagiarisms borrowed from here, there, and everywhere.

A GUID NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A'.

A guid New Year to ane an' a',
 O, mony may ye see !
 An' during a' the years that come,
 O, happy may you be !
 An' may you ne'er ha'e cause to mourn,
 To sigh, or shed a tear ;—
 To ane an' a', baith great an' sma',
 A hearty guid New Year.
 O, Time flies fast, he winna wait,
 My friend, for you or me ;
 He works his wonders day by day,
 An' onward still doth flee.
 O, wha can tell gin ilka ane
 I see sae happy here
 Will meet again, an' merry be,
 Another guid New Year ?

We twa ha'e baith been happy lang,
 We ran about the braes ;
 In ae wee cot, beneath yon tree,
 We spent oor early days ;
 We ran aboot the burnie's side,
 The spot will aye be dear ;
 An' those that used to meet us there
 We'll think on many a year.
 Now let us hope our years may be
 As guid as they ha'e been ;
 Let's hope we ne'er again will see
 The sorrows we ha'e seen ;
 And let us hope that ane an' a'—
 Our friends baith far an' near—
 May aye enjoy, for time to come,
 A hearty guid New Year !

REV. JOHN LONGMUIR, LL.D.

THE literary activity of the late minister of the "Mariner's" Free Church, Aberdeen, was enormous ; for, in addition to his volumes of original poems, his compilations and general prose works, he edited an excellent edition of "Helenore," and wrote a life of Ross ; edited the combined Dictionaries of Walker and Webster, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, an abridgment of Jamieson's great Scottish Dictionary ; and did all this, and more than can here be mentioned, in addition to the discharge of the multifarious duties of a unique ministerial sphere. Doubtless, Dr Longmuir was at his best in all that pertained to the outstanding characteristics of his life-work. He was the seaman's pastor *par excellence* ; and whether in prelection or poem it never was difficult to discover where his heart lay. His ceaseless energy carried him over such fields as Natural Science, Topography, Antiquity, and Temperance ; but his return to his "Ocean Kingdom" seemed ever sure as that of the veering needle to the Pole. "The Lambs" of his fold, too, knew his peculiar care, and "Lays for the Lambs" have a place among his varied poetic publications. Indeed, in the Ministerial, Tutorial, and Literary capacities filled by Dr Longmuir, he discovered depths which few could have sounded, and sailed with easy buoyancy o'er them all.

Born within the Stonehaven district, in 1803, Dr Longmuir's interest in the Mearns was keen and true. He told the story of Dunottar Castle as it

never had been told before ; and in divers ways, some of them his very own, he sought to forward the best interests of his native county and its people. His family removed to Aberdeen while he was but entering on his teens, and his life was passed mainly in "the northern city cold," as John Davidson termed it ; but "the Men of the Mearns" never wanted a friend while they had him, and many of them have sincerely mourned the loss his removal caused them in 1883. His poetry is easily available through repeated editions of his books ; our examples fail to indicate its variety, but they show the author in his happiest forms. We have indicated a few of the phases in which Dr Longmuir's energy was exhibited ; it may be of service and interest to give a list of certain other works equally worthy of attention.

The College, and other Poems	Edinburgh, 1825	The Comet of 1858	Aberdeen, 1865
Bible Lays (first edition)	Aberdeen, 1835	The Free United Church	" 1867
Dunottar Castle	" 1835	Parting Address to the Old Year . .	" 1871
Ocean Lays	" 1854	Land of Burns and the Covenanters	" 1872
Lays for the Lambs	" 1860	Yule, a poem with notes	" 1873
Speyside	" 1860	A Bottleful of Happiness	" 1873

Lummie, a local rhyme of Dunottar ; &c.

SYMPATHY WITH SAILORS.

Oh, pray the God of might
 For those upon the deep ;
 For cold will be their watch to-night,
 And short their chilly sleep.

The sea-bird through the day
 That skimm'd the ocean's breast,
 Now with her young divides the prey
 Within her rocky nest.

The fisher seeks the shore ;
 Around his children run ;
 Then, lull'd by ocean's distant roar,
 He slumbers with the sun.

The ploughman from the plain
 Conducts his weary team,
 And, sheltered from the wind and rain,
 Hails harvest in his dream.

The city's busy hum—
 The daylight's ceaseless voice—
 At night's approach is hush'd—is dumb,
 Except the drunkard's noise ;

But evening's murky clouds,
 The tempest-boding glare,
 The louder howling in the shrouds,
 Increase the sailor's care.

Night brings no sweet repose,
 No shelter from the storm ;
 The more the growing tempest blows,
 The more exposed his form.

Then pray the God of might
 For those upon the deep ;
 For cold will be their watch to-night,
 And short, alas ! their sleep.

DUNOTTAR CASTLE.

Dunottar, oft thou boldly stoodst at bay,
 Though now thy turrets yield to sun and shower ;
 And lurid henbane waves in learning's bower,
 Where George, to spread Philosophy's mild ray,
 Designed those Halls whose sun has closed its day ;
 Nor arms or muse may claim the magnet power
 That draws the pilgrim to thy frowning Tower ;
 But that long *Vault*, bedewed with ocean's spray,
 Where pined those *Whigs* that dared a Papist's rage,
 And gave their lives for Liberty and Truth ;
 Brave men, meek women, ay, and budding youth,
 Thus purchased Freedom for a thankless age ;
 But Kings, who strove to crush the Patriot band,
 Soon reaped the whirlwind on a foreign strand.

LOCHLEE.

Wending thro' crowded hills our heath-grown way,
 We gravely hail thy lonely Loch, dark Lee;
 Then view thy ruined Church, whose blighted tree
 Pictures a student's bright but hapless day.
 Thy rippling wavelets and the sighing leaves,
 That once in concert swelled the weekly psalm,
 Prolong thy shepherd's slumbers deep and calm;
 While green the turf that wraps thy Poet heaves,
 Who rhymed a moral for thy mossy stones,
 Where Time's spent glass reclines on Death's cross-bones,
 Or wisely musing on thy tranquil face,
 When Zephyr's whisper hushed the Tempest's roar,
 Sung through thy Glen, the Lord would thus restore
 Peace where He breathes the Spirit of His grace.

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The sun has sunk beneath the wave,
 That joyed his burning brow to lave;
 The whale's last jet of snowy spray
 Has glittered in the fading ray;
 The last sea-mew has sought her nest;
 The porpoise rolled himself to rest;
 The rippling breeze has sunk in sleep,
 And smooth as marble left the deep;
 A thousand stars of diamond sheen
 Are mirrored in the ocean green;
 The nets are set, the buoys afloat,
 And gently heaves the watchful boat.

But hark! what soothing sounds arise,
 While wearied nature slumbering lies:
 Is it the fisher's legend-tale,
 Before he wraps him in his sail?
 Ah! 'tis not thus on Adria's waves
 That boatmen chant alternate staves
 From Tasso's tale of feats of yore,
 With wives responsive on the shore;
 Nor songs of noisy bacchanal,
 In these sweet numbers rise and fall;
 For, hark! the swelling harmony
 Extols the Ruler of the sea;—

THE HYMN.

Afar upon the midnight main,
 Our heaving home, a slender bark,
 We raise to Thee our humble strain,
 Who savedst Thy servant in the ark.

These waves, when raging in their might,
 Recoil before Thy whispered word;
 Those glorious stars that cheer our night
 Thy living energy record.

In every chink of Ocean's caves
 Thy word creates, Thy love sustains;
 Some creature's want Thy bounty craves,
 In all the fields of his domains.

O Thou, who broodedst o'er the deep,
 Imparting life to primal night,
 Arouse the sinner from his sleep,
 And lead to Christ—the life, the light.

And Thou, who walkedst Gennesar's wave,
 To calm the storm, and cheer the crew,
 Hast still the love and power to save,
 To cleanse our heart, our will renew.

To Thee we now commend our souls,
 With anchor firm within the veil;
 Assured Thy will the wave controls,
 As Thy command restrains the gale.

Should thunder roar, and lightning flash,
 And furious waves against us beat,
 In Jesus' name, above the crash,
 Our cry would reach Thy mercy seat.

But rather bid the tempest sleep,
 Nor toss the waves in wild turmoil,
 That these extended nets may sweep
 A plenteous draught to crown our toil.

And, since through grace, and not of debt,
 We gain success, no skill we brag;
 No sacrifice we bring our net,
 Nor offer incense to our drag.

Then bear us safe to friends on land,
 Who for our speed and safety pray;
 So shall our grateful hearts expand
 With love for Thee—our life, our stay.

JAMES LOTHIAN.

A MAN "much in the mouths of the public," as he could hardly fail to be, James Lothian combined with his large practice of Dentistry an almost abnormal activity as an advocate of Temperance. He did excellent service to that good cause in connection with the Band of Hope movement; and published, in 1855, a pamphlet of 24 pages, giving "The History of John Wright the Joiner, and other Rhymes"; a collection of verses imbued with the sentiments of Temperance Reform, the best of which we reproduce. Mr Lothian was born at Perth in 1821, and died in 1872 at Dundee, where he had lived and laboured for over twenty years.

POISONED AND PLUNDERED.

Air—"Todlin' but and todlin' ben."

When I used to ha'e sixpence under my thumb,
I got plenty o' credit through a' the town,
But when I was poor they a' bade me gang by,
For but little they cared for my company;
Poisoned and plundered, ragged and poor,
Bullied and kicked frae the publican's door.

There was an ale wife, O she had a grand sale;
When my cronies and I gaed to drink her ale,
Wi' smiles an' wi' jokes aye she answered our ca',
And our hard-earned wages she wheedled awa'.
Poisoned and plundered, ragged and poor,
Bullied and kicked frae the publican's door.

There was hunger at hame; 'twas naething to me,
Though for want baith my wife and bairnies should dee;
I'd rather see that than my ale I should stint,
My heart, by the drink, was made harder than flint.
Poisoned and plundered, ragged and poor,
Bullied and kicked frae the publican's door.

But now there's a change, I am sure you will say,
For I've been Teetotal a year and a day;
Our house is weel furnished, our bairnies weel clad;
I gang through the town without hangin' my head;
No more poisoned and plundered, ragged and poor,
Bullied and kicked frae the publican's door.

Then let each weirdless chiel' whose pouches are clean,
Just think on me now, and on what I ha'e been,
At ance take the pledge, break the publican's chain;
Your siller's hard won, so frae strong drink abstain,
Nor be poisoned and plundered, ragged and poor,
Bullied and kicked frae the publican's door.

JAMES LOWE.



THE author of some excellent parodies, strongly reminiscent of Hood in their rich humour, and of a variety of poems in which his vein of wit runs in alternate lines with the graceful expression of tender sentiments, Mr James Lowe may be advanced as an honour to the craft of St. Crispin, and a credit to his native parish of Coupar-Angus, where he was born in 1853. Readers of the *Evening Telegraph*, *People's Friend*, *People's Journal*, *Weekly News*, and *Scottish Nights*, know him well, and have had many a hearty laugh over such pieces as "The Wreck of the Mary Ann," and have mingled their spirits with his as he gently crooned fond memories of "Whaur the Dichty Rins." The general reader

will enjoy these specimens of Mr Lowe's inherent humour and tenderness, and will be interested in reading the following quotation taken from a *Scottish Nights* article, referring to his entrance into the "Poets' Club" of that periodical. "Most men have a hobby of some sort, and Mr Lowe's hobby is fiddling. In strathspey and reel playing he has held his own with such well-known players as J. S. Marshall, Scott Skinner, and Keith Murray. For a man working daily at his trade to master the violin as Mr Lowe has done is no small matter; indeed, it reflects the highest credit upon him." Mr Lowe's early days were spent at Balmerino; he has pursued his avocation for many years in Dundee, and has lately started "a thing with little profit and less poetry in it, namely, a boot and shoe store," to which venture his many friends join in wishing him success.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY ANN.

It was the sand sloop Mary Ann
That sailed the Firth of Tay;
And the skipper had taken a quart of rum
On board of his craft that day.

Red was the nose of that sand-boat man,
In his cheek was a short black clay;
And his voice was gruff as the ass that brays
For his evening bunch of hay.

O, light was his heart as his empty ship
When he sailed for Newburgh town;
And he left Dundee with a north-west wind
As the wintry sun went down.

And he called for the mate and bo'sun bold,
And the crew of the Mary Ann,
And there came at his call a red-haired boy,
And a dog that was black and tan.

Now the name of that little dog was "Spot"—
And the boy was Davy Dey;
(Now, 'tis right that each Dey should have
Since each dog has his day!) [his dog,

"You'll keep her head straight for Flisk's
auld kirk,
And when there you'll call for me,
For I go below to study my chart,
And the dangers of the sea."

Then dark grew the night, and a hurricane
And wilder the wind did blow; [rose,
And still, as the storm arose aloft,
The rum went down below.

"O, skipper, I hear the sound of guns!
O, say, what may it be?"
"Some poachers up in Birkhill wuds,
And here's to their health," said he.

"O, skipper, I hear the sound of bells !
 O, say, what may it be ?"
 "It's the wind that's ringin' Flisk's auld kirk
 bell,"

And again to his grog fell he.

"O, skipper, I see a gleamin' licht !
 O, say, what may it be ?"
 But not a word more could the skipper speak,
 For as drunk as a lord was he.

Then up went the helm, and round swung the
 sloop,

By brave little Davy Dey,
 And he steered for Ferry-Port-on-Craig,
 Where his mother's cottage lay.

And fast as the steed o'er the racecourse flies,
 Or fast as the north-west wind—
 And Birkhill woods, and Flisk's auld kirk,
 He soon left leagues behind.

She struck where the land lay very low,
 And the sea ran mountains high,

And she slipped thirty yards o'er a snow-clad
 Until she at rest did lie. [field]

And Davy Dey ne'er stopped to rest
 Till he reached his mother's door ;
 (And he ploughed the land for forty years,
 But he ploughed the seas no more.)

Next morning, on that snow-clad field,
 Some villagers stood aghast
 To hear that red-nosed sand-boat man,
 As he stood by the broken mast.

And where was his crew ? And how came his
 ship
 On that blasted field to lie ?
 And the swears he swore would have sunk his
 ship
 Had she not been high and dry.

Now to all who shall read this truthful tale
 I have just one word to say :—
 Leave rum alone when you go to sail
 On the stormy Firth of Tay !

WHAUR THE DICHTY RINS.

Whaur the Dichty rins
 Doon yon fairy dell,
 Whaur the rowan tree
 Hings abune the well ;
 Though there's nae cascades,
 Falls, nor roarin' linn,
 Yet there's beauty spots
 Whaur the Dichty rins.

Whaur the Dichty rins
 By yon hawthorn tree,
 There I first met ane,
 Dearest still to me ;
 Ilka neuk we kenned,
 A' its oots and ins ;
 Lovingly we strayed
 Whaur the Dichty rins.

Whaur the Dichty rins,
 Near the auld Main's Den,
 Bairnies blithely play
 A' the games they ken :
 When at night the mune
 Keeks abune the whins,
 Happy lovers stray
 Whaur the Dichty rins.

Whaur the Dichty rins,
 Oh, I fain wad be ;
 There's nae ither burn
 Half so dear to me ;
 When I wi' auld age
 Totter on my pins,
 I'll haud hame to dee
 Whaur the Dichty rins.

It goes almost for the saying that Mr Lowe is an enthusiast in Scottish song ; and his partiality for Burns's "Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine" has made him "daur" to add a stanza to that short but splendid lyric. Experience constrains one to doubt the wisdom of interpolation or elongation generally ; but that this addition has been made with singular propriety both readers and singers will admit :—

When War's last bugle blast is blawn,
 And gentle Peace men's hearts is swaying,
 Wi' joy and pride I'll seek thy side,
 My glad heart's fond behests obeying.

Though friends prove false, and fortune frown,
 And a' my plans o' life miscarry,
 I'll ha'e nae care, if thou be there
 To welcome me, my bonnie Mary.

ALEXANDER LOWSON.



WHEN the literary history of Forfar is written—and a worthy and interesting chapter in Scottish Annals it will prove—the name and work of Alexander Lowson will bulk largely therein; unless, indeed, he be himself the chronicler, and merge his personality in that enthusiasm for the work of other writers which is characteristic of the man. Born at Forfar in 1841, he began life as a weaver, became a coal merchant, a town councillor, and, ultimately, a bailie in the ancient burgh. Fearless in support of the right, eloquent, and of great administrative ability, Bailie Lowson was regarded and respected as a power in his native town; and in the conduct

of his organ, the *Forfar Reformer*, he first displayed that inherent literary ability which has marked every subsequent effort. "The Forfar Pulpit," "John Guidfollow," and "Tales and Legends," have all been popular books; but these do not exhaust the catalogue of Mr Lowson's activities. "Forfar Notables," an admirable series of sketches of famous Forfarians, with portraits by Mr John Young, and sumptuously produced by Messrs Jolly, Aberdeen, is a most creditable literary effort; and the editorship of *Caledonia*—that spirited effort to provide Scotland with a truly national magazine, and which ceased, unfortunately, with the seventh number—still further emphasises Mr Lowson's claims as the leading literary light of the county town. As the Governor of Forfar Poorhouse, his prudent administration of a difficult trust has been on a level with his successful public career; while his energy in all the details of his business and literary affairs commands the esteem of a wide circle of friends. He makes no pretensions to great poetic ability, but the incidental pieces appearing in his works have been much admired; and it is with pleasure that we present a selection from these, along with a song which is interesting as a memento of Mr Lowson's stimulating Presidency of Forfar Burns Club.

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

We homage pay to patriots true,
Who sought our weal in days of yore;
We honour give to warriors too,
Who keep the foe from Scotia's shore;
We all adore the statesmen great
Who steer the realm thro' oceans wild—
But let us ne'er forget the debt
We owe to Scotia's darling child.

Cho.—Then let us welcome aye the day,
His natal day as it returns,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar' gray,
That saw the birth o' Robert Burns.

He taught us songs o' magic worth,
Of love and truth and manhood strong,
Now freedom circles round the earth
Embalmed by Robbie's matchless song.
His "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled"
Made tyrants tremble in his day;
Now Freedom proudly lifts her head,
Inspired by Robin's peerless lay.
Then let us, etc.

The loves, the joys o' lowly swains,
He painted true beyond compare;

While blood flows through our Scottish veins
 We'll sing these sangs o' genius rare;
 While mountains wear their caps o' snaw,
 While flow'rets bloom or birdies sing,

While grass grows green, or Boreas blaw,
 We'll honour Scotia's Poet King.
 Then let us, etc.

THE ARCHER'S SONG.

Hurrah! for the bow of the good arn tree,
 It sends out the arrow so swift and free,
 Piercing the breast of the fowls that flee,
 And brings down the deer and roe.
 When the archer's aim is firm and true,
 And his arrow is made from the holy yew,
 He can bring his quarry from the welkin blue,
 With a shot from his good arn bow.

In his doublet green and his buckskin hose,
 So merrily forth the archer goes;
 Bold is his mien, for he fears no foes
 As he walks 'neath the greenwood tree.

His quiver across his shoulders slung,
 His bow in his hand, with string full strung,
 A nobler theme no bard has sung,
 Than the archer bold and free.

In the border fight, or the fierce foray,
 His arrow flies like a dazzling ray,
 Laying his foeman dead on the clay,
 A feast for the carrion crow.
 We'll sing his praise till the welkin ring,
 This hero of the bow and string,
 And bring unto him an offering
 Of all that's good below.

A NORSE SONG.

Young Sif was a maiden fair,
 Of the town of Elsinore,
 Like thread of gold was her beautiful hair,
 No angel of light had a smile so rare,
 And she loved the war-god Thor.

He has taken her home to his palace grand,
 Thoudvanger by the sea,
 And while they walk on the golden strand,
 He flings down his mace and his belt on the
 And he sings this melody. [sand,

Thor sings—

When in Valhalla I first saw the earth,
 The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled,
 My mother Frigga rejoiced at my birth,
 But my brother Balder looked sad and cold.

He is for peace, and I for discord,
 The rose and the lily his heart enthrall;
 He for the plough, and I for the sword,
 To fight, to kill, and to conquer all.

But now my heart of fierce delight
 Is quite subdued by an eye of blue;
 My belt, and my mace, and my buckler
 bright
 I have thrown away for the love of you.

Thy peerless laugh I hold more dear
 Than all the glory of Heaven or Earth;
 Sweet Sif has killed the war-dog drear,
 And the Furies that smiled at the war-god's
 birth.

MRS ANGUS LYON.

IT is not advancing too much to say that one of the most widely popular of our county songs is "Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whisky"; and one may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that had its fair authoress cared to cultivate her superb lyric faculty in other than the "off-hand" ways of which she sings, she might have rivalled her distinguished contemporary of a neighbouring county, the Lady Carolina Nairne. Mrs Lyon, eldest daughter of John Ramsay L'Amy of Dunkenny, was born at Dundee in 1762. She blossomed into beauty which drew many admirers and suitors, the prize being awarded to Dr James Lyon, minister of Glamis. In the quiet retreat of the manse of this "Sweet Auburn" the poetess passed her useful and benignant later life; surviving her husband by two years, and having seen nearly all of

her ten children laid to rest in Glamis Kirkyard. She died in 1840, leaving four little books of poems in MS., which reveal her possession of a fertile fancy, a deep vein of pathos, a lively sense of humour, and a peculiarly correct musical faculty. Neil Gow, in the course of his regular peregrinations to Dundee balls, made her acquaintance—with whom did not the famous fiddler forgather?—and her best known song was written at his request. For long it appeared and, indeed, grew famous anonymously—as did Lady Nairne's celebrated writings, and much that was bred of that curious literary period; but the facts are now established, and the name of Agnes Lyon graces the roll of those her county seeks to hold in honour and renown.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

Tune—"Fareweel to Whisky."

Ye've surely heard of famous Neil,
The man who play'd the fiddle weel;
He was a heartsome merry chiel;
And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O!
For since he wore the tartan hose
He dearly liket *Atholl Brose*;
And grieved was he, you may suppose,
To bid "Fareweel to Whisky," O!

Alas! says Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And whiles my hame is unco cauld;
I think it mak's me blithe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O;
But a' the doctors do agree
That whisky's no' the drink for me;
I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
By parting me and whisky, O.

But I should mind on "auld langsyne,"
How Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind—
Forbid—like Highland whisky, O!
Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
And find my heart and fingers hale,
I'll be content though legs should fail,
And though forbidden whisky, O!

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
And screw its strings while they can stand,
And mak' a lamentation grand
For guid auld Highland whisky, O!
Oh! all ye powers of music, come,
For, 'deed, I think I'm mighty glum,
My fiddle strings will hardly bum
To say, "Fareweel to Whisky," O!

It will be interesting to quote one of the songs from Mrs Lyon's unpublished MSS. The incident refers to the visit of Sir Walter Scott to Glamis Castle, where, in the absence of its noble lord, he was entertained by Mr Robert Proctor, resident factor on the estate.

WITHIN THE TOWERS OF ANCIENT GLAMIS.

Air—"Twas merry in the hall."

Within the towers of ancient Glamis
Some merry men did dine,
And their host took care they should richly fare
In friendship, wit, and wine;
But they sat too late, and mistook the gate
(For wine mounts to the brain);
O, 'twas merry in the hall, when the beards
wagged all,
And we hope they'll be back again.
Sir Walter tapped at the parson's door,
To find the proper way,
But he dropped his switch, though there was
no ditch,
And on the steps it lay.

So the wife took care of this nice affair,
And she wiped it free from stain;
For the knight was gone, nor the owner
known,
So he ne'er got the switch again.
This wondrous little whip remains
Within the lady's sight,
She crambo makes, with some mistakes,
But hopes for further light.
So she ne'er will part with this switch so
smart,
These thirty years her ain;
Till the knight appear, it must just lie here,
He will ne'er get his switch again!

REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"M'CHEYNE of Dundee"; how often these words have been written, and how much they have been in the mouth of the religious world!

No book of its kind has had a wider circulation than has Dr Andrew Bonar's "Memoir and Remains" of the saintly minister, whose writings have an honoured place in every evangelical Hymnal. Born at Edinburgh in 1813, he passed through the High School and University of that city, and became assistant minister at Larbert in 1835. In 1836 he was ordained minister of St. Peter's parish, Dundee; and the record of his remarkable labours there till his death in 1843 is, perhaps, the best-known chapter of our national biography. Its general tenor is thus summed up in a striking paragraph in Dr Bonar's Memoir:—

"As he was subject to frequent sickness, it was not till within some days of his death that serious alarm was generally felt, and hence the stroke came with awful suddenness upon us all. That same afternoon, while preparing for Sabbath duties, the tidings reached me. I hastened down, though scarce knowing why I went. His people were that evening met together in the church, and such a scene of sorrow has not often been witnessed in Scotland. It was like the weeping for King Josiah. Hundreds were there, the lower part of the church was full; and none among them seemed able to contain their sorrow. Every heart seemed bursting with grief, so that the weeping and the cries could be heard afar off," etc.

As illustrative of M'Cheyne's writings we give the complete text of a hymn that commonly appears in a greatly abridged form, and which has for us an additional interest in the fact that it was composed at Dundee in 1837. It may also be useful and interesting to quote the titles and first words of those other pieces which as hymns or poems have been of signal service in the Church Universal.

Jehovah Tsidkenu	"I once was a stranger."
The Sea of Galilee	"How pleasant to me."
They sing the song of Moses	"Dark was the night."
To Yonder Side	"Behind the hills of Naphtali."
The Barren Fig Tree	"Within a vineyard's sunny bound."
The child coming to Jesus	"Suffer me to come to Jesus."
Children called to Christ	"Like mist on the mountain."
Siloam	"Beneath Moriah's rocky side."

I AM DEBTOR.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know
Something of how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;

But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
Blessed Spirit ! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns ;
God of comforts ! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

JAMES MACDONALD.

THE father of one of Dundee's most esteemed and useful citizens, Mr J. B. Macdonald, the late Mr Macdonald was well known and respected in the community among whom the greater part of his long life was spent. He was born at Laurencekirk in 1810, and was in early life a shoemaker at Fettercairn. Fond of literature, he made the acquaintance of men like Alexander Laing and George Duthie ; and among his personal papers, now preserved by his son, are several letters and poems written by these and other bards not unknown to fame. Mr Macdonald qualified himself to act as messenger-at-arms, and in this capacity was employed at Dundee for over fifty years, and until his death in 1896. He was an occasional contributor of pure and poetic pieces to the press ; the following extract giving a fair representation of his simple versification.

LIFE A VAPOUR.

A little cloud, radiant and rosy in hue,
Came sailing along on the bright blue air ;
And aye as it glided away it grew
More radiant, and ruddy, and rosy, and fair.

It arose in the west and came gaily on,
By the balmy breath of the zephyr borne,
And, oh, it was lovely to look upon,
As it went on its way to the portals of morn.

O'er the blue ocean's bosom the bright summer
sun

Was rising to smile on the green earth again ;
And the light, lovely thing fledted gracefully on
Till absorbed in the glory it hasted to gain.

Fair emblem of one of earth's loveliest things—
A young heir of heaven, a trophy of grace,
Rising up from this valley of tears on the wings
Of faith, to a holier, happier place.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL.

A PROMINENT member of the "Dundee Literary Institute"—that society which, with its branch the "Magnum Bonum," merged their duality in the "Union"—Mr M'Dougall formed one of that remarkable literary brotherhood graced with the names of Robert Leighton, John Syme, W. D. Latto, William Gardiner, and many others that figure among the local *notabilia*. He

was born at Dundee in 1800; suffered the hardships attendant on early labours in a mill; became a commercial traveller; and latterly was a clerk in the railway service, retiring from active life in 1870, his death occurring at Preston some years later. Mr M'Dougall, as "Mickie," was one of the contributors to Myles' "A Feast of Literary Crumbs"; from which entertaining brochure we extract these varied specimens of his "cantie muse."

THE FISHER'S SONG.

Tune—"The Wedding o' Ballyporeen."

Come all ye brave sportsmen of every degree;
O come from the rivers, the lakes, and the sea;
O come from the wild wood, the mountain and glen:—
Come join in my chorus, my sweet fishing strain.

Hurra for the jolly blithe fisher,
Hurra for the jolly blithe fisher,
Hurra for the jolly blithe fisher,
The blithe jolly fisher, hurra!

With a light beating heart, and a joy-beaming eye,
Like the white fleecy cloud o'er the blue summer sky
At the dawn of the day, to the lark's early song,
Over mountain and muir see him bending along.

Hurra, etc.

He tickles the trouts, as they wantonly rise,
With his bright shining rod, waving tackle, and flies;
He merrily chants, as he artfully throws
The gay floating naturals over their nose.

Hurra, etc.

At noon, the green boughs waving over his head,
On the stream's flowery bank his smooth table is spread;
His crust of brown bread and his draught from the spring
He would not exchange for the feast of a king.

Hurra, etc.

With his creel full of trouts, as homeward he goes,
No care nor no sorrow the blithe fisher knows;
The jolly blithe fisher, wherever he roam,
The maid of his bosom still welcomes him home,

With hurra for my jolly blithe fisher,
Hurra for the jolly blithe fisher, etc.

THE DEEIN' BEGGAR.

Tune—"Barbara Allen."

O! deep the snaw had wreath'd the muir,
And the wintry wind was swellin';
The beggar—blind, and auld, and puir—
Socht shelter in our dwellin'.

O! he had seen a better day,
Ere frien's an' fortune fled him;
But now nae frien' on the earth had he
But the little dog that led him.

We took him frae the angry storm
And the cauld blast, whar we found him;
We made his bed baith saft an' warm,
And we row'd his plaidie round him.

"You've kindly open'd to me your door
Sae soon as e'er ye heard me,
Though I am blind, an' auld, an' puir;
But heaven will yet reward ye.

Gae bring your bairnies a' to me,
Let nane o' them be missin';
And though I've naething mair to gi'e,
They'se get an auld man's blessin'."

He bless'd the bairnies ane by ane,—
"May poortith ne'er oppress ye;
And, O, be guid when I am gane,
And God Himsel' will bless ye.

"You'll a' be kind to my collie here,
An' share wi' him your coggie :
Sae fare ye weel, my bairnies dear,
An' my doggie, oh, my doggie !"

He turn'd him round, he spak' nae mair ;
Nae kindness could restore him :
To God he breath'd a silent prayer,
And the shade o' death cam' o'er him.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT LEIGHTON.

EXTRACT.

We'll sing fair Scotia's woods an' hills,
Her shinin' lakes an' murmuring rills,
Her yellow broom an' heather bells,
Ilk flowrit fair
That decks her plains, her muirs, an' dells
Wi' beauty rare.

Her gallant hearts sae leal and true,
Her tartan plaids an' bonnets blue,
Her sturdie sons wha ne'er wad bow
To Tyrant's law,
Their deathless fame the world through
We'll loudly blaw.

We'll sing o' Tannahill an' Burns,
Wi' sweetest flowers we'll deck *their* urns ;
O ! how my yearning bosom mourns
Their fate severe ;
While o'er my cheek like lava burns
The briny tear.

Dear Rab, nae mair my heart can sing,
I've touched upon a tender string ;
My cantie muse, warm-hearted thing,
She's sitting greetin' :
Sae on the wa' my harp I'll hing,
Till our neist meetin'.

GEORGE MACFARLANE.

THIS bard published at Montrose, in 1846, a volume entitled "Rhymes of Leisure Hours," which was dedicated to the Rev. Hugh Hercus. The preface reads as follows :—

"The following Rhymes were written by a working man during his hours of relaxation from labour, and have now been printed at the earnest desire of a number of the author's friends. He is sensible that they possess but little poetical or literary merit, and has no expectation that he will acquire by them either gain or fame ; but should they, in any measure, tend to gratify those in compliance with whose wishes they have been published, he will consider himself sufficiently rewarded."

We are informed that the writer, sustaining a slight accident in Messrs Aberdeen Gordon and Co.'s Mills, where he was employed, became a missionary, and laboured as such for many years at various places, including Leith and Edinburgh. His poems breathe a fine spirit throughout, though tinged with a pensive vein, which the opening verses of the "EMIGRANT'S MOTHER" illustrates.

O dinna gang sae far awa',
Sae lang awa' frae me, Jamie,
For O, I fear, or you come back,
Cauld in my grave I'll be, Jamie.
Your faithier noo lies in the dust,
Your brither in the sea, Jamie,
An' on this waefu', weary earth
Nae friend ha'e I but thee, Jamie.

O dinna leave the bonnie land
That you can ca' your ain, Jamie,
To share the stranger's sultry hame
Ayont the trackless main, Jamie.

You there may gather heaps o' gowd
An' busk in claithin' fine, Jamie,
But there ye winna get a heart
To fash for you like mine, Jamie.

Aft ha'e I fed thee frae the breast,
An' dried your tearfu' e'e, Jamie,
An' watched you thro' the dreary night
When you was like to dee, Jamie ;
An' aften owre your sleepin' head
I've breathed a mither's prayer, Jamie,
That He aboon, wha never sleeps,
Wad mak' you aye his care, Jamie.

But sud you, reckless o' the skaith,
 Forsake your hame an' me, Jamie,
 A mither's blessin' on you rest—
 Nae mair ha'e I to gi'e, Jamie;

But oh! you winna ha'e me syne
 To mak' your cheerless bed, Jamie,
 To cheer you when your heart is sair,
 Or bind your painfu' head, Jamie.

THE CALEDONIAN LYRE.

Air—"Monymusk."

While Albion's sons may love her lays,
 With soft and flowing numbers fine;
 Tho' sweetly they their country praise,
 They ne'er can match the songs o' mine.
 Sing me the wild and moving strains
 That can the coldest heart inspire—
 That first in Scotia's mountain glens
 Awoke the Caledonian lyre.
 The lyre, the lyre, the mountain lyre,
 The wild and sweet and plaintive lyre;
 Sing me the old and melting strains
 That woke the Caledonian lyre.

When Scotia's sons for freedom stood,
 And drove usurpers from the land,
 And fearless faced the field of blood
 With willing heart and ready hand,
 There glowed in every dauntless breast
 The flame of patriotic fire,
 And to the field they quickly press'd,
 While loudly swell'd the martial lyre.
 The lyre, the lyre, the martial lyre,
 The loud and spirit-stirring lyre; etc.

When ruthless men, with flames and sword,
 Did try to change old Scotia's creed,
 And, trusting to the faithful word,
 To moorland waste and glens they fled;
 When as a rock her sons did brave
 The force of persecution's fire,
 Then in the wild and mountain cave
 Awoke the solemn sacred lyre.
 The lyre, the lyre, the sacred lyre,
 The soft and bosom-soothing lyre; etc.

Or when in scenes of manly glee
 Her swains, like brothers, did repair,
 And hearty joined the kindly spree,
 Its cheerful chords were thrilling there;
 Or when the scene was changed to woe,
 When love or kindred did expire,
 And hearts were sad and tears did flow,
 Then slowly wail'd the plaintive lyre.
 The lyre, the lyre, the plaintive lyre,
 The slow and sad and wailing lyre;
 Sing me the old and melting strains
 That woke the Caledonian lyre.

WILLIAM F. M'HARDY.

THIS writer of sweet and simple verses—appearing chiefly in the *Montrose Review* over the title "A Mearns Laddie"—was well known as the green-keeper of the Montrose Golf Course a year or two ago, and is now resident at Glasgow. He was born at Townhead, Arbuthnot, in 1847, was educated at St. Cyrus, and engaged in agricultural avocations till his settlement in Montrose about 1876. Here he was for some years a member of the police force, and latterly lessee of the Black Bull Inn. Mr M'Hardy traces the awakening of his literary faculty to the influence of the Loehside Mutual Improvement Society (now non-existent), and prefers local and domestic themes as subjects for its exercise.

MY AIN AULD MAN.

The wrinkle's on my broo,
 An' my hair is turning gray;
 I'll soon be at the fit
 O' life's rough an' rugged way;
 My bairnies a' are up,
 Ay, an' married aff my han';
 Sae I'll toddle to life's en'
 Wi' my ain auld man.

'Tis forty years an' mair
 Sin' in wedlock we were tied;
 A lassie in my teens
 That day I becam' his bride;
 The rose was on my cheek,
 But it's noo grown pale and wan;
 Yet the bloom's aye fresh an' fair
 To my ain auld man.

O lassies, a' tak' tent,
 When ye lea' your faither's ha'
 To mairry wi' the laddie
 That ye lo'e the best o' a':

Aye mak' your hame fu' cosy,
 Ay, an' do the best ye can
 To welcome wi' a smile,
 Aye, your ain guidman !

DAVID M'INTOSH.

OUR good friend Mr J. E. Watt, Montrose, is the recipient of occasional rhyming epistles from this expatriated townsman of his own, who has for many years been resident in America. He was born at Hillside, near Montrose, in 1846, and during his youth worked as a heckler. Subsequently he became an engineer, and has plied this avocation very successfully on the other side of the Atlantic. As a youthful and budding poet, Mr M'Intosh was encouraged by the kindly counsels of "Tammis Bodkin"; and for a specimen of his unpretentious effusions we turn to "Poems by the People," that remarkable little anthology produced under the auspices of the best of editors, and containing "One Hundred and Thirty Pieces, selected from Four Hundred and Twenty entered in competition for twelve Prizes offered by the Publishers of the *People's Journal*, Christmas, 1868."

THE DEEIN' MITHER TO HER BAIRNS.

I'm sinkin' fast noo, but I'm no' feared to dee,
 And I'm no' wae to pairt wi' this warld sae fair ;
 My God to the end will in safety guide me,
 And in heaven a place will be mine evermair.

Be couthie wi' ither, be bearin' an' kind,
 For the pitiless warld nae pity will show ;
 And if sair made ye be, O, bear ye in mind
 What oor Saviour endured when He wandered below.

Your toil-worn daddie is fast wearin' dune,
 And ere lang he maun warsle alane up life's brae ;
 O, strive ye to keep his sad heart aye abune,
 Smooth his rough road, be his comfort and stay.

I thoct when forfochen sair bringin' ye up
 Ye wad yet be a blessin' to him an' to me ;
 This thoct cheered my heart aye, and sweetened my cup,
 But it wasna to be—no, it wasna to be.

Ye winna forget me when low lies my head ;
 An' in simmer, when a' the wee floories appear,
 Ye'll maybe come whiles to the place where I'm laid,
 There to think on your mither that lo'ed ye sae dear.

Your books and your schoolin' ye mauna forget ;
 If at schule ye be eident, and aye weel behaved,
 Ye'll rise to be braw lads and braw lasses yet ;
 But, O, never forget that ye've souls to be saved.

Be kind to the ill-aff, the auld, and the lame ;
 If your girnel be toom and your pouches be bare,
 A kind look or word is nae wa' cast on them ;
 And a kind look or word, mind, the puirest can spare.

And, O, ha'e a care hoo ye spend the Lord's-day,
 For far keener on that day is God's watchfu' e'e;
 And dinna forget your guid wordies to say
 Nicht and morning, tho' weary and sleepy ye be.

Wherever your lots in this world be cast,
 May oor Father in Heaven watch owre ye wi' care;
 And, O, may we meet in His kingdom at last,
 There to bask in the bliss o' His love evermair.

DAVID M'KAY.

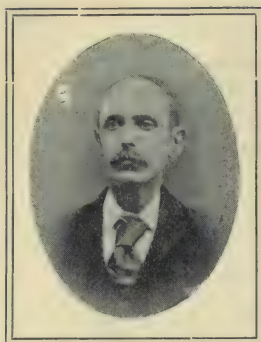
THE superior character of the poem which follows, forms, in some measure, a reflex of those outstanding qualities of head and heart which distinguished its author. One of the Dundee cronies of William Thom, David M'Kay had his literary proclivities fostered by contact with the gifted Inverury bard, and the rhyming brotherhood of a fruitful period; and his effusions became public through the local press, and Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, from the issue of which, for 25th May, 1833, we extract our illustration. Mr M'Kay's claims as one of the public benefactors of Lochee are, also, of a very marked character. True, he was not a native of the town for which, in its early stages, he did yeoman service, having been born at Brechin in 1810; but the fact of nativity could not have added a jot to his consuming desire and earnest effort for the advancement of Lochee. He was a shoemaker to trade, and had settled into a business of his own within this village, for whose good he immediately began to strive. In the face of almost incredible opposition, he, along with several like-minded reformers, saw the gradual result of effort in the constitution of Lochee into a Burgh, and the establishment of many beneficent public institutions. He became the local Postmaster, acted as local correspondent to the *Dundee Advertiser*, and, in 1859, occupied the chair at the Burns Centenary Festival held in Lochee. Ultimately his health failed him; but in his weakness he was cheered by the presentation of a valuable testimonial, subscribed for by the public whom he had nobly served, and from whose midst he was removed in 1868.

AN AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

You are rising, O Moon, through the thicket of trees,
 Like a house gane afire, or a stack in a bleeze;
 But soon through the lift wilt thou glitter and speel,
 Like a round pewter plate, or the rim of my wheel.
 Mony years have passed over my haffits and thine
 Since Johnny and I used to court in thy shine;
 But you are as bright and as plump as of yore,
 While I'm an auld woman three years and threescore;
 And John, though I've kept him baith tenty and snug,
 Has ringlets as gray as the cloud at thy lug;
 But you are still sparkling, and still in thy light
 Daft hempies, as I was, are courting at night.
 I have gazed at you oft, as you shone at your post,
 In nights when the starnies were brooding wi' frost;

And oft when the hurricane whunnered away,
 And whommeled our stacks like a cole on the brae,
 I have wondered full oft, as it tookit and blew,
 If ever its sughing was eerie to you?
 Ae nicht it uprooted the auld clachan tree,
 And I thought that the roof of our sit house would flee;
 But you laughed at its blawing, and kept thee as still
 As over the mist stands the peak of a hill.
 One question to ask thee my wonderment begs,—
 How, Moon, have you skill in the clecking of eggs?
 If I set my brood hen when thy waxing I see,
 I am sure that the lauchter will never misgie;
 The chickens are strong, and there number is full,
 And the tod and the corbie get never a pull;
 But if I should set them when pale is thy horn,
 Waxing thinner and dimmer at rising of morn,
 Then shilpit and cowering the chickens will be,
 Though hatched in a bush 'mid the whins of the lea:
 And tell me how is it that thou hast the skill
 To manage the time when our pork we maun kill?
 About Martinmas day thy first glimpse in the sky
 Is a sign for fat pigs to grow fatter and die;
 Thy waxing foretells that the hams of the gryce
 Will swell in the pot and be tender and nice;
 But if till thy waning he grunts in his crib,
 Nae kail will be lythed by the fat of his rib.
 What gives thee such skill? Once a sailor I saw,
 Who said that your word to the sea is a law,
 That it rises or falls as you come or retreat;
 But I cannot believe you can do such a feat;
 'Tis wonder enough if on chickens and pork
 Your waxing and waning such wonders can work.
 But the evening is growing—my lamp must be got,
 And Johnny's bit supper prepared for the pot.
 My lamp, Lady Moon, should be steady and bright,
 For the rush-wick was cut with the moon at its height;
 I gathered the rashies when you were on high,
 And your image shone bright in the burnie hard bye;
 Such wicks have a glamour they borrow from you,
 And their light in the evening is constant and true,
 While Johnny works stockings, and hoasts by the fire,
 And I'm at my wheel and whiles in to the byre;
 I'm wearied wi' spinning; my finger and thumb
 I've smookit wi' reek frae a nievefu' o' broom,
 Till the skin was like leather; but soon wi' a nick
 The lang weary thread cuttit into the quick.
 O Moon, there's a cloud comin' black on thy face,
 Wi' sleet or wi' snaw it is brewin' apace;
 You're a skeely auld witch! you had kent it yestreen,
 When you drew yon white brough round your haffits at e'en;
 I thought you were bodin' some mischief at hand—
 And now comes the hurricane over the land;
 I wis my poor Johnny were hame frae his wark,
 The snaw will be on and the night will be dark;
 Oh! there is our Johnny! how clever he comes;
 He doesna look auld yet—See, darker it glooms;
 Ah, Johnny, you're welcome! the door let us steek—
 Now snaw, wind, and moonlicht may fecht as they like.

DAVID BRUCE MACKIE.



MR MACKIE, an enterprising bookseller at Brechin, has during the last few years become known to a wide circle through his poetic contributions to the press, his volume of "Chirps and Chimes," and his Christmas Cards, which bear original verses of a chaste and appropriate character. He was born at Dundee in 1863, and began life as a clerk in the mills of Baxter Bros. When but a little over twenty years of age he entered on the business stage of his career, and has prosecuted it with great and growing success. Mr Mackie's poetic efforts date from his early 'teens; and their progress was marked in 1892 by the publication of the volume of 120 pages to which we have referred.

Animated by the noblest of purposes,—the benefit of his fellows,—Mr Mackie strives in his writings to inculcate lessons of moral or religious significance, and is purposely more didactic than emotional in the selection and treatment of his themes. But the charms of nature and the claims of the great brotherhood of social beings are forgot neither in his lays nor his life, which are both on the level of those cherished aspirations which are a feature in Mr Mackie's gentle and devoted personality.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Twa men gaed up to the kirk to pray;
Ane drave in a carriage wi' splendour great,
The ither, wha's garments were auld an' gray,
On fit crept up to the open gate.

The rich man knelt to say his prayer,
While frichtened the puir man's claes to
touch,
Sayin', "Lord, I'm better than that man there,
An' I gi'e ye mair siller than such an' such."

But the puir man kneelin' an' trem'lin' wi' fear,
Wi' a load at his heart, an' a tear in his e'e,
Could only utter—'twas a' his prayer—
The cry, "O Lord, ha'e mercy on me."

An' the ane wha rade hame in his carriage fine
Had nane o' his vileness washed awa';
But the ither,—an' oh! may his lot be mine—
Gaed hame wi' his heart as white's the
snow!

O, THE MUNE SHINES BRIGHT.

O, the mune shines bricht on the gray roon
tow'r,

And the clock is chimin' the midnight oor,
An' the howlet hoots 'mong the castle trees
That are stirr'd wi' the sough o' the passin'
breeze;

But I maun awa' on the wind's swift wings,
To the land o' dreams where the fairy sings,
An' the palaces glitter wi' gowden sheen,
And nae winter withers the girse sae green;
Awa', awa', on the wind's swift wings,
Abune the world wi' its waesome things.

O, the mune shines bricht on the kirkyard
stanes, [banes,

Whaur the cauld grund haps the moulderin'
An' it kisses the Esk as it glides along,
Singin' ever the same auld soothin' sang;
But far owre the city I've ta'en my flight
On the wind's swift wings thro' the clear cauld
night,

An' frae dreamland fair I look croosely doon,
An' a blessing I breathe on the guid auld toon;
O, the he'rt is licht, an' the spirit sings,
When we flee awa' on the wind's swift wings.

EH, THE BONNIE MUNELICHT !

Eh, the bonnie munelicht !
 Shinin' o'er the lea,
 Keekin' thro' the tree taps,
 What can it see ?
 Dancin' in the burnie,
 Lauchin' on the sea ;
 Bonnie, bonnie munelicht
 Shinin' doon on me.

Eh, the bonnie munelicht,
 On the castle wa's ;
 See upon the gravestanes
 Hoo it saftly fa's !
 When I'm in the kirkyaird,
 Sleepin' 'neath the tree,
 Bonnie, bonnie munelicht,
 Will ye shine on me ?

Eh, the bonnie munelicht,
 Far, far awa',
 Seals and bears'll see ye
 Glitterin' on the snaw ;
 And in sultry India,
 There ye'll revel free,
 Bonnie, bonnie munelicht,
 Far, far frae me.

Eh, the bonnie munelicht,
 A' the lang-nicht thro',
 Smilin' o'er the wide warld,
 Sparklin' on the dew ;
 Thro' my little window,
 When I close my e'e,
 Bonnie, bonnie munelicht
 Peepin' in on me.

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

O, my mither's flytin' at me
 For no' bidin' mair at hame,
 Sayin', I'm a lazy limmer,
 An' a glaiket, senseless dame ;
 Fain am I to dae her biddin',
 For I ha'e the he'rt an' will,
 But I canna bide frae Jamie
 At the auld meal mill.

Aften in the early mornin',
 When the burnie's glitterin' bricht,
 An' the buttercups are openin'
 To the fair sun's silver licht,
 I'm awa' thro' field an' plantin',
 An' I'm speilin' owre the hill,
 A' to see my laddie workin'
 At the auld meal mill.

An' when gowden glints are glowin'
 Owre the broom braes in the west,
 An' when ilka birdie's fleein'
 Hame to croodle in its nest,
 In my breist my he'rt is loupin'
 To the ripplin' o' the rill,
 As I gae to meet my laddie
 At the auld meal mill.

An' yestreen, when in the shadow
 O' its ivy-covered wa's,
 O, I vow'd I'd leave my mither
 Ere the fleece o' winter fa's ;
 An' she'll no' withhaud her blessin'
 When I gang ayont the hill,
 There to wed an' bide wi' Jamie
 At the auld meal mill.

WILLIAM MARR.

THIS Montrose bard—who also wrote a National Tragedy entitled, “Alexander III.”—published in 1812 a volume of 82 pages of “Poems on various Subjects,” and which bore to have been “Printed by James Watt for the Author.” A three-page preface is of the most grandiloquent order ; the poetical pieces which follow—though occasionally exhibiting considerable elegance of diction—being couched in the same strain as is shown in our example.

TO THE BUST OF WALLACE.

'Tis vain for me in these far distant times
 To pour my sorrows o'er thy silent dust ;
 And vainer still with these untutor'd rhymes
 To think to add fresh laurels to thy bust.

But who can grief and gratitude controul,
 While the soft passions o'er the heart prevail ?
 And well I know thy great and generous soul
 Would not disdain to hear my simple tale.

How long thou struggled for thy country's
cause,

No sordid interest occupied thy mind ;
Thou long maintained its liberty and laws ;
In thee the patriot and the hero joined.

Hard toil and famine for its sake thou braved,
Forsaking ease to keep oppression down ;
Thy valour long its independence saved,
Thou for its welfare sacrificed thine own.

We read of warriors in every age
Who age nor sex, nor yet condition spared,
But ruined all with unrelenting rage,
Like savage beasts to which they're oft
compared.

Yet such as these are praised in epic lore,
And to their memory monuments are raised ;
Who loved to bathe their hands in human gore,
They not for virtue but for crimes are praised.

But thou these warriors transcend by far ;
Above the danger still thy courage rose ;
And mild in peace, invincible in war,
Kind to thy friends, and generous to thy
foes—

Thou ever listened to the plaint of woe,
In thee the feeble ever found a friend ;
Thou only fought to lay ambition low ;
Like heaven thou conquered for a virtuous
end.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

MR MARTIN dates his drift toward versification from a period comparatively recent, and to the encouraging stimulus of his friend and brother bard, the kindly D. L. Greig. He was born at Arbroath in 1857, and was trained as a grocer. A fondness and aptitude for music led to the study of this art, and Mr Martin became precentor in the Free Church of Arbirlot, resigning reluctantly on considerations of health. He has been in the employment of the West Port Co-operative Society for about twenty-two years, and is now salesman in one of its branches. The following piece is fairly indicative of his unpretentious manner.

HARVEST HOME.

The yellow leaf, the ripened grain,
Tells harvest time has come again.
See, all around, on hill and dale,
And waving in the gentle gale,
The corn, with graceful rise and fall,
Is waiting for the reaper's call.

The hardy worker of the soil
Now sees the fruit of all his toil ;
The paths drop fatness all around,
While peace and plenty still abound,
Where Ceres fair, the queen of grain,
With golden wand enchants the plain.

O'er harvest field the moon so bright
Is sending forth her silvery light ;

Adown the wood the winnowing breeze
Is gaily whistling through the trees,
And from the hill is borne along
A merry lay—the reaper's song.

We ploughed the fields and scattered wide
The goodly seed on every side ;
From morn till eve we did our best,
To Providence was left the rest ;
And now with pleasure we behold
Some fifty, some a hundred fold.

We've stacked the load, it is the last ;
Our harvest labours now are past ;
To song and dance then haste away,
Ye lightsome lads and lasses gay ;
Hurrah ! from hill and valley come,
And join our happy harvest home.

JOSEPH C. MASSIE.

THERE was much promise of future excellence in the poetic contributions made by this Forfar "Factory Boy" to the local papers, and many of them exhibited a grasp of thought and language far in excess of the years

and station of their writer. But the hopes of friends and admirers were never realised, for the gentle, modest lad died in his twentieth year; and a very small volume of his poems, published posthumously, contains all that remains as his literary memorial. He was born at Forfar in 1868, and became a pupil in the school of James Smith, whose reputation as a local bard is noticed in due course. Eventually, he worked amid the din and turmoil of a factory, until compelled, through ill health, to cease at once from labour, and the literary study which was his passion and delight. He died at Forfar in 1888.

I LOVED A ROSE.

I loved a rose
That nursed no thorn;
But it was kissed by envious Death
One Wint'ry morn
While wind and snows
Sent o'er the Earth their chilling breath.
I wept; but tears
Are lost on Death;
It cannot give the wings of Life.

And yet the years,
With healing breath,
Plucks out the root with sorrow rife.
'Tis thus, alas!
With all we prize;
Death steals whate'er we hold most dear;
The swift years pass,
The floweret dies,
And we die, too, for Death is sure.

NIGHT.

From the eastern cave, across the wave,
Come swiftly, swiftly, "Night";
Come, lightly leap o'er the boundless deep
In thy majesty and might!
Come, come with the gloom; from slumber's
womb
Thy glorious spirit free;
Come, lash the day with thy dark'ning ray,
Beneath the trembling sea!
The winds were hushed, and the Heavens
blushed
To view their smiling crest
Reflected true in the azure blue
Of ocean's tranquil breast;
And nature's choir did the woods inspire
With music wild and free,
While verdant showers did kiss the bowers;
Yet I sighed—I sighed for thee.

From serene repose the winds arose,
And whistled loud and clear;
And stormy shrouds and threat'ning clouds
The bright skies did besmear;
And the lightning flashed, and the thunder
crashed,
And wildly raged the sea;
And the rain fell fast from the skies o'ercast;
Yet I sighed—I sighed for thee.
Then awake, arise! and robe the skies
In thy deep and mystic gloom!
The mourner's tears and the lone one's fears
Engulf in slumber's womb!
Come with thy wild dreams and visioned
themes,
Where Fancy fearless flies,
And pillow her soft in some haven aloft,
Far, far beyond the skies.

ROBERT MATTHEW.

THIS Broughty Ferry resident, who was born at Dundee in 1825, published, in 1893, an octavo pamphlet of 44 pages, entitled, "Reminiscences, Poems, Sketches, and Letters by a Sexagenarian," a budget of reprints from varied newspapers, mainly of local interest, and indicating their writer's thoughtful and genial spirit. His verses, which are scattered throughout the work, though of very varying degrees of merit, occasionally reach a fair standard, as the lyric which follows will show.

STRATHARDLE YET.

Strathardle yet, Strathardle yet !
 Thy braes are dear to me,
 The sun blinks owre thy snowy height,
 Cauld winter though it be.
 Kind Nature's face,
 In silent grace,
 Still shows the woodlands fair ;
 The bonnie stream,
 Wi' sunny gleam,
 Mak's glad the balmy air !

Kirkmichael howe, Kirkmichael howe !
 Though fields are glancin' white,
 Wi' bleak December's snaws sae rife,
 Thou 'rt pleasant in my sight ;

Silent the trees,
 No zephyr breeze
 Plays soft their tops among ;
 The birds are quiet,
 But Robin bright
 'Midst snow begins his song.
 Brave bonnie bird, brave bonnie bird !
 Wi' een sae bricht an' clear,
 Thy downy breast o' gleamin' red
 Shows trust without a fear ;
 So may it be,
 That trustingly
 I may on God depend,
 Who cares for me,
 And loveth free,
 And will love to the end.

ALFRED TURPIE MATTHEWS.

NEARLY ten years ago a remarkable poem appeared in the *Arbroath Herald*, the striking title of which was "Tailor Tweedle's Visit to Hell," and the power of which was unmistakable. Its author was Mr Alfred T. Matthews, an occasional contributor to the *Herald* Poets' Corner, and employed as a warper in one of Arbroath's manufactories. Professor Blackie praised the poem, and personally congratulated the writer ; and George Donald also pronounced his encomiums upon it. Certainly, to use a popular phrase, Mr Matthews "struck ile" when he gave us this grim modern development of the "John o' Arnha'" type, of whose qualities this short, but suggestive extract is sufficient evidence :—

TAILOR TWEEDLE'S VISIT TO HELL.

EXTRACT.

An', ben frae this, I gat a sicht
 That made my hair stand bolt upright—
 Although in hell, like ice I grew—
 Sae, lads, here's my respects to you—
 Surrounded wi' a when blackguards,
 Death and Sin sat playin' cards ;
 Nae gowd had they—they played for men—
 Three hands the piece, at Catch-the-ten :

'Twas easy seen that Death was winnin',
 His mou' frae lug to lug was grinnin',
 While Sin tried hard, wi' hand and brain,
 To keep a firmer grip o' men ;
 A' kind o' plots and plans he tried,
 But grim Death wadna be denied,
 He runkit Sin as bare's a stick,
 He'd aye trump for the hinmost trick !

In 1891, Mr Matthews published his "Poems and Songs," a volume of 176 pages, with an admirable biographical sketch by the able editor of the *Arbroath Herald*, Mr J. B. Salmund. This collection affords ample proof that its author has a poetic equipment of a most meritorious order, several of his efforts being worthy of Arbroath's most palmy bardic days. Here, for instance, is a piece that strikes us as being deserving of an honoured place in all time coming :—

THE CRADLE THAT ROCKIT US A'.

It's been my intention for mony a lang,
 To sing a bit sang in the praise
 O' that auld-fashioned cradle, that stands i' the nook,
 That rock't me in my younger days.
 It's been aye handed doon to the auldest loon,
 Since seventeen hunder an' twa ;
 It was bought for a croon, in auld Forfar toon,
 The cradle that rockit us a'.

It was made o' guid ash that grew on the hill
 That towers high abune bonnie Dunkel',
 Cut doon in the days when the dirk an' claymore
 Made the foes o' auld Scotland to quail.
 Noo it's crackit and hashed, it's broken and smashed,
 Scarce a bit o' guid ash left ava ;
 It's been nailed, it's been glued, it's been often renewed—
 The auld cradle that rockit us a'.

O' aft ha'e I heard my great grannie declare,
 As she sat at her auld spinning wheel,
 That bonnie Prince Charlie in that cradle once lay,
 When the Southrons were hard at his heel :
 They searched lang an' sair for the gallant an' fair,
 But nae trace o' him fund ava,
 For cosy concealed lay that sair-oppressed chield,
 In the cradle that rockit us a'.

It's sheltered a prince, a preacher, a poet,
 An' ane that made hunners richt gled—
 A man that auld Scotland 'll never forget
 As lang's fiddles an' whisky are made.
 It's been a trouch in a byre, it's been saved frae a fire,
 An' it lay a month covered wi' snaw ;
 It's been rockit and coupit, an' reisted an' roupit—
 The auld cradle that rockit us a'.

On the nicht my auld faither drew his last breath,
 He sighed and said—"Gi'e me your-hand"—
 An' the big saut tears row'd doon my sad cheeks,
 As his honest, hard-wrocht luif I faund—
 "Ye weel understand, I've nae siller nor land
 To leave you when I'm ta'en awa' ;
 But as lang as you're able tak' care o' that cradle—
 The auld cradle that rockit us a'."

Noo I love that auld cradle that stands i' the nook,
 It soothes me in trouble an' strife ;
 A sicht o' that relic aye brings to my mind
 The happiest days o' my life :
 I see whaur I was born, an' I hear the herd's horn,
 An' my mither as she sings "hushy ba,"
 In a voice low and sweet, that lulled me to sleep,
 In the cradle that rockit us a'.

One of Mr Matthews' possessions is a certain brusque and strong individuality of humour, as witness :—

INERTY, FINERTY.

A chappie am I that can pick for mysel' ;
 I belang to a race that for wit doth excel ;
 So when ony ane tries to draw this chap's leg,
 I juist lauch in their face an' say—fickerty feg.

O, Inerty, finerty, fickerty feg,
 Fickerty feg, fickerty feg—
 They 'll be smarter than you that 'll draw this cove's leg—
 What like a day will 't be the morn' ?

When at schule, the loons often blamed me for their tricks,
 An' the maister he vow'd he would gi'e me my licks,
 An' said—"Haud oot your hand, you mischievous young staig" ;
 But I lauched in his face, and said—fickerty feg.

O, Inerty, finerty, etc.

I courted a lassie, the pride o' oor street ;
 Wi' her silks an' her satins she lookit so sweet ;
 But her dressmaker's bill wad ha'e gi'en you a fleg,
 Sae I bade her guid-bye, and said—fickerty feg.

O, Inerty, finerty, etc.

Noo, laddies, tak' tent, an' a lesson you 'll draw,
 When you 're tempted to gam'le, drink, snuff, smoke or chaw ;
 Sic habits are dang'rous, let them ne'er cross your craig ;
 Turn your back on sic tricks, and say—fickerty feg.

O, Inerty, finerty, etc.

Noo I'm settled in life, I've a hoose o' my ain,
 Wi' my cantie bit wifie content I 'll remain ;
 Hand in hand on life's journey together we peg,
 Aye merrily singin' oor fickerty feg.

O, Inerty, finerty, etc.

In pathos, too, his is a striking touch, as our closing specimen will show. Like others of our brethren, Mr Matthews is an artist, whose pictures have been shown at several local exhibitions, and his portraits and landscapes have been pronounced to be very creditable productions. He was born at Broughty Ferry in 1856, reared and educated at Letham, where his father had the mill at Letham Den, and came to Arbroath when he was entering on his teens. His education was meagre on account of his physical weakness ; but his precocity for acting, story telling, and the like, and a desire to acquit himself well in all kindred pursuits, gradually bore him over his early disadvantages, and gained for him that facility of composition which is as marked as it is creditable.

DEATH.

Ae black winter's nicht
 Death cam' doon the dyke-side,
 He 'd sharpened his gully
 For a bonnie young bride ;
 But he met, near the door,
 Wi' the angel o' life,
 An' he had to gae back
 Without usin' his knife,

For a prayer had been heard
 That lengthened her cord,
 An' a' the braw gatherin'
 Gae praise to the Lord.

But Death was determined
 That nicht to ha'e gore,
 So he rushed like a madman
 Doon to the seashore,

An' tum'led five sailors
 Among the saut spray ;
 But here, too, the lifeboat
 Rid Death o' his prey ;
 For prayers on the shore
 For their safety were given,
 An' the prayers o' the faithfu'
 Are aye heard in heaven.
 So he flew to a garret,
 Whaur a lamp burned low,

An' he dealt pair auld granny
 A terrible blow ;
 But granny for years
 For Death was prepared,
 Aye praisin' the Lord
 For the time she'd been spared.
 Submissive she gaed
 Frae a warld o' strife,
 For Death brocht to granny
 A lang, deathless life.

ALEXANDER MAXWELL.

THE father of four sons, all devotees to literature and the muse, and himself a writer on various subjects, both in prose and poetry, Alexander Maxwell presents strong claims to the esteem of the literary minded ; while his professional career as a joiner, mechanic, and mill manager, might furnish an incentive to all who are perseveringly striving to overcome the initial difficulties of a start in life, in which the advantages of birth and education were conspicuous by their absence. Mr Maxwell was born at Dundee in 1791, and died there in 1859. He was a man of strongly marked and amiable character ; and continued through life an earnest student in history, making valuable contributions in the line of his studies to the Dundee Press. His efforts in poetry, on which he set but little store, were somewhat intermittent, and are well represented in the examples which follow. The first was suggested on the occasion of a visit to the grave of Ferguson—in the Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh—and the monument erected over it by Burns ; and the humorous lines which follow by the names of a group of Dundee hecklers, one of whom had just enlisted.

EPITAPH ON BURNS.

Halt ! passenger, and read my tale.
 Here lies a poet true and leal,
 Wha ance, on Coila's smilin' plains,
 Pour'd forth his canty, meltin' strains ;
 Could crack his joke an' tak' his glass,
 Could rhyme, an' kiss a bonnie lass ;
 Could gar the dogs, in human voice,
 Descant on virtue and on vice ;
 Could tell our Parliamenters brisk aye,
 To lat alane auld Scottish whisky ;
 An' e'en sometimes, in mighty dreams,
 Could compliment the king in rhymes ;
 An' to the Highland Duke could paint
 His bonnie water's humble plaut ;
 An' says he heard, in his ain lugs,
 The conversation o' the briggs ;
 Could tell how drucken Tam was plaiguit,
 An' Maggie's tail severely huggit ;
 An' sometimes, when he got a drappie,
 Could crack wi' Death jocose an' happy ;
 A statesman's tricks could well define,
 An' sectarianise a grave divine ;

Could ridicule a prudent, wise man,
 An' gi'e Auld Nick an odd exciseman ;
 An' sometimes, too, which was most awfu',
 An' micht, I think, be ca'd unlawfu',
 He could, in language kind and civil,
 Address the very horned Devil.
 Yet not mair apt his wondrous parts
 To raise our mirth than move our hearts :
 Oft will the patriot's bosom feel
 His simple cottar's artless tale ;
 Will read, while generous feelings burn,
 How mortal man was made to mourn ;
 Will weep the mousie's wayward fate,
 An' infant daisy's short-lived date ;
 Will mourn with him sweet Mary's doom,
 When crush'd with grief beside her tomb,
 And his own early death lament,
 When Nature's lease was but half spent.
 Ye friends of candour, heave a sigh,
 Pity his faults and pass them by ;
 Ye sons of Genius, drop a tear,
 His merit claims it, who lies here.

The *Gardener*, on a summer morn,
 To turn his borders cam' ;
 Twa youthfu' *Kidds*, beside a thorn,
 Were sportin' wi' a *Lamb* ;
 A *Dove* sat on a neighbourin' tree
 Lamentin' for its mate ;

Fair *Eden's* stream was runnin' free,
 To see it was a treat ;
 An' *Baldy*, drivin' o' his *Stott*,
 Was comin' through the *Shaw* ;
 But a grave *Divine*, in a soger's coat,
 Was the strangest sight o' a'.

ALEXANDER MAXWELL, JR.

THE second son of this interesting family—a Dundee citizen, well known and greatly esteemed as a magistrate of his native town—was born in 1821, and died in 1895. It seems almost unnecessary here to refer in detail to his literary celebrity, or to the distinguished service which, in many directions, he rendered the public ; but mention must be made of his lectures to the Working Men's Club on "Old Dundee," and the volume, bearing that title, published in 1884 ; as also to the companion volume, "Dundee Prior to the Reformation," which appeared in 1891. In the year preceding his death Mr Maxwell had collected the materials for a further instalment of his thorough-going records of "Old Dundee" ; and it is hoped that these fruits of much patient research may yet become of public benefit. As a specimen of his work as a versifier we give his poem on Scott, written for the centenary in 1871, and published in the *Dundee Advertiser*.

WALTER SCOTT.

The great and the good all pass away,
 But they live in their works, which last for aye.
 Our poet's words are ever dear
 While woods are green and waters clear,
 While love holds rule o'er all below,
 While human hearts have joy and woe,
 While youth is fired with ardent thought—
 There's a spell in the name of Walter Scott.

He leads the young into fairyland ;
 He charms the old with his pictures grand ;
 To the maiden pure with sparkling eye,
 There comes no blush though she heaves a sigh ;
 And rugged men while his tales they hear,
 Have felt no shame to drop a tear.
 Many a rough road he hath smooth'd,
 Many a sorrow his words have sooth'd,
 His glowing page has taught to youth
 Manly thoughts and the love of truth,
 And age recalls in a mirror clear
 The bygone days that have been so dear.

How the old time of romance and spells
 Comes back again, when the wizard tells
 How noble dames and barons, all
 Held high court in the royal hall,
 Or how the knight with couchant spear
 Spurr'd on his steed in wild career,
 To win a smile from beauty's eye,
 Or gain the solace of a sigh.

He leads to lordly keep and tower,
 To quiet cot and lady's bower,
 To crowded streets and sacred pile,
 Where rich light streams through cloister'd
 aisle ;
 To greenwood good and tangled brake,
 To the soft margin of the lake,
 To heath-clad hill, so stern and wild,
 To gentler scenes where beauty smiled,
 Then casts a spell with his magic wand,
 And peoples afresh this fairy land
 With famous men and women of old,
 And grand creations of fancy's mould :
 A glorious pageant of human life,
 Of weal and woe, of peace and strife ;
 And they come and go before our eyes,
 And they act again old histories ;
 On this living page, with a faithful pen,
 Are pictured the hearts and hopes of men,
 The evil passions that warp the mind,
 And the genial good in human-kind,
 The honour that points to a noble road [God.
 And conscience that guides with the finger of

See gentle Mary, hapless Queen !
 Comes, a bright vision, upon the scene ;
 A noble heart, yet doom'd to bear
 The weight of woman's passions there,
 In love such strength and weakness show,
 And then how royal is her woe :

Who is there could a tear withhold
And hear so sad a story told ?

And now, amidst the clansmen good,
Charles lingers in old Holyrood ;
Last scion of a line of kings,
A loyal band around him clings,
So soon to meet in sad array
Upon Culloden's fatal day.

Then, stern and grim, yet leal and true,
Comes valiant fearless Roderick Dhu ;
And gentle James, that peerless knight,
Gallant in love, and brave in fight ;
And bold Rob Roy, stalwart and strong,
Rieving and thieving and righting wrong ;
A Campbell plain with sword in sheath,
But Macgregor's his name on his native heath :
And pawkie Edie Ochiltree,
In his blue gown, and wandering free ;
And Dandie Dinmont with his staff,
Aye ready in a friend's behalf,
So true and hearty, bluff and leal,
The pride of honest Liddisdale.

And then comes on a brave array
Of noble dames and ladies gay—
From courtly halls in satin hood,
From humble homes in seemly snood—
In graceful sweep of silken gown,
Or humble vest and kirtle brown ;
Whether adorned with jewels rare,
Or rich in wealth of flowing hair,
In all the grace of womanhood,
Gentle and loving, fair and good,
From gross and sensual passions free
In pride of unsullied purity.

How nobly doth the Wizard show
High-soul'd Rebecca in her woe !
How touching are the tender scenes
With loving, faithful Jeanie Deans !

Blest is his memory ! it hath been
Kept in our hearts so fresh and green.
Blest is his memory ! it shall be
In after times held reverently,
And never shall it be forgot
What the world owes to Walter Scott.

CHARLES CHALMERS MAXWELL.

PERHAPS C. C. Maxwell might, with all reason, be named as one of the best known of Dundee citizens : he has for so long a time charmed a wide public both as a writer and lecturer ; has been actively engaged in one of Dundee's great industries ; and was for several years a Councillor and Bailie of his native city. He was born in 1829, and has lived a life of singular activity and variety ; contributing many excellent literary studies to various periodicals ; and loyally keeping the Tayside city in due prominence in the article "Dundee" of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and a "Guide to Dundee" published in 1858. Socially, his gifts are admirable ; and all who know him trust he may be granted a measure of recovery from the physical weakness which has clouded his later years. Many will read with interest his racy parody on "The Battle of the Baltic," an effort which hit the mark at which it aimed, viz. : the shaming of a niggardly Council into compliance with the Hon. Fox Maule's request, as the position of the two guns on the Magdalene Green to-day testifies.

THE LOST GUNS.

Of the Council and the guns

Let us sing the day's renown,
That in future years our sons

May respect their native town,
And follow in our steps day by day :
Let us tell how late we craved,
Russian guns our armies saved,
And how well Panmure behaved
By the way.

The war was o'er for good ;

And from Baltic and Black Sea,
British navies homeward stood,

And we cried with three times three,
"Hearts of oak, you're welcome home again, we
For gallant deeds they'd wrought, [ween,"
Many hard-won battles fought,
And Russian cannon brought
For our Queen.

The Queen her claim did waive,
 And to Lord Panmure consign'd
 Those precious guns, and gave
 Sov'reign warrant free and kind,
 To distribute them when ask'd far and near ;
 So applicants came forth
 From east, west, south and north,
 And the trophies of most worth
 Soon did clear.

Dundee spoke up at last :
 " Will your lordship please to send
 Certain guns in Russian cast,
 And which might our coast defend ?
 P.S.—You know our hearts with ardour burn ;
 To the patriotic fun's
 We subscribed five hundred pun's,
 And we only ask two guns
 In return."

Then out spake bold Panmure
 To the Council per first post :
 " Of the guns I'll make you sure,
 But to mount them right will cost
 Five-and-thirty pounds at least, so giff-gaff ;

Those guns, ta'en from our foes,
 Must have carriages like those
 Of which I now enclose
 Photograph."

But the Council sage replied :
 " Oh, we're not so very green ;
 On your lordship we relied,
 And we know not what you mean ;
 It looks as if the gift you would recall.
 No ; we beg you'll us excuse,
 As the guns are of no use,
 So the bargain we refuse
 Once for all."

Hence the guns at Woolwich stay
 Till we raise the needful sum ;
 And perchance, some future day
 Will some passing traveller come,
 Full of wonderment those relics there to see,
 And ask, " Who could despise
 From their sovereign such a prize ?"
 But one answer will suffice,—
 'Twas Dundee !

DAVID MAXWELL.

THE eldest son of Alexander Maxwell was born at Dundee in 1819, and was bred to the engineering trade. Mr Maxwell has pursued his calling at London, Portsmouth, Hull, and Dundee ; and has filled several positions of great responsibility in these places. He has now retired from active duty, is resident at Hull, and is happily surrounded by an affectionate family circle. His literary inclination has led to the production of a prize essay on The Sabbath ; the small work, "Stepping Stones to Socialism" ; and "Bygone Scotland," a volume of considerable size and great merit. His poetic writings are varied and creditable, as a perusal of a representative specimen will indicate.

SHAKESPEARE.

A name familiar, yet sublime,—
 Still first among poetic peers,—
 Still brighter thro' the rolling years,—
 Scatheless amidst the wrecks of time.
 Of richest fruitage was his life—
 Yet half concealed his glorious powers
 As when dull herbage bursts in flowers,—
 So genius soared o'er daily strife.
 Standing aloof from all the crowd,
 A stranger, 'mongst familiars old,
 A being of a different mould,—
 Silent when jest and talk were loud.
 Immersed in his own loftier thought,
 In touch with lovers, heroes, kings,—
 All heedless of more common things ;
 The daily round accounting nought.

How came he by his wondrous store
 Of knowledge—wisdom—subtle thought ?
 His marvellous "well of English," fraught
 With fancy's gleams, with classic lore ?
 Did not his comrades stand in awe
 Of one who towered so over all ?
 Their meaner natures held in thrall,
 In wonder of this grand outlaw ?
 So judge we by our feeble lights
 Shakespeare, a weird, tho' household word ;
 And history doth no clue afford
 To judge 'twixt jarring *ifs* and *mights*.
 O, could we, by hypnotic skill,
 Get voice from one of his compeers,
 To tell what—in those long past years—
 He saw and knew of glorious Will ;

That long still voice might thus reply,—
 "O yes,—Will Shakespeare well I knew,
 The merriest fellow in our crew;
 He did his work right manfully.
 "He wrote our plays—we scarce knew when,
 For he was with us all day long;
 He helped the jest, he led the song;
 Courtier with ladies,—a true man with men.

"His eye could read men at a glance;—
 But looked on all with kindly grace;
 'Twas joy to see his comely face;
 'Twas music his lips' utterance.
 "Were we in awe of gentle Will?
 Nay, we did love him in our heart,
 So natural in his highest art;
 Master,—but dearest comrade still."

Thanks, kindly shade, now you may pass
 Back to your rest; you daily saw
 This man,—but from your words we draw
 Your *knowledge* scarce did ours surpass!

GEORGE MAXWELL.

THE last member of this remarkable family occupies the position of librarian in the office of the *Dundee Advertiser*, previously held by another of our bards, Mr Peter Begg. Mr Maxwell was born at Dundee in 1832, and was trained for a business career. He had the fortune of being placed in the shop of Chalmers, the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp; but latterly was employed in clerking and book-keeping in various important situations. He has written many poems on the social, religious, and scientific problems of the age; and brings much force of mind to bear on his individual expositions of their salient features. Some of those thoughtful pieces would have been most directly representative of Mr Maxwell's poetic bent, though, probably, not of such general interest as are the local pieces we have selected. The first of these speaks for itself, and the other—composed on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of Mr Latto of the *People's Journal* in 1885—is an honest statement of facts, which all who know what the *People's Journal* has been to Scotland, both as a literary and social force, will readily admit and admire. It is interesting to know that the family bias to literature is strong in the person of Mr Thomas Maxwell, a son of our present subject, and who has written some clever verses on golfing and kindred subjects.

DUNDEE'S GUARDIAN HILLS.

Majestic stand our Highland Bens,
 Schiehallion, and dark Lochnagar,
 Frowning above the silent glens,
 And braving elemental war;
 There Rome's proud eagles never flew,
 Her legions ne'er unsheathed the blade,
 And Gothic heroes never drew
 A bow-string underneath their shade.
 Yet not for these should we despise
 The minor hills which fence us round,
 Which daily cheer our wearied eyes,
 And make our flagging pulses bound;
 The stately Law with prospect wide,
 And sylvan-vestur'd fair Balgay,
 Are Dundee's grandest boast and pride,
 And fitting theme for lyric lay.

'Tis sweet to stand on Balgay's crest
 Upon a balmy summer morn,
 While Phœbus springs from ocean's breast,
 And bathes in gold the waving corn;
 As blending with the vapours brown,
 And bronzing river broad and deep,
 His level beams with glory crown
 The silent city in her sleep.
 And when the fair "Nocturnal queen"
 In full-orbed splendour rolls on high,
 'Tis grateful from the sordid scene
 Of noisy, crowded streets to fly—
 The summit of our Law to scale,
 And lovely prospect thence behold,
 As gemmed beneath her radiance pale
 Tay's ample bosom lies unrolled.

ADDRESS TO TAMMAS BODKIN.

ABRIDGED.

Dear Tammass Bodkin, weel I ween,
 Few dentier Scotsmen can be seen
 Solway and Pentland Firths between
 Than thy guid sel',
 Sae in thy honour we convene
 To wish thee well.

To hope that yet for many years
 Thou shalt be spared to ply thy shears;
 Wi' vigour, aye, devoid o' fears,
 To wield thy pen,
 Producin' matter which endears
 Thee to wise men.

For five and twenty years thou 'st stood
 Firm at thy post, a pilot good,
 The *Journal's* barque through storm an' flood
 Aye steerin' true;
 Freightid wi' halesome mental food,
 Quite fresh and new.

Ilk week, at mony a humble hearth,
 Its store o' wisdom, wit, and mirth
 Is welcom'd, as an heir-male's birth
 In lordly ha';
 For weel the people ken its worth,
 Baith great an' sma'.

In crowded toon an' open field
 It finds its way to mony a bield,
 O'er a' the countra it doth wield
 A magic power,
 An' unto every class doth yield
 A pleasant hour.

When publication day comes round,
 Upon the rail wi' lightnin' bound,
 O'er miles an' miles o' Scottish ground,
 It's borne along,
 An' whaur it lights a welcome's found,
 Like spring lark's sang.

Poor invalids wha canna leave
 Their bed o' sickness, feel reprimae,
 Mean peevish bodies cease to grieve
 When it's brought in,
 While randy wives, whose tongues wad deave,
 Hush up their din.

When winter reigns, wi' sleet an' mire,
 To stir abroad there's nae desire,
 Sae countrymen by cottage fire
 The *Journal* read,
 While wives and maids ply knittin' wire,
 And sewin' thread.

But in the bonnie vernal days,
 When warblers trill their sweetest lays,
 An' Phœbus decks the woods and braes
 Wi' broom and heather,
 The widespread cronies wend their ways
 A' to forgather.

The smith his "go-ashores" assumes,
 The pawkie sooter cleans his thooms,
 The wabsters hasten frae their looms,
 The swains frae plews,
 An' shepherds plod through heather blooms
 To get the news.

Aneath the shady trees they meet,
 An' soon each quorum is complete;
 At ease reclined on grassy seat
 Ilk theme's discussed,
 Thy leaders sage are deemed a treat,
 An' get full trust.

For lads and lassies wha care nought
 For politics and County vote,
 The *Journal's* page is richly fraught
 Wi' stories rare,
 An' eagerly ilk week 'tis bought
 An' read wi' care.

Nae class is ever left behind,
 For in its columns all can find
 Fit pabulum to suit their mind
 An' wauken thought,
 An' if to rhyming they're inclined,
 They're kindly taught.

Although their trials the muse to court
 Be of the poorest doggerel sort,
 With which thou'rt tempted to make sport,
 Without disdain
 Thou tell'st them how Parnassus' fort
 They may attain.

An' if a spark o' fire divine
 Burns in their hearts, they yet may shine,
 An' sing as votaries o' the Nine
 Strains that shall live,
 Due mainly to the counsel kin'
 Which thou dost give.

But in thy guise o' tailor drest
 The readers like thy matter best,
 It's been perused wi' richt guid zest
 Since first 'twas given;
 Thy master's bonnet, 'tis confess'd,
 By thee's been riven.

O'er a' the warld the *Journals* go,
 Sae distant Scotsman better know
 Thy name as Bodkin than Latto,
 An' honour't much,
 As one whose hearty Doric flow
 Leal hearts can touch.

To hame-sick billies owre the seas,
 Sheep farmin' at the Antipodes,
 Or toiling 'mid Canadian trees,
 An' prairies bare,
 Like Santa Claus, thou bring'st heart's-ease
 To soothe their care.

Thy Bank Street neebors, ane an' a',
 Now here before thee, raw on raw,
 Frae honour'd heads to maidens sma',
 Hope mony a year
 Thou shalt be spared, wi' health fu' braw,
 Our barque to steer.

Thy silver waddin' we *now* hold ;
 Unless I should be deem'd too bold,
 I fain wad hope the ane o' gold
 Thou 'lt also see ;
 At least, that blessin's manifold
 Kind heaven will gi'e

To cheer thee in declinin' days,
 Dispellin' sombre clouds an' haze ;
 Like simmer gloamin's lingering rays
 Far in Nor'-west ;
 When Phœbus, wi' bricht golden blaze,
 Hath sunk to rest.

THE MELVILLES.

ANDREW MELVILLE.

THE poetic fame of the distinguished Reformer is eclipsed by that of his magnificent achievements as an ecclesiastical leader ; yet his Latin poems are regarded almost as classics, while his general literary attainments marked him out as a scholar of the greatest erudition. An historic figure, it is needless here to dilate on his numerous distinctions : the historian M'Crie has expressed the national regard for his memory in these words :—"I know of no individual after Knox, from whom Scotland has received greater benefits, and to whom she owes a deeper debt of gratitude and respect, than Andrew Melville." Melville was born at Baldov, Montrose, in 1545. He was educated at Montrose Grammar School, and passed from there to St. Andrews University. His great reputation for learning was increased by residence and service on the Continent ; and on his return to Scotland he was appointed Principal of Glasgow College. In 1580 he became Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews ; and in 1582 began that course of opposition to Royal decrees, which he continued when Moderator of the General Assembly, and which, ultimately, had such far-reaching results on the relations of Kirk and State. Curiously enough, it was Melville's poetic talents that gave Might the opportunity of trampling over Right. He so enraged King James by some verses descriptive of the furnishings of the Royal Altar, that "the most learned fool in Christendom" deprived his servant of his office, and confined him for four years in the Tower of London. On his release he became a professor in the University of Sedan, where he continued his aggressive efforts in refuting Arminianism, and his poetic studies in writing his well-known and beautiful "Epithalamium," and where he died in 1622. His "Stephaniskion," and "Carmen Mosis," may be cited among the titles of those productions which give him a place of honour among our ancient Scottish bards.

JAMES MEVILLE.

M'Crie observes that the great Andrew Melville regarded the subject of this short notice as his "dearest friend and most affectionate and dutiful nephew." In stature, personal appearance, and in many mental gifts, the relatives had much in common; but the sweetness of the younger man's disposition was oft required to tone the fiery moods of his mentor and master. The father of James Melville was laird of Baldovy, near Montrose, and there, in 1556, the future divine and bard was born. Though minister of the adjoining parish of Maryton, the elder Melville seems to have desired his son to become a lawyer; but the lad's inclination toward religion became so pronounced, that he was put under the charge of his distinguished uncle, and ultimately became a minister of the Church of Scotland, and a teacher in the Colleges of Glasgow and St. Andrews. (Anstruther and, latterly, Kilrenny were the spheres in which he laboured subsequent to resigning his academical appointment in 1586.) Having been banished, along with his uncle, for upholding the principle of spiritual independence, he was confined for some time at Newcastle, but was ultimately permitted to reside at North Berwick, where he died in 1614. His poems are interesting mainly on account of their antiquity, partly because of their writer's personality, and but slightly on their merits. They were published at various periods during his career; and the historian Row notices one of them, the full title of which runs, "The Black Bastill; or a Lamentation of the Kirk of Scotland, compiled by Mr James Melville, sometime Minis^r at Anstruther, and now confyned in England, 1611." A quotation from this poem cannot fail to interest the reader:—

The air was cleart wi quhyt and sable clouds
hard froist, w^t frequent schours of hail and
snow,
into ye nicht the stormie vind with thouds
and balfoull billows on ye sea did blow
men beastis and foulls vnto y^t beilds did draw
fain yan to find ye fruct of simmer thrift
quhen clad w^t snow was sand, wodd crag and
clift.

I sott at fyre weill guyrdit in my gown
The starving sparrows at my window cheipid
To reid one quhyle I to my book was boun:
In at ane pane, ye prettie progne peipped,
and moved me for fear I sould haue sleiped,
To ryse and sett ane keasment oppen wyd,
To sie gine robein wald cum in and byde.

Puir progne sueitlie I have hard ye sing
Y^t at my window one ye simmer day;
And nov sen winter hider does ye bring
I pray ye enter in my hous and stay
Till it be fair and yan yous go yi way
ffor trewlie thou be treated curteouslie
And nothing thralled in thy libertie.

Cum in, sueit robin, welcum verrilie,
Said I, & doun I sat me by ye fyre,
Then in cums robein reidbreist mirrelie
And souppis & lodgis at my harts desyre:
But one ye morne I him perceaved to tyre;
for phebus schyning suetlie him allurd.
I gane him leif, and furth guid robein furd.

GEORGE MENZIES.

THE "Curiosities of Literature" are numerous and varied. Among the books belonging to the late Professor Blackie was a large volume of doggerel rhymes by James M'Intyre of Ingersoll, Canada; and an atrocious effusion, which is curiously pertinent to our present subject, appears in that

remarkable collection. The author explains that about a third of a century ago there flourished in Canada three Scottish editors, all of whom were poets, and follows with these lines on George Menzies, who was a Woodstock editor :—

One day while passing 'long the road
On a small book we almost trod,
Its leaves were scattered o'er the ground,
We picked them up, and when we found

The author's name, it did inspire
Us with a very strong desire
To read the little volume through,
For most of it to us was new.

He doth sing of land of heather
And Canadian scenes together ;
He did adore Niagara's roar,
Where mighty flood o'er fall doth pour.

But poets' lives are often brief,
And he had his full share of grief,
Which to his life did gloom impart,
But he bore up with his brave heart.

This uncouth Canadian waif is nothing if not suggestive. George Menzies had a chequered career, but that he came through it with a measure of success is evidenced by the excellence of his writings, and the honourable position which he took among Canadian journalists. "He was a man of upright principle, and one of the most able editors in Canada," said one of them on his death in 1847 ; and another wrote : "In reading articles from his pen, we have more than once wondered that the writer should remain in comparative obscurity, while many men of much less ability were occupying stations of honour and profit, and filling a large space in the public eye." Surely this was no mean record for the erstwhile Kincardine gardener, weaver, and dominie to establish ; and the story of his efforts on his native soil, which he left when in his thirty-seventh year, is equally to his credit. George Duthie has told it well in the favourite edition of Menzies' poems published at Montrose in 1854 : we would fain linger over his efforts at self-improvement, his friendship with Grant and Laing, the experiences of varied spheres of labour and tuition, his connection with the Reform Agitation in 1831-32, and his literary and business struggles in Canada, but space forbids. From the time of his birth at Townhead, Arbuthnot, in 1797, onwards, Menzies' life was one of deep interest, and worthy of the attention of all who can appreciate the story of a "self-made man." Two editions of his poems—one published at Forfar in 1822, and while the poet worked there as a weaver ; and an enlarged edition published at Aberdeen in 1827—brought him before the public, and gave him a wide local reputation, which even now is not inactive. He was one of the most handsome of men, slightly formed, but graceful and dignified in deportment ; and a somewhat ironical manner concealed to many the innate kindness of his disposition.

ADDRESS TO FORDOUN.

Home of my fathers far away !
Accept a wanderer's votive lay ;
Accept the tear by memory shed
O'er former joys, for ever fled.
Still Fordoun ! in thy hallowed grove,
Thy fairy haunts of rural love,
Entranc'd in rapture's vision deep,
Remembrance lingers oft to weep.

The humble primrose on the braes,
Where memory fondly, sadly strays,
Is dearer to the wanderer's bosom
Than the gaudy colour'd blossom
Of the sweetest, brightest flower
That ever graced a garden bower.
The yellow furze on bleak Strathfindlay—
The shadowy forest, dark and lonely—

The shrill, deep whistle of the plover,
Thrilling the hoary desert over—
The watch-dog's bay—the streamlet's hum—
The varied voice that wont to come,
Slow, quivering on the evening gale,
From yonder hamlet in the vale;
These still have power to prompt the tear,
The sigh to rapt remembrance dear:
With all of bliss that ere was mine,
These round my heart for ever twine.

Friends of my earlier, happier days,
Still roam ye on these woodland braes?
Say, urge ye still th' elastic ball,
Regardless of the master's call?
Ah, no! wide o'er the world ye roam,
Far from your childhood's happy home.
And he, whose lessons taught my soul
To know the tranced dreams that roll,
Pure, warm and bright, as heaven's own flame,
Through all the poet's glowing frame:
He sleeps yon daisied turf beneath—
Sleeps in the damp cold bed of death—
Neglected sleeps, but not forgot:
O, were I nigh the hallowed spot,
A tear as warm as e'er was shed

Above the dwelling of the dead
Should water every daisy's blossom
That decks the turf above his bosom.

Friends of my infant years, adieu!
Oft shall fond memory's dream renew
Our hours, our days, our years of glee,
Departed, never more to be.
Home of my fathers, fare thee well!
Still brooding memory loves to dwell
Beside my father's humble hearth,
To me the dearest spot on earth.
Around that hearth, still there are hearts
To which my name a pang imparts—
A tender throb, a nameless glow—
A feeling none but parents know;
And I am bound, where'er I roam,
To thee, my first, my happiest home,
By ties as strong as those of love—
Ties, warm and pure as ever wove
Their dear enchantment, holy, chaste,
Around the core of brother's breast.
Home of my fathers, far away!
Accept a wanderer's votive lay;
Accept the tear by memory shed
O'er former joys, for ever fled.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

My Scotland! how that magic name
Lights in my heart the patriot flame!
Home of the beautiful and brave!
Thy gleaming lochs, and woods that wave
Their boughs of everliving green
O'er many a storied battle scene,
Where deeds of valour have been done,
And crowns and kingdoms lost and won.
The shadowy glen—the sweeping strath—
The deep ravine—the rugged path,
By dizzy crag and waterfall,
Untrod and unapproached by all,
Save him whose heart may seldom quail
In peril's hour—the hardy Gael—
The Grampians dimly shadowed forth,
Like guardian spirits of the north,
Enthroning their majestic forms
Amid the gloom of Boreal storms—
The beautiful and Eden spots
Around the castles and the cots—
The bonnie holms, and limpid streams,
Serene as fancy's summer dreams:—
These are the haunts, and these the home,
Of all I love where'er I roam.

Where is the tameless mountaineer—
The Highland maiden, once so dear—
The matron bosom, pure as fair—
The beauteous cherub nestling there?

And where are the fraternal few,
Whose hearts, inviolably true,
Untouch'd by either change or chill,
Cling round the distant wanderer still?
They live; but O! they live to me
In the far world of memory.
While I through howling solitudes,
A mateless pilgrim of the woods,
With homeless heart and weary foot,
My onward journey prosecute:—
It soothes my spirit yet to think,
That when the last remaining link
That binds me to the world hath burst,
The friends that loved me best and first
May lay my not unhonoured head
Among mine own paternal dead.

Land of the early stricken heart,
Whose burning numbers yet impart
Undying glory to the tongue
In which the illustrious peasant sung;
Land of the cradle and the grave
Of him whose mighty spirit gave
To many a spot, before unknown,
A name undying as his own:
Magician minstrel! rest thou well;
Though mute thy harp, its wizard spell
Is o'er uncounted bosoms still,
To soothe, to sadden, and to thrill;

And through the farthest years of time,
To pilgrim hearts from every clime,
Remote and near, thy grave shall be
The shrine of deep idolatry.

Land of my fathers ! though the deep
And broad Atlantic waters sweep

Round desolate and dreary isles,
Where summer verdure never smiles,
Between me and my native land
There is a yet unbroken band
That binds my heart to thine and thee—
Home of immortal minstrelsy !

HURRAH FOR SCOTLAND !

Hurrah for Scotland—Scotland yet !
The land o' Kirk and Schule :
Whae'er forgets his fatherland
Maun dree a weary dool.

He has nae pairt wi' us the nicht—
Nae pairt wi' Scottish men—
Whase memory never wanders back
To native hill or glen.

There is nae truant Scotsman here
That winna gang wi' me
Back to our mither's hame again,
In memory, for a wee.

It's sweet to think on early friends
That we in Scotland met ;
Their hames, perchance, their graves, are there,
For they are Scotland's yet.

And, oh ! whate'er is Scotland's, aye
To Scottish hearts is dear,
However fondly we may be—
The loved and loving here.

We may ha'e woo'd in proud ha' hoose,
Or in a theekit cot ;
But some sweet spirit aye was there
That ne'er can be forgot.

She may ha'e sung the lay we lov'd
Or joined us in the dance ;
Or grat, when we wad tell her owre
Some tale o' auld romance.

She may ha'e herded sheep wi' us
Upon the gowany braes ;—
But she's aye a fairy memory
O' early happy days.

It's grand to gether glorious dreams
Frae oot the auld warld store
O' tales that tell o' stalwart men,
Wi' kilt an' braid claymore,

Wha stood the stour o' mony a fecht,
In days o' auld langsyne,
To guard the freedom and the richt
That Scotland dares na tyne.

But holier memories there be
That bear the spirit back
To times when ambush'd foremen watch'd
About the kirkward track ;

When ministers in armour prayed,
And Scotland's kirks were caves ;
When bairns were christened frae the burn,
And bridal beds were graves.

But blither, better times ha'e come ;
The feuds o' ither days
Are a' forgot, and now we meet
Wi' friends that ance were faes.

Hurrah ! for merry England's rose,
And Erin's shamrock green !
Hurrah ! for oor Canadian hearths—
Oor altars an' oor Queen !

DUNCAN MICHIE.

WE have heard the late Dr Charles Rogers affirm that he felt far more real satisfaction in being termed "Monument Rogers," than in all the fame secured him by his numerous writings. And what he did for the Wallace Memorial on Abbey Craig was done in miniature by Duncan Michie for Lochlee ; for his was the moving spirit in the erection of the memorial which now marks the grave of Alexander Ross in the old Kirkyard of the northern parish. Aply seconded by John Watson, the farmer poet of Ledmore, Mr Michie carried the matter to a successful issue ; his faculty for rhyme proving of the greatest service in initiating the praiseworthy movement. He

wrote and published widely a poem, of which we quote the opening stanzas, and to which the Ledmore bard wrote a rejoinder:—

Ye sons and daughters of Lochlee,
Ye surely winna scrup'ulous be
To join an' gi'e your mite wi' me
 To raise a stane
In tribute to his memorie—
 Your bard that's gane,

The Loch's hoarse murmur seems to cry—
Whose foaming surge he slumbers nigh—
My ain dear bard obscure doth lie,
 Ochone, ochone!
Nor o'er his grave is heaved a sigh
 For a' he's done.

Another stanza of this poem is graven on the monument itself, and forms a tribute at once pleasing and correct to the genius of the "Wild Warlock of Lochlee":—

How finely Nature ay he paintit !
O' sense in rhyme he ne'er was stintit,
An' to the heart he always sent it
 Wi' micht an' main ;
An' no' a line he e'er inventit
 Need ane offen'.

Mr Michie, who was thus so prominently identified with this successful movement, was a native of Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1810. He became a gamekeeper to Lord Panmure in 1834, and held at the time of his death in 1886 the position of ground officer for the Lochlee district, and was tenant of the farms of Midtown and Nether Cairncross besides. He was a devoted office-bearer in the Free Church of Lochlee, and was one of the two elders who were first ordained there after the Disruption. Genial, able, and respected ; delighting in folk-lore, anecdote, and poetry ; a musical enthusiast, and the composer of many meritorious strathspeys, Mr Michie was a man of mark in the district which mourned his demise ; and his name and fame are worthy of all the honour we can render them here.

THE GLENS O' LEE.

Tune—"London's bonnie woods and braes."

'Twas on a summer evening clear
Amang the Glens o' Lee, lassie,
Where sangsters' notes salute the ear,
Mid scenes that please the e'e, lassie ;
The heathery braes in lustre blooming,
The westlin' breezes saft perfuming,
There I, wi' beating heart, assuming,
Laid love's claim on thee, lassie.
I never list the mavis singing,
Or ouzel's wild-note echoes ringing,
But sweet remembrance still is winging
To Unich's Fa' sae hie, lassie.

There stupendous rocks o'erhang
The bosom o' Lochlee, lassie,
Whase loud echo, swelling, flang
Thy voice sae sweet to me, lassie.
I, enchanted, stood an' listened,
My e'en wi' thrilling pleasure glistened ;
Frae whence it came unconscious hastened
That I thysel' might see, lassie ;

And when thy charms I did discover,
Enraptured, said, "Ye gods ! I love her,"
That instant Cupid 'bove's did hover,
And made his darts to flee, lassie.

There's nae a joy kind Heaven gi'es
To mortals here below, lassie—
Except the hope the saint still prees—
Like love's responsive glow, lassie :
It far transcends, clean out of measure,
The foplin's vain and glossy pleasure,
Rev'lling mid his countless treasure,
And State's fallacious show, lassie.
Then let us roam in gloaming hour,
And taste our sweets in birken bow,
Until the moon begin to tower
O'er Battock's lofty brow, lassie.

This always is the case with those
Whase boast's a virtuous mind, lassie ;
That love's affection stronger grows,
Like plants thegither twined, lassie.

Though adverse fate should come to vex us,
And doubtless it will whiles perplex us;
But let it come, 'twill firmer fix us,

Our union closer bind, lassie.
Although our haudin' be a sma' ane,
Yet envy's teeth we's set nae gnawin';
Contentment's better than great stawin',
And that thou 't ever find, lassie.

We'll toddle down life's slopin' hill
As canny as we may, lassie;

Oh! that the powers aboon should will
That we thegither gae, lassie.

We're now upon the point of startin',
Let each the way be ever airtin',
Ilk thought an' motion still impartin'

Along that thorny brae, lassie;
And while upon that journey wending,
Still on grace for strength depending,
And be our souls the while ascending
To live in bliss for aye, lassie.

JAMES SMITH MILLS.

ONE does not very naturally associate the musty mysteries of the legal profession with the gentle art of poesy: yet there are many instances where such a connection has not been merely a fact, but a circumstance significant, and suggestive to a degree, of the power inherent in song to break through the barriers of birth, caste, or environment, and to blossom in the most unlovely corners even as in a cultured garden. "Joseph O' Coble Den," a separately published poem in six cantos, and 90 pages; a series of fifty "Life Songs"; a small collection of "Poems and Memorial Verses"; and numerous other poems and canticles, which have appeared in various forms periodically, form no mean record for a busy lawyer; and the merit of the result is enhanced both by its vigour and variety. Mr Mills is a Notary Public, and Messenger at Arms, at Dundee, where he was born in 1829, and where he has always lived, with the exception of a few years spent in Arbroath (1850-5). The specimens we give show at once his possession of a measure of those qualities of head and heart, and those powers of expression, without which the poet labours in vain, whatever be his sphere or opportunity.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

'Tis sweet to meet with absent friends,
And spend in love the passing hour,
While thro' each heart a streamlet wends
Of feeling fraught with touching power.

'Tis sweet to meet a mother's face,
That last we gazed on in a dream,
Where through the lines of care we trace
Affection's mild, angelic beam.

'Tis sweet to note the welcome smiles
Which gather on a father's cheek,
And mark a loving sister's wiles [speak.
Make known the thoughts she may not

'Tis sweet to know a brother's heart
Beats warmly with fraternal glow,

That lives once one, now run apart,
Can flow as they were wont to flow.

And sadly sweet the hour we leave,
Even for a time, the home of love;
When, though the spirit may not grieve,
It is a moment that doth move.

For every eye is glistening clear,
And saddening silence reigns the while,
Where nothing stirs except the tear
Which wets the cheek that cannot smile.

Oft scenes like these my mind recalls,
And aye their thought the heart can fill;
With me, whate'er on earth befalls,
Their memory hath a pleasure still.

OCTOBER.

October weeps itself away,
Which wont to smile fu' fair :
While with a dowie dirge the wind
Blaws owre the fields sae bare.

The ageing year with sighs and tears
Is thinking of its close,
And, careless of its "latter end,"
Is longing for repose.

Hues russet-brown still deck its brow,
And gold and green its head,

Though storm and rain have done their part
To lay it with the dead.

So have we seen a shortened life,
Which flourished in its prime,
Sink fast beneath misfortune's blast
Before its ripened time.

So oft we see, by fate or chance,
Or man's ineptitude,
The promised harvest of the morn
An evening solitude.

BONNIE BALGAY.¹

O ! bonnie Balgay o' my early day,
Whaur the broom whins bloomed sae bonnie,
Whaur we lost oursel's in thy pathless way
That noo has paths sae mony.

O ! the years outgrown, that ha'e swiftly flown,
Since I roamed in your glades sae greenly ;
They ha'e left me auld ; but I still must own
That I lo'e your braes as keenly.

As I did in the time o' my youthfu' prime,
When, wi' freends sae young and cheery,

We lengthened the day till the evening chime
Sent us hame wi' feet fu' weary.

O ! bonnie Balgay o' my later day,
'Mid your dells and bonnie places,
Of freends lang dead or noo far away
I see the vanished faces.

Yet for ever to me, while I'm spared to see
Your bushes bloom and flourish,
Their names and thine—one memory—
I'll gently tend and nourish.

"SCHIEHALLION."²

Mount of the flinty breast,
Hill of the rocky crest,
Why did the fierce Gael so sweetly name
thee ?
Rude are thy rugged refts,
Cold are thy stony clefts,
Where roll the mists with the wail of the sea.

Smiling thy giant head
Shone through its stormy bed,
'Luring us onward and upward in glee ;

High beat our hearts elate,
Until the desolate
Light only left us thy darkness to see.

Hill of the tender name,
Birth of volcanic flame—
Emblem of happiness—emblem of woe—
Like to man's joyful time,
Like to man's saddened prime :
Chasing the shadows vain,
Seeking the sun in rain,
Straining life's cup to drain
On to the lonesome grave—thus doth he go.

ROBERT CONWAY MILNE.

MR MILNE'S verses, on many subjects, are familiar to readers of the newspapers of Arbroath and district, where they have appeared over a variety of nom de plumes, like "Philip Eden," as also over initials and name. This writer was born at Kirkintilloch in 1859 ; but he was removed in early life to Arbroath, where he is still resident, engaged in business, and acting as

¹ Old Balgayhill, close to Dundee (now the fine Park of that name), was a thickly wooded, finely secluded haunt—sacred to young Dundonians in "the days that are no more." There is an old song on the same theme, a verse of which runs thus :

"O bonnie Balgay where the sun shines aye—Bonnie Balgay and Logie—
O ! what were a' the world to me, If 'twere-na Balgay and Logie !"

² This fine soft gaelic word—descriptive of the conical shape of the top of the mountain—means, in common parlance, *the maiden's breast*.

assistant registrar. He is greatly interested in children, and as "Captain Tom" of the *Arbroath Guide* has done not a little for their instruction and entertainment. "Queen Kind Heart's Court," a Christmas Musical Sketch of the Kinderspiel order, has also been popular with those for whose benefit it was produced. We present a piece which is interesting through its bearing on one of the most distinguished associates of Angus, and fairly representative of its writer's general style.

I WAD LIKE TO SEE SCOTLAND AGAIN.

(A wish expressed by President M'Cosh a few years before his death.)

It's a lang lang time sin' I left the land my heart yearns noo to see,
 Sin' I gaed awa' frae my hame, an' a' the scenes o' my ministry;
 Sin' the auld Roond O, an' the tall roond tow'r, sae silently said good-bye,
 An' the Auld Kirk bells, an' the folk themsel's, sae glad, tho' nae cheek was dry;
 I'll lang mind the day when frae flock, freends, an' hame, I parted wi' feelings o' pain,
 An', tho' noo owre the ocean, my heart's deep devotion is yet to see Scotland again.

I canna forget in my far-awa' hame—tho' its lands are fair to see,
 An' strangers may feel in a body's weel—that my heart's aye across the sea,
 In yon braw land where heather grows, an' thistles, an' sweet bluebells,
 Where wee burns leap, and cushats sleep 'mang her fairy woods an' dells;
 For aye dear to me are her rock-bound shores, standin' prood to the angry main,
 An' tho' noo far awa' frae her white mist an' snaw, I wad like to see Scotland again!

My heart aften bleeds when I'm thinkin' o' some toilin' hard in a foreign land,
 In an unequal fight for their dud an' their bite, an' the sma' comforts they command;
 Wha spend their a' on their bairns an' wives, sae glad when frae debt they are free,
 While a penny to save for a trip owre the wave is never their fortune to see;
 Tho' their life's no' unblest, yet there's ae bit o' joy they'd gi'e a' they possess to obtain—
 Ae guid honest look o' the Land o' the Book, an' their ain Bonnie Scotland again.

There are far higher hills in thae ither lands, an' rivers an' glens mair deep,
 But never a neuk has the cosy look o' the land where oor forefathers sleep;
 The scenes far awa' may fill the e'e but they never gang far'er doon,
 An' the true Scottish heart will aye revert to the scenes roond its native toon;
 He may leave his hame an' may push his way amo' men till he wealth attain,
 But there's aye a lack till he finds his way back to his hame an' auld Scotland again.

I wad like to see Scotland, the Doctor said, but he wasna permitted to see
 His calf-ground again, tho' his heart was fain, for he laid himsel' doon to dee
 In the land far-awa'; an' in message an' life the churches to-day suffer loss
 Of a teacher of truth, an inspirer of youth, who fell where he fought—at the Cross;
 Wha noo finds reward in the Land o' the Leal frae the hand o' the Lamb wha was slain,
 Where a bonnier scene fills his heart an' his een, tho' he'll never see Scotland again.

WILLIAM MILNE.

MR MILNE is resident in the West, where he is agent for an important Clyde shipping firm, and his occasional contributions to the press come less frequently under the notice of his Angus friends than of yore. He was born at Little Haughmuir, near Brechin, in 1829, and was reared at Myrestone, near Forfar. He served for some years as a ploughman in Forfarshire, and in 1855 entered the railway service. His efforts towards self-improvement were strenuous and successful; he has attained a good position, and his poems give indication at once of opportunities mastered, and leisure redeemed.

THE BRIER BUSH, ARRAN.

A bush o' brier, sae winsome there,
 Blooms near yon cottage wa';
 The fragrance fills the balmy air,
 An' fair its blossoms fa'.
 Comes soughin' owre the brier bush,
 Oh, welcome, wanderin' breeze—
 Oh, Summer air, playin' here an' there,
 To sing o' birds an' bees.
 A Hielan' burn, 'neath hazel veils,
 Gaes singin' to the sea,
 In tinklin' tones, like silver bells,
 Roond mony a flow'r and tree.
 The mavis' note's in Shisken's vale,
 The blackbird whistlin' clear,
 While dew-draped daisies deck the dell,
 The Summer's morn is here.
 That cottage wee, the laich white wa',
 The birds, the birks, the burn—

Lang bypast scenes to me reca',
 As owre life's page I turn.
 Auld records bricht, frae Farfar's braes,
 Repeat the story o'er,
 O' birds, and flow'rs, and happy oors,
 A' roond my mither's door.
 I see them a', I see them aye,
 These love-lit, young life's scenes,
 Mid a' the hopes and prophecy
 We sang when we were weans:
 What we wad be, and where we'd bide,
 When we grew muckle men,
 How we wad rise on Fortune's tide,
 An' a' the world wad ken.
 But while lost the race for pelf and place,
 And now left far behin',
 God help oor he'rts an' gi'e us grace
 A better goal to win.

REV. DAVID GIBB MITCHELL.

THE genial Scottish Muse has an able and successful exemplifier in the Rev. Mr Mitchell, whose occasional contributions—not so frequent now as of yore—to our Doric minstrelsy have been characteristic and meritorious. Mr Mitchell is a native of Strachan parish in The Mearns, and was born in 1863. Educated at Longforgan School, he passed to Dundee, where for three years he acted as a clerk in a manufacturer's office. Then he entered St. Andrews University, where he distinguished himself in Philosophy and English Literature. During the last two years of his course of theological study in the New College, Edinburgh, he was appointed by the students to take charge of their Mission in the Pleasance, and in this busy sphere Mr Mitchell proved himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He was licensed in 1890; and in the same year he was called from the scene of a few months' labour at Inverness to be colleague and successor to the Rev. James Smith of Cramond, near Edinburgh. In this charge he continues; and it is an open secret that Mr Mitchell gains increasingly the approval of all who appreciate devoted christian effort, and the sympathetic services of a warm-hearted man and a devoted minister.

OCH-HEY-HUM.

When hearts are bleedin' sair wi' grief, and care has knit the brow,
 And time has made the auld head bare whaur bonnie ringlets grew,
 A weary sigh steals frae the soul that's almost overcome;
 Yet buried grief aft finds relief in—"Och-hey-hum."

The faithfu' shepherd leads his flock oot owre the green hillside,
 An' tak's them to the choicest knowes where a' may safe abide;
 But when the sun sinks frae his view, and cares his heart benumb,
 Kind Heaven hears his waesome cry of "Och-hey-hum."

The labourin' man, wi' busy hand, wha toils frae morn till nicht,
And prays betimes that a' his bairns may grow up to do richt,
When borne doon aneath a load owre heavy far for some,
Gets cheerfu' comfort when he utters, "Och-hey-hum."

The mither by the cradle side sits watching there alane,
To keep the messenger o' death awa' frae her doorstane;
She hides the tears that nature sends when death at last has come,
Yet noo and then ye'll hear her sobbin', "Och-hey-hum."

Yet, let us a' be thankfu' that we're no' sent here to bide,
The day will come when a' will meet owre on the ither side;
No sorrow there, nor trauchle sair; no lip will there be dumb,
No tears will flow, no tongue will utter, "Och-hey-hum."

THE BAND THAT BINDS MY GRANNY'S BROO.

My granny's growin' auld an' frail,
She says her days are wearin' thro';
An' soon her han' will lay aside
The band that binds her aged broo.
Her form is boo'd, an' grey the hair
Whaur gowden locks lang bonnie grew;
Swift time an' care ploo furrows deep
Beneath the band that binds the broo.
Thro' specs, wi' feeble sight, she read—
Frae Dauvit's Psalms deep comfort drew—
Sweet mem'ries cheer, great visions rise
Behind the band that binds the broo.
She bade me shun the ways o' vice,
Dae naething wrang I'd ha'e to rue;

Revere the wise, relieve the puir
That wear a band across their broo.
Wi' quiv'rin' breath—her one last wish,
God wad my path wi' gifts bestrew;
Then raised her han' an' laid aside
The band that bound her wrinkled broo.
This soul sublime an' saint obscure,
Wi' heart that throbb'd to heaven true,
Has climbed the steeps o' life to claim
A fadeless wreath to bind her broo.
The sun will rise an' nichtly set,
The stars will creep frae oot the blue;
But I'll remember granny's words,
An' band that bound that noble broo.

THAT HORN SPOON.

Ae mirky nicht when winds blew cauld,
An' sour an' surly clouds drove past,
A tinkler, sair in rags and auld,
Crawled to the shed to scoug the blast;
And as the dawn dang oot the dark,
I met him, settin' aff to wark,
An' pairtin', vowed he'd mak' a spoon
Wad ne'er be match'd by mortal loon.
There's no' a spoon in a' the toon
Sae mony hungry mou's has fed;
And nane I'd like to praise aboon
That horn spoon the tinkler made.

Twa winters pass'd, when ae dreich nicht—
I just had suppert Bert the pony,
And, stappin' roon without lamp licht—
I ran against my tinkler crony.
"Weel met, my man, here, there's your spoon,
'Twas feenished in the wuds o' Scone;
An' whaur through this wide warl' yer led,
Aye mind the spoon the tinkler made."
There's no' a spoon, etc.

He telt me hoo, in yon wild den,
Whaur hoolits scrieded and winds howled
dreary,

An' birds an' cushies cam' to spen'
The nicht among the firs sae eerie,
There in his tent, roun' blazin' fire—
His wife and bairns asleep wi' tire—
He shap'd it till his heart was glad,
That horn spoon the tinkler made.
There's no' a spoon, etc.
Sin' I had time, and space, an' wit,
This spoon—what screids I'd tell aboot it;
Hoo ilka mou' it seems to fit,
E'en grannie canna sup without it.
At cog o' brose an' reekin' kail,
Hoo aft we've met I needna tell;
Sin' ere 'twas lost saut tears I'd shed,
For the horn spoon the tinkler made.
There's no' a spoon, etc.

A lad may coort, an' nichtly woo,
The lass he likes the best o' ony;
A lass may boast her lover's mou'
Tastes better than the sweetest honey;
But I'll ne'er brag o' bonnie lass,
Although her charms nane may surpass;
I'll blaw my horn, an' praise instead
The braw, braw spoon the tinkler made.
There's no' a spoon, etc.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

OUR readers will have observed that it is not an isolated experience among our bards for father and son to be participants of the favours of the muse. When to this fact we add a study of the development or retrogression of the poetic inheritance, the subject may become interesting to a degree. The name now before us introduces a case in point, and one in which natural evolution plays a perfectly plain and striking part. William Mitchell was born at Inverurie in 1810, and after a laborious and persevering course of study became schoolmaster at Edzell, and eventually a city missionary, working specially in connection with West Fountainbridge Mission district at Edinburgh. Self-taught, but well versed in many subjects, and a devoted Christian, he was, for twenty years, a singularly successful worker in a difficult field. During the last twelve years of his life he suffered greatly through ill-health, and died at Edinburgh in 1873. He wrote for the press numerous sketches, essays, and poems; the example which we transcribe treating on the aspect of nature that seemed peculiarly dear to him.

GLENEAGLES.

We leisurely passed through the lovely Glendevon,
Beyond Yetts o' Muckhart, the church, and the mill,
To the spot where were seen, overlooking Gleneagles,
The few lonely trees on the top of the hill.

We had gathered the orchis, and grass of Parnassus,
The fair meadow-sweet, and the bog asphodel;
Admired the bright green of the velvety Ochils,
With patches empurpled by bloom of heath-bell.

We had gazed on the bridge of St. Serf, so weird-looking,
The ruinous church, and the rushing black linn;
Ascended the course of the picturesque Devon,
Beyond human dwellings, and far from our kin.

Ere then we had doubled the *crook* of the river,
Attracted by scenery, romantic and rare,
Had beheld the ravine at the Rumbling Bridge darkling,
And Cauldron Linn's spray dancing high in the air.

But these sights, though sublime and so overwhelming,
As sent through the bosom an awe-striking thrill,
Affected me not with such power as did only
The few aged firs on the top of the hill.

The forest around them had flourished and faded,
And green is the grass that now grows on its grave;
But these ancient sentinels stand on their watch-tower,
The storms and the tempests of winter to brave.

REV. WILLIAM MITCHELL.

THE author of two of the finest hymns which the Doric tongue can show,—“The Palace o’ the King,” and “Gang in Gladness,”—was a son of the preceding writer, and was born at Edzell in 1848. He was educated at Edinburgh, passed through the F.C. Normal College, and subsequently acted

as a teacher at Aberdeen, Kinross-shire, and the North of England. The publication of the two hymns mentioned, and of other meritorious poems and tales, drew such attention to the youthful poet's abilities, as was deepened when "Leo Ross" and Ira D. Sankey publicly used certain of his compositions. His future was bright with promise; he did some work for educational publishers, studied theology, and in course of time became a minister in the Congregational denomination. But his clerical experience was distressingly short: two years at Codford, Wilts., and two months at Odiham, Hants., was the sum of it; and he died at the latter place in 1879. Mr Mitchell wrote a memoir of his father, which was published and widely circulated in Edinburgh; and also several tracts and sermons, which appeared in religious periodicals. He excelled in the direction indicated by the two secular pieces we have selected from the little scrap-book kept by his mother and sister in Edinburgh; and is seen at his best and strongest in the hymn that has come to have a world-wide celebrity. Truly he had poetry in his soul who could sing as Mr Mitchell did in "Gang in Gladness":—

"Oh, the bicker an' the din, an' the sabs o' weary men!
They are aften sair to bear, but they're comin' to an' en';
Oh, the birdie's sang is sweet in the sunny month o' June,
But the music o' His foot has a sweeter, sweeter soun'!"

THE PALACE O' THE KING.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' bricht an' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel throo;
But in vain we look for something to which oor he'rts may cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.
We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For tho' bonnie are the snaw-flakes, an' the down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Then again, I've juist been thinkin', that when a' thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiv'rin' licht;
The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' the King!
It's here we ha'e oor trials, an' it's here that He prepares
A' His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears;
An' it's here that He wad hear us 'mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

Oh, it's honour heaped on honour, that His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain;
An' it's fu'est love and service that the Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.
The time for sawin' seed it is wearin', wearin' dune;
An' the time for winnin' souls will be owre verra sune:
Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring
To adorn the royal table i' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better than we've ever dune afore,
For the King will feed His servants frae His ever-bounteous store:
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
An' sune He'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bowers are trellised wi' a never-fadin' Vine ;
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free ;
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.
We see oor fr'ens await us owre yonner at His gate ;
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late :
Lat oor lamps be brichtly burnin' ; lat us raise oor voice an' sing ;
For sune we'll meet to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.

THE GUIDWIFE'S LAMENT OWRE HER TEAPOT.

Eh me ! my teapat's gane at last,
The pat I've had for lang years past ;
There's nae its like in a' the toon
Suppose you search it roon' an' roon'.

I dinna ken what garred it fa' ;
When I was rubbin' 't up sae braw,
It slippit frae my haun somehow,
An' straichtway intø bits it flew.

I pick't them up wi' sair regret,
The last o' a' my cheeny set
That's been sae lang in use wi' me,
Whene'er I took my drap o' tea.

Gin I could get the bits to fit
'Twad be some comfort to me yet ;
I'd touch them up wi' staneware glue,
An' put them on the shelf to view.

I min' when frae the fair 'twas carriet,
An' gi'en to me when I was marriet,
Wi' cups and saucers a' the same ;
Waes me to think they a' are gane !

It's crackit throo, the spout's awa',
The vera handle's broke in twa ;
The water through the bottom pours
Like burnies frae the hills in shoors.

The teapats noo—they winna stan',
They aften break just in your haun ;

They're made for show, an' no' for use,
They dinna suit a puir man's hoose.

The spout o' ane was far owre low,
(I spent twa shillin's on it tho'),
It wadna haud abune twa cup,
Because it never wad fill up.

Another ane had spout sae high,
That half the tea went stourin' by ;
Besides, ye ken, it wadna draw,
The tea was fushionless as straw.

But this pat that I've had sae lang,
It keep't it warm and made it strang ;
Mony a guid drap hearty tea
This pat made my guidman an' me.

But noo it winna mak' nae mair,
Eh, but I'll miss my teapat sair ;
It's nae use but to throw awa',
The neatest o' my teapats a'.

But stop—eh aye—I've got a thoct,
The vera thing I lang ha'e socht ;
I'll fill 't wi' earth and plant a rose,
And send it to the floo'er shows.

I'm glad I haena thrown 't awa' ;
'Twill deck my windae oot sae braw,
An' mony a day I'll keep it yet,
The bonniest o' my teapats set.

CLOCHAR-OCHAR-OCHAR-OCH.

Ay ! there's anither change o' weather,
I'll tine ma lungs an' throat thegither ;
I thoct a change was surely comin'
(Oh keep that door close, Peggy woman),
It's juist a never-ending cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

I min' when folks wore stocks and kerchers,
Weel wrappit roun' their muckle starchers,

Instead o' sma' bit tape-like collars,
Docked aft between twa paper rollers ;
There wasna then this endless cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Langsyne folk hadna Macintoshes,
Nor yet thae waterproof goloshes ;
They hadna braw wire respirators,
Nor sulphur acid agitators,

And yet, like us, they didna cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Whiles when I'm oot, juist for a dander,
A mile frae hame I'll maybe wander,
The mist comes on an' sets me gaspin',
An' ilka dyke an' wa' I'm graspin',
To rest me wi' the weary cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Folks say we havena noo sic weather,
Wi' wreathin' snaws an' a' thegither,
Sic tempests a' the winter scowlin',
Nor yet sic winds wi' ghaistly howlin';
Nor was 't that folks then didna cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och?

They hadna steam an' gas an' a' that,
An' ither things, I kenna a' what,
To keep them warm and snug and cosy,
And yet their cheeks were aye sae rosy,
An' nane but auld folks had a cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

We mak' great fuss owre ventilation
And scientific eddication,

Owre fevers bred in stinkin' puddle,
An' aye oorsels we try an' cuddle;
Yet ane an' a' are fashed wi' cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Instead o' parritch an' Scotch dishes,
Folk feed on dainty pies an' fishes,
An' new-made bakes, a' hot an' reekin',
Oor faithers never thocht o' seekin';
I think it's them that gars us cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Then lang brick chimneys ever smokin',
They'd set a hoodie crawl a-chokin',
Wi' factories mair than I can mention,
An' ilka keep-me-warm invention;
They a' combine to mak' us cough,
An' clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

Oh for the free wild breeze frae heaven,
Untainted as in nature given,
To sniff the air frae aff the mountain,
An' lave in ilka crystal fountain;
We'd bid fareweel to rackin' cough,
Nor clochar-ochar-ochar-och.

ALEXANDER MITCHELSON.

"WE are seven" might, with some degree of propriety, serve as a motto for the fraternity of bards knit together in the fellowship incident on residence in the "Brighton of the North." Mr Mitchelson, who has often come under public notice, writes with considerable skill on homely subjects, and in an unaffected manner. He was born at Dundee in 1849; the scantiest possible measure of education fell to his early lot, and he was overburdened with toil at the earliest of stages. Ultimately, he learned the trade of pastry-cook, which he still follows; making occasional appearances as one of the Bards of Broughty Ferry, where he has been long resident.

WINTER'S COME AGAIN.

Keep me, it's unco cauld the nicht,
The frost is hard an' keen,
While in the lift the northern licht
In flittin' force is seen;
Around my lugs the bitin' blast
Comes pap wi' micht an' main,
An' tells me simmer's joys are past,
An' winter's come again.

Noo ilka hoose-tap roond aboot,
Ilk bush within my sight,
An' ilka tree that I mak' oot,
Are clothed in speckless white;
Puir robin sings, in saddest tones,
His melancholy strain,
An' sair his waefu' lot bemoans,
Sin' winter's come again.

In radiant force, pale Luna's beams
Athwart the moor are thrown,
Which to the weary traveller seems
A silv'ry surface grown;
The hamely sparrow, happin' near,
A shelter seeks in vain,
An' frae the e'e draws pity's tear,
Sin' winter's come again.

Noo let us strive an' no' neglect
To weaken winter's storm,
Wi' oor endeavours to protect
The weak and shiv'ring form;
But O, may ilk ane be prepared,
An' health an' strength retain,
An' owre the frosts an' snaws be spared,
Sin' winter's come again.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

“Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
 Open all my veins, that I may swim
 To Thee, my Saviour, in that crimson lake,
 Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake,
 Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air ;
 Lord, since Thou know'st where all these atoms are,
 I'm hopeful once Thou'lt recollect my dust,
 And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.”

AND thus it was that “The Great Montrose,” writing with the diamond of a ring on the window of his prison, bade farewell to earth, and to the scenes in which he had been a distinguished actor. Born at the family seat of the Grahams, Ald Montrose, in 1612, and first Marquis of the name, his history as the heroic supporter first of the Covenant, and then of the King, is unparalleled in interest ; and his execution at the early age of thirty-eight has evoked the widest sympathies of all kinds and conditions of men. Aytoun thus describes him in that impassioned outburst, “The Execution of Montrose”:

He is coming ! he is coming !—
 Like a bridegroom from his room
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,

And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die ;
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man.

In his earlier years the Marquis of Montrose had devoted himself to literature, and was esteemed learned in Greek and Latin, as in the modern languages also. A number of his poems have been preserved—through their having been printed in Broadside form, and in Watson's Collection—among them an *Epistle*, which, though often quoted, is perhaps the most representative of the writings now available.

TO MY MISTRESS.

EXTRACT.

My dear and only love, I pray
 This noble world of thee
 Be govern'd by no other sway
 But purest monarchie ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I'll never love thee more.
 Like Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone,
 My thoughts shall evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne :
 He either fears his fate too much
 Or his deserts are small,
 That puts it not unto the touch
 To win or lose it all.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 Another do pretend a part,
 And dares to vie with me ;
 Or if committees thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll sing, and laugh at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.
 But if thou wilt be constant then,
 And faithful to thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword :
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee evermore.

WILLIAM MOORE.

"THE Burning of Kildrummy Castle" was a popular poem all over the north of Scotland fifty or sixty years ago. Its author, William Moore, was for some time schoolmaster at Tannadice, but he emigrated to New Zealand, where, it is believed, he died. The poem, which is fashioned on a more heroic plan than that of other lengthy county rhymes, was printed by A. Anderson, Forfar, in 1839. It appears in the form of a booklet of 46 pages, with a couple of very stilted lyrics, on "Wallace," and the "Thistle," by way of addendum. We quote the opening lines of Parts I. and II., and the conclusion of the production, which states on its title page:—"This once impregnable fortress (Kildrummy), situated on the banks of the Don, Aberdeenshire, was besieged by the English under the command of the Earl of Hereford, and burned by treachery, in the time of King Robert Bruce, when Scotland was struggling for freedom and independence."

PART I.

What means the trumpet's shrill and warlike notes
That on the fanning western breezes float?
What means the drum, hoarse sounding from afar?
They are the signals of approaching war:
'Tis Hereford and Lancaster that bring
The sounding war, with which our mountains ring;
Destruction, blood, and rapine mark their way;
Their only pleasure, burn, destroy, and slay:
As the rude torrent with resistless force,
While devastation marks its winding course
Down the steep mountain side: the gnarled oak
That had for ages stood the winter's shock,
Uprooted now, the forest's king lies low,
And dire destruction strews the plain below.

PART II.

Now sounds the trumpet, and the bagpipe shrill
Awakes the echo on the distant hill;
And the hoarse drum adds its discordant note,
And all commingling on the breezes float;
In chorus, too, the soldier joins his cheer,
And in defiance waves the shining spear,
And some the broadsword wave, whose awful gleam
Terrific shines in Sol's resplendent beam:
They meet; each sternly views the adverse foe,
And in his mind each meditates the blow,
That carries freedom to the Scottish host,
Or that proclaims her glorious freedom lost:
Nor ruminates they long; but fierce as when
The hungry lion, rising from his den,
Springs on his prey, while thro' the forest wide
His awful roar is heard on every side:
So for the fight the warriors forward spring,
While with their shouts surrounding echoes ring:

Bold Hereford proclaims the rose this day
Must o'er the thistle rule in glorious sway ;
The Doneans shout, Let death or victory
This day decide that Scotland still is free.

The English having striven vainly to reduce the fortress, a local blacksmith named Osborne undertook—

That for reward he'd make the Doneans yield,
And leave the English masters of the field.

Bringing a bar of iron to a glowing heat the traitor shot it through a window of the castle, and into a room "filled with wood, with corn and hay." The great pile was soon "one heap of ruins."

And in the ruins there five hundred lie,
Who would have scorned to leave the field or fly.

The incendiary

From Hereford demands the promised fee,
Which fee was gold till he would have no more ;
But mark, the soldier does the wretch abhor,
And spurned him thus, " Begone ! false traitor, fly,
No ! stop ! you'll now have your reward, and die ;

Naught from thy memory e'er shall wipe the shame,
That by this deed thou hast brought on thy name ;

And then commanding they the traitor seize,
And said with gold they should his av'rice please :
Which, having melted, down his throat they pour
The fluid mass, a deed unknown before.

The victim duly executed and buried, the rhyme concludes—

Thus ends the war, the English now depart,
While Hereford, with sad and heavy heart,
The ruins viewed ; where lately stood the tower,
The pride and glory of our northern power :
The love of gold here proved the overthrow
Of many heroes, and the wretch also
Who most desired it, quickly felt with pain,
That death in fiercest pangs was all his gain.

DAVID MORISON.

"POEMS, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" is the suggestive and suspicious title of a volume published at Montrose in 1790, and which in almost every respect save the quality of its contents, is a *fac-simile* of another book of poems published in another Scottish town a few years before this, and which now sells for something over One Hundred Pounds per copy. David

Morison evidently strove to rival Kilmarnock at Montrose; and in paper, printing, sizes, and general appearance he very nearly succeeded, though there the resemblances cease, and cease severely. But he beat Burns in several respects:—he secured a large list of subscribers; he published an OPERA, in Three Acts; and he dedicated his book “To the Gentlemen of the Montrose Monthly Club,” with the avowal that—“These poems, the production of the Unlettered Muse, are, by their permission, most respectfully inscribed by their most humble and most obliged servant, David Morison.” The book contains much that is spirited, graphic, and strong; and, but for the competitive element to which allusion has been made, would deserve to be well spoken of. It parts in two at page 115 of its general contents, and gives, with a new imprint—as if to admit of separate sale—a lengthy production, the full title of which is, “Jack and Sue, or The Fortunate Sailor, an Opera in Three Acts; in the Scottish Dialect.” That “The Gentle Shepherd” has served as a model, this extract is evidence:—

ACT I., SCENE I.

Prologue to the Scene.

A cottage in a how between
Twa verdant hills o'erclad wi' green,
A rill o' water clear and clean
Rins purling by,
An' at the door, raking his een,
Ye'll Joseph spy.

A heartsome, cozie, country chield,
Nae raw young loon, nor stiff wi' eild;
But ha'fins has life's pinnie reel'd,
An' something mair;
Ha'f clad he sits before his bield,
The morning fair.

JOSEPH.

Hey-day, the weather's ta'en an unco rout
An' nature 'gins to smile a' round about;

Just heaven be praised I think in fourteen days,
If on our fields the sun pour forth his rays,
The hay crop will be in, an' a' thing snug,
As a blue ribban' at a bonnet lug.
Fu' sweet it smells, quick round my heart it
plays,
An' for my breakfast a sure found-stane lays.
How pleasant 'tis to view these verdant fields,
And scan the blessings nature kindly yields!
This mornin' blink's ne'er seen by city spark,
Nor does he hear wi' joy the tow'ring lark,
Who with her song so cheers each rural swain,
Till woodland sweetly echo back the strain.
Marion, get up, for now the sun's so high,
'Tis time to streek the cogues an' milk the kye.

Enter THIMBLE, etc.

This “Opera,” an edition of which was also published at Paisley in 1823, occupies pages 117 to 209, and is followed by a few songs—“Green grow the Rashes,” “Mary's reply to Sandy's Ghost,” etc. The quality of the general poems in the first part of the volume may fitly be represented by the following characteristic Scottish monologue.

TO MY AULD BLUE COAT.

E'en hing ye there, an' grace the house,
Tho' cob-webs on ye stand,
True blue, a colour grave an' douce,
May suit the haly band.
First when the billie snap-the-louse
Got you into his hand,
The lown, nae doubt, did brak the truce,
An' clip'd the eight command
Fu' deep that night.

E'en be it sae, what need me care,
My back ye fitted brawly;
Sure a' your clippins I cou'd spare,
Why on the Taylor rally?
But oh! dear coattie, ye cou'd tell,
As ye hing on the naily,
How many ills on me befell,
When ye did hap my taily
Yon rantin' night.

Wi' you I've been at kirk an' fair,
 An' aft I've tash'd ye sairly,
 As lang's your threadies were na bare,
 Ye craving kept out rarely ;
 But when your skin for want o' hair
 Did shaw itsel' sae barely,
 I nae doubt thocht it was but fair
 To gar the taylor carlie
 Turn ye ae night.

Ye then for him was a bare mure,
 He cou'dna get a parein',
 For had he try'd, the *blade* was sure,
 The fact wad been owre glarin' :
 For seam to seam he then boot sew,
 He nae doubt cou'd put mair in,
 But he remembered when new,
 He got a hearty share in
 Your web that night.

When ye cam' back right braw was ye,
 O' you I then was vogie,
 The neighbour chields ay hang on me,
 Till I shou'd pay a coggie ;

Then lip and cap join'd heartily,
 Tho' ye was but a roguie,
 Ye pass'd for new in ilka e'e,
 Sae weel I fill'd the coggie
 That heartsome night.

Aince mair ye made a gallant shift,
 To haud out cauld an' cravin',
 But now-a-days claith's lost that gift,
 The wivers sure are ravin'.
 Ilk taylor loun I'd set adrift,
 O' thread they are sae sparin',
 Yet claith an' seams o' you bode thrift,
 An' will prevent the carein'
 O' poiding night.

Sae thieves an' robbers I'll ne'er care,
 Tho' ye join in a knot
 To rife me o' warl's gear
 That's trash I value not.
 But when ye rant ye aye tak' mair
 Than what is yours by lot ;
 Sae tak' the pose, to me but spare
 My credit an' my coat
 That thieving night.

ROBERT MUDIE.

THE career of this erratic son of genius was, despite some success and not a little credit, pitiable ; and its dismal close at Pentonville in 1842 a sad corollary on misused powers and opportunities. Literally, and almost for a lifetime, Mudie's hand seems to have been turned against that of every other, and with the natural and regrettable consequences. Gifted with enormous powers of Satire, with a ready tongue and pen, and with a desire to use these which can only be described as rampant, it was not surprising that a species of execration met him at every turn of his way ; and the character of the man is revealed in the fact that he repaid his mentors with the keener scorn. Born in 1781, the son of a Sidlaw shepherd, and himself a shepherd, a Dundee weaver, and a militiaman, his start in life was as inauspicious as well could be. But there was grit and talent in the man : he became a teacher, and succeeded so well in several places, that he secured an appointment in Dundee Academy. Soon thereafter he began to write to the *Dundee Advertiser*, a poem, "The Maid of Griban," being one of his early contributions to that journal.

THE MAID OF GRIBAN.

A FRAGMENT.

Pale hung Lucinda's yellow horn,
 And modest shone her silver ray ;
 Gay, gay did Griban's Maid adorn ;
 The morrow was her wedding day.

That happy night, from Griban's bowers
 Care with his sullen offspring fled ;
 While Love and Pleasure, genial powers,
 The Hours in rosy garlands led.

Gladsome o'er Griban's narrow plain,
The village youths for joy prepare :
The maiden's dress—a lovely train ;
And all but Ulva's chief are there.

He in the gloom of midnight caves,—
Sad scenes of horror, woe, and fright,—
Revengeful, wild, infuriate raves,
And woos the beldams of the night.

“Dread queens of woe ! infernal choir !
O hear,” he cries, “my earnest prayer !
Let all your powers for once conspire
To rouse the demons of the air !

“O let the wind, with angry roar,
Turn from its lowest deep the sea !
Let pelting rain incessant pour,
And wing the forky bolt to flee !

“Then bend the fury of the blast
Against yon rock-embattled steep ;
Prone down the towering summit cast,
And teach the Griban youths to weep.”

Listening, well-pleased, the vengeful hags
With sullen joy his prayer hear ;
And from the caves and pointed crags
Return these counsels in his ear.

“O hie thee to yon gloomy dell,
And there recline thee all alone ;
There pull the belladonna fell,
And gather there the adder-stone ;

“There pull the rowan-berries red,
And thrice encompass round the tree ;
Then bathe your dirk in infant blood,
And wash it in the ebbing sea.

“So rains shall beat ; so winds shall rave,—
And forky lightnings cleave the sky ;
So thou shalt our assistance have,
And on thine errands fast we'll fly.”

Soon he the enchanted buds has pull'd
And compass'd round the rowan tree ;
Then he the infant blood has spill'd,
And wash'd his dagger in the sea.

O cheerful dawn'd the rosy morn,
Bright shone the sun's resplendent ray ;
Gay, gay did Griban's Maid adorn
To meet her lover on his way.

Slow roll'd the mist from high Benmore,
And sought the silent dusky cave ;
No tempest howl'd round Ulva's shore,
And peaceful slept the westling wave.

The toil-worn genius of the storm
Forgot his wonted rage awhile,
And stretch'd his huge and dreary form
At ease o'er Staffa's pillar'd isle.

And e'en Macfingone's troubled ghost,
Though doom'd incessant watch to keep,
Reclining near the haunted coast,
Lean'd on the green wave half asleep.

White o'er yon azure deep, the sail,
Approaching from Colomba's cell,
The youthful pair from Griban hail,
And feel their hearts with transport swell.

Soon it arrived. The holy sage
With haste the nuptial garland wove ;
And, having scann'd the sacred page,
Implored Heaven's blessing on their love.

Blithe, on the sward, the virgins sang,
The bagpipes breathed with joyous sound ;
Till Griban's cliffs in chorus rang,
And distant mountains echoed round.

Due rites perform'd, the festive throng
To take their leave with joy prepare :
Some raise the tune, some pour the song,
Till mirth and gladness rend the air.

Hope ! hast thou built thine eyry high,
In summit of the lofty oak ?
Or cast thine anchor in the sea,
To brave the storm's devouring shock ?

Then, has the angry blast of heaven
In shivers torn thy towering oak ?
Or has the tempest, furious driven,
The cable of thy safety broke ?

Now, darting wild, o'er Morvern's moors
The boding streamers varying gleam ;
The moon, o'er Iona's sacred towers,
In dim mist veils her sickly beam.

Nature is still ; save from yon height
The wakeful gannet lonely raves,
Or sound the horrors of the night
From fell Macdonnel's murdering caves.

Now swift the haggard beldam flies
From Ulva's cave and ancient tree,
To where Macfingone's spirit lies,—
To rouse the terrors of the sea.

Anon, the genius of the blast
Upheaves his woe-inspiring form,
And from the gloom-collected west
Hurls all the fury of the storm.

Mad o'er the wild Atlantic surge,
 With growing force the tempest flies ;
 Fierce winds the swelling billows urge :—
 On Dorril's crag the sailor dies.

Keen pelting through the troubled air,
 In cataracts the rain descends :—

The lightning gleams with angry glare :—
 The bolt heaven's ample concave rends.

Ah ! smitten is yon lofty cliff !—
 Down, down the shatter'd fragments fly ;
 And Griban's beauty, Griban's love,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the ruins lie !

The lampooning of this ballad by Deacon Ivory, father of Lord Ivory, had its due effect, and was, with other things, sufficient to fill the cup of Mudie's bile to overflowing. He lashed the dignitaries of Dundee with such varied scorn that he was compelled to leave his situation, and in 1820 he set out for London. Here he wrote numerous works in Fiction, Natural History, etc., all of such a description as invests with profound regret our contemplation of the later days and death of their versatile author. In addition to a separate publication of "The Maid of Griban" in 1810, Mudie published in 1819 "The Head Court ; a Garland," in the form of a pamphlet of 18 pages, an extract from which will illustrate some of the points to which reference has been made.

THE HEAD-COURT.

Cantate, gentes ! canticum novum.

Leave Christmas feastings, gentles all,
 And unto you I'll tell
 What at Dundee's renown'd Head-Court
 On Monday last befell.

In centre tower'd the rosy Vice-
 Director of the band,
 With mighty punch-bowl at his back,
 And Clerk on either hand.

And leaving tavern, tax, or till,
 The self-elected come,—
 Some simpering, bland as empty space,
 And some right fierce and glum.

Then, two by two, the Bailie-things
 Are forth in order dight :
 Kirk Fabric and the Chamber-lain
 They muster on the right ;

While on the left, the fierce O.M.
 With ruby front does flare ;
 And at his side the scalpel shines,—
 No,—'tis an empty chair.

The serfs and yeomen, nameless herd,
 Like beaten spaniels, came,
 Crawling, obsequious to their lord,
 And whining forth "the same."

(Some dressed in suits of sober black,
 Their Monarch's Consort mourn'd ;
 Some habited in brown and grey :—
 The latter soil'd and turn'd.)

On t' other side, the public men
 Forth to the battle drew ;
 And though their number was but small,
 "Their hearts were good and true."

WILLIAM MURRAY.

THE number of bards occupying the humbler walks of life, but possessing that measure of poetic instinct which expends itself in devotion to Nature, is remarkable. Their efforts may be simple, and crude, even, in execution ; but they exhibit the true heart utterance quite as clearly as is possible in the most highly finished lay. Another of these sons of the soil, unpretentious save for the honest ambition to glorify his beauteous surround-

ings, William Murray is employed as a gardener at Stracathro House. He was born in the Glen of Lethnot in 1855, and has served as ploughman, railway porter, and gardener, in several parts of Angus and Kincardine. His songs have seen the light mainly through the local press, and the *National Choir*. Several of them have been set to music, and "Bonnie Northesk," which is published in sheet form, has been very favourably received.

BONNIE NORTHEK.

I've wandered oft-times over scenes that are fair,
 An' bonnie an' dear to my heart evermair;
 But the loved day has gane like a sweet simmer dream,
 An' gloamin' is happin' Esk's deep-channelled stream:
 O, bonnie Northesk, aye windin' alang,
 An' singin' sae sweetly a low, tender sang;
 A sang sae beguillin', love-laden, an' clear,
 The lark stills his light wing thy music to hear!

The Esk by Stracathro glides softly an' slow,
 An' lovingly lingers in sweet mystic flow;
 For his deep, rocky bed has been left far behind,
 Where beauty an' grandeur are chastely entwined:
 O, bonnie Northesk, aye windin' alang,
 An' singin' sae sweetly a low, tender sang;
 A sang sae beguillin', love-laden, an' clear,
 The lark stills his light wing thy music to hear!

SWEET VALE OF STRATHMORE.

Oh, for a poet's skilful pen,
 That I might write of yon sweet vale,
 All smiling 'neath the summer sun,
 Where sweetest flow'rets scent the gale.

Though rude my harp, across its strings
 My restless hand I fain would try;
 Perchance a chord or two I touch
 May cheer a friend if gloom be nigh.

Reelining on Stracathro hill,
 When summer wore her garments gay,
 I northwards gazed with kindling eye,
 While songsters hailed the opening day.

A picture grand before me lay,
 By nature's boundless power disclosed—
 The vale was clad with pastures green,
 Calmly the far-off hills reposed.

Many a snug and couthie cot
 Lay nestling in each peaceful glade,
 And noble mansions met my view,
 Where beauty hath her soft hands laid.

A burnie murmurs soft and sweet
 In fair Drumtochty's bonnie glen,
 Where nature's choicest gems are strewed,
 Far from the busy haunts of men.

By Fettercairn village green
 A sparkling, winding streamlet sings—
 Its music clear in days of yore
 Still closely to my mem'ry clings.

By shelt'ring bonnie Woods of Burn
 Rocks wild and grand are to be seen;
 On right and left they boldly rise,
 Where swiftly rolls the Esk between.

And Edzell Castle's ruined towers
 Await the oft admiring sight—
 A fabric 'tis of wide renown,
 Where strength and beauty still unite.

Peace reigns supreme by Catterthun,
 Now stilled for aye the martial strain,
 When warriors fierce sprang from the heath
 With cheer that rang through Lethnot Glen.

And near my view, serenely fair,
 Stracathro Woods in beauty smile;
 Oft here I roam 'mong nature's joys—
 They all my weary cares beguile.

How sweet thy smile, dear lovely vale,
 When wandering winds thy flow'rets shake!
 Though wintry blasts may lay them low,
 At spring's sweet call they shall awake.

CHARLES YOUNG MYLES.

THE head of an extensive tailoring business, an excellent singer, and a man of genial and generous disposition, this writer occupies a position of great usefulness and popularity in Arbroath. His songs, which are published with music by different composers, are highly esteemed by Arbroathians everywhere; and "The Auld Round O" appears here in response to several suggestions made by those who know how effective it is as sung by its author, and by other capable vocalists. Mr Myles was born at Lawton, Inverkeillor, but has been resident in Arbroath almost continuously since boyhood. A friend writes—"He is much in request for benefit concerts, and ever ready to do all in his power to make them a success. Long may he be spared to sing the praises of the Guid Auld Toon, and the lassies of Cairnie Hill."

THE AULD ROUND O.

D'ye mind upon the sunny days o' youth when but a loon,
My old friend Jack, that you and I ha'e often played the truan';
We ran awa' doon to the Bools, an' in our sportive glee
Frae bits o' sticks wad cut oot ships and send them on the sea:
Some cam' to grief, some struggled on, and some were lost to view,—
Let me reflect and think again where are my playmates noo;
Where'er they be, gin they be spared, they'll mind when long ago
We played beneath the shadows of the Auld Round O.

Ye'll mind when we were rambling in Kelly's bonnie Den,
We harried the wee birdie's nest aboon the mossy fen;
Wi' beatin' heart the little bird chirped dowie frae the tree,
As if to say, How could ye rob me o' my birdies three?
We took the wee bit nestlings, but dearly did we rue,
For soon's we put them in the nest they a' took wing and flew;
And sae ha'e a' my playmates, they've flown for weal or woe,
And left their nest sae cozie 'neath the Auld Round O.

My heart and e'e are aye wi' thee though on a distant shore;
The auld folks' hoosie comes in view as in the days o' yore;
The evening star reminds me o' my hame ayont the sea;
But, oh! their heids are happit noo that ance were dear to me.
As yet nae stane does mark the spot, they'll get ane ere I dee,—
"In the Auld Kirkyard they're sleepin' soun'," the letter said to me;—
I'll surely find the wee green mound where daisies used to grow,
And sacred to their memory stands the Auld Round O.

JOHN NEVAY.

GILFILLAN described Forfar's premier bard as "an old man, of unassuming manners, and pleasing address, not at all unlike De Quincey in stature, cast of countenance, voice, and manner," and many Forfarians could set their seal to the great preacher-critic's description. John Nevay was a weaver, but he never looked like one: somehow he gave the impression of superiority to his circumstances; and, certainly, his personality lent a wondrous dignity to

his environment. The writer remembers him well. The gentle old man once and again carried him on his shoulder to the "Little Wellie at the fit o' the Spoot," and the boy *helped* his aged friend *home* with the pitchers of water, drawn from the once famous and still lively spring. He has sat beside the poet on his loom, and distinctly recollects his wonder over a sudden cessation of noise and motion, and an ensuing raptness of glance, caused, as he knows now, by the effort to evolve some poetic thought which had crossed the mind of the old man as his nimble shuttle ran the weft through the gauntlet of the swiftly closing warp. At the "fit o' the Manor" too, where the bard betimes would enjoy his after dinner pipe—a *churchwarden* it usually was—how different he was from his neighbours in bearing, dress, and habits! And how much he seemed to be "a company by himself," this meditative yet sociable man, living in a Forfar world though scarcely of it! Still further to mark him out from his fellows, John was an Episcopalian! And though in these counties Episcopalian working-people have never been scarce, the fact has ever drawn a line of demarcation between certain classes. This line was clear in Nevay's case, and all the clearer, doubtless, because it was accentuated by his possession of a rare poetic gift. "He mak's bonnie sangs, but nae-body can *sing* them," summed up, in the words of a relative of the writer's, the common opinion of the poet's townsmen, who thus dully discriminated between the didactic and lyric veins of the gifted weaver. He did not write to catch the popular ear, but he was a true poet nevertheless. If not understood or fully appreciated, he was genuinely respected by his fellows; and never was there man more loving or more beloved at home. Nevay's greatest effort was "The Peasant," a poem which nearly fills a goodly volume, and in the nine cantos of which are enshrined many fine incidental lyrics. Here is a splendid description of a thunderstorm taken from the second canto; Henry, The Peasant, is referred to:—

XXX.

O! not in vain seeks he the scenic wild,
 Since Nature's dædal features he can scan;
 As round him mountains rise on mountains piled,
 He sees—he feels the littleness of man;
 In deep and silent glen there speaks a voice
 More awful, haply, than the restless ocean's noise.

XXXI.

But no less awful, and still more sublime,
 When overhead the thunder-cloud hangs dark,
 While panic-smit, from his ethereal clime,
 Mute to his grassy covert flies the lark;
 Then gleams the levin-flash, and bursts the peal!
 Rock, trembling, speaks to rock, and hill replies to hill.

XXXII.

From the rent lurid heaven, the torrent-rain
 Comes rushing, like a cataract, to earth,
 And o'er the beetling rocks, abrupt—again,
 From thousand urns, it pours; while, in its mirth,
 The spirit of the spate is heard to yell,
 And streams, dark-brown, to ocean boil o'er bank and fell.

XXXIII.

More vivid gleams the fire-bolt ! It is riven—
 The oak-tree falls ! Its strong arms scathed brown !
 Loud and more loud breaks peal and peal from heaven,
 And deeper, darker sweeps the river down !
 The horse and kine rush fearful down the loam,
 And fish, and fowl, and beast are all to covert gone—

"All save the Erne," etc., continues the poem ; but we have quoted enough to show that here is not the feeble warbling of a tyro, but the power of a master among Scotia's minstrels. Hear him again, in praise of his compatriots, in a quotation from the incidental verses enriching the story of this same *Peasant* who—

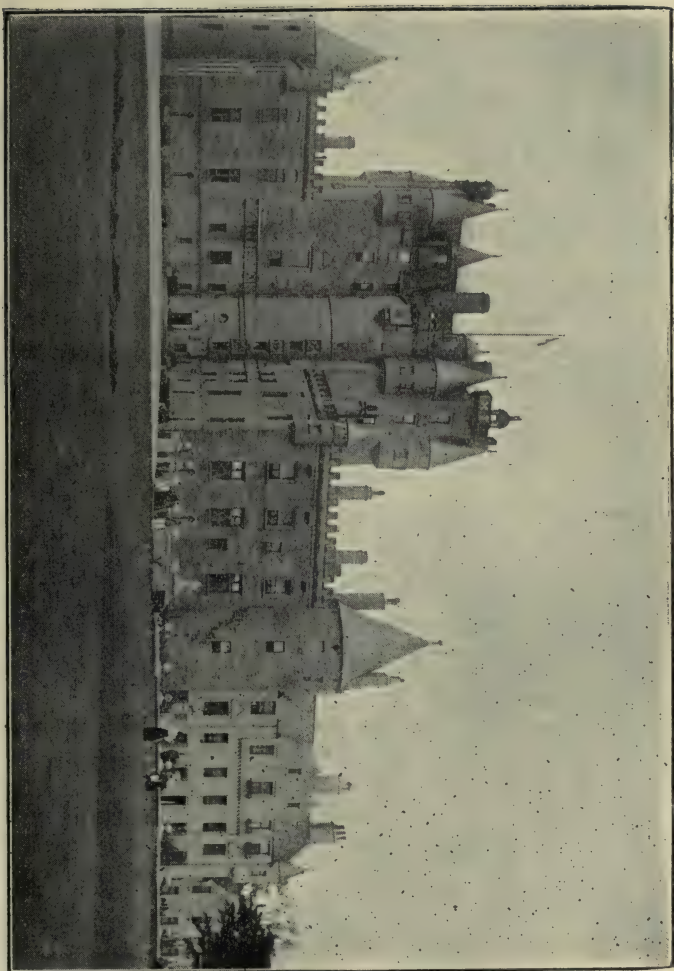
Can take a volume from the shelf—
 The world forgetting and its pelf,
 And commune with the wise of old,
 The glorious lights of human kind,
 Enriching with the purest gold
 The various energies of mind,
 Or with the bright of modern time—
 Of thy own loved—thy native clime :
 What land a nobler song can boast
 Than Ednam's bard—himself a host ?
 God bade the harmonious seasons roll,
 And Thomson sang the "perfect whole" ;
 And Coila's poet-peasant—Burns,
 Nurtured at Nature's sacred urns—
 Her love intoxicated child
 Swept his *wild* harp in rapture *wild*,
 And with *wild* imagery wove

The immortal song of Scotland's love ;
 And Scott the pride of Caledon,
 Her laureate on the Muse's throne ;
 The prince of Chivalry's romance,—
 Where poesy glitters, like a lance,
 Keen gleaming to the sunlight air,
 In the white hand of warrior fair,—
 Where bright thoughts glow along each line,
 Like the wild borealis' shine
 Along the starry hall of night,
 And awe the heart, yet charm the sight ;
 And many more, whom but to name
 Would fill the immortal tome of Fame—
 Our gifted sons, whose thrilling strains
 Delight the city and the plains :
 To Scotland dear their patriot themes,
 As are her hills, glens, vales and streams.

Nevay was born at Forfar in 1792. His education was obtained under the supervision of that famous Forfar dominie, James Clarke, the friend and correspondent of Burns ; and it served as an excellent basis for the poet's further studies in the realms of literature and nature. Fortunately, we can turn to his own words for an indication of those influences which from the first gave force to his writings, and permeated them with that feeling of spontaneity, which, next to their pure literary grace, we feel to be their chief attraction. Again we quote from "The Peasant," Canto IX.—

I have no pleasure in the motley crowd—
 It never was nor is my element ;
 The vain, the selfish—vicious, and the proud,
 Are, in the world's affairs, too eloquent
 For me,—a dolt in happy bargainings,
 I must be mute on all pecuniary things.

My pleasure is the solitary walk—
 The untrodden wild no solitude to me ;
 The streamlet prattling by the flowerless balk,—
 The linnet charming summer's elegy,—
 The old elm-tree—harp of the spirit-wind,—
 And Nature, many-voiced, speaks music to the mind.



GLAMIS CASTLE.

From a Photo by C. Mitchell, Forfar.

The sweet, the fair, the beautiful—sublime,
 Delight by turns,—and, Scotland, these are thine :
 Be mine to sing thy charms, my native clime !
 Thy muse, to me the dearest of the Nine !
 My highest wish is—with thy “sons of song”
 To rank—then let my harp be on the willows hung.

Even in his life-time this aspiration was consummated, for Nevay enjoyed the high distinction and satisfaction of seeing his poems appear in such magazines as *Blackwood's*; of being referred to in the great Wilson's “Noctes Ambrosianæ” as “John o' ye giral”; of having several pieces translated into German, and into French by the Chevalier de Chatelain; of an interesting correspondence with many of the excellent in literature; and of the friendship of many admirers in all circles of society, plebeian and aristocratic both. His published works, with the dates of their appearance, may thus be tabulated :—

A Pamphlet of Rhymes	1818	The Peasant, and other Poems (230 pp.)	1834
Ditto, Second Collection	1821	The Child of Nature, and other Poems.....	1835
Emmanuel, and other Poems	1831 (?)	Rosaline's Dream, and other Poems (300 pp.)..	1853
The Fountain of the Rock, a poem.....		1855	

A collection of poems, entitled “Leisure Hours,” was left in manuscript when the gifted singer departed this life in 1870. We would direct the attention of all interested in County matters to an admirable and lengthy ballad which forms an incidental portion of “The Peasant,” where it is entitled “The Widow's Curse,” and which appears also, as “Earl Lindsay,” in Whitelaw's splendid collection of “Scottish Ballads” (Blackie)—and to his poetry generally, which will do far more than repay the reader for the trouble of finding and perusing it; for John Nevay was a man and a poet whose like his native town may never look on again, and whose life and works honoured it more than ever it seems to have known. We close with a characteristic quotation from his “Inductive Sonnets,” and with two examples of his ability when he essayed the graceful flights of Scottish Song.

LVI.

Books have delighted me, instructed, too;
 And I have thanked the makers; albeit they
 Erewhile had welcomed been to brighter day,
 Among congenial spirits, the inspired and true
 Of soul; each glorious with his guerdon due,
 Where, when the wish for fame had passed away,
 They are with laurels crown'd that ne'er decay,
 Green ever, silvered with celestial dew.
 O! blest the poet and the moralist
 Who, in the walks of immortality,
 Can on their *works* muse, pure as amethyst,
 And may be read or sung by seraph high
 Unto a seraph audience. This is *fame*:
 Compared with which earth's has not even a name!

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

(TO A FRIEND AND MUSIC PUPIL.)

Bright in her palmy days, an' free,
 Sweet, sweet the *springs* o' Greece might be;
 But where was e'er breathed melodie
 Wi' Scotland's ain could marrow?
 'Tis passion—truth—love—ecstasie,
 'Tis peace, 'tis joy in sorrow.

List to "The Birks o' Invermay"—
 The sunrise mild o' simmer day,
 The lammies daffin' on the brae,
 The breeze, the burnie rowin',
 The blush, the smile o' maiden gay,
 Young hearts wi' leal love glowin'.

Ay! mony an air o' thrilling power
 Has Caledon! Grand was the hour
 When by her thistle's guarded flower
 Music frae heaven alighted!
 'Mang birks an' broom she reared her bower,
 An' cot and hall delighted.

She saw the Grampians towering grand,
 The vales in nature's grace expand;
 The manners simple, honest, bland,
 Wi' feeling's warm emotion;
 She saw it was a pastoral land—
 The land o' her devotion.

Mr Nevay's one excellent contribution to "Whistle Binkie" fitly closes our notice of his personality and work: his books are his memorial; may these be studied and prized by his townsmen as they so richly deserve to be!

MY AIN JESSIE.

The primrose loves the sunny brae,
 To meet the kiss o' wanton May;
 The mavis loves green leafy tree,
 And there makes sweetest melodie;
 The lammie loves its mither's teats,
 An' joyfu' by her side it bleats;
 For heather-bells the wild bee roves—
 A' Nature's creatures ha'e their loves,
 An' surely I ha'e mine, Jessie.

Thou little kens, my bonnie lass,
 Thou hast me brought to sic a pass;
 Thy e'e sae saftly dark and bright,
 Like early simmer's day and night;
 Its mildness and its sunny blink
 Ha'e charmed me sae, I canna think
 O' aught in earth, or sky, but thee,
 An' life has but ae joy to me—
 That is in lovin' thee, Jessie.

She smiled to see, by rock and stream,
 In silent glens, in moonlight dream,
 In rustic cot, by whistling team,
 An' 'mid the castle's splendour,
 A native melody, supreme,
 Bold, glowing, strong, and tender.

When she her soul-tuned strains had wove,
 Of happy or of hapless love,
 Her matchless skill an' art to prove,
 Strathspey an' *reel* she clinkit,
 To which nae fiddlestick can move
 But that by Scotia jinkit.

Now, gin thou'dst play her airs aright,
 Be thine simplicity's delight;
 List to the laverock in his flight,
 Rapt, chantin' owre the sheiling,
 Pouring his soul wi' gentlest might,
 Wi' pure enthusiast feeling.

Thy soul inspired, lift it above
 All vulgar joys, and pour its love
 Into thy *flute*; while taste shall prove
 The grace o' each sweet lesson,
 Thy fingers, as by magic, move,
 To make the perfect blessin'.

Last Sunday, in your faither's dais,
 I saw thy bloomin' May-morn face;
 An' as I aften staw a look,
 I maist forgot the holy book;
 Nor reekt I what the preacher preached,
 My thoughts, the while, were sae bewitch'd!
 An' aye I thought when thy bright e'e
 Wad turn wi' lovin' look to me,
 For a' my worship's there, Jessie.

But short time syne I held in scorn,
 An' laugh'd at chiel's whom love did burn;
 I said it is a silly thought
 That on a bonnie face could doat!
 But now the laugh is turn'd on me—
 The truth o' love is in thine e'e;
 An' gin its light to me wad kythe,
 I something mair wad be than blithe,—
 For in its smile is heaven, Jessie.

JOHN NICHOL, LL.D.

PROFESSOR NICHOL, the son-in-law of Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell, and himself a poet of exquisite taste, was born at Montrose in 1833. He was the only son of Professor Nichol of astronomical fame, and became a distinguished student of Oxford University. His great attainments were publicly acknowledged in 1873 by St. Andrews University; and in 1881 the Crown appointed him to the chair of English Literature at Glasgow. This high position he held with much acceptance till 1889, when he resigned, mainly on account of his attitude on several important public questions. He died at London in 1894. His poetic writings include a volume entitled, "Leaves," which was privately printed in 1854; "Hannibal: A Historical Drama," published in 1873; and "The Death of Themistocles, and Other Poems," published in 1881. We give two extracts from this latter volume; but Professor Nichol's strength is more clearly exhibited in his notable dramatic efforts than in those of a lyrical cast.

WHITE CLIFFS.

White cliff of England
Caressed by the sea,
Still in my heart
There's a corner for thee.

Back from the mountains
Of southern lands,
Back from the long shores
Of glittering sands;

Back from the vistas
Of olive and vine,
From valleys where roses
With oranges twine;

From plains that have reddened
On mornings of story;
From lofty cathedrals
And citadels hoary;

While the sound of great armies
Still rings in my ears,
The gleam of the ramparts
Of England appears.

Bulwarks of freedom,
Coldly ye shine
Over the breakers'
White-crested line.

We have come back again
Over the foam,
Here is my battlefield,
Here is my home.

White cliff of England
Caressed by the sea,
Still in my heart
Is a corner for thee.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Sirius has ceased from out our firmament:
Of that proud star bereft, we grope our way
Through darker nights and dawns more dull and gray.
Mentor and master! Meteor spirit, blent
Of tears and battle music; passion rent,
Yet, crowned by years, a lamp of constant ray
To shipwrecked hearts and weary souls astray;
To what far isles is now thy message sent?
Cassandra prophet, cleaving through the cloud
With iron scourge of coward compromise,
Thou stood'st on Sinai's heights, to call aloud
Lightning and doom on all the world of lies.
Herculean Hydra-slayer; all thy days
Are gathered in a sunset storm of praise.

ALEXANDER NICOL.

A VERY curious collection of poems, which seems to have fallen quite out of sight, has for its title, "Nature Without Art; or Nature's Progress in Poetry: Being a Collection of Miscellany Poems, by Alexander Nicol, Teacher of English at Abernethy." "I cannot climb to touch the lofty Bays, Altho' I nibble at the lowest Sprays," is given as a titular couplet; and the work bears to have been printed at Edinburgh by P. Matthie, and sold at Perth by Alex. Beck in 1739. That the author of this book was Alexander Nicol, latterly of Collace, there can be little doubt; for in the introduction to his better known book, "The Rural Muse," Nicol speaks of his "former performances" of the same kind; while the similitude of the sub-title points almost conclusively in the same direction. ("The Rural Muse: a Collection of Miscellany Poems," 1753.) Nicol was born at Pitcur, Coupar-Angus—the date is not known—and in the opening piece of "Nature's Progress" gives a rhyming account of himself, from which we extract these lines. (He writes to Susanna, Countess of Strathmore, under date 1727.)

Madam,
To let you know my birth and station, }
My vulgar life and education, }
Take this swatch in a short narration. }
A poor mechanick was my father,
My mother had no riches either;
He was an artist of his trade,
And honest deemed ay where he stay'd.

But shortly after I was born
He dy'd, left me almost forlorn.
I was at school 'bout half a year,
That letter'd me first in the learn.
About the age of six or seven,
Cast wholly on the care of heaven;
I shifted time, tossed by hard Fortune,
Till I was near the age of fourteen, etc.

He becomes a packman, a poet, and an Episcopalian—his views in the latter connection being quite of the "Vicar of Bray" style—and thus describes himself:—

As for my stature, 'tis but little,
My body's weak and very brittle,
Not eloquent, of simple carriage;
Plung'd in the careful state of marriage,
Rich in children, poor in wealth,
Blest with a competence of health,

A wanton mind, a heart that's cheery,
But seldom dull, and often merry,
Contented with my rural dishes,
Writing and thinking's all my wishes;
Tho' my encouragement's not meikle,
I'm, madam, yours while—

Sandie Nicol.

In "The Rural Muse," Nicol has a poem "On seeing Smith and Craig's bantering Poems, anent the building of a School-hoose at Glenshie," which bears on another of our bards, Robert Smith, and which commences—

Long time I sought, at last did see,
Smith's poems he made in Glenshie,
Anent the building a school-hoose,
And fondly them I did peruse, etc.

This led to an interchange of poetic epistles between Smith and Nicol, but they are dreary reading; and for a specimen of this famous old rhymster's work we quote a piece which, if it hardly rises above mediocrity, contains some useful local and historical allusions. Nicol, it is averred, died miserably poor and wretched, a victim to the fatal folly of intemperance.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

The banks of Air, and Attrick banks,
 Are sweetly sung among the fair ;
 The former sure deserves no thanks,
 For Attrick banks first gave the Air.
 Yet he who sings the banks of Air,
 Brags proudly of his ancient braes,
 As nothing with them could compare ;
 But Tay's sweet banks deserve the praise.

The rapid river swiftly slides,
 With pleasant murmurs, thro' the groves,
 With famous woods on both its sides, [loves.
 Where swains and nymphs disclose their
 With fertile banks and forests fair,
 Adorn'd with gow'ny glens and braes,
 That far surpass the banks of Air,
 And more, by far, deserve the praise.

Both Dukes and Earls our banks do grace ;
 Lords ancient, famous of renown ;
 Here Royal Charles, of ancient race,
 Received the sceptre, sword, and crown,
 Upon our banks their lives a lord
 Whose title bears Broadalbion ;
 And Murrays, noble by record,
 A pillar of the British throne.

The Hays, an ancient warlike race,
 Whose feats at arms oft have been
 With valour shown in many a place,
 In many bloody action seen.
 They beat the proud insulting Danes,
 Who thought our nation was their prey,
 And made them leave the Scotian plains ;
 So valiant was the matchless Hay.

The Drummonds, too, of noble fame,
 So hon'rabl, great and brave,
 Alliance to the crown they claim,
 Upon our banks a lodging have,
 Enclosed with woods and gardens fair,
 That ev'ry month smiles as 'twere May :
 Blithe Mary walks with pleasure here,
 And beautifies the banks of Tay.

Their ancient royal palace, Scoon,
 Stands on the pleasant banks of Tay ;
 St. Johnston, where you'll see the moon
 On clockwork increase and decay.
 Here trade and manners flourish fair ;
 Laws and religion equal sway ;
 Nor Irving's holms, nor banks of Air,
 Can vie with our brave banks of Tay.

The Ogilvies, of high descent,
 Sprung partly from Montgomery's race,
 Whose valour, Fame still represents
 In that old song of Chevy-Chase.
 Kinnairds, true Scotsmen, much esteemed
 Among the brave, the great, and gay ;
 They and the Ogilvies are deem'd
 To beautify the banks of Tay.

The Lyons, a heroic race,
 Whose castle bears their famous name,
 A beautiful and lovely place,
 Of regular and comely frame.
 Their wide extent of fame and state
 Takes in that spacious plain, *Strathmore* ;
 Here on our banks, among the great,
 They share of noble fame and pow'r.

The Grays upon our banks do shine,
 With splendid glories, worthy fame,
 But oh ! my muse, I want engine
 To scance upon the ancient name.
 Let fame in annals represent
 The actions of the noble Gray ;
 And Heav'n's guard those that resident
 Here on the pleasant banks of Tay.

The Dowglass, whose ancestors brave
 Shine brightly in records of fame,
 Upon our banks a title have,
 That adds a glory to the fame.
 Here stands the city of Dundee,
 Where navigation flourish fair,
 Religion, trade, and fisherie,
 Surpassing far the town of Air.

Here Macer, Lindsay, Wedderburn,
 Et cætera, knights of high renown,
 The banks of Tay they much adorn
 With many a famous tow'r and town.
 The Fyfes and Crawfords, worthy Grahams,
 Brave Scotsmen, all deserving praise ;
 Tay's banks can boast of nobler theams
 That Attrick, Air, or Irving's lays.

What brisker lads, more lovely swains,
 Than on the banks of Tay abide ?
 The fairest nymphs sure here remains
 That's in the universe so wide.
 All sorts of grain our banks produce,
 With store of fruits and gardens fair,
 What's necessary for man's use,
 Excelling far the banks of Air !

JOHN NIVEN.

"THE Strathmore Melodist," published at London in 1846, is a collection of songs, poems, and narrative pieces, extending to 100 pages, and dedicated to William Thom of Inverury. Its author, John Niven, learned the baking trade in his native town, Coupar-Angus, and went to London to follow his calling to greater advantage there. Trouble ensued over a fire which occurred in his employer's premises, and he returned to Scotland, his death taking place in Fifeshire soon afterwards. Locally, he was held in great esteem as a violinist, and was the leading spirit at all the district balls and merrymakings. Some of his poems are rabid or radical in temper, others are sweet and musical, and all give indication of considerable natural ability. We give specimens of what may be termed Niven's moods of peace and war.

TO A SMILING INFANT.

Sweet little babe ! that seraph smile,
Those laughing eyes, and features fair,
Bespeak a heart untouch'd by guile—
Sincerity at least is there.
And even they whose days have passed
Where smiling faces most abound,
May come to know this truth at last,
That 'tis a gem but rarely found.

Oh yes ! the world is full of smiles ;
And he whose perseverance can
Gain most to recompense his toils,
Esteems himself a happy man :

But ah ! too oft the surface smooth
But serves the footsteps to beguile,
Which makes me love the artless truth
That 's portrayed in an infant's smile.

Smile on, sweet babe ! thou canst not know
The busy world : its cares and fears
Too soon may cloud that placid brow,
And change the mirth to briny tears ;
But thou art gay and happy now,
And thy young heart is light and free,
And warm with Nature's latent glow ;
Sweet little babe ! I envy thee.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

I saw poor Scotland sair oppressed,
I heard her children mourn,
While tyrants lived in luxury,
And held her wants to scorn.
And, oh ! it grieved my heart fu' sair
Auld Scotland's wrangs to see,—
Whose sons have shed their dearest bluid
To keep their country free !
Where now 's the land, the boasted land,—
The land of Liberty ?

There was a time when plenty smiled
Within the peasant's cot ;
And then, though poor, the peasant lived
Contented with his lot.
But now oppression's iron grasp
O'erspreads the land with woe,
And priests, with despots, have combined
That things should thus be so ;
For those who seemed the people's friends
Have proved their deadliest foe.

But, hark ! what means that murmur deep
Now wafted on the wind ?
It issues from the toilers' homes,—
The millions are combined !
And louder now I hear their voice,—
The shout is Liberty !
Till, echoed from a thousand hills,
It rings from sea to sea ;
And thus, the cadence of their song,—
We shall—we shall be free !

What though the despots, in their rage,
Our bravest men should doom
To pine, in cheerless solitude,
Within the dungeon's gloom ?
The victims' chains shall yet be loosed,
For this is Heaven's decree,—
That discord with its jarring strife
Shall shortly cease to be ;
And this again shall be the land,—
The land of Liberty !

SAMUEL NOBLE.

ARMBROATH claims this interesting man and excellent poet as one of her sons; for though his diverse life-experiences have been enacted in various scenes, he was born a "red-lichtie"—so he says—and passed his boyhood under the ægis of good Saint Tammas. In his sixteenth year he joined the Royal Navy, serving for fully four years in H.M.S. "Swallow," and then being drafted to home service in H.M.S. "Unicorn" at Dundee. A serious accident debarred Mr Noble from further service of this kind; and on his marriage with the young lady of whom as his wife he sings very charmingly, he opened a confectioner's shop in Dundee. His heroic efforts to master the secrets of this business broke down his health, and the shop had to be abandoned. He became in turn collector for a draper, keeper of a lodge at Balthayock, a general merchant at Kinfauns, and now acts as keeper of the Reading Rooms at Killin. His life story would have delighted Samuel Smiles; and we turn with interest to these specimens of musings over which misadventure has cast no shadow, and which are skilfully framed and very sweetly expressed.

THE AULD KIRK STILE.

Noo the gentle gales o' autumn frae the west are blawin' sweet,
 An' the shadows growin' langer brings a rest to weary feet;
 But I'll owe the hill to Mary, wha'll be waitin' wi' a smile,
 At the place where aft we've coorted by the auld kirk stile.

O, the auld kirk stile,
 O, the dear kirk stile,
 In the world there's no' a corner
 Like the auld kirk stile.

Tho' my darg be sair an' heavy—for I toil frae dawn to dark—
 Still the thocht that Mary lo'es me is a solace in my wark;
 An' it mak's the lang day shorter an' it brighter seems the while,
 When I think upon the gloamin' an' the auld kirk stile.

There's a pawky air aboot her that I canna weel explain,
 But it tells me without speakin' that her he'rt is a' my ain;
 While her e'e is true an' tender, an' sae artless is the wile
 That endears my he'rt to Mary at the auld kirk stile.

We are baith o' humble station, but contented wi' oor lot,
 For a body may be happy, though their dwelling be a cot;
 But were a' the gowd o' Britain heap'd aboot her in a pile,
 I could never lo'e her better, nor the auld kirk stile.

O! it's no' a hash o' siller that mak's up the sum o' life;
 Luxury may ha'e its pleasures, but its cares are unco rife!
 It can never bring the rapture, or the recompense for toil,
 O' an' oor or twa wi' Mary at the auld kirk stile.

Let the miser ha'e his treasure an' the rich their braw estate;
 Better that a man be honest than be reckoned wi' the great!
 I ha'e pleasures far abune them, wi' a he'rt that's free o' guile,
 And an' oor at e'en wi' Mary at the auld kirk stile.

THIS CANTY BIT WIFIE O' MINE.

I'm a warkman wha lives by the sweat o' my broo,

Wha to nocht that is great can lay claim ;
I'm o' little account i' the world, I alloo,

But I'm mighty important at hame !
But tho' sma' is my stock o' the world or its store,

Yet to grummle I dinna incline,
For I've something far better than wealth in galore—

It's this canty bit wifie o' mine.

Her face is as sweet as the bonniest wee floofer
That e'er lifted its head to the sun ;

And her een, like clear wells, sparkle liquid and pure,

And her lauch rings oot merry wi' fun.
She's sae licht o' the step and sae dainty o' form

That she looks a wee goddess divine ;
But it's no' in her beauty, ava, lurks the charm

O this canty bit wifie o' mine.

The graces o' feature and form wither fast,
Like the lilies that bloom i' the spring ;
But the charms o' the mind rise serene o'er the blast,

And eternal enjoyment they bring.
Tho' I weel ken the power in her beauty that lies

(For it wrocht its fell magic langsyne !)
It's the leal, tender heart is the jewel I prize
In this canty bit wifie o' mine.

She keeps oor bit hoosie sae tidy and snod,

It's a plesure for ony to see ;
And I ken, oh, sae weel ! baith at hame or abroad,

That her thochts are aye constant o' me.
And I wadna gi'e ae bonnie blink o' her e'e
For a' the gowd guineas that shine !

No, nor 'change for a dame o' the highest
This canty bit wifie o' mine. [degree

When at e'en I return sair forfochen wi' wark,
There she stands bricht, expectant, and glad,

Wi' a look on her face, as I aften remark,
Weel micht drive a lane bachelor mad !
Puir, love-banished wretches ! ye ken na the bliss—

The heav'n-tastin' raptures ye tine
For the want o' some cratur to cuddle and kiss,

Like this canty bit wifie o' mine.

In the turmoil o' life, wi' its worry and fecht,
What a solace there lies i' the thoct
That there's *some ane* to wish for, and cheer you at nicht,

When the day's weary darg has been wrocht !
Nae maitter hoo humble and puir be your state—

Hoo meagre and bare the design,
You need never complain if ye're blest wi' a mate

Like this canty bit wifie o' mine.

Oh, Fortune ! sma' favours I ask at thy hand,
And as little thou sends for my share ;
Thou kens that nae hankerin' wish to be grand
Has been ever my wish or my prayer.

Nay, rather thou kens the puir trifle I ha'e
I wad gladly and freely resign,
Ere I'd lose the sweet joys of ae brief winter's day

Wi' this canty bit wifie o' mine.

I ask not for riches, I ask not for fame—

Mere vanity—baubles at best !
They hold not the blessings that Love's hallowed flame

Can awake in the fond human breast.
Gi'e me the puir cot, howe'er humble and mean,

And my lot I will never repine,
If I'm met at the door, wi' kind welcome at
By this canty bit wifie o' mine. [e'en,

THE KILLIN FOLK.

Oh, the folk o' Killin they are fine folk,

Affectionate, denty, an' kin' folk ;

As free an' as fair

As their brisk mountain air,
An' they're true to the core, the Killin folk.

If a stranger, they couthilie greet you,
An' their glance says, "I'm happy to meet you !"

While the hand-grip they gi'e
Brings the tear to your e'e— [folk !
Oh, they've warm Scottish hearts, the Killin

Like the grand Highland hills that surround
Firm, steadfast, an' lofty I found them ; [them,
An' at life's last retreat

Be Heaven's welcome as sweet
As was that o' the couthie Killin folk !

JAMES OGG.

A PLEASING measure of success attended the publication of Mr Ogg's first volume, "Willie Waly, and Other Poems," which appeared at Aberdeen in 1873. As the work of a genuine son of toil, it had much to commend it; a vein of genial humour ran through its 200 pages, and there were numerous indications that its young author would develop considerable insight into nature, character, and social problems. When, in 1891, his second volume, "Glints i' the Gloaming," and which was of a like size with the first, appeared, there was no surprise in noting a general, *all round* advance, and it was easy to augur the best of the future. Mr Ogg was born at Banchory-Ternan in 1849, and has been resident at Aberdeen since he was a child. For some time he worked at Rubislaw Bleachfield, but for many years he has been employed as a saw-miller. We give extracts from both the volumes mentioned, the second one having a close bearing on the subject of a previous notice.

THE GARRET.

I'm getting up, real merit's bound to rise,
I've risen to an attic near the skies;
A charming crib, I like it, on my word,
A stage above the common vulgar herd.

Yea, even now I from my window spy
Conceited fools, in bright array pass by;
There goes Miss Pride. Ye gods, behold her
dress!
She's in a cloud of silk and costly lace.

There's Mr Dandy; mark his tiny foot,
He's looking stylish in his summer suit;
But what is dress? or what's a fop's renown?
On such as these I actually look down.

They're far beneath me; yes, and so they
ought,
An attic is the place for lofty thought,
The very place, and why? I'll make it plain—
Good, wholesome air invigorates the brain!

The higher up the air gets more refined,
And consequently elevates the mind;
The mighty thoughts which occupy my mind
Would be a precious boon to all mankind.

But for this power, my friends, we had to fight,
'Twas uphill work to reach this giddy height;
But we have done't, and now, in all our glory,
We'll laugh defiance from our upper story.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. DR LONGMUIR, ABERDEEN.

He is gone, our brave-browed brother;
He has reached the better shore!
And his ringing manly accents
We will hear on earth no more.

But in thought we'll see and hear him;
Hear him preaching—and, anon,
Giving rich and lucid lectures
On the ancient Book of Stone.

Now the fearless-souled reformer
Stands before us in his might,
And in swift-winged thoughts and fervent
He appeals for truth and right.

Next, the cultured man of letters,
With his books—a goodly pile—
Stands before us in his manhood
With his genial, happy smile.

In his singing robes we see him,
And his music fills our ears,
As we stand convulsed with laughter,
Or subdued to tender tears.

And we loved him as a singer,
With his quaint and happy rhymes;
With his fervour, force, and freedom—
Like the bards of former times.

He, the "Mearns Man" of mettle,
He, the "Peat Neuk Minstrel" slee;
He, the gleg, sagacious "Elder,"
He, our Laureate of the Sea!

DONALD OGILVY.

THE laird of Clova, and brother of the gifted poetess Dorothea M. Ogilvy, was the writer of many chaste and thoughtful poems which appeared in "Doron," a large and handsome volume containing the joint productions of the two authors, and which was published in 1865. Mr Ogilvy resided partly at the family mansion of Balnaboth, and at Edinburgh; and was a popular member both of county and city society. In his earlier years he was engaged in the Indian Civil Service; and after his accession to the family estates—on the death of his father, the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, brother of Lord Airlie—he married Miss Ogilvy of Inshewan, and established an enviable reputation as a landlord, and a courteous gentleman. His death occurred at Edinburgh in 1885. We transcribe one of the pieces from the volume referred to, as a representation of Mr Ogilvy's refined versification.

MEDITATIONS ON DUNOTTAR CASTLE.

Welcome the thoughts a ruin brings,
And grief is wholesome tho' it stings;
'Tis good to linger for awhile
By lifeless friend—by mouldering pile;
To muse by crumbling masonry;
To weep the wells of sorrow dry.
There is a grace in closing day;
A majesty in dire decay;
This ruin has a voice to cry,
"Where are the joys of days gone by?"
The harp I played when I was young
Lies on the wave-worn beach unstrung;
But these gray walls can ne'er forget
Their ancient lingering echoes yet.
The winds that sigh from yonder sea
Have something strange to tell to me.
This is a book of lime and stone,
Turn back the pages many a one
To reach the castle's busy age,
And linger o'er the varied page;
Dunottar's thrilling legends read,
The grand old stories of its dead;
And where remains a blank to fill
There fancy revels at her will;
Adds fetters to the captive's chains,

And with more blood the record stains;
She views the armies breathing death,
The sword, so rarely in the sheath;
Rears high the roof upon the walls,
And lights again these dreary halls;
She spreads the magic of romance
O'er knights and ladies in the dance;
She sees the brave old warriors dine;
She lifts the brimming cups of wine;
And then she leaves me to compare
What now I see with things that were.
And thou, great rock, so often prest
By human footsteps now at rest,
Child of the earthquake; long ago
Thy rugged foot was planted so,
And white-lac'd ocean's robe was thrown
As if for thee to step upon;
The mental eye can see design
In the rude rock's most crooked line.
Thus on our life's uneven coast
The reason halts in wonder lost;
But where confusion seems to reign
Faith comes to make the picture plain,
And—as the awful ocean breaks
Upon our souls, the sceptre takes.

DOROTHEA MARIA OGILVY.

THIS estimable lady and true poetess, so favourably known to the public by her published works, and so well known in the county both by her distinguished family connection, and residence at Broughty Ferry, was a daughter of Colonel the Hon. Donald Ogilvy of Clova, and was born in 1823. She was the last survivor of a large family; and during her long residence at "The Brighton of the North," and even when in the infirm health which marked her old age and closing years, her spirit remained bright and joyous

amid all the changes that visited the circle to which she belonged. She was a true gentlewoman of a nearly vanished type, and delighted in good and tender works done without ostentation among the poor; and though her writings brought her fame and Royal acknowledgments, her sweet and modest spirit continued absolutely unaffected thereby. Perhaps no Scottish lady writer of eminent birth has ever exhibited a tithe of that minute and extensive knowledge of the Doric tongue revealed in all her volumes—and most strikingly in “Willie Wabster’s Wedding on the Braes of Angus”; and next to the richness of thought which is so pronounced a feature in her poetry, this facility in dialect is genuinely noteworthy. Many examples might be adduced: here is one free from that exaggeration which some less deeply informed have sought to establish, and which forms the monologue of an “aged fisherman” in a powerful tale of the sea:—

THE FISHERMAN.

EXTRACT.

Ay! there’s mony a lugger in ocean bed
That has danced on the rippling faem,
And there’s mony a boatie has gaily sped
That has never mair come hame.

Ay! the sew-maw will screech to the skirling
As she rocks on the cradled brine, [blast
And flap her blue wings on the broken mast,
As it drifts on the dark sea line.

Gif the new-born day hoists a crimson flag,
Of his wrath, I rede ye beware;
He’ll cripple yer craft on a cruel crag,
And he’ll grip like a Greenland bear.

Ay! the ocean will murn like a cushie doo,
Like a suckling lammie she’ll bleat;
Like a winsome woman she’ll smile on you,
And oh! but her smile is sweet.

Like a trodden adder she’ll bite you sair,
And aye, when ye least expect,
She’ll smoor ye deep in her gruesome lair,
And shatter the sharded wreck.

Ay! they wha will sail when the eastern sky
Is red as the robin’s breast,
When the sun gaes doon, and the wild winds
Shall be drowned in the purple west. [die,

It would be impossible to convey by quotation a just impression of the beauty which meets one at every turning of Miss Ogilvy’s richly varied measures. Many of her poems are rich and luscious from beginning to end, and others sparkle with tiny gems of thought and diction, of which these lines of invocation from “The April Bee” are indicative:—

For thee the shining ladybirds shall wear their coloured spots,
For thee the moors and marshes bloom with blue forget-me-nots;
For thee the money spider his finest web shall spin
On the willowherb, and meadow-sweet, and orange-blossomed whin.
And the grasses shall be greener where thy fairy feet shall tread,
And for thee the cranberries’ ivory blooms shall blush a rosier red;
For thee the steel-blue dragonflies shall flash beside the springs,
And the butterflies shall show the flowers the pictures on their wings.

Then how sweetly she sings of her native hills and streams, and of the glories of nature! “Doron” (1865), a large volume of her own and her brother’s verses; “My Thoughts,” and “Poems,” are each and all full of her rare communings with nature, and present us with many a charming picture like that reflected in this favourite lilt of the Quharity.

THE QUHARITY.

The Quharity's a bonnie stream,
 It winds by haugh and shieling,
 Where rays of light thro' rowans gleam,
 Their coral beads revealing.
 It runs along a rapid course,
 Yet not to join the sea,
 But seeks the rolling Esk, perforce ;
 Such is its destiny.
 Bright Quharity, on Angus braes,
 Lists to the wailing plovers ;
 The moorfowl on its borders strays,
 The roe-deer in its covers ;
 Each merry warbler of the skies
 Above its bosom sings ;
 The sun looks down with glowing eyes
 Into its glittering springs.
 Sweet Quharity, thy banks are gay
 With bluebells nursed in June ;
 Each wild wind swells thy plaintive lay,
 That ever sounds in tune ;

Here, bending beeches veil thy face,
 Deep mirrored in thy flow,
 There, gean trees cast their clouds of lace
 Upon thy stream below.
 Linger awhile by ruins gray,
 That fondly gaze on thee—
 The dwelling-place, for many a day,
 Of many an Ogilvy.
 The waters, as they speed along
 Amid thy fleet career,
 Re-echo the unchanging song
 Their fathers wont to hear ;
 Tell of their warlike deeds of old,
 Their loyal ancestry—
 How noble names can ne'er be sold
 Like land, and tower, and tree ;
 Pausing, transmit the ancient lore
 That celebrates their fame,
 Then in the Esk for evermore
 Lose both thyself and name.

Miss Ogilvy's death occurred at Broughty-Ferry in 1895, and her remains were interred in the Mausoleum of the Ogilvy family in Cortachy churchyard. Only one week or two before her demise she sent to the *Kirriemuir Observer*—the local paper conducted by Mr J. F. Mills, and to which she had long been a contributor—the touching poem which so fitly closes our notice, and which, so prophetic is its tone, may justly be regarded as the “swan song” of one of our sweetest singers :—

THE SKREIGH O' DAY.

I'm an auld, auld carle, and I downa sleep
 A' night, for I sleep when I may,
 But I'm foremost aye from my bed to creep,
 And I'm up at the skreigh o' day.
 Yea, a sorrowfu' thing it is to grow auld,
 To be weary, and worn, and gray ;
 Oh ! my limbs they are weak, and my bluid it
 But I'm up at the skreigh o' day. [is cauld,
 When I was a young chiel' I bud to work,
 And noo I ha'e time to play ;
 But sorrowful thoughts meet me aye i' the
 Sae I'm up at the skreigh o' day. [mirk,
 The freends o' my youthheid, my kith and my
 Come to me wi' the gloamin' gray ; [kin,
 Their voices are low, they mak' little din,—
 They're awa' at the skreigh o' day.
 Ou I need my sleep, but I downa rest
 When the moon sheds her siller ray ;
 'Tis time I was deid, but God's time is best,
 But I'm oot at the skreigh o' day.
 I daun'er oot and I weet my feet
 'Mang the dew and the new-mown hay ;

The mavis and merle they lilt unco sweet,
 When I'm up at the skreigh o' day.
 Fan iceogles hing frae the theek o' the lum,
 An' the hills wear their plaiden o' gray ;
 Fan the wee feckless birdies are wae for a
 I am oot at the skreigh o' day. [crumb,
 My bonnie bit wifie sae crouse and sae fain,
 My wee bairnies amang the clay,
 They kiss and they cuddle me owre again—
 They're awa' at the skreigh o' day.
 When the solemn woods are peaceful and
 I look up for the dawning ray, [dark,
 Or ever the light has awakened the lark
 I am oot at the skreigh o' day.
 Oh ! 'tis then with the Lord my God that I
 Oh ! 'tis then that I praise and pray, [talk,
 Oh ! 'tis then that His angels with me walk,
 When I'm oot at the skreigh o' day.
 I am auld, ilka joy has tyned its sense,
 I lo'e this wan world nae mae ;
 Kind Death, come sune ; tak' an auld man
 And come at the skreigh o' day. [hence !

In his poem, "View from the hill of Kirriemuir," Colin Sievewright thus reflects the county estimate of Miss Ogilvy's admirable writings :—

Now again the graceful muse,
With the laurel round her brows,
Finds a votary in thee,
Noble house of Ogilvy !
Maiden fair, thy tuneful lay,
Sweet as dawn of summer day,
Adds new lustre to the fame
Of thy proud ancestral name ;
Gladly may thy native glen
Hail thee and thy charming strain ;

Balnaboth and all around
Henceforth ranks as classic ground.

Well may every Highland burn,
Fringed with moss and waving fern,
Sing its note of thanks to thee ;
Well may rhymsters, such as me,
Offer thee their best regards,
Gentle Queen of Angus bards !

JAMES OGILVY.

THIS bard, of a *one-song* reputation, was a member of the ancient and honourable Angus family of Ogilvy, and was born at Inverquhar in 1660. He secured a captaincy for distinguished service under James VII. at the battle of Boyne Water ; and ultimately suffered exile for his devotion to the Stuart house and cause. As one of our earlier Jacobite songs, Captain Ogilvy's lyric possesses a unique and universal interest ; while its beautiful and pathetic character entitles it to a place of distinction among our national productions.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that man can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love, and native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

I'll turn me right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
An' gi'e my bridle-reins a shake,
With "adieu for evermore, my dear,"
With "adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I must part frae my true love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane and night is come,
And a' fouk bound in sleep,
O think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep !

In the old national ballad "The Battle of Harlaw," honourable mention is made of an early scion of this family, as follows :—

Of the best amang them was
The gracious, guid Lord Ogilvy,
The Sheriff-Principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equity—

For faith and magnanimity
He had few fellows in the field ;
Yet fell by fatal destiny,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

THOMAS ORMOND.

THOMAS ORMOND could turn his lyric abilities into many channels, and seemed equally successful in them all. At times, for instance, when the county town of Angus was agitated over burning questions of local politics, how firmly he grasped, and how pleasantly he could hit off, the foibles of the hour! and when by his pen he could forward any good cause, how appropriately was his hearty effort made! His love for Nature, too, amounted to reverence; and it was the touch of no tyro that moulded his feelings into those sweet songs which have charmed generations of his townsmen, and which are well represented here. Then his sympathy with his kind—that inspirer of those *genre* sketches in which he was an adept—how deep it was, and how winsome often was it in its expression! Truly, the humble position occupied by Tom Ormond in the community of Forfar was no criterion of the intellectual fibre of the man, who mentally, and, be it added, physically, would have graced any station. Tom—few Forfarrians would recognise him otherwise—was born at Dunnichen in 1817, was trained as a weaver, and came with his family to Forfar, where work was plentiful. Latterly he was employed in a factory; but though his sphere was lowly, few men enjoyed more than he the esteem of all classes of his townsmen. He delighted in children, and made many clever sketches of child life, founded on a love and observation which were unique. His admirers presented him with a watch and chain in 1875; and his death in 1879 was sincerely mourned by the whole community.

MY MITHER'S RED PLAID.

My mither's red plaid, I mind on it weel;
 You would thought it was jute by its hard birnie feel;
 But judges could tell it was sterling's the mint,
 An' no' a thread in 't but woollen or lint.
 You would laugh at it noo, but she did adore it,
 And ne'er changed the fashion or manner she wore it—
 Hangin' loose o'er her shoulders, preened tight round her head,
 Was my mither's braw plaid o' bright Turkey red.

Its age I can't tell; it is aulder than me;
 Nae wonder its colour is faded a wee;
 But I've seen the day it might buskit a queen,
 When its glare an' its glitter wad dazzled your een.
 In times o' distress, or on some head occasion,
 When friends gathered in to the third generation,
 A' buskit wi' ribbons sae lang an' sae braid;
 But they'll ne'er ha'e the bield o' my mither's red plaid.

She kirkit on Sundays sae tidy an' clean,
 Fouk said she'd few marrows—I thoct she had nane,
 As I gazed up the burn till again she'd appear.
 You'd no' think this was her sitting whashin' here,
 Frae the wisdom she's learned in ninety lang simmers;
 She yet gi'es advice to the daft giglet limmers
 That come i' the gloamin's sae kindly to speer
 For her health an' her wants, an' get a crack wi' her.

They'll no' lose a chance, an' she'll no' be that nice
 In choosin' her wirds when she gies an advice,
 As aft she will ca' them daft gouks or a guse :
 But they never tak' ill wi' the weel-meant abuse.
 Tho' sorrows an' troubles ha'e wrinkled her broo,
 Her heart is as leal and her love aye as true
 As they were in thae days that for ever are fled,
 When she skipt up the burn to the kirk in her plaid.

Nae mair will she gang to the house of the Lord,
 Where aft she has sitten an' fed on His word ;
 But firmly in faith to His promise she'll cling,
 And at last in His kingdom of glory will sing.
 Oor journey through life may be ruggit an' sair ;
 Oor cleedin' fu' scanty, oor pantry fu' bare ;
 If oor hopes be like hers we need ne'er be afraid,
 Tho' oor warldly pride be but in a red plaid !

OUR LUMHEID.

O' divots frae the mountain side
 Was oor lumheid !
 An' winnelstraes an' souricks grew
 On oor lumheid ;
 An' gracefully the ivy green
 Did round the crapods threid ;
 An' sparrows built their cosy nests
 In oor lumheid.

When I was but a little tot,
 In summer days I sat
 Shogin' on the bourtree buss,
 An' doodilt at the cat ;
 List'ning to the merry chirp
 The sparrows hamely leed,
 An' watched their gambols 'mang the leaves
 On oor lumheid.

When the precious yellow corn
 Waved in the autumn wind,
 I, wi' my sister, gleaned the ears
 The reapers left behind.
 Frae dawn until the evening sun
 Had freenged the cluds wi' reid :
 How blithe I was again to see
 The auld lumheid.

My wearied heart did bound wi' joy
 Whene'er it met my e'e ;
 Exhausted vigour seemed renewed
 The curling smoke to see ;
 I bounded o'er the stubble field—
 An' a' my sorrows fle'd
 When seated by the ingle cheek—
 'Neath oor lumheid.

There daddy like a sage did crack
 O' cattle, threaves, an' stooks ;
 He had mair knowledge in his heid
 Than a' your prented books ;
 The youngsters gathered roun' his chair,
 An' at him wonderin' stared,
 While mither's ever-eident hand
 The e'enin' meal prepared.

When surly winter shook his beard
 Oot owre the Grampians blue,
 An' painted a' oor window-panes
 Wi' fernie leaves, an' blew
 The blinding drift to crown the storm
 Upon the whirlwind's speed—
 He loudly sung dead Nature's dirge
 In oor lumheid.

In eerie terror, aft I sat
 An' gazed into the fire,
 While list'nin' to the dreary soughs
 O' Winter in his ire ;
 An' aften were his fearfu' blasts
 Arrayed in human form,
 While picturin' in my infant mind
 The spirit o' the storm.

But age an' storm ha'e worn awa'
 The auld lumheid,
 An' on its ancient seat is reared
 A new lumheid
 O' brick an' lime—it disna ha'e
 A single charm for me ;
 It wants the green, refreshin' look
 That pleased my youthfu' e'e.

THE FLOWER O' VINNEY DEN.

On Vinney's braes, where wild-flowers blaw
 An' shed their sweet perfume,
 I wander aft at e'enin' tide
 Among the yellow broom :
 'Twas there I met and parted last,
 To meet nae mair again,
 Wi' bonnie Mary Hamilton,
 The flower o' Vinney Den.

Tho' cares an' years ha'e bleached my locks
 Since last we fondly met
 On Vinney's braes, where gloamin' fa's,
 I think I see her yet :
 I think I see the pearly drap
 That glistened in her e'e—
 Her sweet, sad smile, and partin' look—
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

The gentle pressure o' her hand
 In fancy there I feel,
 An' hear the sigh and stifled sob
 That were our last fareweel.
 When folded in my fond embrace,
 Nae blush was on her cheek ;
 Yet in her eyes I read the words
 Her lips refused to speak.

Her father left his native land,
 An' gar'd her cross the sea,
 An' bonnie Mary Hamilton
 Was lost for aye to me.
 Nae mair on Vinney's flow'ry braes
 Her lovely form I'll see ;
 But gloamin'-tide shall find me still
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

MRS OWER.

(JANE FRASER.)

THIS lady was the authoress of a volume of Poems and Songs which was published at London in 1862, and which consists of 88 closely printed pages of simple lays on greatly varied subjects, but with little variety in their manner of treatment. Mrs Ower was born at Dundee some sixty years ago, and marrying Mr Robert Ower, Packer and Exporter, settled in London.

She has a place in that interesting collection, "Poems by the People," published at the *Journal* Office in 1869. Many of her earlier effusions appeared in Dundee newspapers ; the poem which follows being fairly representative of Mrs Ower's general style and quality.

NIGHT.

Night comes with one fair sparkling gem
 Upon her brow serene,
 Majestic, dark, and beautiful
 As Ethiop's brightest queen ;
 And lovely Nature sleeping lies
 Bath'd in a balmy shower,
 With folded petals on her breast
 Of many a fragrant flower.

A soft, soft sigh breathes pleasantly
 O'er mountain, wood, and stream,
 There's music in its whispering voice,
 Like murmurs in a dream ;
 No other sound is on the wing,
 The world is hushed to rest ;
 And in the gentle arms of sleep
 The weary soul is blest.

So still is night, so beautiful,
 So eloquent in truth,
 She lulls the care of many a heart,
 And teaches age and youth
 To gaze upon the arch of heaven
 In wonder, love, and fear ;
 For every orb that shines so bright
 Proclaims that God is near.

And who on earth could study long
 This glorious scene above,
 And dare deny there is a God
 Of sovereign power and love ?—
 Yea ! heaven and earth, and all upon
 Their surfaces, proclaim
 The great Creator's wondrous might,
 And glory of His name !

DAVID OWLER.

FIFESHIRE people are quite familiar with the *nom de plume* "Dib," a well-known local contraction of "David"—appended to certain prose and poetical pieces, both serious and serene, appearing in certain corners of various journals. Their author is a busy stationer and newsagent in Dysart, one who has come manfully through a career which was far from being auspicious in its earlier stages, and who deserves to reap the reward of patient effort and earnest purpose. Mr Owler was born at Dundee in 1860, and was trained as a joiner. His leisure was his only opportunity for literary study; and that he has turned it to good account many neatly phrased rhyming meditations like these following might be cited in proof.

TO MY PIPE.

When lanely owre the fire at e'en
 My book I close or pen I wipe,
 I turn to thee, my trusty frien',
 My soothing, solace-giving pipe.
 I dreamily watch the curling smoke
 In strange, fantastic wreaths uprise,
 And as I gaze, the muse invoke,
 Bright visions gleam before my eyes.
 I fondly brood o'er youthful days,
 And climb again the steep Law hill,
 Or idly lie upon its braes;
 Ah! would I were a laddie still.
 The bonnie Tay still onward flows,
 Aye deep'ning as it nears the sea;
 An' at the sight my bosom glows,
 For a' the scene is dear to me.

For dear I lo'e the bonnie toon
 Whaur I a laddie aft ha'e ran,
 An' vowed o' fame to win a croon
 When I had grown to be a man.
 To manhood's stage I've reached langsyne,
 But ne'er a glimpse o' croon I see;
 For Life noo seems a tangled skein,
 An' frae its cares I fain would flee.
 But aftenwhiles a gowden beam
 O' radiant hope illumes my soul;
 An' tho' things arena a' they seem,
 I aiblins yet will win my goal.
 Thus musing, lanely do I sit;
 Life's tangled skein I aften flype,
 When nane is near but thee, to wit,
 My soothing frien', my trusty pipe.

SOME QUEER FOLK I KEN.

This warl's an unco place to live,
 I've heard my grannie say,
 An' to be guid ye've but to give
 An awmous ilka day.
 Handsome is that handsome does
 Aft's in the mou's o' men;
 There's a hantle o' philosophy
 'Mang some queer folk I ken.
 D'ye want to be respectit,
 An' a pillar o' the Kirk?
 Ye're sure to be electit,
 Gin ye'll only learn the quirk.
 Juist keep yer thoom upon yer views,
 The Creed sign wi' the pen;
 There's a hantle droll theology
 'Mang some queer folk I ken.
 Wad ye like a wife wi' siller
 To set the mill agaan?
 Then gaily step up till her,
 An' ask her for her haun'.

Juist tell her that it's *her* ye want,
 An' no' the filthy tin;
 There's a hantle made by marryin'
 'Mang some queer folk I ken.
 Be sure ye grease yer conscience weel,
 Nae maitter whar ye're gaun,
 An' mak' yer neibor think ye feel
 Aye like an honest man.
 Be sorry when an auld frien' seeks
 A pound or twa on len';
 There's a hantle dune by sympathy
 'Mang some queer folk I ken.
 Noo mind that I am no' to blame
 For what my grannie said,
 Tho' some may think it unco tame,
 Juist an auld wife's tirade.
 There's anither sayin' that strikes me,
 An' then I'm at an en';
 There's a hantle wisdom lyin' unused
 'Mang some queer folk I ken.

BELLA PARKER.



IN 1888, this fair writer published "A Bunch of Heather, and other Poems," a goodly volume of 200 pages, the garnering of a poetical harvest, the germs of which had been sown in childhood, but whose fruits had only met the public gaze some four years prior to publication. Readers of Dundee papers and periodicals know Miss Parker's name well, and mark with interest her progress as a writer in these and kindred mediums. Social and personal subjects, permeated with deep religious sentiments, are her favourite themes; and some of their developments are reminiscent of the modern school of melodramatic recitations.

But *Nature and the Affections* are not forgotten, as our contrasting quotations will show; indeed, one may from these anticipate even more excellent results, when their writer's future and further communings with the greatest of inspirers are made manifest. Miss Parker is a native of Dundee: the days of her childhood were passed in the busy city, but seventeen years of her life have been spent in the beautiful suburb of Broughty-Ferry, so aptly styled "The Brighton of the North."

A SUNSET PSALM.

(KINFARNS, OCTOBER, 1895.)

A golden glory fills the western sky,
And earthward sends a flood of quiv'ring
light;
Grove, meadow, stream, in restful silence lie
Bathed in that calm, celestial radiance
bright.

Kinnoull's fair hill, in robes of bright array,
Lies basking calmly in the wondrous
glow,

A noble background to the towers grey
Rearing their stately forms so far below.

The peaceful river, as it speeds along
With noiseless feet to join the ocean wide,
Has pilfered from the radiant sunset skies
Stray sunbeams, which it tries in vain to
hide.

Yea, even the sedges, dank and cold and grey,
Which 'mong the slime beside the river
grow,

Have caught the glory of departing day,
And with a warmer touch of colour glow.

The golden glory fades, but in its stead
A crimson radiance floods the darkening sky;
Bright stars begin to twinkle overhead,
And soon the moon hangs up her lamp on
high.

Then night her sable mantle swift will throw
O'er peaceful scene, o'er woods and mea-
dows green;

A cold grey light succeed the sunset glow,
And darkness settle o'er the beauteous
scene.

TO MY CROOK.

We've travelled many a mile together,
'Neath sunny skies and in wet weather,
Friend, you and I.

By streams where birches fair were weeping,
When mists along the hills were creeping,
Friend, you and I.

Through glens, where autumn's fiery touches
Had dyed the bracken and the birches,
Friend, you and I.

Where mountain summits, rugged, hoary,
Had caught and kept the sunset glory,
Friend, you and I.

When moonlight fair her watch was keeping,
O'er peaceful hamlet, still loch sleeping,
Friend, you and I.

Grim mountain steepes we two have breasted,
On rugged peaks together rested,
Friend, you and I.

Of't may we roam again together,
O'er rugged hills and muirland heather,
By laughing streams, in autumn weather,
Friend, you and I.

BABY SLEEPS.

Softly walk across the floor—
Baby sleeps;
Gently close the nursery door—
Baby sleeps.
Angels bright, with wings outspread,
Hover round his golden head,
While in his soft cradle bed
Baby sleeps.

On his cheek a rose flush lies—
Baby sleeps;
Fast closed are his laughing eyes—
Baby sleeps;
And his dreams must pleasant be,
For upon his face I see
Something of his waking glee,
While he sleeps.

See, his chubby hand holds fast,
While he sleeps,
An old boat without a mast,
While he sleeps.
Is he dreaming of the sea?
Will my boy a sailor be?
Thoughts like these come oft to me
While he sleeps.

Empty is the cradle bed
Where he slept;
Angels bright, with wings outspread,
Where he slept,
Do not hover round, for they
Taken have my babe away;
In a beauteous land to-day
Baby wakes.

MY AIN COUNTRY.

Oh, the burnies sweetly sing
In my ain countree,
As frae some dark cleft they spring
In my ain countree;
An' they chatter as they flow
Frae their bed amang the snow
To the sunny plains below,
In my ain countree.

The giant mountains grand,
In my ain countree,
Like grim sentinels they stand
In my ain countree;
Watchin' owre the hamlets sweet
Nestlin' peacefu' at their feet,
Each a cosy quiet retreat
In my ain countree.

Oh, the heather blooms sae fair
In my ain countree,
Cleedin' muirlands bleak an' bare
In my ain countree;
Fragrant thyme an' meadow queen,
An' the fair bluebells are seen
On the braes sae fresh an' green,
In my ain countree.

In the sunny days o' Spring,
In my ain countree,
The laverocks blithely sing
In my ain countree;
Frae the snawy hawthorn tree
Pipes the throistle cheerilie,
Like to burst his throat wi' glee,
In my ain countree.

Oh, the fouk are kind an' true
In my ain countree;
"Welcome" aye they'll say to you,
In my ain countree;
An' o' hamely Hieland fare
They will gar ye tak' a share;
An' wi' it what can compare,
In my ain countree?

But sae far awa' am I
Frae my ain countree,
An' between me oceans lie
An' my ain countree;
But, O Lord! be guid to me,
An' guide me owre the sea—
Though it's only hame to dee
In my ain countree.

GEORGE PATERSON.

"WITH that loyal enthusiasm which is one of the great dynamics, he has a peculiar insight and discrimination of his own," wrote Thomas Aird, one of our country's ablest minor singers, regarding his friend George Paterson; and George Gilfillan found in the modest Dundee clerk those personal and literary qualities which led to the closest of intercourse, and to such friendship that it could be said of him, "no man knew our eccentric poet-preacher better." The following poem, which appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, bears on the relationship of these two gifted persons; it has every indication of being the heartfelt utterance of Paterson, and forms a tribute to friendship and worth of a singularly chaste and beautiful character.

BY A POET'S GRAVE.

The Spring has come and gone,
Yet silent sleeps he on;
His poet-heart unstirred
By leaf, or song of bird.
Though daisies dot the lea,
And blossoms crowd the tree;
Though earth, responsive all,
Awakes from Winter's thrall,
And finds restored what Autumn had decayed,
No spring-tide reaches where the dead are laid.

The Summer calls in vain;
Not here he wakes again.
The south wind's balmy breath
Woos not the ear of death.
Not all the wealth of flowers—
Not all the sunlit hours,
Making earth glorious,
Can bring him back to us.
And for his sake, but half is ours, I ween,
Of Summer's gladness, and its golden sheen.

Then, pensive Autumn, come,
With woodlands bleak and dumb,
When garnered are thy sheaves,
And shed thy flowers and leaves—
Come, veiled, his grave to greet,
Who, laid at Nature's feet,

Had listened rapt and long
To hear her matchless song.
Come, wail him, Autumn winds and weeping
skies,
Moisten the sod where our dead darling lies.

Yet let him sleep, nor rave,
The boon we idly crave,
That he might live again
In mortal strife and pain,
Though joy to us it brought,
For him were dearly bought.
Then let him sleep, great heart,
Since but the grosser part
To dust is given; and where his spirit wakes,
The dawn of heaven's eternal Summer breaks.

And though his sun be set
For us—a glory yet
Beams on us through our tears,
That all the after-years
A light and guide will be—
A hallowed memory.
He liveth still—above,
And lives he in our love,
And though, alas, the cold grave lies between,
That love will keep his grave for ever green.

George Paterson was born at Meigle in 1843, removed early to Dundee, was for some time a teacher, but latterly entered into mercantile life, and became confidential clerk to an important Dundee firm. Nothing regarding his personality could be more appropriately stated than has thus been done by his friend and compatriot, Mr John Paul:—"I was frequently in Mr Paterson's company, and my impressions of him were very pleasant and stimulating. His tastes were essentially literary, the small talk of common minds and of every-day life having but little attraction for him. His friends were the great minds who have influenced the world. Shakespeare was an especial favourite; and he used to tell of a small company of his companions rising early in the morning to study his plays. Even in his talk his language

was always appropriate and graceful, and his thoughts elevating. He dearly loved a joke, and could tell a mirth-provoking anecdote in an inimitable manner. Broad-minded and intellectual, his company was an education; and had the way opened up to a literary life, he would certainly have made a better mark in the annals of literature than the fugitive pieces scattered through various periodicals bearing the modest 'G. P., D.' have done." Mr Paterson's poems, and singularly lucid essays on varied subjects, appeared in numerous magazines; and the Dundee press knew him as one of its ablest contributors. No volume of his collected pieces has yet appeared; but it will be evident from the foregoing, and from the nature of our quotations, that such a publication would form a worthy memorial of an outstanding literary character, and a most estimable man.

A SANG O' HAME.

Oh, dowie is the life, I trow,
That ne'er has felt o' luvie the lowe,
A feckless chield wha wons his lane,
Nor kens the guid o' wife or wean.

A wife ha'e I, a winsome dame,
The best o' ony ane nicht name,
Wi' eident han' she trauchles sair
To fend the hoose an' hain the gear.

Langsyne she did my heart beguile,
She hauds it yet, and in her smile,
In spite o' mony an up and doon,
Fu' brichtly shines the honeymune.

And ane by ane cam' lassies three
To fill our ingleneuk wi' glee,

Wi' ae wee loon, whase word is law,
His mither's pet, and king o's a'.

Oh, happy hame, where love like this
Can draw frae heaven a glint o' bliss.
How sweet to seek when gloamin' fa's
The shelter o' our hamely wa's!

Tho' dule enoo has been oor share,
And poortith brocht us mickle care,
Love near at han' wad licht oor way,
And heeze us up the steepest brae.

Nor fear we ocht what lies in store,
We'll do as we ha'e done afore;
The mirkest nicht aye ends in day,
And love will conquer, come what may.

OH, IT'S LANG, LANG SYNE.

Oh, it's lang, lang syne, yet I mind it fu' weel,
When up aboot the braes I was wont to speel,
Or doon by the burnside to daunder my lane,
When a' ither laddies to schule had gane:
The birds 'mang the braes sport the hael day lang,
And aye the burnie wimples the same sweet sang;
Oh, it disna seem sae lang sin' a laddie I ran,
Whaur cannille I hirple a gray-haired man,
Yet it's lang, lang syne.

Oh, it's lang, lang syne sin' my Peggy and I,
Amang the broomy braes richt cantie did hie;
A bush was oor bield, and the green grass oor seat,
Sae close to my ain I cud hear her heart beat;
I' the braw simmer gloamin', when a' was still,
Fu' guileless we took o' love's kisses oor fill;
Oh, it disna seem sae lang that we trustin' had gane
Whaur noo I wander dowie my leefu' lane,
Yet it's lang, lang syne.

Oh, it's lang, lang syne, and a' I kent then
Are deid, or like mysel', noo but gray-headed men;
The sun shines as bricht, and the place bides the same,
But the faces o' the frem'd fill my youthfu' hame,

And Peg's noo a grannie, and far owre the sea,
 She sune got anither when she lichtlied me;
 Oh, it disna seem sae lang, tho' an auld, auld man,
 Sin' I gaed a coortin', or a laddie I ran,
 Yet it's lang, lang syne.

Oh, it's lang, lang syne, and my heart it is sair
 To think upo' the years that can never come mair,
 On the dear laddie days, and the luv that's cauld;
 It's waesome to sinder, and sad to grow auld.
 But God abune is kind aye, and, blest be His name,
 Tho' roond-aboot the road, we will a' get hame,
 And it winna be for lang till fain I will stand
 And sing the new sang o' the happier land,
 Wi' them o' lang syne.

MRS PATERSON.

(MARY CRIGHTON.)

“THE Carnoustie Poetess” has written a large number of Doric rhymes on homely subjects, and many pieces bearing on religious and kindred topics, most of which have appeared in various papers and periodicals. Resident at Parkhead, Glasgow, since her marriage in 1878, and an earnest member of the Methodist body, Mrs Paterson's faculty is active in the interests of her denomination; and she also writes and recites appropriate verses for social meetings of the local Co-operators. She was born at Carnoustie in 1850, was employed at the Panmure Works of the Messrs Smeiton, and published in 1873 a 64 page booklet of her earlier effusions, which ran into a second edition. Her husband is a working blacksmith; and with the charge of a large family it is in the highest degree creditable to Mrs Paterson that in her later writings she has so greatly improved on those of her “Carnoustie days.”

GUIDWILL.

A bonnie, wee bit floorie has been bloomin' unco fair,
 An' spreadin' sweetest fragrance a' round us here and there;
 'Tis gracefu' in its modest form, but regal in its hue,
 And aye as heavenly-lookin' as the star-bespangled blue;
 'Tis sweeter than the shamrock, 'tis fairer than the rose,
 An' brawer than the thistle on oor native hills that grows.

Sae humbly aye it poses, that when stormy tempests blaw,
 Altho' whiles gently tremblin' yet it drees nae scaith ava;
 'Tis a worthy, everlastin', delightfu' evergreen,
 Sae fresh like aye an' cheerin', tho' its blossoms be na seen;
 'Tis fresher than the shamrock, 'tis brighter than the rose,
 And stronger than the thistle on our native hills that grows.

'Tis love's sweet tribute owre the grave, tho' t canna cheer the dead;
 An' ootset to the palace, whaur its branchin' oot may spread;
 A he'rtsome sight aye to the auld, a treasure to the young;
 It beautifies the lowly cot, its praise may thus be sung—
 Mair charmin' than the shamrock, an' lovelier than the rose,
 E'en nobler than the thistle on our native hills that grows.

'Tis easily cultivatit gin you kep a seed or twa,
 As frae the balmy, spirit-stirrin' breeze they saftly fa';
 Tho' a native o' mair genial clime, it likes to spring here still,
 'Twas christened by the angels, this gentle floer "Guid-will";
 'Tis dearer than the shamrock, an' far grander than the rose,
 Mair glorious than the thistle on oor Highland hills that grows.

CANAAN'S LAND.

Let us sing o' Canaan's Land,
 A' thegither, O;
 Whaur the "mony mansions" stand,
 Near each ither, O;
 There, the "Rose o' Sharon's" bloom
 Sheds its heavenly perfume;
 Bowers o' Amaranthine plume
 Never wither, O.
 O, Canaan's banks are fair—
 They are bonnie, O!
 An' its always simmer there,
 Best o' ony, O;
 There, they ken nae darksome nicht—
 A' shines gloriously bricht,
 For the "Lamb's" the blessed "Licht"
 'Mang the mony, O.
 Canaan's robes are spotless fair
 I' their grandeur, O;
 An' its gouden croons ha'e rare,
 Starry splendour, O;
 There the "Tree o' Life" stands drest—
 Wi' its fruitfu' boughs sae blest—
 Far surpassin' e'en earth's best
 Oleander, O.

Canaan's Shepherd gently bends
 By Love's Oozin', O;
 There the "Lambs" He kindly tends,
 In His bosom, O;
 'Mid the bonnie pasture meads
 His ain ransomed "Flock" He leads;
 Owre the "lost" His heart still bleeds—
 Wae, their losin', O.
 Everlastin' jubilee!
 Truth has told it, O;
 Canaan's joy beats you an' me
 To unfold it, O;
 'Roon' the "Great White Throne" is seen
 "Glassy Sea" like crystal sheen—
 O, hoo blessed are their e'en
 Wha behold it, O!
 Ah! we sune maun bid "Adieu"
 To earth's treasures, O—
 Daily flittin' frae oor view
 Are its pleasures, O;
 But Life's River's flowin' clear—
 Angel music soonds to hear;
 O, what will it be to hear
 Canaan's measures, O!

REV. JAMES PAUL.

THE esteemed minister of Lochlee Free Church—to which charge he was ordained in 1890—was born at Longforgan in 1859; removed at an early age to Forfarshire; was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Tealing; came under deep religious convictions, and studied during his spare hours with a view to entering the ministry; and ultimately passed through the Edinburgh University and the Free Church Divinity Hall, with the mark of distinction clearly impressed, and an Honours and Scholarship record which crowned the persevering efforts of his hard preparatory years. A very serious accident, sustained while assisting at the fire which destroyed Balruddery House in 1886, seriously interfered with the progress of his theological studies; but Mr Paul rose equal to this discouragement, and eventually secured the desire of his heart. His excursions into the realms of the muses have been frequent, and our selections prove how excellent are the fruits he has gathered there. An important contribution to county literature came from his pen three years ago. It is entitled, "Up Glenesk: Notes Historical, Biographical, and Poetical," and is, as "Tammas Bodkin" put it, "no' exactly a guide beuk to the Glen, an' yet it's a' that, an' a guid hantle mair." What the "guid

hantle mair" is, the student of literature, and especially of Alexander Ross's poetry, will keenly appreciate; and all those who wish to know Glenesk thoroughly, and in its varied aspects, will find in this admirable Breechin publication a veritable "Guide, philosopher, and friend." In the compilation of this interesting volume Mr John Paul, brother of the Rev. James Paul, bore an active part; and the fruits of his study of the MSS. of Alexander Ross, kept in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, are not the least valuable of the important contents of the book.

HERDIN' DAYS.

Yes, aye the tide's advancin' and recedin',
 And aye the sun gaes smilin' owre the sky,
 And aye the bloom rests on my bless'd Eden
 Of years gane by.
 And far out in the Firth still frowns the skerry
 To which, wi' gleesome mates, I wot to wade;
 And on the beach still lies the shattered wherry
 Wi' which I played.
 And here's the baylet whaur I often dookit,
 And there are a' my whin surrounded nooks,
 And yonder stands the pier frae which I hookit
 The spangled flukes.
 'Twas here—'twas here I used to herd the vagrant
 And sairly tantalisin' calves and kye;
 My een are fu' whilst fancy's wings are fragrant
 Of scenes gane by.
 O years of yore, though haloed yet wi' gladness,
 I dinna wish ye back wi' a' your cheer,
 Wi' a' the gambols, whims, and gamesome madness
 Of comrades dear;
 I dinna wish ye back, for then there dwelt not
 In me the trust that lifts the soul above;
 I dinna wish ye back, for then I felt not
 The sweets of love.
 O Mary! better far than bless'd Eden,
 The sun gaes smilin' daily owre the sky,
 And aye the tide's advancin' and recedin';
 Life's wearin' by.
 Life's wearin' by, but not the love we cherish,
 The heart-companionship we ever crave;
 Weep not, my sweet; be glad! love cannot perish
 Within the grave.

A DAY OF LOVE.

The land was fresh with the morning dew,
 The sky unbosomed its azure hue
 Bedizened by patches of opal cloud,
 The waters were dim with a misty shroud;
 The wind was calm and the year was young,
 And sweetly from turret and tower was rung
 A cheerisome chime through the grateful air
 To the leal-souled sons of toil and care,
 As we strolled from the sorrowful city.

We wended our path to the sapphirine sea,
 Which moans in our sadness and sings in our
 And away to the hazy horizon dip [glee;
 Serenely and tardily ship followed ship.
 In a heart outsketched on the sandy beach
 Wedrafted the love that defied all speech; [gay,
 And our spirits were glad, and the world seemed
 As we plighted our troth in the old, old way
 Afar from the sorrowful city.

THE BONNIE STRETCH O' HEATHER.

Oh ! gi'e me a prophet's diction and a prophet's diamond pen,
 And I'll describe the sweetest spot in a' the far-sung glen ;
 In a' the far-sung glen atweel, and ony land or state :
 It's the bonnie stretch o' heather near oor ain manse gate.

It's bonnie when the circlin' sun is shinin' straucht abune,
 An' bonnier still, I red ye, 'neath the limelicht o' the moon ;
 But it fairly blinds wi' beauty when the season's waxin' late :
 The bonnie stretch o' heather near oor ain manse gate.

Ye cross a wee bit briggie owre a chimin' mountain burn,
 An' the path lies richt afore ye, wi' mony a jink an' turn ;
 On ilka side it's fringed wi' birks o' stature small an' great :
 The bonnie stretch o' heather near oor ain manse gate.

There's a sheen upon its purple breast that beats Gleniffer Braes,
 There's a glory in its wavy lines ootreachin' poet's praise ;
 The een o' Burns or Tannahill ne'er saw a scene to mate
 Wi' the bonnie stretch o' heather near oor ain manse gate.

Oh, the rural parson's lot may ha'e its hardships and its woes,
 And a solitude the magnate o' the city never knows ;
 But it has its compensations, sir, as I'll anon relate :
 Hey ! the bonnie stretch o' heather near oor ain manse gate.

It has its compensations when he steeks his study door,
 And a faithfu' pair anew proceed to con love's gentle lore,
 Wi' lauchin' Jay and Kennie—first-fruits o' the wedded state—
 On the bonnie stretch o' heather near their ain manse gate.

JOHN PAUL.



STRICTLY speaking, Perthshire claims this genial bard, who was born at Woodside in 1853 ; but Angus can plead not only the possession of twenty-four years of his beneficent personality, but also that active service in Literary, Social, and Religious matters which has distinguished his riper manhood. His interest in the present work still further attests his title to inclusion ; it has been second only to our own ; and a more loyal henchman than Mr Paul has proved it would be impossible to find. The Dundee section is specially rich, thanks to his exhaustive efforts in the magnificent collections of Messrs Falconer, Ramage, Lamb, and others ; and alike in valuable suggestion, and in faithful trans-

scription, his great energy has aided us at a myriad points, and bridged the distance which, otherwise, had been a barrier to success. Reference has been made to Mr Paul's connection with "Pastime Musings," in the notice of Mr D. L. Greig ; and in presenting specimens of his poetical work we need

simply state that he is the popular overseer of the Upper Mills of the Messrs Baxter, Dundee; an active and earnest worker in various phases of Christian service; well known and esteemed in Dundee as "The Children's Missionary"; a diligent student of literature for its own sake; a bard of varied attainment; and one of the most lovable of men.

MY FATHER AN' MY MITHER.

A joy surpassin' feeble praise
Brings tears aft to my een,
When pictures o' my laddie days
Appear on memory's screen;
Wi' fitfu' flash they come an' go,
Each following up theither,
An' aye I see in sunny glow
My father an' my mither.

My father an' my mither, lads,
They've trauchled lang th'-gither;
May blessin's fa' upon the twa—
My father an' my mither.

They struggled hard to gi'e us lear,
That we micht a' obtain
A higher place, and burdens bear
Less heavy than their ain.
I bless them noo for what they've dune,
An' while life's storms they weather,
My heartfelt prayer shall rise abune
For father an' for mither.

I mind we made the kettle sing
To cheer them—tired an' lame;

And cheerie did oor voices ring,
To gi'e them welcome hame.
At ilka cheek we set their chairs,
While circled round we'd gather,
An' tell oor little griefs an' cares
To father an' to mither.

When owre the earth nicht's mantle fell,
An' joined us a' at e'en—
The picture mak's my bosom swell—
I'll ne'er forget the scene.
Oor laddie cares awa' we hurled
When rompin' a' th'-gither,
An' king an' queen o' oor sma' world
Was father aye an' mither.

Ye stirrin' pictures o' the past,
I'm wae when ye depart;
I love to be thus backward cast
To laddiehood in heart.
Come aft an' guide my thochts awa'
Frae earth's cauld heartless swither,
To childhood's scenes, sae artless a'—
To father an' to mither.

THE TRUTH CAN NEVER DEE.

The Scottish bards, I lo'e them weel,
They lift my sinkin' heart
Abune the cares that mak' me reel
An' stagger ilka airt;
For aye I read, and aye I feel
Their thochts inspirin' me
To tak' my stand among the leal—
For truth can never dee.
Na! truth can never dee,
Its hame is heaven hie;
Ilk noble thochtsome guid has wrocht—
For truth can never dee.

What though the bardie sinks to rest
Aneath the green kirkyaird;
His sang is sung, he's dune his best,
His presence may be spared;
But a' his thochts in beauty drest,
A livin' pow'r shall be;

His spirit comes to be a guest—
For truth can never dee.
Na! truth can never dee,
Its hame is heaven hie;
The bardie lives, an' pleasure gives,—
For truth can never dee.

We mayna ha'e the bardie's gift
To cheer the race wi' sang;
But gloomy hearts we a' can lift,
And richt bring oot o' wrang;
Though Fame's big cloud we canna rift,
Oor life may usefu' be;
What's guid an' true nae pow'r can shift—
For truth can never dee.
Na! truth can never dee,
Its hame is heaven hie;
A life weel spent brings sweet content—
For truth can never dee.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

When paths are straight and skies are clear,
And bounding life hath love to cheer,
Then, Holy Spirit, hover near,
And keep me from all vanity.

When at the branching ways I stand
Bewildered in a doubtful land,
Then, Holy Spirit, take my hand
And lead me on to certainty.

When wearily I climb the hill,
And faithless thoughts attack my will,
Then, Holy Spirit, come and fill
My jaded mind with constancy.

When through the trackless moor I go
With wary, cautious step and slow,
Then, Holy Spirit, let me know
Thy guiding in perplexity.

When resting by the waters calm,
And upward wells a thankful psalm,
Then, Holy Spirit, let Thy balm
Fall on my soul refreshingly.

When darkness gathers, and I feel
The chilling night air round me steal,
Then, Holy Spirit, heaven reveal,
With all its warmth and radiancy.

JAMES PHILIP.

THE historical and literary value of "The Grameid," written in 1691 by James Philip, or Philp, of Almerieclose, Arbroath, was attested by its publication in 1888, at the instance of the *Scottish History Society*. The work is printed from the original Latin MS., now in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, and is given with a translation, introduction, and notes by the Rev. A. D. Murdoch of All Saints Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. The author (1656-1720 ?) was a son of the laird of Almerieclose, a small property and mansion-house described as then "lying in and near Arbroath"; his mother being a Graham of Duntrune, and second cousin to Graham of Claverhouse, the hero of "The Grameid," and the "Bonnie Dundee" of song. Philip, who wrote several other poems, which also appear in the volume referred to, was a man of scholarly attainments; and, being an officer under Graham, he supplied a narrative of the events of a remarkable campaign, whose value is affected only by the extreme partizanship of its writer. A quotation from his *magnum opus*, with Canon Murdoch's spirited translation, will be of interest to many readers.

THE GRAMEID.

EXTRACT.

Lib. V.

Ecce autem ad primos Phœbeae lampadis ignes
Exploratores aderant, hostemque reportant
Esse in conspectu, ed rapido ruere obvia cursu.
Dundius Abriacas extemplo ad signa cohortes
Convocat, et cunctis edicit castra relinquunt.
Nulla mora, imperio parent, et jussa capessunt,
Grampiadumque manus cuneum coit omnis in unum,
Sublimesque in equis considunt illicet omnes,
Atque omnis castris chlamydata caterva relictis
Jam signis campo volitantibus ibat aperto.
Fit fragor, igenti concussa est pondere tellus
Castra relinquunt cursu, fremituque sequentum
Intremuit tellus, glomerantur in æthere nubes
Pulveris, et densa tegitur caligine campus,
Dundius elusum jam pone reliquerat hostem,
Atque e conspectu exierat, montesque tenebat,
Et subito aereum prætervolat Auchinadunum.

Translation.

But lo! on the first rays of the lamp of Phœbus, when the videttes of Dundee had approached the enemy, and had reported him in sight, and advancing in rapid course, Dundee immediately assembled his Highland companies on a signal, and commanded them all to leave the camp. There is no delay; they obey the order, and carry out the command. The whole body of the Highlanders is formed into column, and forthwith the cavalry mount their horses, and the whole plaided army, with floating banners, went forth from the deserted camp into the open plain. There was a crash; the earth shook under the mighty weight of those leaving the camp in their course, and reeled at the shout of those who followed; clouds of dust were thrown into the air, and the plain was covered with a misty gloom. Dundee had now left the eluded enemy behind, and had passed from his sight. He kept to the mountains, and quickly passes the lofty castle of Auchindoune.

Further particulars of the Philip family, with quotations from "The Grameid," etc., will be found in Mr M'Bain's recently published work, "Eminent Arbroathians." This valuable and beautiful volume, which was printed by Brodie & Salmond, is a magnificent specimen of the work done by the Provincial Press.

WILLIAM HAGGART PHIN.

DUNDEE Burns Club has, ever since its institution over thirty years ago, proved one of the liveliest of the city's agencies in fostering the literary tastes of its members, and in diffusing the spirit of literature in the community. Mr Phin was one of its founders, and has continued one of its most active supporters, deserving and securing the esteem of his brethren through a long series of admirable services rendered to the Club, and through his genial interest in its membership and general well-being. He is by occupation an upholsterer, and has during his whole life resided in the city where he was born in 1839. His poetic essays have made their appearance in various local papers, and some of them have been favourably received in quarters further afield. Mr Phin has been successful as a *People's Journal* competitor also; and his patriotic song, which we reproduce, has achieved a worthy measure of popularity in connection with its effective musical setting.

THE THISTLE, THE BROOM, AND THE HEATHER.

Proud England may boast of her bonnie red
An' speak o' wi' pride, an' wi' pleasure, [rose,
She may cherish its great and glorious fame
As a miser does his treasure;
But Scotia has flo'ers on her ain native braes
That can wag in the wildest weather,
For siccar, an' strang, are the hardy stems
O' the Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.

Green Erin may lift up her native harp,
An' in strains baith sweet an' bonnie,
She may sing o' the worth o' her shamrock
The flo'er she lo'es best o' ony; [green,
But the e'e o' a Scotchman will proudly flash,
An' a glow in his breist will gaither
As he speaks o' his hardy Norlan' freends,
The Thistle, the Broom, and the Heather.

Oh, ken ye a leal an' an honest heart
That beats in a Scottish bosom?
Juist slicht in his hearin' his ain native land,
An' see how your wirts will rouse him.
The brazen-fac'd villain, whae'er he may be,
Should hing at a hempen tether,
Wha'd scornfully speak o' thae glorious three—
The Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.

The rose only blooms in the simmer days
Whan the sun is brichtly shinin';
But the flo'ers that adorn oor native braes
Nae thoct ha'e they o' dwinin'.
Then high may ilk Scotchman haud his heid,
And stick in his bannet a feather,
For weel may he brag o' the land that owns
The Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.



From a Painting by Wm. S. Myles.

“THE ROUND O,” ARBROATH ABBEY.

MARY JANE POTTER.

THE name or initials of this writer have been long familiar to large sections of the public through her poetic contributions on numerous themes to various newspapers. Miss Potter was born at York in 1833, but has resided at Montrose since her third year. In some of her writings she evinces a most intelligent grasp of public questions, and in others is an eloquent exponent of the patriotic, social, humane, and religious questions of the times. We give two examples from her varied compositions, a volume of which her friends trust may yet be published. Her personality is so clearly mirrored in the opening lines of Mr Colburn's poem, "Montrose,"—and which is dedicated to Miss Potter—that their transcription may be made here effectively and appropriately:

"Gentle singer by the sea,
Whose whole life is melody,
Like the summer brook that still
Comes with music from the hill,
So thy sweet and tender song
Still in music glides along,
Breathing gladness all around,
Sending forth the sweetest sound.

Selfish feelings have no part
In thy large and loving heart;
Never hate nor inward strife
Gives thee morbid views of life,
For the key to life's strange maze
Thou hast found in Christ-like ways;
And thy Christian hope and faith
Triumph over woe and death."

THE SNOW.

Oh, happy, happy children!
With hearts so light and free,
I stand to watch your merry sports,
Your guileless joys to see.
And my thoughts have wandered back—
To the days of long ago, [ward
When I joined a merry group like this
And lightly tossed the snow.

Oh, happy, happy childhood!
Yours is the "golden age,"
When fair and all unsoiled is spread
Life's yet unwritten page.
Play on, ye happy children!
Nor care, nor fear ye know;
No summer hour will bring more joy
Than this one 'mong the snow.

See yon sturdy little fellow,
How he throws the balls about!
His laugh rings out the loudest
As he puts his foes to rout.

"We have won," he cries in triumph,
And his face is all aglow;
He is victor in the mimic fight—
The fight among the snow.

Oh, happy, happy children!
How sweet to watch the glee
That fills your joyous youthful hearts,
Your sparkling eyes to see;
To watch your merry gamboling,
And through it all to know
That grief is far from every one
That frolics 'mong the snow.

God bless you, little revellers!
Whose voices fill the air,
Soon will ye leave such sports behind,
Life's sterner tasks to share;
Yet, 'mid its many burdens,
When age creeps solemn, slow,
You will hold in Memory's keeping
Your games amid the snow!

THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

25TH JANUARY.

'Tis a red letter day in our calendar ever,
'Twill always be kept as the season returns;
The birthdays of kings are forgot, but we'll never
Forget to regard it—the birthday of Burns!

Throughout all the earth where a Scot has his dwelling,
This day (though the keeping of Saints' days he scorns)
He will feel in his heart, and his lips will be telling,
He honours this day—'tis the birthday of Burns!

The sailor afar on the wild trackless ocean,
 While marking the log, to his comrades turns,
 "Oh, mates," he exclaims with a burst of emotion,
 "We must not forget—'tis the birthday of Burns!"

Then blending their voices, *his* songs they are singing,
 And visions of home and of boyhood returns;
 And stern hearts are softened, and memory is ringing,
 As on the lone waters they think upon Burns!

The exile, away where the strange stars are gleaming,
 For the home of his childhood unceasingly yearns,
 Remembers this day, and with eyes brightly beaming,
 He sings o'er again the dear songs of our Burns!

When Winter is reigning in all his wild bluster,
 And "Januar' win'" with its memory returns,
 In cot and in hall, where'er Scotsmen may muster,
 Their tribute is paid to the genius of Burns!

WILLIAM PYOTT.

IN 1869, in 1883, and again in 1885, Mr Pyott published three separate editions of his "Poems and Songs," and was fortunate enough on each occasion to dispose of the entire issue. As a colporteur his wanderings embraced the wide districts lying around Blairgowrie; and his little volumes are well known in the homes where he often visited. Latterly he has returned to his earlier occupation in connection with factory work, and his writings appear less frequently than of yore. He was born in 1851 at Ruthven, and has resided at Blairgowrie since his tenth year. We give a series of selections intended to show Mr Pyott in his dominant moods; the brightness of the true lyric, the charms of nature and the affections, and a rousing patriotism pervading these as they do most of their author's excellent efforts.

BONNIE MAY.

Up amang the braes sae benty,
 Where the rousing echoes swell—
 Where the muirland winds sae genty
 Wanton wi' the heatherbell—
 Dwells a lassie, young an' cheerie,
 Lichtsome as the lauchin' ray;
 Mony a ane wad ca' her dearie,
 Could they claim oor bonnie May.

Sweet 's the blush when Phoebus kisses
 Snaigow's woods sae dewy green;
 Bright the glow when e'enin' flushes
 Clunie's loch wi' gowden sheen;
 But a sweeter blush has deepened,
 An' a brighter smile can play,
 Where the peach o' health has ripened
 On the cheek o' bonnie May.

Praise her, a' ye wimplin' burnies
 Trottin' doon the ferny steep!
 Mingle, a' ye soarin' laverocks
 Frae the blue o' heaven deep!
 Fragrant breezes o' the wild-wood,
 Flowerets opening to the day,
 Light an' beauty, love an' childhood,
 Sing the praise o' bonnie May.

Sweet 's her face sae mild an' peacefu',
 Smooth 's her white neck's shapely fa',
 Fair her tresses floatin' gracefu',
 Free as winds that roond her blaw;
 But a heart throbs in her bosom—
 O may nane that heart betray!
 Guileless truth 's the ae best blossom
 In the breist o' bonnie May.

THE SCOTTISH CLAYMORE.

You may brag o' yer weapons o' Wimbledon fame,
 But I'll show you the blade that can tyranny tame;
 Faith, I'll sing o' it yet, though its glories are o'er,
 For a sang's no' ill-waur'd on the Scottish claymore.

'Twas our trusty defence in the days past awa;
 In Scotia's wild morning, the best friend she saw;
 Owre her dreich, bloody road wi' a leal heart she bore,
 Nae freend but her God an' her gallant claymore.

When the proud Roman legions cam' in like a flood,
 Against them our fathers fu' manfully stood;
 On the heads o' their foes, wi' the micht o' auld Thor,
 Fell the lang raking blows o' the Scottish claymore!

Syne the sea-scouring Norsemen its mettle wad try;
 They cam' wi' their raven plumes dancing on high,
 But their best they left dead upon Largs bloody shore,
 An' a red reekin' blade was the Scottish claymore.

The mighty of England its prowess did scorn,
 But ours was the laurel at red Bannockburn,
 Where the mail-coated heroes lay stretched in their gore
 Wi' the death-dealing dunts o' the Scottish claymore.

Noo rusty and bluidless it hangs in the ha',
 A relic o' days that are lang passed awa';
 But there's heads wi' us yet, like the tyrants o' yore,
 That were better weel clawed wi' the Scottish claymore!

THE SLIDE.

There's no' a flower on a' the hill,
 The woods are gaunt an' bare,
 The wintry blasts are piping shrill,
 The frost is grippin' sair.
 But blithe we'll be, an' craw fu' crouse
 Here by the ingleside;
 An' when we weary in the hoose,
 We'll oot an' ha'e a slide.

O weel I mind the days sublime,
 When we were laddies a',
 We welcomed aye the jolly time
 That brocht the frost an' snaw.
 Cauld winter brocht us fun galore
 Upon his icy hide;
 The rattlin' game, the gleesome splore,
 The glory o' the slide.

Oor faithers loudly wad upbraid,
 Oor mither they wad ban;
 We didna hear the half they said—
 Sae fast awa' we ran.

For just as sure as shoon were new,
 At hame we wadna bide;
 Their threats were far beneath our view
 When we got on the slide.

Some tore along wi' awkward stride,
 Some fit to fit could close,
 An' some could on their hunkers slide,
 An' some gaed on their nose.
 But what were scaurs on cheek or brow?
 We bore them a' wi' pride;
 We stood our dunts like heroes true
 When we were on the slide.

We scoured the loch on supple pins
 Till nicht fell owre the howe;
 We focht an' greed, we fired the whins,
 An' danced around the lowe.
 Owre hedges, pailin's, dykes, an' yetts,
 Like Jehu we wad ride;
 'Twas wha wad do the boldest feats
 Returning frae the slide.

Since then our cronies, ane by ane,
 Ha'e slidden here and there,
 An' fortune on the dirly bane
 Has thumpit some fu' sair.
 Alas, that grief our fun should mar,
 Or years sae lang divide;
 I'm sure that we were happier far
 When we were on the slide.

O lads, ye wish that ye were men,
 But years slide fast awa';
 Auld age slides on us ere we ken,
 An' nichtshades round us fa'.
 May Ane aboon aye be your freend,
 Your councillor an' guide;
 Past a' the ills that downward tend
 May you ha'e pith to slide.

ALEXANDER RANKIN.

DUNDEE, Arbroath, and Brechin have each a claim on the subject of this short notice; for Mr Rankin was born at Dundee in 1842, spent his boyhood and much of his active life at Arbroath, and has been for many years resident at Brechin, where he is employed in a position of some responsibility in the works of the East Mill Spinning Co. He learned flax-dressing at Arbroath, and for some time carried on business with a partner there; but the venture was abandoned, and Mr Rankin resumed his place among his fellow-craftsmen. His poetical efforts have been made largely in the interests of the cause of Temperance; and he has contributed to the Press numerous simple songs of Nature and the Affections, similar to those which we quote from his more recent musings.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Flow on, thou mountain stream,
 Dance in the sunny beam,
 Kissed by its golden gleam,
 Glancing so bright;
 Down thy wild rugged course,
 Gaining from every source
 Speed and redoubled force,
 Seaward in flight.

Round the grey rocky mound,
 Hemmed by the lofty ground,
 Swelling in mighty sound,
 Flash thou and hiss—
 O'er the huge boulder leap,
 O'er the red granite sweep,
 Foaming above the deep
 Dark-mouthed abyss.

Down in the deepest gloom,
 Dark as the day o' doom,
 Nought but thy deaf'ning boom
 Tells where you hide—
 Through the deep rocky rift,
 By thy wild waters cleft,
 Swirling to right and left,
 Rushes thy tide.

Onward thy volume drag
 Over the cliff and crag,
 Dashing like hunted stag
 Leaping for life,
 Down to the silent pool,
 Brimming with eddies full,
 There let thy torrent cool
 End its mad strife.

Clear from the mountain gorge,
 From thy rude rocky scourge,
 Smooth now thy waters' surge,
 Limpid and pure;
 Flocks by thy flowery side
 Lave in thy cooling tide,
 Sipping thy waves that glide
 Through the wide moor.

Through the green grassy lea,
 Shaded by bush and tree,
 Glimpses we catch of thee,
 Rippling for ever;
 Singing to youth and maid,
 Ere thy bright glories fade;
 Churned by the wheels of trade;
 Gulfed in the river.

A BAIRNIE'S SANG.

Come, sing noo to my listening ear
 The simple sangs I used to hear
 In childhood, when the rafters rang,
 And echoed back the bairnie's sang.

Tunefu', yet free frae cultured art,
 They strike the chords that reach the heart;
 The troubled soul, despondent lang,
 Revives before a bairnie's sang.

They waff the mind far back, away
 To youth's wild, rompin', playfu' day,

Ere we could tell the richt frae wrang,
 And a' we cared for was a sang.

'Midst a' the wear and tear o' life,
 Its canker, care, and dinsome strife,
 Its vain pursuits, and fulsome slang,
 Nought cheers us like a bairnie's sang.

When grief or sorrow wrings the heart,
 Or malice throws its venom'd dart,
 Our solace is, where'er we gang,
 A sweet, a simple bairnie's sang.

ARCHIBALD HENRY REA.

AMONG the personal notes kindly furnished us by Mr Rea—a frequent contributor to the “Poets’ Corners” of the Dundee Press, and the author of a booklet of entertaining rhymes, entitled “Oor Twa Squads”—this very felicitous passage occurs:—“In Glamis, I saw passing to church probably the last representatives in the parish of the old-fashioned dress, consisting of kneebreeches, tailed coat with big buttons, and broad bonnet. I assisted Grannie at her last shearing, when loads of sun-bonneted shearers still went afield and the reaping machine was regarded as a novelty. In the ben-ends and loom-shops the cruises and paraffin lamps burned awhile, but one by one they went out. The hands of old weavers were folded to rest; laughing maidens, who had just mastered the weaving difficulties, turned their steps towards the towns, or took to other spheres of labour; and the wob-cart ceased to frequent the village street.”

This admirable retrospect indicates Mr Rea's faculty for inditing picturesque prose; and the pieces quoted are fair specimens of his skill in versification. Antiquarian tastes are also his possession, and we may soon have the pleasure of seeing some of the fruits of his researches among the antiquities of the neighbourhood. Mr Rea was born at Charlestown, Glamis, in 1856. His father was gifted as a speaker, and his mother as a singer; but both died while their three children were young. Educated and trained under the care of his grandparents at Glamis, Mr Rea passed to Dundee, where, after having turned his hand to various pursuits there and elsewhere, he secured his present situation in the Shore Dues Office of Dundee Harbour. He acts as treasurer to the trustees of Wallacetown Church; finds an outlet for musical and mechanical proclivities in fiddling and fiddle-making; and is personally one of the most modest and amiable of men.

THE DIVOT DYKE.

O divot dyke! O divot dyke!
 Whar wasps and bumbees build their byke,
 Gang whar I may, there's no' your like
 Outside the parish.

I've seen great cities set on hills ;
 I've seen lairge farms and auld meal-mills ;
 I've steeples seen, and het lime kilns—
 And some looked fairish ;

But when I backward turn my e'e,
 Or in my fancy picture thee,
 Then O how tame they seem to be—
 Mere common things.

But you aye bide beyond compare,
 By wood and field, 'mid caller air,
 Whar rabbits jink, and skuds the hare,
 And laverock sings.

You mind me o' the yite and plover,
 O' cornerake lood among the clover,
 O' murderin' hawks that cam' to hover
 O'er moor and furrow.

What joys lie sleepin' by your sides !
 How memory wakes them, as she glides
 Whar bluebells wave, and primrose hides,
 By bush and burrow !

Aft ha'e I viewed, frae slap and nook,
 The weebie, burr, and golden stook—
 Ere, wi' my dog an' shepherd's crook,
 I crossed the field.

'Mid glints o' beauty unsurpassed,
 'Neath eastern sky or glorious wast,
 Earth's greatest gem beside thee cast,
 To you maun yield.

CAMSERNEY DEN,

ABERFELDY.

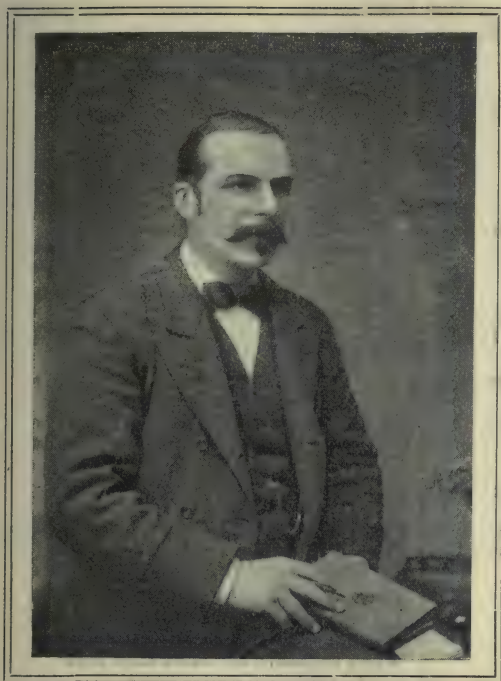
A King may love his palaces,
 A merchant boast his ha',
 But there's a spot whar I ha'e been
 Mair precious than them a'.
 I've watched the sunlight while it gleamed
 On hill and lofty ben,
 I've seen the moonlight as it streamed
 Adown the wooded glen ;
 But what are they since I ha'e dreamed
 In sweet Camserney Den ?

The eyebright was my pillow rare
 Upon a mossy knowe,
 The palmy brackens round me waved,
 And life seemed in a lowe.
 I heard the skylark singing gay,
 The tweet o' tiny wren ;
 The bleat of lambs from fields away
 Stole up the dewy glen ;
 'Mid fairy bowers the shadows play
 In sweet Camserney Den !

By rock and scaur whar waters leap
 What bonnie sights I saw,—
 The wild rasp shed its petals free
 Like flakes o' winter snaw,
 The ferns glanced frae their rocky caves,
 The troutlets now and then
 Sprang upwards frae the darkling waves
 That murmured but and ben.
 O nature sports and kindly taves
 In sweet Camserney Den !

I ken na if I was asleep
 Or dream'd wi' open e'e,
 But brightly glowed the leafy shaw,
 And golden shone each tree.
 The breath of hymns was in the wind
 That stirred around me then,
 But brightness that illumes the mind
 Aye shuns the eager pen ;
 And sae my vision bides enshrined
 In sweet Camserney Den !

ALAN REID.



WHEN one forsakes the passive aspirations of a Hamlet, and essays the active part of a Fortinbras, it is natural, betimes, that diffidence should cloud his prospect; but when the charge of egotism insinuates its graver terrors, it is well that one can plead the force of circumstance more powerful even than they. This anthology had been so long desired, and had been so often spoken and written about that its preparation seemed a matter of urgency, and its success certain. Its compiler had for many years been engaged on kindred labours in connection with *The National Choir*; and on the suggestion of action being made to him it was accepted simply as a course infinitely preferable to continued pious wishes for the appearance of

the book, or to further weary waiting on the movements of prospective compilers. And so, the gleanings of the years were gathered in one full sheaf; and this, with all it tells of love and labour, is sped to all to whom our song is dear. May it find a welcome in many a heart and home! It were well with our maids and men if all their pleasures were as true as are those now set them by the bards of Angus and The Mearns!

Alan Reid was born at Arbroath in 1853. His early years and youth were passed at Forfar, and there his bent for mechanics led him to learn the trade of cabinet-making. Music and drawing were the engrossing pursuits of his leisure, and he became a precentor long before he was out of his teens. In this capacity he acted for several years at Aberlemno and Carnoustie; and was chosen in 1877 to be precentor in one of the leading Edinburgh churches. He had some difficulty in determining whether painting or singing should be adopted professionally; but the securing of the valuable appointment under the Edinburgh School Board which he still holds, determined his future. His success as a precentor, music master, editor, and author, may be gathered from the list of works appended to this volume. His greatest desire is to be useful in his sphere and generation, and he is not without indication that in

measure this may have been realised. These varied examples of his poetic writings are taken from "Sangs o' the Heatherland," a volume of 200 pages, published by Messrs J. & R. Parlane in 1894, and which met with such success as greatly encouraged its author.

I'M A SCOT.

I'm a Scot ! an' I carena wha kens it,
 Richt prood o' the honour am I,
 An' prood o' the worthy auld mither,
 Wha's kinship I'll never deny ;
 Tho' cauldrie and sma' be her dwellin'—
 Wi' buckler and target arrayed—
 Her sons aye the fonder will cherish
 The hap o' her couthie gray plaid.
 The land o' the loch an' the river,
 The land o' the ben and the brae,
 I love it, I'll love it for ever,
 I'm a Scot frae the tap to the tae !

I'm a Scot ! an' I carena wha kens it ;
 Tho' mony the name wad misca',

I'm dootfu' gin man could inherit
 A birthricht an' title mair braw ;
 Awa' wi' the fusionless haivers
 That clink roond an' auld pedigree ;
 Whaur will ye get ony sae stainless
 As that o' the land o' the free ?

I'm a Scot ! an' I carena wha kens it ;
 Juist meddle the thistle wha daur !
 They'll maybe get mair than they wantit,
 An' Scotia be little the waur ;
 Sae lang may her banner be wavin',
 Unstained by the shadow o' wrang ;
 An' lang may her lion be rampin'
 In a blazon o' story an' sang.

AT RULLION-GREEN.

An' there they lie ! the grand auld men
 Wha huid their grip, throo richt or wrang,
 On Zion's gospel, clear an' true,
 As steively as they huid the ploo,
 Or drave their steers along.

Nae winnelstraes thae leal auld men,
 Nae diverse winds o' doctrine steered
 Their fealty to their richfu' Lord,
 Or shook their faith in nicht or word,
 By simple souls revered.

An' there they foucht ! thae brave auld men,
 An' there they met wi' front serene,

Their tyrant's serf, the fierce Dalzell,
 Wha's ruthless rage, an' purpose fell,
 Dishonoured Rullion-green.

An' there they fell ! thae dour auld men,
 An' there they hallowed wi' their bluid
 The vow that knit them to His cause
 Wha's kingship an' wha's holy laws
 In solemn cov'nant stuid.

Ay, their they lie ! thae guid auld men,
 An' there they sleep, aneath the sod,—
 Whaur dark Carnethy gairds the dale,
 An' plovers scream, an' curlews wail,—
 Till wakened by their God.

"WAT AN' WEARY."

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF THAT NAME, BY R. ALEXANDER, R.S.A.

Forrit, Maggie ; hame's afore us,
 Dreich the road an' unco lang ;
 Nocht but rain, an' windy chorus,
 Whistlin' oot an' eerie sang—
 Wat an' weary, shilpit, lame ;
 Tired an' hungry, trauchlin' hame.

Sic a bonnie morn it lookit
 When we gaed thae rigs to ploo ;
 But sic poorin'—I'm fair drookit,
 Saft an' sypit throo an' throo.
 Wat an' weary, baith the same,
 Sair forfouchen, trauchlin' hame.

Losh, Meg, hoo your lugs are hingin',
 An' ye're bauchlin' like mysel' ;
 Aye the blawin' rain keeps dinin'—
 Waur nor this nae tongue could tell ;
 Wat an' weary, cowed an' tame,
 Dowff an' dowie, trauchlin' hame.

"Lang the road that has nae turnin'"—
 We'll win hame yet, safe an' soond ;
 Bricht the clachan fires are burnin',
 Warm the he'rts that bika a' roond ;
 Wat an' weary ? dune the blame
 Aince we've fairly trauchled hame.

There's a cheery ingle yonder,
 An' a canty, cosy sta';
 There's a welcome a' the fonder
 For the storm that bladdered's a'.
 Wat an' weary? dainty dame,
 Lat's be cheery, nearin' hame.

Lang an' faist, Meg, by ilk ither
 We've been stannin', toilin' sair;
 Fegs, we're wearin' dune thegither,
 An' maun sune rest evermair.
 Wat an' weary? ay, we'll sune
 Ha'e oor weary trauchles dune!

MY CANNY AULD CHAIR.

Ilk ane has a corner he likes abune a',
 It mayna be bonnie, it mayna be braw,
 But gin it be couthie, an' cosy, an' clean,
 He'll sit there as canty as ony, I ween;
 Sae I ha'e a corner whaur I tyne my care,
 And sit like a king in my canny auld chair.

The bairnies bizz round like a bike o' wild bees;
 Their skep my auld ruskey, or aiblins my
 knees;

There's daffin', there's din, an' there's rouch-
 ness nae doot,
 But, settled securely, I'm ne'er put 'bout;
 I like their ploys rarely, what sid I like mair?
 They mak' aye sae he'rtsome my canny auld
 chair.

My dearie, aye busy wi' housewifely cares,
 Gangs briskly about the wark naebody shares,
 Wi' whiles a bit wurdie gin I'm in her wye,

Or dealin' the wildies a cloot, or a cry;
 I cannily mudge to my sanctum, for there
 I'm perfectly safe—in my canny auld chair.

As neebors forgaither when gloamin' fa's doon,
 The little anes hunker the ingle aroon,
 The sang an' the joke gar thenicht ring wi' glee,
 We're sorry at pairtin', sae happy are we;
 An' mony ane says they could hear evermair
 The stories I tell in my canny auld chair.

But Time tethers mony as he moves alang,
 That's aye been the way, an' the feckless maun
 gang,
 An' aften I'm dowie to think I maun pairt
 Wi' a' thing that's lang been the joy o' my
 he'rt;
 An' sometimes I'm thinkin', aince I am nae
 Wha'll reign owre this neuk, in my canny
 auld chair?

THAE NOISY BAIRNS.

Losh, sic a din! ye'd think the hoose
 Was fairly comin' doon;
 I'm sure there's no' a wilder set
 O' weans in a' the toon:
 They carena hoo their faither flytes,
 Nor hoo their mither wairns;
 They'll ding us oot o' hoose an' haud,
 Thae noisy, noisy bairns.

There, that's a train—hear hoo they skirl,
 An' gar the wheels gae round;
 My very heid's just like to split
 Wi' ilka skraichin' soond:
 There's horses noo—gee-up, gee-wo,
 Owre mosses, muirs, an' cairns;
 They'll rive the duds fair aff their backs,
 Thae noisy, noisy bairns.

They've coupit Curlie owre the stair!
 He's doon frae heid to fit;
 Hear hoo he roars—an' hear the rest,
 Juist lauchin' like to split:
 Gin I come up to ye, ye rogues,
 I'll gi'e ye a' yer'e fair'n's!
 They never heed a wurd I say,
 Thae noisy, noisy bairns!

Aha, they've startit up a schule,
 Juist hear them wi' the strap!
 It's nocht but palmies richt an' left,
 As faist as they can wap:
 Sure sic a schule was never seen
 In Angus or in Mearns;
 They're fair ootwith a' thack an' raip,
 Thae noisy, noisy bairns.

I wonder what's come owre them noo?
 They're a' sae quate an' still,
 I doot it bodes a' comin' storm—
 A howe afore a hill;
 I tell't ye! Chick's a meenister—
 The tricks that laddie learns!
 They'll lift the roof richt aff their kirk,
 Thae noisy, noisy bairns.

Noo, there's a fecht—weel, that cows a'—
 They're at it micht an' main;
 I canna bear to hear them greet,
 Oh, bairnies, 'gree again:
 They're vexin' whiles, an' yet my he'rt
 Wi' fondness owre them yearns;
 For, oh, far mair than tongue can tell,
 I like thae noisy bairns!

JAMES C. REID.

THIS writer is a well-known citizen of Dundee, where he has lived, and laboured as a shipbuilder's clerk, during the last forty years. He was born at Aberdeen sixty years ago, and spent his youth and early manhood at Montrose. Prominent as a worker among children, and as an elder of Ogilvie Free Church, Mr Reid is respected and admired by all who come under the inspiration of his buoyant nature. He has written a good deal, but has not published much: our example is culled from "Poems by the People."

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Hark! the hymn of praise ascending
On the stilly air is borne;
Voices sweet in chorus blending,
Heralding the Christmas morn.

In cathedral aisles are swelling
Sweetest symphonies of praise;
Angels from their lofty dwelling
Bend to join our Christmas lays.

Love of God, all loves adorning,
Lowliest of all stooped down,
Sought the shame, despised the scorning,
Bore the cross to win the crown.

Love to man all love diffusing,
Opening hearts, extending hands;
Wealth and riches nobly using
To enrich the distant lands.

Nations' brightest cor'nets sparkling,
Freedom's richest watered soil;
'Tis the Bow, when all is darkling,
Lightens care, ennoble's toil.

Welcome, welcome, Christmas olden,
Trembling with the load of years,
In thy womb are blessings folden
Of Eternity that nears.

Haste to ends of earth remotest,
Blessed orb of gospel day,
Warm with zeal and love the noblest
Nations bound in Satan's sway.

Echo wide the hallelujah
Swift o'er mount and valley borne,
Wake the ancient harp of Judah
To proclaim the Christmas morn!

WILLIAM REID.

A YOUNG Dundee writer, whose pieces in verse, and in very picturesque prose, are becoming familiar to readers of the local press, was born in the city of the Tay towards the close of the "sixties." He was educated and trained as a stationer at Dundee; and a period of residence at Scone was fruitful in directing his attention to the study of natural history, and in opening those avenues of expression which have their themes in rural life and experiences. Attendance for three years at the class of English Literature, in Dundee University College, has proved of the greatest benefit to Mr Reid, whose studies and work are full of good promise for the future. For the past five years he has acted as traveller for a leading stationery firm at Dundee. We give an example of his versification in a piece which appeared in the *Evening Telegraph*.

GLOAMIN' TIME.

I like to sit in the gloamin' time,
When the fire is burning clear,
And look back on the days,
With their pleasant ways
And their sunny memories dear;

To the cheery times "o' auld lang syne,"
Glad days long since gone by,
When the foot was light
And the eye was bright,
When no clouds o'ershadowed the sky.

Then I thought most things in the world were
And I longed to have my share [good,
Of pleasures and health,
Of wisdom and wealth,
Never dreaming of sorrow or care.

In my youthful days I drank at the wells
Of learning, pleasure, and fame,
And had gains and losses,
And joys and crosses,
But took all for the best as they came.

I've seen poor men grow wondrous rich,
And the rich grow poor again,
And men of might
Pass out of sight
As if they ne'er had been.

By experience sad I have learned since then
Of life's burdens, its griefs, and its sorrow;
But with hope well set,
And no sigh of regret,
I look for the bright to-morrow.

DAVID DEMPSTER ROBERTSON.

MR ROBERTSON—an Arbroath writer who was educated for the church—published in 1880 two small volumes of verse; the first, entitled "Damon and Ariel; or, Sonnets on Arbroath Abbey," and the other, "The Shadow over the Roof-Tree; or, the Eclipse of a Happy Home." The Sonnets number 118, and do not follow the orthodox rules of construction slavishly; but that they exhibit more facility of expression than is common to what the author terms "a maiden and imperfect performance," these quotations may show.

SONNETS.

I.

Hush'd is this lonely spot where sleep the dead;
No whisper breaks upon my listening ear;
The tomb's cold tenant has no aching head,
Nor longer trickles down his cheek the tear.
All his brief sorrows and his joys are o'er;
So listless now he seems, nor does complain
How scant or well supplied may be his store.
There is no more now left for him to gain;
Life's weary voyager, thou now dost sleep,
Heedless how Fortune may her sceptre sway—
Teaching in silence that here all must creep,
Howe'er so troubled be their little day.
Let this wise, solemn thought now press on me:
Here all must find at last equality.

III.

Lone, as I gaze on this old Abbey, flits
My fancy—borne upon a moonlight gleam—
To some dark grotto, where its spirit sits
Nursing the infant of a playful dream.
I hear her sighing o'er her unstrung harp,
Chiding the tardy hours as they flit by.
Are these relentless, and, like Time, too sharp?
This seems the meaning of her lonely cry—
"Bring back to me the happy hours I've lost,
That summer glory, when my Abbey stood
In that proud architecture, Scotia's boast,
Upread by monkish toil. St. Thomas good,
Hear'st thou my wailing, and my sighing faint;
Thou who wert Aberbrothwick Abbey's saint?"

DAVID STEPHEN ROBERTSON.

ANY poet might covet the distinction of having his verses set to music by a composer like Weiss, of *Village Blacksmith* fame. This was the fortune of D. S. Robertson, and this was the song in question :—

THE STORM-KING.

Our ship rode well
O'er the gathering swell,
And nobly stemmed the assailing waves ;
All hearts were gay,
Till the close of day,
When loud from the shore
Came the lurking breakers' roar,
And the storm-king's music from the caves.

The wind blew strong,
And the storm-king's song
Filled the bosom of our mariners with fear ;
The thunder of his tread
Shook the heavens overhead,

And the lightning's vivid flash
Striped our masts, and with a crash
Hurled them leeward through the midnight
drear.

Our foam-lashed-ship
Vainly struggled in the grip
Of the storm-king, vaunting in his sway :
Exultingly he laughed,
As he struck her right abaft,
One jerk and a bound,
Then a low and gurgling sound,
And our ship lay buried in the bay.

Baritones, in Dundee and elsewhere, will be interested to have these particulars regarding the author of a popular song, which are given in that pleasant and chatty volume, Norrie's "Dundee Celebrities":—"A young townsman of more than ordinary promise, and who was cut down at a comparatively early age, was a member of the firm of Robertson and Dryden, Manufacturers and Merchants. Possessed of more than usual ability, he very early distinguished himself in the youthful literary societies of the time. He read much, was particularly well acquainted with modern poetry, was a pleasant versifier, and could imitate the styles of the different poets. He was also gifted with a singular faculty of reproducing not only the manner but the idiosyncrasies of diction of public men; and his representations added greatly to the amusements of many a social meeting. On the occasion of the opening of the Baxter Park he attracted the notice of Sir David Baxter, who, appreciating his vigorous and honourable character, proved a valuable friend. Mr Robertson was born at Dundee in 1841, and died at Newport in 1873." As has already been mentioned, D. S. Robertson collaborated with James Donnet in the production of "Lays of Love and Progress." We quote from another source, a *prize poem* of Robertson's, written in the style approved by the radical organs of the past. As a writer his style was smoother than Donnet's, but his verses lacked that strength of imagery and diction which is the charm of all that bears the marks of the latter's hand. Curiously enough, in the volume referred to no distinction was drawn between the dual writings, which were printed in the most promiscuous and hap-hazard manner. To Mr John Paul is due the credit of obtaining from relatives of both men such information as places beyond question the correct assignment of its various items.

BETTER TIMES.

To man, along the sounding beach
 The waves roll out their organ speech,
 With frenzied chimes :
 " We come and go, and come again,
 Yet ah ! proud man, we come in vain
 To hear of crimes
 Uprooted from the world's great heart
 By better times."

In gentle tones the summer wind,
 As if with pity for mankind,
 Thus softly rhymes :
 " Faint not ; my voice is God's, and He
 Ne'er meant man's soul should timid be
 As up he climbs
 That hill whose top he yet shall see
 In better times."

" The Patriot's gory garnished sword
 Seems to invigorate its lord
 With tenfold might,
 As from oppression's inmost core
 He makes the black-grown blood to pour
 O'er slavery's chimes ;
 The dove of peace shall love to soar
 Ere better times."

Art from her august chamber looks
 With pride o'er her far-spreading books,
 And seems to say :
 " Thus far have I the mystery
 Of earth revealed to man, that he
 May think and pray ;
 My aim to man—God's great decree,
 Is better times."

KEITH ROBERTSON.

THE meteor-like career of this young journalist closed, as the result of an accident, at his native city, Dundee, in 1888, and when he was just in his twenty-first year. He was educated at Dundee High School, and studied at Edinburgh University with the intention of entering the ministerial calling. Certain literary essays made him abandon this plan, and he proceeded to London, where, after considerable conflict, he gained a fair measure of success in several minor journalistic directions. Mr Robertson wrote several slight, catchy stories, and was ready and fluent in his treatment of the general subjects that fell to his pen. His little poems are simply indications of what might have been, had his promising future been granted him. The youth made excellent use of his opportunities, and proved himself the possessor of an alert and vigorous literary faculty that might in time have reached a notable permanency.

WHEN CAULD THE NOR'LAN' BREEZES BLAW.

Oh, gang awa', thou bonnie bird,
 An' o' thy liltin' let me be ;
 O' blithesome simmer dinna sing,
 When every leaf is aff the tree ;
 Oh cease thy sang, or sing o' snaw,
 When cauld the nor'lan' breezes blaw.

Oh, gang awa', thou blithesome bird,
 An' o' thy liltin' let me be ;
 Oh, dinna sing wi' sky sae mirk,
 An' in the moanin' o' the tree ;
 Deid is the simmer an' awa',
 An' cauld the nor'lan' breezes blaw.

Oh, gang awa', thou bonnie bird,
 An' moan owre deid years in their grave ;
 For I wad fain forget them a',
 When wae is a' my heart can crave ;
 Then silent be till simmer braw,
 When nor'lan' breezes dinna blaw.

ISABELLA ROBERTSON.

THE quiet village of Bankfoot, Perthshire, has for the last fifteen years been the home of this writer of spirited Scottish poems. Devoted to her brother, the subject of our next sketch, his death some years ago was one of the severest trials of her life; and she treasures his memory, and literary remains, with a deep and abiding affection. Miss Robertson was long and well-known as a tobacconist and fancy goods merchant in Dundee—the scene of her birth in 1831; and the genial “Tammis Bodkin” recalls with pleasure the fact that he was one of her best customers. We give specimens of these sentimental and humorous verses, which appear from time to time, and under various *noms de plume*, in the press, and whose composition help not a little to cheer their author in her retirement.

LUNAN BAY.

Oh! dinna come nae mair, my lad, ye only mak' me wae,
 An' when I see ye look sae sad I kenna what to say;
 For, oh, I ken ye lo'e me weel, it's that that's grievin' me,
 I see it in your honest face an' in yer coal black e'e.

Nae need to tell your heart is true, I doubtna what ye say;
 A cosy hame ye've waitin' me wa' doon at Lunan Bay,
 Where florets grow an' lambkins play when summer days are fine,
 An' where the bonnie burnie soun's amang the scented thyme.

But, oh, it canna, canna be, my heart is no' my ain,
 An' when ye plead sae sair wi' me it gi'es me muckle pain;
 A blight has been upon my life this mony a weary day,
 I canna gae wi' you, my lad, to bonnie Lunan Bay.

A ship gaed doon—it's lang, lang syne—a waefu' day to me,
 An' a' the sunshine o' my life lies buried in the sea,
 Lies buried in the sea, my lad, an' left me in despair;
 Oh, dinna come nae mair, my lad, oh, dinna come nae mair.

DIDDLED AGAIN.

Oh, what do you think has come owre me noo?
 Nae winder I'm gaun wi' my heart at my mou',
 An' guid cause ha'e I to be doon on the men,
 For here I am jilted an' diddled again.

The first o' my jo's was lang Pate o' Myreside,
 An' after he vowed he wad mak' me his bride;
 But his maister's ae dochter enticed him awa',
 An' sae I was left wi' my back at the wa'.

The next that cam' coortin' was Sandy M'Nab,
 He'd nae muckle sense, but had plenty o' gab;
 But he was the licht o' his auld mither's e'e,
 An' she wadna lat him complouter wi' me.

An' wha neist cam' stappin' but farmer M'Lean,
 Wha said he was wearied wi' bidin' alane,
 An' if I would tak' him, he thocht I'd do fine
 For milkin' the kye and meatin' the swine.

But ae nicht the body, gaun hame i' the dark,
 Tomak' a short cut, he wad gang thro' the park;
 He fell i' the dam, sae I ne'er saw him mair,
 An' here I am left to nurse my despair.

The fates are against me, there's nae doot o' that,
 I'll just be content wi' my muckle Tam cat;
 My muckle Tam cat, an' my wee drappie tea,
 That's a' noo that's left i' the world for me.

But maybe I'm better without the hael crew,
 For them wha ha'e got them has plenty to do;
 Wi' their frettin' an' girnin', baith mornin'
 an' nicht,
 Their wives ha'e grown heartless—an unco
 like sight.

Tho' lanely I'll wander the world along,
 To keep my heart cheery I'll lilt a bit sang;
 I can gang oot or in, an' can do as I like,
 Wi' nae ane to bother, or gi'e ony fike.

Sae, lassies, be wary, an' dinna believe
 The half the men say, they are sure to deceive;
 They will blaw i' your lug, an' will speak ye sae
 fair,
 That your heart's wiled awa' lang afore you're
 aware.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON ROBERTSON.

THE sisterly affection indicated in the previous notice was centred in a subject in every respect worthy of it. William D. Robertson's was a mind of a deeply reflective nature; his amiable character endeared him to all to whom it was an influence; he was a musical enthusiast, and a good violinist; and a fondness for animals and nature was a harmonizing trait in his individuality. Born at Dundee in 1833, he, after some unhelpful experience of mill life there, learned the grocery business; and latterly became salesman of Bankfoot Provision Society, in which situation he continued till his death in 1891. His poetry, which is instinct with the devout aspirations that marked the man, at times reaches a standard of rare merit, and is always chaste and restrained both in thought and expression. A beautiful memorial volume, edited by Miss Robertson and Mr John Paul, with a sympathetically written memoir by the latter, was published last Christmas; and from it we quote these excellent and interesting examples of Mr Robertson's command of felicitous phrase and true Doric expression.

THE TOOM PLACE FILLED.

(John xi.)

I wat thae lassies were begrutten sair,
 A dowie hame was theirs as e'er ye saw;
 An' aye's their een wad licht upon his chair,
 Stannin' sae toom—ochone! the tears wid fa';
 Death gart the hoose luik no' the same ava.
 The neebors ca'd to comfort them in need;
 'Twas maistlins vain—the prap bein' ta'en awa';
 An' mair, the twa had luik'd for his remeade
 Frae Ane wha hadna come afore their brither dee'd.

They had sent timely word that he was ill
 To Him they coonted as their trusty Frien';
 He cam' na. Had He tint for them gudewill,
 That He twa days still bides whaur He had been?
 It luik'd nae like His usual, they did ween;
 But yet they cudna think their trust beleed;
 Sae wait a wee, an' syne it will be seen
 That He was still a faithfu' Frien' indeed,
 Though steerin' ne'er a fit afore their brither dee'd.

At last they laid the corpse amang his kin,
 Wha nae mair see the sun nor hear the blast;
 Whaur cease for aye the warl's strife an' din;
 For to the deid the things o' time are past.
 Thae lassies thocht o' him they'd seen the last,
 That noo frae a' thing earthly he was freed,
 And they cam' hame frae's burial sair dooncast.
 But Ane there is wha feels for he'rts that bleed:
 He comes, He comes to gi'e them back their deid!

For noo the Maister wastlins ta'en His way,
 To gi'e thae puir things he'rt'nin' His intent;
 The toon was in a steer, atweel, that day;
 The sisters ran, to meet Him they were bent;

An' Mary fell at 's feet as in a fent ;
 Syne tauld Him o' the weird 'at they had dree'd,
 An' siccan days o' sorra they had spent ;
 The while her prostrate form He meekly e'ed
 She cried, "Gin Thood'st been here, my brither hadna dee'd !"
 "Thy brither, verilie, sall rise again !"
 The Maister said, while love in 's bosom glowed ;
 An' words sic-like, whilk ne'er frae tongue nor pen
 Ha'e come afore nor since, frae 's lips there flowed.
 O, mony a thocht on them ha'e I bestow'd !
 Words, Gude be praised, whilk he that runs may read ;
 An' meelions o' oor race to them ha'e owed—
 Sic pooer ha'e they to rout a' fear an' dreed—
 The heavenly peace an' joy they had afore they dee'd.
 "Whaur ha'e ye laid him ?" syne the Maister said,
 An' Mary cannilie did guide Him where
 Her brither, in a vault near by, was laid—
 By this time neebors roun' had gathered there,—
 Sae, after twa-three words, and syne a prayer—
 "Come forth, My friend !" the Maister cried aloud—
 Save 's a' ! the deid man's feet were on the stair,
 An' oot he cam' rowed in a snaw-white shroud !
 An' ane an' a' praised God, an' lang, lang wonderin' stood.

THE MAIDEN WHA SHORE IN THE BANDWIN¹ WI' ME.

O bonnie 's the heather on Formal hill
 When waves the ripe corn aroun' Corrielea !
 'Twas there I first saw bonnie Maggie Cargill,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me—
 A weel-faured young maiden,
 A winsome young maiden,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.
 An' O, but the lassie was gentle and lo'esome !
 I ne'er will forget the love-glance o' her e'e ;
 Her lang raven locks flowin' roun' her white bosom,
 A Ruth 'mang the reapers seemed Maggie to me—
 A dark-eyed young maiden,
 A lovely young maiden,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.
 Her mien i' the cornfield was gracefu' an' queenly,
 Tho' lowly her kindred aroun' Corrielea ;
 Native beauty an' grace shone aroun' her serenely ;
 She was peerless wha shore in the bandwin wi' me—
 An artless young maiden,
 A matchless young maiden,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.
 In hairst-time we twa shore the same rig thegither ;
 At high-twal we rested aneath the same tree ;
 At e'en fondly pairted the ane frae the ither,
 Near her ain mither's cot richt abune Corrielea—
 A loving young maiden,
 A guileless young maiden,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.

¹ "Bandwin," a band, or company of shearers, relegated to cut with the sickle as much of the crop as could be bound and stooked by one harvester.

But ah, cruel fate ! when last autumn had gane,
 An' winter storms raged roun' the hills o' Glenshee,
 The ill-starred young lassie gaed forth her lea lane ;
 Her ewie had strayed far ayont Corrielea—

A tender young maiden,
 A kind-hearted maiden,
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.

We scoured hill an' dale till the gloamin', syne hurried
 A search in the glen as far up as Glenshee,
 An' there in a snaw-wreath the lassie lay buried—
 Ah, lifeless the maid wha my bride was to be !

Wae's me for the maiden !
 My loved an' lost maiden !
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.

Ceased the storm, an' thro' clud-rifts the munelicht fell streamin'
 On her face—O I'll mind o't whaur'er I shall be ;
 An' I cudna ha'e tauld was I wauken or dreamin'
 When they bore my deid maid owre the snaw-covered lea ;

Nae a tear for my maiden,
 Nor a sob for my maiden ;
 But my heart bruik, an' oh, hoo I wished I nicht dee !

In Ochterga'en kirkyard, all under the willow,
 She lies wha was sweeter than life unto me ;
 Sae I will awa' owre the deep ragin' billow,
 For Maggie Cargill never mair I shall see !

Alas ! the dear maiden !
 Alack ! the sweet maiden !
 The maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.

Frae scenes o' my youth nae mair joy can I borrow,
 Despairin' I wander aroun' Corrielea ;
 On a far foreign strand I maun bide a he'rt-sorrow
 For the maiden wha shore in the bandwin wi' me.

Then adieu to the maiden,
 My fondly loved maiden !
 And adieu to the loved scenes aroun' Corrielea !

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

IT will be readily conceded that it is a unique experience for a man of *over ninety years of age* to publish a volume of poems and sketches ! In 1893, William Robertson established this record when he gave us "The Echoes of the Mountain Muse, and Legends of the Past," a book of 106 pages of verse and prose, and the second work of the kind that he had written and published long after he had passed man's allotted span ! In company with Mr John Paul we visited the aged bard at Union Place, Lochee, in August of 1896, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He was confined to bed ; but his eye was bright, his voice sonorous, and, despite his years, he seemed the very type of an enthusiastic Scot. With wonderful vigour he told us of his meeting with the "Culloden Jacobite" of his poem, and also that he was the

only living link between dark Culloden and the present. The accounts of his age, he assured us, were not exaggerated; and on the copies of his 1893 volume that we took with us, he wrote in legible though tremulous characters, "William Robertson, aged 96." A firm believer in the marvellous and supernatural, William disclaimed all superstition, and vouched for the absolute veracity of several singular experiences narrated in his book. He was thoroughly imbued with the love of nature, legend, clan, and country, that characterizes the true Highlander—due, doubtless, to the fact that his impressionable years were spent in the Highlands—and of these he sings with remarkable vigour and grace, and the more so, it strikes us, when his years and meagre early education are considered. Mr Robertson was a native of Longforgan, but the major part of his active life was passed in fair Strathmore, and latterly at Broughty-Ferry, where he was known to every resident both as a bard and a gardener. His death occurred in June of this year, the obituary notice bearing that his age was 97. Our illustrations are taken from the volume of "Echoes," to which reference is made above.

A SUMMER MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

A sea of mist, in valleys deep,
From which dark knolls like islands rise;
And the first beams of early dawn
Are gleaming in the Eastern skies.

The mountain tops are all aflame,
The beetling cliffs have caught the glow
That streams among their pointed peaks,
And rugged outlines brightly show.

The early hawk is on the wing,
The gled moves from his rocky lair;
Ye tiny minstrels of the bush,
Be watchful now, 'tis time, beware!

And, hark! upon the widespread moors
The heathcock crows 'mong heather bells;
The timid hare is now awake,
But slyly hides in bosky dells.

The morning beams have reach'd the mists
That lie adown the valleys deep;
In sparkling wreaths they slowly rise
Up the frowning rocky steep.

The shepherd scales yon lofty height,
His faithful dog his labour shares;

They look all round, for both must know
How with their fleecy charge it fares.

Now lake, and stream, and waterfall
Flash back the gilded beams of morn;
In lonely glen, from Highland homes
Blue curling smoke is upward borne.

Amid such stirring scenes as these
I look with sadness on the past,
And miss our stalwart clansman now
Erst reared and cradled in the blast.

Brave-hearted men, whose flashing steel
Was ever seen in battle's van,
Crushed out, exiled, the heroes are
That formed the manhood of the clan.

Shades of the brave who trod these hills
And fallen have in foreign lands,
The record of your deeds can tell
The valour of the mountain bands.

The bonnet, plaid, and philabeg
Have swelled the roll of martial lore,
The pibroch still the echoes wake
That streamed from Ossian's harp of yore.

A CULLODEN JACOBITE.

It happened ance upon a time
Whan Donald Gow was in his prime,
An' fou o' fun an' glee,
He met a wheen o' Hielan' chieks—
A' rantin', roarin', reckless chieks,
An' bent upon a spree.

They marshall'd were by Donald Gow,
An' landed in the Tallysow,
Then kept by ane Macphee,
An' there they met, uncow'd by eild,
A hero of Culloden field—
Nae brisker man than he.

When sappit wi' the mountain dew
 The fun an' mirth still louder grew—
 An' wild the soun' did swell.
 They sang, they reel'd wi' mad delight,
 Still the Culloden Jacobite
 Among them bore the bell.
 Wi' staff an' pot lid for a targe,
 He show'd hoo clansmen fiercely charge
 Wi' deadly thrust an' blows.
 Sae fiercely grew his martial rage,
 He fairly seem'd ance mair to wage
 The battle wi' his foes.

From mem'ry's roll I canna tyne
 The stalwart clansmen o' langsyne :
 They were a noble race—

Brave heroes of the hill an' glen,
 Ance nursing-ground o' gallant men—
 Ye gods ! what fills their place ?
 The hero of the forty-five,
 I see him yet as when alive,
 The brave auld Jacobite,
 Wha that day in the Tallysow
 Did show, though hoary was his pow,
 He still was fu' o' fight.

Peace to his manes, now lang since gane ;
 An' I am left, the only ane
 That saw him in his glee ;
 His banes are mixed wi' kindred dust,
 His fiery soul is noo, I trust,
 Frae strife an' battle free.

A SONG.

My cot stands in a cosy nook,
 Doon in a bonnie glen,
 And by the door a burnie rins,
 Within, a but an' ben.
 The wild flow'rs blaw in summer time
 And scent the balmy air,
 But nae a flow'r among them a'
 Wi' Bella can compare.
 I've four milk-kye an' scores o' sheep,
 And lots o' wabs an' gear,
 A' will be yours, an' ae true heart—
 I canna gi'e you mair.

An' when the sun is sinking low
 Far in the glowin' West,
 I tune my pipes an' play a spring,
 The air you like the best.

We'll rove at eve wi' lightsome hearts
 The fragrant birks amang,
 An' watch the sportive lambs, an' join
 The blackbird in his sang.

An' you shall be my bonnie lass,
 The pride o' a' the glen ;
 An' wi' thy smile an' bonnie face
 Adorn my but an' ben.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

FEW of our minor poets have fared so well at the hands of their brethren of the lyre as has the author of that Peasant Classic "Helenore," and of several songs which have from their first appearance enjoyed a large measure of esteem and popularity. Burns termed him "our true brother, Ross of Lochlee . . . a wild warlock": the eminent Dr Blacklock esteemed his "Fortunate Shepherdess" as the equal of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd": and Dr Beattie, as we have shown, wrote regarding him:—

"O Ross ! thou wale of hearty cocks,
 Sae crouse an' canty wi' thy jokes !
 Thy hamely, auldwardl muse provokes
 Me, for a while,
 To ape our guid plain countra folks
 In verse and style."

Alluding to "Helenore," a quotation from which follows, the latter distinguished author and critic averred, "Many genuine strokes of nature and passion, and many beautiful touches of picturesque description are to be seen

in this work"; an opinion which strikingly reflects the measure of the appreciation that, in other days, was awarded this creation of wild Lochlee in almost every Northern rural home.

HELENORE'S VISION.

As she hauf sleepin', and hauf waukin' lay,
An unco din she hears o' fouk and play;
The sough they made gar'd her lift up her een,
And O the gatherin' that was on the green!
O' little foukies clad in green and blue,
Kneefer and trigger never trod the dew;
In mony a reel they scamper'd here and there,
Whiles on the yerd, and whiles up i' the air:
The pipers played like ony toutin' horn,
Sic sicht she never saw since she was born.
As she's behaddin' all this mirthfu' glee,
Or e'er she wist, they're dancin' i' the tree
Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees
That swarm in search o' honey round the trees;
Fear's like to fell her, reed that they sud fa'
And smore her dead, afore she wan awa';
Syne in a clap, as thick's the motty sin,
They hamphis'd her with unco fike and din.
Some cried, Tak' ye the head, I'se tak' a fit,
We'll le'er her up on this tree head to sit,
And spy about her. Others said, Out fy,
Let be, she'll keep the King o' Elfin's kye.
Another said, O, gin she had but milk,
Then sid she gae frae head to fit in silk;
Wi' castin's rare, and a gueed nourice-fee,
To nurse the King o' Elfin's heir Fizzee.
Syne ere she wist, like house aboon her head,
Great candles burnin', and braw tables spread;
Braw dishes reekin', and just at her hand,
Trig green coats sairin', a' upon command.
To cut they fa', and she amang the lave;
The sight was bonnie, and her mou'd did crave:
The mair she ate, the mair her hunger grew,
Eat what she like, and she could ne'er be fu';
The knible elves about her ate ding-dang,
Syne to the play they up and danc'd and flang;

Drink in braw cups was ca'd about gelore;
Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore.
Syne in a clap the fairies a' sat down,
And fell to crack about the table roun'.
Ane at anither speer'd, Fat tricks play'd ye,
When in a riddle ye sail'd owre the sea?
Quoth it, I steal'd the King o' Sweden's knife,
Just at his dinner, sittin' by his wife,
When frae his hand he newlins laid it down:
He blam'd the steward—said he'd been the loun;
The sakeless man denied, syne yeed to look,
And liftin' o' the tableclath, the nook
I gae't a tit, and tumbled o'er the bree;
Tam got the wyte, and I gae the te-hee;
But quoth anither, I play'd a better prank,
I gar'd a witch fa' headlins in a stank,
As she was ridin' on a winlestrae,
The carling gloff'd and cried out, Will awae!
Anither said, I coupit Mungo's ale
Clean heels o'erhead, fan it was ripe and hale,
Just when the tapster the first chapin' drew,
Then bade her lick the pail, and aff I flew.
Had ye but seen how blate the lassie look'd
When she was blam'd, how she the drink mis-
cook'd!

As she's behaddin' ilka thing that past,
Wi' a loud crack the house fell down at last;
The reemish put a knell into her heart,
And frae her dream she wak'ned wi' a start:
She thought she couldna' scape o' being smor'd,
And at the fancy loudly cried and roar'd,
Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,
And fand for a' the din she wasna dead;
But sittin' body-like, as she sat down,
But ony alteration, on the groun'.

Alexander Ross was born at Torphins, Kincardine-o'-Neil, in 1699. His parents were people in easy circumstances, and gave their son a University education. In 1732, and after serving as tutor and teacher in various situations, he settled as schoolmaster of Lochlee, where he lived and laboured till his death in 1784. Not till he was seventy years of age did Ross give serious attention to poetic composition; but when "Helenore," with a few songs appended, was first published in 1768, it was at once hailed as a genuine and valuable production of the Doric muse. The humble dominie, described by Beattie as "a good-humoured, social, happy old man," sprang into immediate fame; and had the pleasure of knowing personally, and in many

ways, the great esteem in which his work was held. Such lyrics as are those which follow were soon "in everybody's mouth," and Beattie's prediction that

"Ilka Angus an' Mearns bairn
Thy tales an' sangs by heart shall learn"

was happily verified during the lifetime of their amiable and venerable author.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
She louted her down and her rock took a-lowe,
And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
She sat and she grat, and she flaet and she flang,
And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and wrang,
And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't!

I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinnin' o't:
For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me,
But ye shall hae leave baith to hang and to draw me
The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

I hae keepit my house now these threescore o' years,
And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that spiers,
For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw
That ilk ane maun hae a sark,—some maun hae twa,—
The warld was better when ne'er ane ava
Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
How can we hae face to seek a great fee
Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cloaks,
And some other things that ladies ca' smocks;
And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
And pu' what we can at the spinnin' o't?

THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

Hey the bonnie, how the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breist-knots!
Tight and bonnie were they a'
When they got on the breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this toun,
And till't the lasses a' were boun',
Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancin' buckles on their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a fraise,
And wished the lassie happy days;
And meikle thoct they o' her claes,
And 'specially the breist-knots.

For the fullest information regarding Ross and his poetry, published and unpublished, we beg to refer the interested reader to "Up Glenesk," an admirable history of that locality and its "lions," by one of our Bards, the Rev. James Paul. In transcribing the more popular of Ross's songs, we have chosen instead of the common version of "Woo'd an' Married an' a'," a literal copy taken by Mr John Paul from the original MS. of the author, preserved in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. The curious will find it of interest to compare this with the song as in current circulation, and erroneously attributed to Ross, as this correct version has often been to Mrs Scott of Dumbarton.

WOO'D AN' MARRIED AN' A'.

Woo'd an' married an' a',
 Married an' woo'd an' a';
 The dandilly toast o' the parish
 Is woo'd an' married an' a'.
 The wooers will now ride thinner,
 An' by when they wanted to ca';
 'Tis needless to speer for the lassie
 That's woo'd an' married an' a'.
 The girse had na freedom o' growin'
 As lang as she wisna awa',
 Nor in the toon could there be stowin'
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 For drinkin', an' dancin', an' brulries,
 An' boxin' an' shakin's o' fa',
 The toon was for ever in tulyies;
 But noo the lassie's awa'.
 But had they but kent her as I did,
 Their errand it wad hae been sma';
 She neither kept spinnin' nor cardin',
 Nor brewin' nor bakin' awa'.
 But wooers ran a' mad upon her,
 Because she was bonnie an' braw,
 An' sae I dread will be seen on her,
 When she's by hand, an' awa'.
 He'll roose her but sma' that has married her,
 Noo when he's gotten her a',
 An' wish, I fear, he had miscarried her,
 Tocher an' ribbons an' a'.
 For her airt it lay a' in her dressin';
 But gin her braws ance were awa',
 I fear she'll turn oot o' the fashion,
 An' knit up her moggans wi' straw.
 For yesterday I yeed to see her,
 An' oh, she was wondrous braw,
 Yet she cried to her husband to gie her
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa.

He up, an' he set doon beside her
 A reel an' a wheelie to ca';
 She said, Was he this gate to guide her?
 An' oot at the door an' awa'.
 Her neist road was hame till her mither,
 Who speer'd at her noo, How was a'?
 She says till her, Was't for nae ither
 That I was married awa',
 But gae an' sit doon to a wheelie,
 An' at it baith nicht an' day ca',
 An' hae the yarn reel'd by a cheelie,
 That ever was cryin' to draw?
 Her mither says till her, Heigh, lassie,
 He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;
 Ye'll hae little to put in the bassie,
 Gin ye be backward to draw.
 'Tis noo ye should work like a tyger,
 An' at it baith wallop an' ca',
 As lang's ye hae youth-heid an' vigour,
 An' little anes an' debt are awa'.
 Sae swythe awa' hame to your haddin',
 Mair fool than when ye cam awa';
 Ye mauna noo keep ilka waddin',
 Nor gae sae clean-fingered an' braw;
 But mind wi' a neiper you're yokit,
 An' that ye your end o't maun draw,
 Or else ye deserve to be dockit;
 Sae that's an' answer for a'.
 Young Luckie noo finds hersel' nidderd,
 An' wistna weel what gate to ca';
 But wi' hersel' even consider'd,
 That hamewith were better to draw,
 An' e'en take her chance o' her landin',
 However the matter might fa';
 Fouk needna on frets to be standin',
 That's woo'd an' married an' a'.

Though Ross wrote pretty largely, leaving a considerable MS. collection which Dr Longmuir appraises very highly, he was advised by his friends not to publish further than has been indicated. His fame rests on his Scottish

Classic, "Helenore"—still worthy of careful reading, with its graphic description of old customs and nearly obsolete characteristics and dialect—and the few songs which have passed into our standard poetic literature. Many editions of "Helenore" have seen the light; among these one published at Dundee in 1812, with life by the poet's grandson, Rev. Alexander Thomson, minister of Lintrathen; and notably that of 1866, edited by Dr Longmuir, one of the favourite bards of the Mearns, an enthusiastic admirer of Ross, and the ablest editor he has had. Carlyle's words in acknowledgment of a copy of the latter edition may fitly close this notice:—"Ross's strange helpless chauntings and dreamy delineatings of a Highland Arcadia and Wonderland have left on me an impression which is unique in my experience; and marks poor Ross to me as one of the truest, though most down-pressed, of Nature's own sons of song."

JAMES ROSS.

THIS Forfar bard—the precise date of whose birth, though assigned to the latter part of last century, is matter of conjecture—displayed in his writings, and especially in the prefaces to his three small collections of poems, more genuine native ability, and a higher faculty of pure humour, than is common to the race of weaver poets to which he belongs. In his first publication, Ross claims his descent "from as long a line of ancestors as the greatest Peer in the realm; nevertheless, he knew no greater progenitor than his father, who served as a sergeant in that war in which we lost our tobacco settlements." He goes on in his quaint fashion to inform us that "He was sent *early* to school, but was *late* in acquiring knowledge. Mason's Collection and the Rule of Three were the utmost limits of his reading and arithmetic; but, in keeping his accounts, he seems to have been better acquainted with Division and Reduction than with Addition or Multiplication." "A Peep at Parnassus"—printed by Anderson, Forfar, in 1821—is the most striking of the brochures published by Ross. It is cast in the form of a vision, in which some of the deities, with various modern bards of distinction, convene and sing divertingly each in his peculiar or individual manner. The performances are introduced by some very clever periphrase, part of which is well worth quoting:—"There is another expedient very much in vogue now, and that is to fall asleep, dream, awake, rub the eyes, and print. Dreaming has many advantages;—it has both the example and sanction of the Laureate [Southey]; it is pure imagination, one of the first requisites of poetry; it precludes all criticism, both poetical and political; and relieves the Author of the necessity of making any apology for imperfection"; etc. But Ross did not remain a dreamer, for he informs us in his "Chaplet" that he was "unhorsed from Pegasus, and precipitated from the sublime regions of poesy into the dull regions of prose, where he wrote his 'Essay on Drunkenness,' and commenced moralist." That Ross was a poet of many moods, and of outstanding merit among his compeers, is fully borne out by the numerous examples of his muse which are extant. He excelled in Humour of the tough-grained type which

suit his times, but his sentimental and patriotic ditties have many commendable features also. Our last quotation was honoured in being sung for over one hundred consecutive nights in London, when the air was charged with *Waterloo*; and the other pieces deserve to live, though judged entirely on their merits.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

The gloamin' hour I wadna gi'e
For a' the ither twenty-three,
Whether I linger on the lea,
Or loll upon the green;
Or listen to the lonely wave,
Or shelter in the gloomy cave,
While howling blasts around us rave,
If thou art with me, Jean.

The laverock blithely hails the dawn,
The lintie cheers at noon the lawn,
And sweetly, too, when ev'nin's fa'en,
The mavis sings unseen;

But sweeter is thy voice than a'
The feathered choir o' Fithie's shaw,
When gloamin' shades begin to draw
Around us, bonnie Jean.

The flower is fairest in the morn,
When on the breeze its balm is borne;
But sweeter is the bloomin' thorn
That scents the gale, I ween,
While gloamin' spreads her azure veil
Upon the mountain and the dale,
And kindly we the Curfew hail,
That greets us, bonnie Jean.

THE THISTLE.

The Emerald Isle has mony a gem,
And Albion mony a stately stem,
While Caledonia, cauld by them,
Has reared the spiny Thistle:
Yet not a gem bespeaks mair worth,
Nor Oak e'er sent mair prowess forth,
Than this rare plant, nursed in the north,
That Scotsmen ca' the Thistle.

Nane safely shall this plant provoke,
Has mony a hero's word bespoke,
Since Wallace and brave Carrick broke
The chain that bound the Thistle;
And when beside the blushing Rose,
And Shamrock that sae verdant grows,
Yet nane mair native glory shows
Than Caledonia's Thistle.

On Europe's crimson-dyed domain,
Or orient India's gowden plain,
Or Isles ayont th' Atlantic main,
They brawly ken the Thistle;
For Abercromby, Moore, and Graham,
Wi' mony a hero's deathless name,
Set high upon the rolls o' Fame,
Were born beside the Thistle.

In faith as firm as Grampian hill,
As Boreas free, that soughs at will,
And pure as ilka Norlan' rill,
Are those that guard the Thistle;
Then may its motto still incite
Deeds that will show, in glory bright,
Nane wi' impunity shall blight
Auld Scotia's pride, the Thistle!

THE GARLAND OF PEACE.

O! great were thy heroes, Marengo and Lodi,
When baleful Ambition bade Mercy adieu;
And great were thine, Jena, and Austerlitz bloody,
Yet greater, far greater, are thine, Waterloo!

Chorus—I'll weave a gay Garland, with Laurels entwining
Round Roses, and Thistles, with Shamrock combining;
A garland with Olive, and Palm still inclining
Round Roses, and Thistles, with Shamrock combining
To crown our famed heroes who fought Waterloo.

Here eagle-eyed Wellington's flag once unfurled,
Brave Uxbridge his slaughter-winged scimitar drew;
Bold Picton destruction on neighing hosts hurled,
To plant the fair Olive to mark Waterloo.

No more shall Napoleon his Eagles unpinion,
 Nor Perjury more aid his oath-swerving crew ;
 No more shall War's demons dilate his dominion,
 Nor blast the fair Olive that marks Waterloo.

May Europe this Emblem of harmony nourish,
 Nor form the wild wish of contending anew ;
 And O ! may the blossoms of Liberty flourish,
 Enwreathed with the Olive on great Waterloo !

But Laurels are mingled with Cypress and Willow,
 And plume-crested Palms with the cheer-chilling Yew !
 For low lie our heroes on Honour's broad pillow,
 Whose blood nursed the Olive on famed Waterloo !

MARGARET RUSSELL.

THE writer of a poem entitled "The Name and the Memorial"—which extends to 121 stanzas, and is of considerable literary merit throughout—was a Dundee lady who died in 1866. In the same year her friends printed the piece for private circulation, and as a memento of one they esteemed. Quotation is somewhat difficult ; but the following verses are fairly indicative of the general style and quality of the work.

THE NAME AND THE MEMORIAL.

EXTRACTS.

Great King of Day ! with regal pomp attired,
 In every age, in every clime, admired,
 At whose bright presence every shade recoils,
 And nature hails thee with her richest smiles.

First to the eastern skies direct thy sight
 When he advances to dispel the night ;
 Behold his fiery rays prepare his place
 As harbingers he sends before his face.

And now, awakened by his eastern glow,
 The feathered tribes their morning hymns
 bestow ;
 While fruits and lively verdure own his power,
 And sparkling dew-drops mark each opening
 flower.

And now, advanced to his meridian height,
 O'er the broad hemisphere he pours his light ;
 All varied nature quickens in his beams,
 And every track with life and vigour teems.

The calm of twilight—nature seems to pause,
 The sun to visit other climes withdraws,
 Another scene then steals upon our sight ;
 The moon comes forth to rule the silent night.

In milder radiance she her form displays,
 As Queen of night amid the vaulted skies,
 The stars as courtiers, all assembled round,
 With sparkling brightness the whole scene is
 crowned.

O Thou Almighty ! Thee to trace I've sought
 Till words have failed to bethedress of thought,
 Sublime emotions must outlive the sounds ;
 Thought, do thine utmost, yet thou too hast
 bounds.

Then, sacred muse, thy feeble efforts cease,
 A passing shadow can no longer trace,
 Thought jumbles thought till every power's
 engross'd,
 I pause, in silent admiration lost !

JOHN SANDS.

THIS writer, who is a son of John Sim Sands, and a native of Arbroath, has taken a respectable place in literature; his book, "Out of the World, or Life at St. Kilda," having been instrumental in drawing the attention of masses of interested readers to the inhabitants of that solitary island. Mr Sands is a contributor of poetry to various publications; and it will be interesting to reproduce here his "Address" to one with whom his grandparent was so closely associated.

TO THE SHADE OF GEORGE MEALMAKER.

Soldier of Freedom, and her martyr too!

Who, armed with little but persistent zeal,
Fought in the van against the despot crew
That ruled the nation with a rod of steel,
Fain would the grandson of thy friend proclaim
Thy noble conduct, and revive thy name.

Thy fellow-martyrs have been recognised
As men of whom their country may be proud;
Who by the tyrant State were sacrificed
On purpose to intimidate the crowd:
And to perpetuate their memory
An obelisk was raised, but not to thee.

Yet thou wert steadfast in that evil time;

None fought more bravely, and none suffered
Cast into prison twice without a crime, [more;
And then transported to a desert shore, [wife,
Where, far from home, from children, and from
Buried alive, thou closed thy blameless life.

Patience, my friend! the hour approaches fast
When statues that our streets and squares
Will from their lofty pedestals be cast, [disgrace
And those of better men obtain their place;
And when that happy hour arrives, I trust
Space will be found to hold thy name or bust.

In 1888, Mr Sands published at Arbroath a handsome volume of over 100 pages of poems, entitled "King James' Wedding, and other Rhymes," with abundant illustrations drawn by himself, Charles Keene, and others, excellently prefaced in verses, which are dated from Shetland. The principal poem deals, in a manner that is reminiscent of the style of the author's father, with that incident in Scottish history of the King so bravely setting out for Denmark, and, despite all difficulty, bringing home his foreign bride. These quotations of local and biographic interest will be welcomed by many who, for association's sake, may be induced to peruse the volume from which they are taken.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

EXTRACT.

In the days of my childhood, when railways were few,
And gaudy stagecoaches through Forfarshire flew,
And guards on keyed-bugles played right merrily,
I was taken to look at the sights of Dundee.

How bustling and big seemed the town in my eyes,
How foreign the customs and curious the cries;
Balsora or Bagdad not stranger could be
Than the streets and the natives of Bonnie Dundee.

The Barracks and Bridewell I gazed at with awe,
And the rickety train that was drawn up the Law;
The Town House and window were both shown to me,
Where rogues in a halter were hung in Dundee.

The *Howff* with its medley of quaint sculptured stones—
 Below one of which lay my grandfather's bones
 At rest after battles by land and by sea—
 I surveyed on my jaunt to Bonnie Dundee.

MY NATIVE TOWN.

Some six miles distant on the starboard beam,
 And almost level with the wave, appears
 A little town, half hid in smoke and steam,
 Which has been strange to me for many years;
 And though the view is tame as view can be,
 Yet in the heart it deeply moveth me.

For in that town I first beheld the light
 Of the bright sun, and felt its warmth at
 noon; [night,
 There first surveyed the glittering stars at
 And gazed in wonder at the solemn moon;
 There saw the sea, upon whose silver zone
 Ships sunk from sight to visit lands unknown.

Though small the town and commonplace
 the trade, [deafening din,
 Though there steam-spindles raised a
 And canvas looms a ceaseless clinking made,
 And tars blasphemed as ships warped out
 and in,

And ancient fish-like smells perfumed the air,
 Heaven lay around our childhood as elsewhere.

There life in many colours could be seen,
 And all the passions good and bad at play,
 And there, within the churchyard rank and
 green, [grey,
 Where stands the shattered abbey old and

I learnt what death meant, as with awe
 profound
 I saw the bones of men dug from the ground.

Although the land around is low and bare,
 Not so when young did it appear to me,
 When with unwearied feet I wandered there,
 Far from the coast and often by the sea;
 When every rural smell, and sound, and
 sight
 Made my heart throb with passionate delight.

Primeval forests since that distant time,
 And sea-like lakes and rivers have I seen,
 And mighty cataracts and cliffs sublime,
 And mountain peaks with tropic boscage
 green;
 But in such scenes I never felt the joy
 That filled my heart when rambling there a
 boy.

Dear is the place where we were bred and
 born!

More dear than in our common moods we
 know;

Though we may leave it never to return,
 And in the earth keep shifting to and fro,
 Our hearts to it by strong mysterious chains
 Continue bound whilst life in them remains.

JOHN SIM SANDS.

THE son of an Arbroath man—Robert Sands, who also claims some notice among our bards—J. S. Sands was born at Perth in 1798. He became a lawyer, and for many years prior to 1844, when he removed to Perth, he practised as a "Writer" at Arbroath. Many of his poems, which were published in 1833 under the title, "Poems on Various Subjects: Political, Satirical, and Humorous," are on local subjects; but the dangerous weapon of satire lost none of its dire qualities in his hands. One of his creations, "Deacon Elshender," a sort of local "Munchausen" or "John o' Arnha," gave him a standing in Arbroath almost coincident with that of George Beattie at Montrose; and his general writing is that of a man of considerable ability, who could transcribe his musings in very forcible language. As the publisher of Arbroath's first and short-lived paper the *Arbroath Argus*, and as a writer to various periodicals, Sands secured an excellent local literary reputation. He died at Perth in 1865. His volume of poems contain 220

pages, has a list of 300 subscribers, and is dedicated to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Arbroath.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

Bright emblem of my country dear, 'neath which my sires have bled,
Oh ! ever verdant be thy leaf and crimsoned be thy head ;
Upon each hill and mountain fair, where a slave's foot ne'er hath been,
Oh ! proudly may the thistle wave its stem of lovely green :
Oh ! gaily may the thistle grow ; oh ! beauteous may it bloom,
The flower that twines its wreaths around the bonnet and the plume ;
That in a thousand fields of fame victorious still has been,
And waved triumphant high its head—its leaves of evergreen.

Oh ! proudly may the thistle wave on mountain, plain and lea,
The symbol of fair Scotland—the emblem of the free,
That springs upon the patriot's grave, and flowers upon the urn
Of Wallace dear of Elderslie, and Bruce of Bannockburn :
Oh ! ever may the thistle wave on high its crimson crest ;
The gallant badge our monarch wears implanted on his breast,
The sign of faith and loyalty and honour bright I ween ;
Oh ! ever o'er us may it wave its leaves of lovely green.

Oh ! gaily may the thistle grow ; oh ! ever may it shine,
And round the peasant and the prince its hallowed wreaths entwine ;
That still the bane of demagogues and traitors vile has been,
And o'er them waved its honoured crest, its leaves of evergreen :
Oh ! ever proudly may it wave—the emblem dear to me !
The guardian of our native land, the ruler of the sea ;
That still to fame and victory has led us on I ween,
And o'er a host of foreign foes has waved its leaf so green.

It savours somewhat of placing a premium on lying by honouring "Deacon Elshender" with any notice at all ; but the erstwhile popularity of the narratives, which are mainly paraphrases of the stories told by a veritable local character who acted at one time as Abbey Keeper, demands that a quotation—and we will "draw it mild"—be made from the leading work of its author.

DEACON ELSHENDER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

But I'm relapsin' ; whiles the soul
Is apt to tak' a rigmarole,
And o' her tale to lose the string ;
Regardless time is on the wing,
Armed with his glass, and scythe, and dart,
To mak' the dearest friends to part.
Ech, ay ! whar was I ?—ou ay, weel,
My honest father, decent chiel,
Seein' that nature in me puts
A little mair nor crap and guts,
What does he do without my kennin'
But ships me aff post haste for Lunnon !
To mak' amo' the Cockneys cash,
And knock their blacksmiths a' to smash.
He took me sleepin' on his back,
Frae Abbey Pend down to the smack,
And shipped me there—the deil an e'e
I opened for hours ninety-three ;
Although the smack had fought ae day

Wi' twenty privateers, they say ;
And though she rowed juist like an otter,
And her auld planks were saft as butter,
I never heard the cannons pappin',
Nor heard a mush till juist at Wappin'
We touched the beach and left the deep
After four days' refreshing sleep ;
I started up a' kind o' famished,
An' no' a little, faith, astonished,
To find me in the midst o' Lunnon,
An' my wide pouches deil a coin in ;
But I saw things sae new and rare,
For meat and drink I didna care,
And absolutely think I could
I' the end have lived but drink or food,
Had I not been accustomed to them,
And was obligat that way to ha'e them.
Aweel, we landit at the ferry,
Wi' a scushel thing they ca' a wherry,

No muckle bigger in her keel
 Than a common ordinair' washin' skeel,
 In whilk you sit into the middle,
 And on ilk side you use a paidle,
 Just like the laddies o' our burn,
 To gar them flee or gar them turn;
 I coontit at the Wappin' stair
 Thae kind o' trash, and pair by pair,
 And guess hoo mony think you I
 In ae half-hour see'd sailin' by?
 Just a hunder thousan', a' but ane!
 An' for an anchor they ha'e a stane
 That they fling owre amid the faem,
 An' t' stops them fairly in the stream,
 Better than the best anchor far
 They use aboard a man-o'-war;
 But I had maist forgot to tell ye
 A curious thing that here befell me;
 Just as I'm stappin' up the gaet

Frae Wappin' Stairs to Billingsgate,
 That I'd sae often heard and read
 About, what d'ye think I see'd
 Lyin' upon the dusty street?
 But a large purse, haill and complete!
 As fu' o' gowd, tied wi' a garten,
 As e'er o' meat ye saw a partan;
 And sew'd in silk upon the cloth,
 "James E——r, Blacksmith, Arbroath";
 As sure's I live, my father's purse
 He lost in Lunnon, at the Corse,
 When journeyman, I've heard him tell,
 Fifty year syne at Clerkenwell!
 It was a godsend here that came to
 His son, that deil a ane had dreamt o',
 An' in a maist surprisin' manner,
 To fill my pouch and pay my dinner,
 Whilk noo I thought I might digest
 After sae lang a fast and rest.

ROBERT SANDS, father of the foregoing bard, was, presumably, born at Arbroath in 1764. He became embroiled in the "Mealmaker" and other Radical risings, and ultimately was ruined through adhesion to revolutionary principles. He emigrated to Canada, leaving his son, John Sim, to the care of a friend at Coupar-Angus, and settled at Quebec, where he lived through teaching, and where he died in 1814. When lying in Arbroath prison with his friend Mealmaker, he composed the following poem, which is the only specimen of his rhyming known to exist.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Oh, Liberty! thou darling maid,
 Hear our request, we do implore ye;
 Oh grant to us thy powerful aid,
 And we for ever will adore ye.
 Too long has thy bright form been hid—
 That form which yields the greatest pleasure;
 By knaves too long has man been led,
 And robbed of thee his only treasure.
 Kings and priests in every age
 Have held it as their bounden duty
 To oppose, with the most violent rage,
 The smallest knowledge of thy beauty;

But man at length begins to know
 His own importance and thy glory,
 And all that tyrants now can do
 Will ne'er one moment stand before ye.
 Without thy aid no man can live
 A happy life in any station;
 Thy beauties do all blessings give,—
 Without them mischief and vexation.
 Then come and shine in every land,
 Bring peace and knowledge in thy features;
 'Tis thou that tyrants can command,
 And give all blessings to the creatures.

ANDREW SCOTT.

EIGHT years ago, the attention of Carnoustie people was centred on a *bill* which announced the sale of the business effects of a local merchant. The poster had an addenda of a remarkable kind, and which lifted it to a level rarely attained by such literature. It ran as follows:—"N.B.—A. Scott takes this opportunity of publicly tendering his sincere thanks to the Inhabitants of Carnoustie and Vicinity, who have supported him during the long period of thirty-six years. He will ever hold them in grateful remembrance. The very few who have 'diddled' him he pities, and freely forgives."

The unique character of the man comes out so clearly here, that it seems as if the last word biographical had been said. Only a born humorist could have achieved the standing Carnoustie reputation earned by such jokes; but the habit of Humour by no means exhausts the list of Andrew Scott's gifts and graces. His philosophical and mathematical turn of mind has occasioned many newspaper letters and articles on themes varying from the Squaring of the Circle, to those involved in the Social and Political questions of the day; the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music have yielded many of their secrets to his alert mind and earnest application; while his devotion to the muses, though somewhat intermittent, has been sincere and successful. Mr Scott was born at Arbirlot in 1821, and now lives in retirement at Letham, Forfar, an active, useful, and much esteemed member of that village community. His early years were spent in toil, and his training conducted amid the most untoward auspices. But with "aye a heart abune them a'," he has risen clear of every hardship and misfortune; and his old age finds him numbered among the kindest of friends, the most genial of companions, and the ablest of humble men. We quote one of his racy parodies, a piece which, when it first appeared, was copied into numerous papers; a corner of the *Scotsman*, no less, gaining for it wide publicity, and consequent popularity.

THE SLEEP OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

Composed on reading a statement by Rev. Dr Guthrie that he had seen 600 persons sleeping at one time in a church at Thurso, which he had visited.

Half a nod, half a nod,
Half a nod downward,
All through the house of God
Nod the six hundred.
Down went the heavy head
(So the great Guthrie said);
Soundly through all the kirk
Slept the six hundred.

Sleep on, ye dull brigade—
Lift not a single head;
Sleep till your number's ta'en,
Lest it be blundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to heave a sigh,
Theirs but to sleep and lie;
Deaf to the words of life
Lay the six hundred.

Counting to right of him,
Counting to left of him,
Counting in front of him,
Had he but thundered!
Vainly the preacher roared,
Snugly they slept and snored,
Into the crowded pew,
Heads on the Bible board,
Dozed the six hundred.

Flashed all their lovely hair,
Flashed all their ribbons rare,
Fanning the sleepers there—
Lullaby, Lullaby—
Need it be wondered?
Then the precentor rose,
Right through the line he goes;
Sleeper and slumberer,
Roused by old Bangor's notes,
Looked up dumfounded,
All that awoke; but not,
Not the six hundred.

Singing to right of them,
Singing to left of them,
Singing behind them,
Hoarse voices thundered;
Stormed in their calm repose,
Some beaux and belles arose,
They that had got their doze
Lifted their jaws again,
Blushing from ear to nose—
All that awoke of them,
Drowsy six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the loud snores they made
(How Guthrie wondered!)
Honour the sleepy head,
Honour the dull Brigade,
Heavy six hundred!

GEORGE ALEXANDER SCOTT.

IN the notice of the late Mr Guthrie of Edzell, we quoted part of a tribute paid to the memory of the worthy Banker by his friend Mr G. A. Scott, of Brechin, who claims our attention now. Our bards are not particularly strong in "Impromptu," and our first example is thus the more welcome; but the piece possesses more than the mere local or personal interest common to its class, inasmuch as it refers to a gallant and popular relative of the noble and gifted authoress of the Standard Song which it parodies:—

THE NEW HOUSE.

A PARODY.

The biggin' o' the new house
Has made an unco din;
Frae morn till night a deavin' noise—
Ye see, it's made o' tin.
It's juist a fad o' oor gudeman,
An' we maun thole it a';
How could a "cherish'd memory"
Cling till an eiron wa'?

This new house, this new house,
It disna look like hame;
E'en when it gets a lick o' paint
It's eiron a' the same.
Nae wild rose, nae jasmine,
Will trail upon its wa',
For t' th' hard an' sliddery skin
They canna cling ava.

The mavis pours his earnest note—
Protesting—from yon tree:
The grand old river surges past
Indignant to the sea.

Its mighty diapason grows—
"If I my rage lat loose,
I'll do my best to raise a spate
To swamp that ill-faur'd house.
"In vain ye'll look for sic a house
'Twixt Dochart and Dundee;
It spoils the beauty o' my banks—
This dire monstrosity.
Some deil has surely Frank bewitch'd,
An' play'd on him some trick;
He owns a brickfield noo hard-by—
What ails him at his brick?"
The dear laird, the dear laird,
He's aye sae kind an' crouse;
But how can he e'er welcome freen's
Within a metal house?
Inside a towmond he'll confess
'Twas outrage and a crime;
An' then—wi' Murray's praise—he'll bigg
A house o' stane an' lime.

Mr Scott was born at Brechin in 1839, and was educated at the Burgh School there, and at the Gymnasium, Old Aberdeen. Since 1862 he has been managing partner of the firm of Lamb and Scott, manufacturers; and while actively engaged in business, and bearing his full share of Municipal and Parish Council labours, is President of a flourishing Burns Club, and is an earnest student of literature, delighting in the enjoyment of a Library at once extensive and valuable. A keen sportsman, also, Mr Scott is an adept with Rod and Gun; and his deep interest in manly outdoor games is pleasingly exhibited in this "Curling Song," for which we predict a long and useful career.

A CURLING SONG.

Air—"The Tinker's Wedding."

At Yule, when dry crisp snaw is seen
Owre fields that lately were sae green,
An' frosty air sae "clear an' keen"
Sets Curlers' bluid a-dirlin' O,
They hoist their brooms an' aff they gang,
Tho' daily wark sud a' gae wrang;
They're aff to join the joyous thrang,
An' ha'e a game at Curlin' O!

An' when the Curlin' Pond they're near,
Sic merry shouts assail each ear;
For oh, the ice is "keen an' clear"!—
Their stanes they'll sune be hurlin' O.
Another Rink is sune begun—
A happy core enjoy the fun;
Ye'd hear the row frae Catterthun—
Nae game compares wi' Curlin' O!

When dolefu' dumps an' carkin' care
 Torment a man an' fash him sair,
 At Curlin' lat him tak' a share—
 The channel-stanes set birlin' O ;
 He'll find, I'm sure, in half a crack,
 His dumps will flee, an' spunk come back ;
 He'll face the deil an' a' his pack
 After a game at curlin' O !

An' then at nicht—wi' freen's—how sweet
 Around the social board to meet,
 Wi' Toast an' Sang an' Mirth complete—
 True joys the gods ha'e sent ye O !
 I'm sure that we a' fidge fu' fain
 For curlin' days to come again ;
 Then toast "Oor Club"—may't aye contain
 O' "keen, keen curlers" plenty O !

MARGARET SCOTT.

THIS lady's writings are contained in a little volume of 61 pages—12 of which are occupied by an introduction written by Mr C. C. Maxwell—which was published at Dundee in 1854, and shortly after Miss Scott's death. She was a teacher by profession, and taught at Cluny and Blairgowrie, but latterly suffered greatly and for long from the disease to which she succumbed. The volume is entitled, "Poems, chiefly on Moral and Sacred Subjects"; and presents a congeries of such materials as are used in these stanzas :—

THE BETTER LAND.

Oh ! tell me not of other lands,
 Where blossom fairer flowers,—
 Where rivers roll o'er golden sand,
 While light and beauty, hand in hand,
 Crown all the laughing hours.

I sigh not for a brighter sun,
 A softer evening star,—
 I would not wish the flowers that lie
 So sweet beneath my native sky
 More lovely than they are.

Why wish more beauty to a world
 Where it must blend with sin ?

'Tis never outward holiness
 That to the soul brings happiness—
 'Tis holiness within.

But tell me of that better land
 Where God in glory reigns,—
 Where holy angels walk above,
 With spirits washed by Jesus' love
 From all their guilty stains.

There all is glorious and pure,
 And joy to each is given ;
 Eternal praises there resound,—
 Eternal beauty blooms around
 The throne of God in heaven !

NORVAL SCRYMGEOUR.

A HIGHLY promising career seems opening out to this popular young journalist, not only in his chosen profession, but in various cognate subjects ; and should he undertake to narrate the story of one of Dundee's most interesting literary periods, as he is desirous of doing, his birth, training, and predilections will stand him in good stead. Mr Scrymgeour, the youngest son of the late philanthropic and noble-minded James Scrymgeour, was born at Dundee twenty-six years ago, and reared in a home which was the gathering place of many notabilities in nearly all the branches of art, literature, and social regeneration. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bias thus acquired has carried the circle in a definite course, so that now its name is

influential in Dundee's literary affairs, and *The Piper o' Dundee*—conducted by Mr George Scrymgeour, and contributed to by the other members of the family—its thriving memorial. Mr Scrymgeour has published two small collections of his poems, and has written numerous occasional pieces in prose and rhyme for the press, and such periodicals as *Great Thoughts*. He is a valued member of the *Dundee Advertiser* staff, and is the happy possessor of many engaging qualities.

THE LAST STAND.

I had lingered in the minster after evensong was done,
And the storied panes were radiant with the setting of the sun,
While the shadows slow descended from the darkness overhead,
In whose folds there hung the banner of a story I had read.

Dark and darker grew the shadows, while a solemn stillness fell,
Only broken in the distance by the minster's chiming bell,
When, as in a vision glorious, with a courage ne'er to lag,
I saw them with gleaming bayonets gather grimly round their flag.

Mile on mile in desperate battle, still returning blow for blow,
British soldiers slow retreating with their faces to the foe,
Dauntless hearts of deathless story giving Britain what they gave,
Courage that could never falter, marching grandly to the grave.

All around the Afghan thousands, as the billows of the sea,
Sweeping on in awful fury, knowing what the end would be ;
Rifle shot and thrust of bayonet, still retreating, till at length
They have reached the lonely hill-top, where they gather in their strength.

Ever upward from the valley still the maddened regiments come,
Gleaming spear, and shout of battle, and the thunders of the drum.
Face to face with Britain's glory, where the flag is waving high ;
One more blow for Queen and country, one by one they fall to die.

Scenes of England and the heather, happy haunting dreams of yore,
Mother faces through the smoke wreaths that shall smile on them no more ;
Village chimes and rush of torrent, boyhood's prayer at close of day,
White chalk cliffs and rocky forelands looming o'er the waters gray.

One by one without complaining, one by one the tale oft told,
Till at length the last faint hero looks upon the western gold ;
One last stroke for Queen and country—one last glimpse beyond the foam—
And the brave heart of the hero turns weary to its home.

Tattered flag, amid the shadows, faint, far sound of chiming bell,
Vision dim of that far hill-top, where the wide alarms swell,
Picturing the gallant heroes' faces towards the setting sun,
Nobly fighting for their country till the heavy day was done.

Dark and darker grew the shadows, last faint glow on storied pane,
Still I linger 'neath the banner, and recall its tale again ;
Far-off graves of British heroes underneath the Afghan star ;
Brave hearts waiting for the bugle that shall call them from afar.

All undying are their laurels, mother eyes shall greet once more,
Kindly hands be stretched in welcome at the old, old homestead door ;
On God's own far hill-top gathered heroes of a brighter day ;
Grand beneath a fadeless banner they shall take their stand for aye.

THE VILLAGE POET.

He sang his songs as best he could,
 Nor dreamed of merit or reward;
 Glad to have lived, glad to have heard
 The bird's song in his favourite wood,
 And felt the spring airs on his face,
 And marked the daisy's gentle grace.
 He knew but little art of pen
 Or trick of words with which to claim—
 Save that he loved his fellow-men—
 The "doubtful honour of a name,"
 He bared his head, where, out of sight,
 He watched the stars burn in the night.
 No paltry jealousy he knew
 When others sang more true than he
 Of quiet dells with violets blue,
 Or shady streams or summer sea;

He praised their power, their strength of tone,
 Nor ever murmured at his own.

And when at last there came to him
 The gracious calm of earth's last night,
 He watched his little room grow dim,
 And the first star steal into sight;
 He thanked God who his life had kept,
 Then turned him like a child and slept.

No great ones gathered by his grave,
 The honest-hearted sorrowed there;
 A linnet piped a simple stave
 That lingered on the summer air;
 He had not won a knightly crest,
 But he had given the world his best.

MINE OWN LAND.

My little kingdom lies four-square—
 A grassy plot, all daisy grown,
 Set round with many a blossom blown:
 A path, with lilac drooping o'er;
 Of yellow roses half a score,
 And "dusty millers" everywhere.
 Let it be morning, noon, or night,
 My little world is still as fair;
 For morn drops diamonds everywhere,

And dusky twilight settles down
 O'er "violet vale" and "twitter town,"
 And wraps them in a golden light.

A brier hedge keeps care away:
 The sparrows furnish all my song;
 I never think the day too long:
 Of literature and art, I find
 Their all, in rose, and sky, and wind:
 And love—well—know my hair is grey.

DAVID SHAW.

MANY years ago, the singing of a once famous song, "The Forfar Pensioner," at a fête held at Errol Park, and its consequent republication in the *People's Journal*, drew from one of our most esteemed county bards the following letter to the editor of that paper, than which nothing more appropriate could be written as an introduction to a selection from the songs of one of the humblest, yet, in his day, the most widely popular of Forfar's weaver singers, David Shaw. In 1869 Mr G. W. Donald wrote:—

"Sir,—After having enjoyed a real treat, and having had my fancy wafted back over the sterile waste of manhood's middle day to the sunny regions of youth 'when every spot could please,' by reading 'The Forfar Pensioner,' I can assure you, the pleasure I enjoyed in the perusal of that humorous, and at the same time graphic tableau of Forfar life 'sixty years ago' would have been much enhanced had the name of the author been acknowledged. This song, and many others which are still sung and recited at merry-makings, both at home and abroad, wherever Forfarians may associate, was composed during the reign of 'brochan an' brose,' big blue bonnets, and Waterloo pipes, by David Shaw, an obscure weaver. The poet was born and bred in the then

little village of Auchterforfar, in the vicinity of the burgh of the same name. However, nothing now remains to point out to the lovers of the ancient lore where this once happy hamlet stood, save an old draw-well, . . . but there is no reason why the very name of the poor rustic bard should perish so long as his worthy and humorous songs command our admiration. . . . David Shaw's songs are all characterised by a vein of broad Scotch humour delineating some phase or incident in humble life. The poet never had any models of such compositions placed within his reach in early life, and sought as few. His school education, he told me, never reached beyond the 'Carritchers' and the Proverbs of Solomon. Handloom weaving was an excellent trade when he began to mingle with his rustic compeers in the world. . . . At one time he published a small volume of his songs by subscription, commencing with one inscribed to George Dempster, Esq., of Dunnichen. Some of the songs point to objects and localities which many of the present generation would not understand. . . . None of these songs are what may be termed Sentimental or Love, with the exception of one which depicts a snow-storm courtship, beginning—

'Kittle, kittle was the gloamin'
When my Maggie first I saw;
Sair forfochen was she comin'
Thro' the wreaths o' drift an' snaw:
Thro' my window brods I lookit,
But her face I cudna see;
Ilka blast that cam' she joukit
Lest the drift should blind her e'e.'

David was a man of few words, and well ordered, without the slightest alloy of affectation in his composition—in every sense of the word one of those who are 'owre blate to seek, owre prood to snool.' Although I can only remember of him coming to visit my father in my boyhood, I could even now catch the genial smile on his placid countenance, like the sunbeam that falls on the May-born flower."

Shaw published two sixpenny collections of his songs, both of which enjoyed the utmost popularity. With his daughters he attended Chartist meetings, and the trio were favourite singers in the interludes between orations. The poet was born about 1786, and died in Forfar, where most of his life was passed, in 1856.

THE FORFAR PENSIONER.

In Forfar I was born and bred,
But troth I maist think shame, sir,
To tell the sober life I led
Afore I gaed frae hame, sir;
My daddie was a weaver poor
As ever ca'd a spule, sir;
For beef was ne'er anour his door,
But just a pound at Yule, sir.

I learned fu' sune the pirms to fill,
An' rock the cradle too, sir;
An' though I liked it unco ill,
What ither could I do, sir?

A' day I was obliged to work,
To keep me frae a thrashin';
An' ilka Sunday gaed to kirk
Because it was the fashion.

I entert schule at twal years auld,
But aft the truan' did play, sir;
Which made my dad an' mam to scald,
An' beat me every day, sir;
But when I could baith write an' read,
An' count the rule o' three, sir,
This noble scheme cam' in my heid—
A sodger I wad be, sir.

To be sae beat by mam' an' dad,
 Nae langer wad I stay, sir;
 But I wad try the sodger trade,
 An' sae I ran away, sir;
 I ran till I was wast at Glamis,
 A town in Forfar county,
 An' listed there wi' Serjean' Fauns,
 For fifteen pound o' bounty.

He learned me hoo to set my taes,
 An' hoo to fire an' a', sir,
 That I micht bauldly face my faes,
 When I was called awa', sir;
 He ga'e me claes to hap my back,
 An' mittens to my han's, sir,
 An' swore I was the prettiest chap
 In a' the town o' Glamis, sir.

I ran aboot frae place to place,
 To markets up and down, sir,
 Wi' coat half-covert owre wi' lace,
 An' pouter on my croon, sir;
 An' hoo puir sodgers faught an' fared
 In climates distant far, sir,
 My sooth! I never kent nor cared
 Nor felt the waes o' war, sir.

But sune they garred me change my go,
 For I was sent to Spain, sir,
 Where twenty regiments, in a row,
 Were mairchin' owre the plain, sir;
 At night while on oor guns we lay,
 That we micht aye be ready,
 My drowsy thochts aft faund their way
 To Forfar and my daddie.

When first the French cam' in my view,
 My heart began to beat, sir,
 But Forfar bluid was ever true,
 An' how could I retreat, sir?
 It's true I got a wee bit fleg,
 But grumblin' I disdain, sir;
 For tho' a ball gaed thro' my leg,
 I fired an' load again, sir.

The bluid cam' bockin' thro' my hose,
 An' when I couldna gang, sir,
 I toomed my gun among my foes,
 An' syne sat doon an' sang, sir;
 At "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,"
 An' "Up wi't, Meggy Dick," sir;
 But sune wi' cauld my woundit leg
 Grew just as stiff's a stick, sir.

I crawled an' crept on han's an' feet,
 Till I got frae the thrang, sir;
 An' when I loot the doctor see't,
 Gude saf's! hoo he did ban, sir.
 My limb he instantly cut aff,
 An' noo that I was lame, sir,
 I got a great big oxters-staff,
 An' syne cam' hirplin' hame, sir.

I've noo been twice three years abroad,
 In service o' my king, sir;
 I've wandered mony a dreary road,
 An' unco sights I've seen, sir;
 There's mony a place I ha'e been at
 That here I needna mention;
 But snug in Forfar noo I sit,
 An' live just on my pension.

TAMMIE TREDDLEFEET.

My name is Tammie Treddlefeet,
 I live in Shuttle-ha';
 An' I ha'e been a weaver-lad
 This twenty year and twa;
 Wi' waft and warp, an' shears sae sharp,
 My rubbin' bane, my reed an' heddlles,
 Sae nimble as my shuttle flees,
 While up an' doon I tramp my treddles.

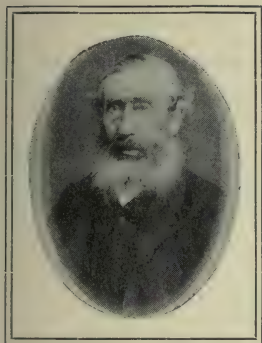
We weaver lads were merry blades
 When Osnaburghs sell'd weel,
 An' when the price o' ilka piece
 Did pay a bow o' meal.
 The fouk got sale for beef an' veal,
 For cash was rife wi' ev'ry bodie;
 An' ilka ale-hoose had the smell
 O' roas'en pies an' reekin' toddy.

But fegs, sic sport was unco short,
 Thae times ha'e crept awa',
 An' left us noo, wi' scarce a shoe
 Or ony hose ava';

An' troth I fear, when meal's sae dear,
 There's some fouk hardly get their sairin',
 And gin the price again sud rise,
 We'll a' be starv'd as deid's a herrin'.

Gin times wad come like times that's gane,
 We sud be merry a';
 We'll jump an' prance, an' loup an' dance,
 Till we be like to fa';
 An' syne you see we'll happy be,
 An' ilka wab we'se ha'e a drink on;
 We'll lauch an' sing "God save the king,"
 An' a' the sangs that we can think on!

COLIN SIEVEWRIGHT.



OUR first distinct impressions of Angus-shire poetry were received from a lecture on the subject, delivered in Forfar U.P. Church, nearly thirty years ago, by the bard whose work we have now to consider. "The old man eloquent" not only removed many of the nebulous notions which locality had bred in our mind, but he implanted a germ of suggestiveness which has never ceased its activity. And when, in after years, ours was the privilege of acting as "one of his most esteemed correspondents," what a pleasure it was to find youthful impressions of Mr Sievwright's ability not only maintained but deepened! for, truly, he was a master of our local lore, and knew the legends,

poets, and poetry of the county even as he knew her every lovely scene. Then, he was amazingly active: even when of a truth his favourite signature "Old C.," became him, he would fill sheet after sheet with epistolary rhymes, discourse as "Auld Eppie" in the *Brechin Advertiser*, and keep "C. S.," or "Auld C." well to the front in the *People's Journal* or the *Forfar Herald*, remaining ever the same genial, alert, and well-informed man, now, alas! a memory only to those who held him dear.

A diligent weaver, a devoted Episcopalian, a great reader, a poet of varied gifts, and a warm-hearted friend, might be said of many others, as of him; but Colin Sievwright brought into all those relations that subtle influence which, for want of a better word, we term individuality. And it was not *pride* that gave him a deportment superior to that of his working fellows, and of which not even his unfortunate lameness could rob him; for he was gentle and kindly in his every word and action, whether as a weaver or as the companion of those who moved in higher spheres. Content to live and labour, at the loom or in the factory, he pursued life with a calm earnestness; and though mentally able for higher things than had been allotted him, he was supremely content with such as he had. He was born at Brechin in 1819, and worked in his native town, and in Kirriemuir and Forfar, for long periods. His publications embrace "The Sough o' the Shuttle," a volume of 200 pages, published in 1866, and from which we have quoted the verses appearing with the notices of Wm. Watson, and Dorothea M. Ogilvie; "Rhymes for the Children of the Church"—110 pages, published in 1889, from which we have selected "Bonnie Bairnies"; and an interesting booklet of songs, with connective prose remarks, entitled "A Garland for the Ancient City." But up to the period of his death, which occurred at his son's residence in Cardiff three years ago, his pen had been busy as of yore, and he left many spirited Jacobite effusions of the nature indicated by "After Culloden," which appears in the *National Choir*, with music by the Editor; and by "Simmer's Awa'," one of his best songs, and worthy to rank with the work of any Scottish minor singer.

BONNIE BAIRNIES.

Bonnie bairnies, how they rin !
 Toddlin' out and toddlin' in,
 A' the day wi' gladsome din—
 Bonnie little bairnies.

O, it mak's me blithe to see
 Innocence, an' mirth, an' glee
 Blinkin' bricht in ilka e'e—
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Up an' doon the doors they chase,
 Strivin' wha will rin the race;
 Hoot awa ! a broken face !
 Bonnie little bairnies.

But a mither's hand is near,
 An' a mither's kiss will cheer
 The sabbin' heart, an' dry the tear—
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Gudeness guide ye ! bonnie flowers !
 Through this frosty world o' ours,
 To His ain sunsheenie bowers,
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Oh ! it mak's me wae to ken
 That a warld o' grief an' pain
 Yet may claim ye for its ain—
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Ay, if spared, in after life
 Ye will ha'e to dree the strife—
 Dule an' sorrow, rank an' rife !
 Bonnie little bairnies.

An' the cauldride hand o' Death
 Sune may come to stap yer breath ;
 Mither's heart will then be laith !
 Bonnie little bairnies.

But in yon fair land, abune
 Earth an' sky, an' sun, an' mune,
 Ye will sing a happy tune !
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Sorrow there will never sigh,
 For the Father's Hand will dry
 Ilka tear that dims the eye,
 Bonnie little bairnies.

Ilka bairnie's voice will sing
 Glory, glory to the King
 Who, to draw fae death the sting,
 Made Himsel' a Bairnie.

There the Father keeps in store,
 For His bairnies evermore,
 Blessedness in great galore !
 Bonnie little bairnies.

But they only win the race,
 To that land of loveliness,
 Wha lippen till the Hand o' grace—
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnies.

AFTER CULLODEN.

Sweet maiden, young and lovely,
 What makes thee look so sad ?
 O maiden, why so pensive ?
 Where is thy Highland lad ?
 He's gone to fight for Scotland,
 Where Saxon thunders roar ;
 And my poor heart is breaking—
 I'll see him nevermore !

A mist is on the mountain,
 A storm is on the lake,
 The biting breath of winter
 Is howling thro' the brake.
 The flow'r of youth and valour
 Hath left his father's door ;
 And my poor heart is breaking—
 I'll see him nevermore !

There's sobbing in the castle,
 There's sighing in the shiel'—
 A wail of sorrow filleth
 The dwellings of Lochiel ;
 The chief has led his clansmen
 To bleak Culloden muir ;
 My heart breaks for my lover—
 I'll see him nevermore !

O mourn ye for Culloden !
 The drooping heatherbell
 And mountain daisy bloometh
 Where Scotland's bravest fell.
 Now rests the Highland Maiden,
 Her day of trial o'er ;
 Her heart brake for her lover—
 She saw him nevermore !

SIMMER'S AWA'.

Blithe simmer's awa', an' the chill breath o' autumn
 Brings doon the brown leaf frae the auld aiken tree,
 An' cheerless I roam on the banks o' the Prosen,
 Where Mary, sweet Mary, ance wander'd wi' me.

The sweet-scented birken are leafless and naked,
 An' a' thing looks dowie as dowie can be ;
 The rowan, the haw, an' the hip deck the hedges,
 Oh, sweet was their blossom to Mary an' me.

Sweet Simmer's awa', an' the bonnie wee floweries
 That waved o'er the burnie an' buskit the lea,
 Lie wither'd an' scentless by corrie an' shielin',
 Where Mary, dear Mary, ance wander'd wi' me.

The laverock that sang o'er our heads in the mornin'
 Sits heartless an' dumb, wi' the tear in his e'e ;
 The mavis that lulled us to sleep in the gloamin'
 Will sing never mair to my Mary an' me.

Bright simmer's awa', and the sweet little burnie,
 That sparkled wi' gladness and warbled wi' glee,
 Rolls sullen an' sad through the braes o' Glenlogie,
 Where Mary, my Mary, ance wander'd wi' me.

The heather-clad slopes o' my dear native mountains,
 The sweet sunny braes o' my dear native Glen,
 Are joyless to me as the cauld smile o' winter,
 For Mary has left me to wander alane.

Oh, pure as the dew was the breast o' my Mary,
 Her form, like the lily, sae graceful an' fair ;
 An' now she's awa' to the land o' the lovely,
 To wait for, an' watch for, an' welcome me there.

The chill breath o' autumn may sigh in its sadness,
 The wild blast o' winter may rage as it will,
 Her beauty is safe in the lone eerie dwellin'.
 Aside the auld kirk at the foot o' the hill.

An' spring will come back wi' the leaf an' the flowerie,
 To gladden the woodland an' busk the green lea ;
 An' ae day the sang o' a braw endless simmer
 Will wauken my Mary to wander wi' me.

ANDREW SIM.

THE elements of a great, or true, National Song are extremely subtle, and are very difficult to define. The more prominent characteristics—Strength, Dignity, Grace, etc.—may be apparent ; but if a lyric lacks those elusive, almost indefinable features existent in the best models, the expert, at a glance almost, relegates it to a category other than that of gems of the first water. Many excellent songs, like that now before us, are almost within touch of the highest distinction ; but they fail, in some respect or other, to reach the pinnacle on which friendly local opinion had in prediction enthroned them. "Scotland's Bonnie Broom" is a song with many excellent qualities : it does its author infinite credit ; and, even though it may fall short of the higher demands, its existence is an honour to the county town of Angus.

Andrew Sim was born at Forfar in 1807, and died there in 1836. A weaver of intelligence unusual even in a class remarkable for its attainments, he was able, by reason of his marriage with a lady of some means, to commence the

business of manufacturing on his own account; and not only was he successful in this, but he became a leader among the intellectual younger men of the burgh. Acknowledged as the best debater of their club, and having his songs admired, and transmitted "from mouth to mouth"—for it is on record that he never wrote them down—Sim's career seemed enviable and promising beyond most. But this man "of pleasing countenance," and "rather above the middle size," with his "lively fancy and keen appreciation of the humorous," as he was sketched by "Vinney," who knew him well, fell a victim to consumption before he had reached his thirtieth year. We give a further example of Sim's ability in a "sprig" culled from "The Forfar Bouquet"—a series of eighty songs—partly selected from local sources, and mainly original—contributed to the *Weekly News* by James Smith ("Vinney"), who is further referred to in his own place.

SCOTLAND'S BONNIE BROOM.

Sweet land of love and song,
Far, far from thee I've strayed
O'er trackless seas 'mid sunny isles,
Whose green hues never fade;
Yet still a thought for thee
In this lone heart had room;
But what of thine I've cherished most
Were thy green bowers of broom.

I've been where waves the vine
Amid its native air,
I've seen its streaming tendrils twine
Like lovely woman's hair;
Where every breeze that came
Was burdened with perfume;
But what were these to me, compared
To Scotland's bonnie broom!

I've stood on battle plains,
Where fought on either hand,
With mighty arm and dauntless heart,
The brave of every land;
Yet dauntless though they were,
They never met their doom
So calmly as did those whose homes
Were by the bonnie broom.

The men of other climes
Knew from what land we came;
Our garb, our speech, our bravery,
Betrayed our country's name;
For still our spears were seen
Amid war's thickest gloom;
The bravest hearts that ever beat
Were nursed among the broom.

It was among the broom
Where my first song I wove,
Where first on beauty's listening ear
I whispered tales of love;
There sweeter tales are told
Than in the lifeless room;
Yes, sweetest tales ear ever heard
Were told among the broom.

Oh! that, when life is o'er,
When this brown cheek grows pale,
When this warm heart has ceased to beat;—
In some lone broomy vale
You'd hollow out my grave,
There make my lowly tomb,
That o'er my fading form might wave
The golden blossomed broom.

WILL MORRISON.

Ye're dear to me, Will Morrison,
I've lo'ed ye simmers three,
And I would thocht my love weel war'd
Gin ye had smiled on me.
But when ye pass'd I hung my head,
A blush cam' o'er my cheek,
An' monie a thocht flew through my breast
That I daur never speak.

When i' the kirk, Will Morrison,
I'm wae to say 't, my e'e
On heavenly messenger ne'er lights,
But ever rests on thee.

And when to Zion's hallowed songs
Your heavenly voice ye swell,
It seems to me like golden harp,
Or sound o' siller bell.

But fare-ye-weel, Will Morrison;
The world an' me maun part;
The grave-worm maun be my bridegroom,
An' it sall get my heart.
An' ye may stand on my green grave,
An' never know that she
Wha lies sae low beneath your feet
Died all for love o' thee.

ALEXANDER NICOL SIMPSON.

THE eminent local naturalist and poet could not be introduced more appropriately than in the words of one who, in reviewing "Parish Patches" in the *Arbroath Herald*, remarked: "What Gilbert White did for Selborne; what Thoreau did for the life of the ponds and woods around the village of Concord; what Richard Jefferies has done so lovingly for the natural history of the fields and woods of England; and what John Burroughs is still doing for his own and our country, Mr Simpson has endeavoured, in his own way, to do for the life of the fields, woods, rocks, and dens of our neighbourhood."

There lies in that appreciative and significant sentence the key to the meaning of Mr Simpson's life-work and literary effort; and the expansion of the inspiration received from "a local 'Tam Edwards,' also a shoemaker," is splendidly illustrated in the work referred to, as in "Muirside Memories," a series of studies in human nature and character; and, notably, in "Sketches in Angus," a work that in its evidence of power of observation, and in the poetic beauty of its diction, is unsurpassed among Scottish books of any kind soever. Here is a quotation having an intimate bearing on the subject of local poetry, and illustrative of Mr Simpson's picturesque literary style: it refers to a thicket enclosing a monumental building at The Guynd:—

"How mellow all things seem—the colours and the growths; even the missel thrush's voice rings mild and dies gently far down the glen. The wren is singing under the bank, and the plaintive trill from the robin is like the sweet rustle of falling leaves. I did not scrutinise their hiding places. They came into their niches without my call, as the flowers of the field blow in Spring. I could not but be interested in the little edifice known as 'The Temple.' . . . Within the porch, engraved upon the wall, are the following lines:—

In this lone spot, by mortal seldom trod,
The dust is laid, the spirit fled to God,
Of him who reared these woods, these cultured plains,
With verdure clothed, or stored with golden grains;
O'er these paternal scenes, by time defaced,
Bade yonder mansion rise in simple taste;
And, deeming naught his own which Heaven bestowed,
Diffused its blessing as a debt he owed.
O empty record; what avails thee now?
Thy anxious days, thy labour warmed brow;
See where man's little works himself survive,—
How short his life who bade these forests live.
While they shall rear their ample boughs on high
Through distant ages, and while o'er them sigh
Eve's murmuring breezes, to the thoughtful say—
Like his, so pass thy fleeting span away.

John Ouchterlony was said to be the writer of these lines, which were found among his papers after his decease. The desire thus poetically expressed was unfulfilled, for John Ouchterlony's remains were interred at Montrose, and his tombstone was split and crossed as a symbol that he was the last of the race.

Mr Simpson was born at Arbroath in 1855, was educated there, and trained for business partly in a lawyer's office and latterly with his father, who was a flax merchant. The story may be continued by a little bit of autobiography:—

"I kept up my hobbies. In 1880 my father took me into partnership. Next year I married, and during my first year of married life I unearthed all my writings in connection with my studies of animal life. I read most of them to my wife, and thereafter burned them, which, I may tell you, I regret very much now. Having come to an accident I was kept indoors for some weeks, and being unable to move I had to do something to keep my mind fresh. So I wrote out an article or two and sent them to the *Arbroath Guide*, over the signature of 'Nikil Naething.' This was my first trial in public, although, as I have said, I had written all my life privately and for my own amusement."

On this basis Mr Simpson has reared a fabric and a fame which has excited attention and admiration far beyond local bounds. His writings find a welcome in many excellent periodicals; and numerous evidences of public and private esteem have been made him. Though resident at and travelling almost daily to Fordoun, he acts as secretary to Arbroath Museum, and is managing partner of the firm of John Simpson and Son, Arbroath. Some years ago he purchased and conducted the business at Auchinblae Flax Mills, now in the hands of a company; and has latterly become a director of the Auchinblae Distillery Co., now in the course of erection. Last year he visited Russia on behalf of the *Dundee Courier*, and contributed a valuable set of articles (illustrated), entitled "A Scot in Russia," to that medium. He is a member of the staff of some half dozen papers; is deeply interested in art, books, and kindred matters; a keen sportsman; in fact, as Mr Simpson puts it, he tries "a' thing." His poetic work is fresh and interesting; but it must be remembered that the transition from his "prose" to his poetic vein is scarcely perceptible. He is a poet in essence, and his prose writing exhibits some of the truest poetic sentiment that has yet sprung from local sources. Those who have read his books will appreciate, in this connection, such an extract as this from "The Old Home":—

I'm away to the haunt of roving bee, in dark green mossy wall,
Where fir trees stand in columns deep, from which the cushats call;
To my old loved home by the winding track, where roses sweetly blow,
To the low thatched roof where swallows love to flutter to and fro.

Then by the stream I'll tempt the trout with dainty painted fly,
Or on the hillside stay at dusk to hear the curlews cry;
I'll forget the world and its load of care, its jarrings and its strife;
In my rustic home, with the birds and flowers, I'll live a rural life.

We trust that every Angus man will acquaint himself with the works of this gifted native poet of nature. Meantime, we quote these further specimens of his versification, and look with interest to his future.

IN THE GLOAMIN'.

In the summer gloamin',
 When the sun is low,
 Shall I wander idly,
 Musing as I go—
 In the gloamin'?

Down the river margin,
 Where the shadows fall,
 And the trout are leaping
 Near the ashes tall—
 In the gloamin'.

Then the birds are resting,
 Hid from kestral glance;
 Then tiny insects whirl
 In their ceaseless dance—
 In the gloamin'.

Underneath the branches
 Nimble swallows fly,
 As the fleeting zephyrs
 Whisper day's good-bye—
 In the gloamin'.

Then the shadows deepen,
 Waning is the light,
 And the landscape's beauty
 Fades into the night—
 In the gloamin'.

Thus to ramble lonely
 By the brooklet free,
 Dreaming—wishing life would
 Thus for ever be—
 In the gloamin'.

MY BIRTHDAY.

I'm growin' auld; anither year
 Has gone wi' mony a joy an' tear;
 Ma tether's gettin' short, I fear
 I'm growin' auld.

I'm growin' auld; ma croon is bare,
 Ma beard is white wi' grief an' care,
 Ma heart aft feels life's winter sair—
 I'm growin' auld.

I'm growin' auld; yet I ha'e seen
 Whan spring was wi' me, ever green;
 'Twas then I wandered wi' ma Jean—
 I'm growin' auld.

I'm growin' auld, an' maun obey
 Chill winter's call o' clay to clay;
 For life at maist is but a day—
 I'm growin' auld.

I'm growin' auld; what have I done?
 Have I a crown o' glory won?
 Shall I now stand before the throne?
 I'm growin' auld.

I'm growin' auld; and a' is gloom;
 Ma freends are nearin' to the tomb;
 For ither noo I maun mak' room—
 I'm growin' auld.

REV. JAMES GRINDLAY SMALL.

FOR the long period of thirty-seven years this accomplished writer ministered to the Free Church congregation at Bervie, and became widely known, while occupying that sphere, as the author of numerous poems on general subjects, and of many hymns which, like that known as "I've found a friend," have passed into current hymn-literature. As a student, Mr Small gave the fullest indication of his poetic ability, no fewer than four prizes for poetry having been awarded him while attending classes in Edinburgh University. "The Scottish Martyrs," a lengthy poem on which his reputation might have rested solely and securely, drew from Professor Wilson the hearty acknowledgment that it "displayed extraordinary talents and accomplishments." His other writings include: "The Highlands," his best known work; "The Liberation of Greece"; "Imagination," etc., and of these several editions have been issued. Many hymns in volume and separate form came regularly from Mr Small's active hand; and a posthumous volume of his later contributions to periodicals was published by Messrs

Parlane shortly after his death in 1888. He was born at Edinburgh in 1817, his father being an esteemed magistrate and philanthropist in that favoured city.

THE LAND OF THE MARTYRS.

"The tombs of her covenant martyrs are part of the very constitution of Scotland; nay, they belong to the wide world of mankind; they are part of the great foundation of example on which rest the faith and patience of the saints."—*Thomas Aird*.

I said my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a useless thing;
I said that thou—my joyous muse!—must curb thine eager wing;
I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim-path along,
Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild martyr-land;
I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand;
If on these scenes that stretch around, mine eye unmoved should look,
The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly mild rebuke.

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their pebbled bed,
The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived and bled;
And still they seem to image, in their pure and peaceful flow,
The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them, long ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their memory still;
There stands for them a monument in every rugged hill;
And yet, along the mountain side, a lingering echo floats,
Where oft, of old, their song of praise sent up its joyful notes.

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,
And while all Nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be dumb?
Ah, no! nor is his voice unheard—the same rejoicing strain,
That gladdened once the wilderness, is thrilling there again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb amid the green Glencairn;
'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of long and drear Carsphairn;
'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks of Ayr,
Where Welch and Guthrie raised of old the voice of praise and prayer.

'Tis heard where lie the bones of *him* who lived to preach and pray,
And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody fray;
'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith and sweeps the placid Dee;
It mingles with the voice of streams and with the sounding sea.

'Tis heard beside the rude gray stones, where oft, in days of old,
The holy convocation met the sacred feast to hold;
Green Anwoth's heights have heard afar the same triumphant song,
And all the echoing rocks around the hallowed strains prolong.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose blood was shed
Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living Head!
Where'er a fearless heart shakes off this world's debasing bonds,
And to the known, the thrilling voice of Christ, the King responds.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now, of steadfast men and true,
Where once the scattered remnant met—the faithful though the few;
And still more loud that strain shall swell—though hand should join in hand,
From moor to hill, from hill to shore, to drive the dauntless band.

Vain thought, that they, whose breasts are warmed with blood of martyred sires,
Whose song of praise in silence rose, 'mid tortures, chains, and fires,
Should shrink because the tempest-gloom hangs lowering o'er their path,
Or quail before the ruder storm of man's relentless wrath!

Vain thought, that they, whose eyes are fixed with constancy and love
On Him who deigned to leave for them His glorious home above,
And for the joy before Him set, such bitter anguish bore,
Should fear to tread the roughest way which He has trod before !

Ah, no ! where'er the Shepherd leads, the trusting sheep will go—
Rejoicing still to follow Him, because His voice they know ;
And pleasant is the path to them, though rugged off it be,
Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along the lea.

ALEXANDER SMART.

SHOULD not Poets be placed first among Patriots ? Who among Patriots
S fulfils more literally the law in "Breathes there a man with soul so
dead," etc. ; and who are more fervent in their expressions and aspirations
than are our native bards, both high and humble ? And to few among our
local writers does this more fitly apply than to Alexander Smart, whose fair
native town never failed him in truest inspiration :—

"Montrose ! wherever fancy strays,
Or memory loves to roam,
My dreams of thee, and early days,
Are all of love and home."

"Montrose ! thy very stocks an' stanes,
Thy links, thy whins, thy leafy lanes,
Ilk weel-kent spot when we were weans,
Are dear to me, etc."

"Montrose ! my ain auld happy hame,
There's music in thy couthy name ;
Remembrance, like a mornin' dream,
Flees aye to thee, etc."

While memory loves to haunt the past,
Her sweetest day-dreams still will be,
Though sorrow's shade be o'er them cast,
Montrose ! of bygone days and thee.

The devotion of our bards to their native districts is proverbial : that
"Every hamlet has its poet," is a Scottish truism ; but Alexander Smart
moves our deeper impulses as the warmest feelings of his soul irradiate his
musings on many a "dear familiar scene." When poetry again assumes its
rightful place in the literature of the reading public, his "Rambling Rhymes"
will secure a delighted following. They have not been neglected—they are
far too good for that ; but their capacity as a pleasure yielding agent have by
no means been exhausted. Scotsmen will search long ere they find, outside
of their greatest source, a truer patriot note or a sweeter Doric strain than
yields the lyre of Alexander Smart.

SPRING-TIME.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
Reels round yon bonnie mill ;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
Comes laughin' owre the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
Rin singin' to the sea.

The lintie whids amang the whins,
Or whistles on the thorn ;
The bee comes hummin' frae his hive,
And tunes his bugle horn ;

The craik rins rispin through the corn,
The hare scuds down the furrow ;
The merry laverock frae the lift
Pipes out his blithe guid-morrow.

Now springs the docken by the dyke,
The nettle on the knowe ;
The puddock's croakin' in the pool,
Where green the rushes grow ;
The primrose nods its yellow head,
The gowan sports its charms ;
The burrie thistle to the breeze
Flings out its prickly arms.

Now moudiewarts begin to howk
 And bore the tender fallow ;
 And deuks are paidlin' in the pool,
 Where skims the gapin' swallow ;
 The clockin' hen, wi' clamorous din,
 The midden scarts and scrubs ;
 The guse brings a' her gaislins out
 To daidle through the dubs.

Now bairns get aff their hose an' shoon,
 And rin ther'out a' barefit ;
 But rantin' through the bloomin' whins,
 The rogues get mony a sair fit :
 Ill fares it then, by bush or brake,
 If on the nest they light
 Of buntlin' wi' the tuneless beak,
 Or ill-starred yellow-yite.

The gowk 's heard in the leafy wood,
 The lambs frisk o'er the field ;
 The wee bird gathers tait's o' woo
 To busk its cozy bield ;

The corbie croaks upon the tree,
 His auld paternal tower ;
 While the sentimental cushie doo
 Croods in her greenwood bower.

The kye gae lowin' o'er the loan
 As cheery daylight fades ;
 And bats come flaffin' thro' the fauld,
 And birds gae to their beds ;
 Then jinkin' out by bent an' brae,
 When they are seen by no man,
 The lads and lasses blithely meet,
 And cuddle in the gloamin'.

The cauld north wind has soug'd awa',
 The snaw has left the hill,
 And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
 Reels round yon bonnie mill ;
 The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
 Comes laughin' owre the lea,
 While burnies by their flowery banks
 Rin singin' to the sea.

Alexander Smart was the largest contributor to "Whistle Binkie," over thirty pieces from his pen appearing in that once popular National Song Book. Among these, his Nursery Songs bulk largely ; and of some of these interesting contributions it would be difficult to speak too highly. In "A Noisy Nursery," for instance, the servant, "flyting Mysie," is thus gently reproved by "Granny" in this gem of grace and feeling :—

GRANNY.

O, let the bairnies play themsel's !
 I like to hear their din ;
 I like to see ilk merry face
 As they tot out an' in.
 When young hearts dance in happy breasts,
 They canna lang be still ;—
 Sae let the wee things rant awa'—
 It mak's me young mysel'.

Ye wouldna ha'e them dull an' douce,
 To sit like you an' me.
 Like howlets in a corner a',
 Whilk bairnies canna be.
 An auld head set on shouthers young !
 The like was never seen ;
 For bairnies will be bairnies aye,
 As they ha'e ever been.

Their morning sun shines warm an' sweet,
 The flowers are blooming fair,
 A wee bird sings in ilka breast,
 That kens nae dool nor care ;
 So let the birdies sing their fill,
 And let the blossoms blaw,
 For bairnies round their granny's hearth
 Are the sweetest flowers of a'.

Their mind me, like a happy dream,
 O' days that ance were mine ;
 They mind me aye o' voices sweet
 That I ha'e heard langsyne :
 I see blithe faces I ha'e seen,
 My mother's hame I see ;
 Auld folk, ye ken, grow bairns again,
 And sae it fares wi' me.

His humour, too, is always free and spontaneous, though not so prominent as are the more serious qualities of his mind. The oft-quoted piece which follows is an excellent presentment of some aspects of a divine and saving possession :—



MONTROSE.

From a Painting by J. Michael Brown.

THE FLITTIN' O' THE COW.

In summer when the fields were green,
 An' heather bells bloom'd owre the lea,
 An' hawthorns lent their leafy screen,
 A fragrant bield for bird an' bee,
 Our Hawkie in the clover field
 Was chewin' her cud wi' gratefu' mou',
 An' our guidwife, wi' eydent hand,
 Had just been out to flit the cow.

O, our gudeman's a leal gudeman,
 But nane maun daur to say him na;
 There's nae a laird in a' the lan'
 Wi' higher hand mainteins the law;
 Though he be puir, he's unco proud,
 An' aye maun be obeyed at hame;
 An' there, when he's in angry mood,
 Wha conters him may rue the same.

"Gae flit the cow!" says our gudeman:
 Wi' ready tongue the dame replies,
 "Gudeman, it is already dune"—
 "Gae flit the cow!" again he cries,
 "My will ye'll do wi' hand an' heart,
 If ye're a wife baith kind and true;
 Obedience is the woman's part—
 Mak' haste, gudewife, and flit the cow."

"Gudeman, ye're surely clean gane gyte,
 The cow's already flittet been;
 To see you fume, an' hear you flyte,
 I ferlie muckle what you mean.
 What need to gang and do again
 The thing that I ha'e dune e'en now?
 What idle tantrim's this you've ta'en?"
 "I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow!"

"Gudeman, when we were lad an' lass,
 Your tongue was like a honey kaim;
 An' aye ye vow'd ye'd ne'er prove fause,
 But kythe like ony lamb at hame;
 But now ye look sae dark and doure,
 Wi' angry e'e and crabbit mou',
 Ye gar me aften rue the hour"—
 "I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow!"

Syne he began to loup an' ban,
 When out the wife flew in a huff— [man,
 "Come back! come back!" cried our gude-
 "Come back! obedience is enough!
 My soveraign will ye maun obey,
 When my commands are laid on you;
 Obedient baith by night and day,
 An' ready aye to *flit the cow!*"

Among his general sketches, that of "Madie," presumably one of his early Montrose preceptors, is of outstanding merit. Smart's subsequent scholastic experiences under the tyrannical dominie Norval—whom he richly repaid by satire in "Recollections of Auld Langsyne"—were in grim contrast to those so pleasantly depicted in these spirited lines:—

MADIE'S SCHULE.

When weary wi' toil, or when cankered wi' care,
 Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
 And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
 It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
 In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
 And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
 Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
 And con owre my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
 In awfu' authority Madie was seen; [pride,
 Her close-biggitt mutch tower'd aloft in its
 Her lang wincey apron flow'd down by her side,
 The tawse on her lap like some dreaded snake
 lay,
 Aye watchin' and ready to spring on its prey;
 The wheel at her foot, and the cat on her knee—
 Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than
 she!

To the whirr o' the wheel while auld baudrons
 wad sing,
 And stools wee and muckle a' rang'd in a ring,

Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glowered aff his book,
 Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread
 look;
 She ne'er spak' a word, but the tawse she wad
 fling;
 Thesad leather whang up the culprit wad bring,
 While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies
 wad fa',
 Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel
 could reward;
 The gude and the eydent aye won her regard—
 A Saturday penny she freely wad gi'e,
 And the second best scholar aye gat a bawbee.

It sweetened the joys o' that dear afternoon,
 When free as the breeze in the blossoms o'
 June, [lea,
 And blithe as the lav'rock that sang owre the
 Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set
 free.

The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight,
 E'ndrowsyauld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
 While Madie, dear Madie! would laugh in her
 chair,
 As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er
 again meet, [feet;
 Nae mair on the timmer stairs sound our wee

The tawse and the penny are vanished for aye,
 And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
 Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead
 and gane;

But dear to remembrance, wi' them wha remain,
 Are the days when they sat on a wee creepie
 stool,
 And conned owre their lessons in auld Madie's
 schule.

Smart was born in 1798, and was trained as a watchmaker. Losing his health at this vocation, while in Edinburgh he secured employment as a printer; and returned to Montrose to become publisher of a short-lived Journal, the *Montrose Chronicle*. After working for some time on the staff of the *Dundee Courier*, he returned to Edinburgh, where he eventually occupied a good position in a large printing house. He published his "Rambling Rhymes" in 1834, and, it may be said, immediately became famous. Francis Jeffrey's commendations were encouraging; and Campbell, Macaulay, Dickens, and other celebrities sent their tribute to the Scottish poet of the hour. Smart also wrote some good articles for *Hogg's Instructor*, and other periodicals; and an enlarged edition of his "Rambling Rhymes," dedicated to Lord Jeffrey, appeared in 1845. In 1860 he published his "Songs of Labour and Domestic Life; with Rhymes for Little Readers," which, dedicated appropriately to the Edinburgh Angus Club, had also a very cordial reception. The Fables of Æsop in rhyme were a feature in the latter volume; and in these, as in his other pieces of a similar nature, Smart proved himself as great a master in the art of writing for the young as he was in catering for their seniors. His death, at Morningside Asylum in 1866, evoked very general regret that the nervous, high-souled, and gifted bard of Montrose should, in the darkness of mental gloom, have passed from the land and people he loved so well, and whose fame he sung so worthily.

I SING TO THE SONS OF TOIL.

I sing to the sons of toil,
 Who live by the sweat of the brow,
 At the bench or the forge who toil,
 Or handle the spade or plough.
 To work is the law of life,
 By sweat of the brow or brain;
 And he who evades the toil and strife,
 The penalty pays in pain.
 Then hurrah for the horny hands,
 That grasp the tool or the spade;
 And hurrah for the aproned bands,
 Who toil for their daily bread!

O, were but the millions free
 From appetite's base control,
 And, O, would the workman flee
 The draught that ensnares the soul,—
 Were knowledge and moral worth
 His pride and his glory,—then
 A light and a beauty would dawn on earth,
 And he would be king of men!
 Then hurrah for the horny hands,
 That grasp the tool or the spade;
 And hurrah for the aproned bands,
 Who toil for their daily bread!

GEORGE C. SMART.

THE list of Arbroath bards is long, and their works never fail in interest. Another instance of this comes before us now in the person and product of G. C. Smart, who was born at Arbroath in 1838, and who has

spent a large part of his life penning words of the most prosaic order at the desk of the railway office. For many years he has been resident at Glasgow, but has kept his local connection good by frequent poetic contributions to the *Arbroath press*; and there are few of the devotees of *Aberbrothock* who can more charmingly portray its individuality than does Mr Smart.

THE MERMAID'S WELL.

A LEGEND OF TANGLE HA'.

Lone Tangle Ha', thy cliff-bound shore
 Beats back the raging, wrathful sea,
 And echoes to each wave's wild roar
 With a wanton, witch-like melody.
 When seas wax calm, the weird-like notes
 Ring out from thy cliffs in a rambling rhyme;
 The melody round and round them floats
 Like a peal of bells with their changing chime.
 The ripple is sweet
 Of the waves as they beat
 On thy pebbly beach, while the heaving swell
 Comes rolling along
 Like the bass of a song,
 Or the thrilling boom of a deep-toned bell.

The proud green waves come dancing in
 To kiss thy cliffs with a wanton glee,
 Or with fantastic riot and din
 Join in the wind's wild revelry.
 The fierce, gaunt spirit of the storm
 Rides chafing o'er the troubled deep,
 The death-flames flash around his form,
 Yet there you stand, bold, firm, and steep.
 The clangour and clash
 Of the waves, as they dash
 Round your broad brown base, far down below,
 Show only the stain
 Of the emerald main,
 Green shadows mixed with flakes like snow.

The storm king, in an angry mood,
 May sweep o'er mountain, moor, and shaw,
 But his fierce nature is subdued
 By the bold broad cliffs of Tangle Ha'.
 Bold vanguards of our Scottish coast,
 Twin brothers to our mountains gray,
 May thy old legends ne'er be lost
 While voice can sing or harp can play.
 May the mystical lore
 Of thy legends hoar
 Still hover around, with an air sublime,
 And the mighty deep,
 In its calm, still sleep,
 Seems dreaming of songs of the olden time.

The Mermaid's Cave is yellow wi' sand
 Washed bright wi' the salt sea faem,

The walls are black wi' tangle and wrack,
 Yet it is the mermaid's hame.

The Mermaid's Well is near by the Cave,
 Down by yon broad brown brae;
 There you may kiss the bowl of bliss,
 And from it drink you may.

Green, green and mossy are the banks
 Around the Mermaid's Well,
 And clear the rings of its crystal springs,
 And bright as a silver bell.

The water runs in a babbling stream,
 To all the senses dear;
 Its noisy sweep, now low, now deep,
 Makes music to the ear.

And wandering on like an idle dream,
 Now narrowing and now wide,
 It wakes to life in the swirling strife
 Of the surge-beaten foam of the tide.

'Tis cool and pleasant to the taste,
 And sweet as sweet can be;
 When with it first you quench your thirst,
 No fear nor ill you dree.

The water is sweet, and he who drinks
 May sleep in a golden chair,—
 May have wealth untold of silver and gold,
 Gems, jewels and rubies rare.

Joy's merry bower, Love's mighty power,
 And pleasures none can tell,
 Float round the brim, all ready for him
 Who drinks at the Mermaid's Well.

But take good care! oh, youth, beware!
 When this worldly bliss you find,—
 Such bliss control, for it wrecks the soul,
 And dims the eye of the mind.

For over the well vile spirits float,
 Like a mist, so cold and gray,
 And the path is steep, and rugged, and deep,
 That leads from the well away.

And near by that path the mermaid waits
 To bring you under her spell:
 Think over this first, ere you quench your thirst
 At the mystical Mermaid's Well.

WILLIAM MANN SMART.

MR SMART holds an excellent place in the esteem of his Forfar fellow-townsmen as a bard, and as a teacher whose Private School, Mossbank, has for the past eight years proved itself a useful adjunct to the educational facilities of the district. Born at Lunanhead in 1854, he was trained for his profession under the poet-teacher, James Smith (Vinney), and took a first-class position as a student of the E.C. Normal College, Edinburgh. He taught at Careston and Arbirlot; and, after recovery from a breakdown in health, attended classes in Greek and Mathematics at Glasgow University. From 1881 to 1885 he held several professional appointments; and for some years thereafter engaged in a tobacconist's business in Forfar. Here, under the comparative leisure of his new calling, his poetic faculty was quickened, and the local press found him a frequent contributor. In 1888 he collected and issued his pieces in a booklet of forty pages, entitled, "Some Tuneful Numbers," from which we extract a piece admirable in its local feeling; the other piece being representative of Mr Smart's later writings.

THE HILL O' BOAMIE.

(BALMASHANNER HILL, FORFAR.)

When in the crimson west
 The settin' sun gaes down,
 When gloamin' brings a' nature rest,
 We'll leave the giddy town.
 On Boamie hill we'll stray,
 To breathe the evenin' air;
 An' mark the licht o' fadin' day
 Engild the valley fair.

The valley o' Strathmore,
 The silent hills atween—
 Seek Scotland owre frae shore to shore,
 Nae fairer may be seen;
 Its fields are rich an' lang,
 Its green woods here an' there
 Re-echo to the wild bird's sang
 O' plenty everywhere.

The everlastin' hills
 Encircle it a' roond,
 To guard the strath frae harmfu' ills
 Within their changeless boond.
 Tho' Farfar lads may gae
 Far owre the ocean faem,
 Their mind on Boamie's rugged brae,
 An' a' their freends at hame.

Kings in their regal pride
 May on the hill ha'e stood,
 To gaze along the valley wide,
 An' muse in thochtful mood;

Or wi' a courtly train
 O' lords an' ladies fine,
 Ha'e mocked the hours wi' lauchter vain
 In days forgot langsyne.

Sweeter than pleasure gay
 Is Boamie hill at e'en;
 A' glitterin' wi' the sunset ray
 The ancient toun is seen;
 The Loch, to childhood dear,
 Reflects the mellow beams,
 As Titan shield sae braid an' clear,
 Like silver bricht it gleams.

The lads an' lasses weel
 The hill o' Boamie ken;
 They aft the brae in simmer speel
 To meet their joes again;
 Syne airm in airm they gae
 Their schemes o' love to weave,
 Nor dream o' darkenin' dule an' wae,
 That may their hopes deceive.

While lovers meet in joy
 Upon the rugged hill,
 May fortune ne'er their dreams destroy,
 Let Farfar prosper still;
 May Plenty shed good cheer,
 True happiness to croun;
 May Peace wi' gowden wings be near
 To bless the ancient toun.

DECEMBER.

How bare and desolate the hill !
Gone is its green array ;
Its groves and glades, its lights and shades,
Have vanished quite away.

In summer time the beech and plane
Displayed their foliage bright ;
Their tassels all the larches tall
Hung forth to please the sight.

On open parts the sunlight streamed,
Flickered the greenery through ;
The wilful breeze that wooed the trees
Quaint shifting shadows drew.

The shilfa trilled upon the branch ;
Beneath the linnet sang ;
And clear above the croodling dove
The blackbird's music rang.

It cheered to hear the singers wild :
How pleasing was the scene ;

How sweet at will to roam the hill,
New life and hope to glean.

But fierce, relentless autumn gales
Came swift on summer's sighs ;
The blighting blast the verdure cast,
Upon the grass it lies.

No sound of music now is heard ;
The song-birds are not there ;
At height of day the cheerless ray
Strikes on the branches bare.

So changed and lifeless is the scene,
The stillness speaks with dread
Of wretched care that brings despair,
Of hopes and joys that fled.

Yet doth the hill its lesson teach,
That human sight is near ;
The breath of spring new life will bring
The hearts of men to cheer.

JANE PAXTON SMIETON.

THIS gifted lady, who, in the sister arts of Painting, Poetry, and Music shows nearly equal facility, is a daughter of the Rev. John More of Cairneyhill, Fifeshire ; and was married to the late Thos. A. Smieton, Esq., of Broughty-Ferry, in 1852. Her grandfather was Professor Paxton of Edinburgh ; and the intellectual gifts of both sire and grandsire seem to have been inherited by the distinguished Broughty-Ferry lady. The balance of her excellence in art leans to the side of Painting—she was Sam Bough's favourite pupil, and has exhibited her pictures in the academies for the last twenty years—but she is a sterling musician and poet as well ; and, some years ago, composed an operetta, scoring it for full orchestra, in addition to writing the libretto, and designing the scenery for its production. It was privately performed, with the greatest success ; and, assuredly, in thus writing and perfecting such a work as "The Restored," Mrs Smieton established a record such as is possible only to the possessor of true genius. We give a reproduction of one of her water-colour sketches ; while of her general musical works we may instance her beautiful setting of Tennyson's "Break, Break" ; and among her lyrics, two which have been set to most delightful music by her gifted son, Mr J. More Smieton. These are, "O the Burnie rins sae clear," and "Wee Jeanie"—which forms one of our representative poems—and both have been made public through the medium of *The National Choir*. Two dainty volumes—"Classical Tales," and "Songs, Poems, and Ballads," published for private circulation in 1891 and 1895 respectively, contain the major part of Mrs Smieton's poetry, the perusal of which can only evoke the wish that it were in the hands of the larger public. We quote one of the "Sicilian Idylls" from the first-mentioned

volume, and two other gems in dialect from the other, which will not only show the power of this sweet lyrist, but will awaken a desire to make further acquaintance with her works.

WEE JEANIE.

He biggit a bower on the bosky knowe,
An' happit it owre wi' the birchen bough,
An' the western sky held a crimson lowe
 To wee Jeanie !

The sweet simmer wind o' the simmer nicht,
It aye wantit in to get a sicht
O' the green mossy carpet, saft an' bricht,
 An' wee Jeanie !

The loud, rattlin' storm gaed tearin' around,
Rivin' the branches that bravely were bound;
An' the thunder roar'd wi' an awfu' soond ;
 Puir wee Jeanie !

The bonnie birch bower was drookit wi' weat;
The wild, wailin' wind wad ha'e made ye greet;
The green mossy carpet's a windin' sheet
 For wee Jeanie !

CALLER SPRING.

Caller Spring wi' scented breeze
Blaws the buds out on the trees ;
Thickets noo, nae langer bare,
Haud the linties, bickerin' sair ;
Throssels winna be ahint,
Pipin' rapture without stint.

Wuds are fou o' twitterin' wings,
Glimmerin', gauzy, chitterin' things ;
Thousands o' sma' feathery feet
Stir the hedges drenched in weat,
Jinkin' thro' the prickly twigs
That are shelterin' a' the riggs.

Now 's the time bold lav'rocks rise,
Boundin' thro' the April skies,
Fairly mountin' up to heaven,
Carolling frae dawn to even'
'Mang the clouds o' gold an' white,
To their love-mates' wild delight !

Let us clim' the breezy hill,
Roond by lone Linlathen well ;

There the flowers are breathing sweet,
Whar the sluice an' burnie meet,
Fed by mony a crystal rill,
Rippling to the mossy mill.

Bairnies tread wi' gladsome een
Daisy-dappled meadows green ;
Thro' the Grange to sunny heights,
Whar the Fithie's sang invites,
By its side to string their flowers,
A' the blithesome simmer hours.

Bonnie, too, the Milton braes,
When the broom is a' ablaze ;
Lovers there, when Vesper blinks,
Wander owre the thymey links,
Glisterin' wi' gold an' red,
Spring's deft hand has garlanded.

Scotia ! thou delightful land,
Happy they that can command,—
Hidden frae the world's ken,
In some lonely bosky glen,—
Cot o' thatch or princely ha',
There to pass their days awa' !

COMATAS.

There is a tale of the Sicilian shore,
Land of sweet wonders, born of sacred soil:
Of the beloved herdsman who long bore
 His pent-up life free from all care and toil;
Nor pipe of neatherd came to him, nor bird,
Nor warbling cuckoo in its oak-woods heard.

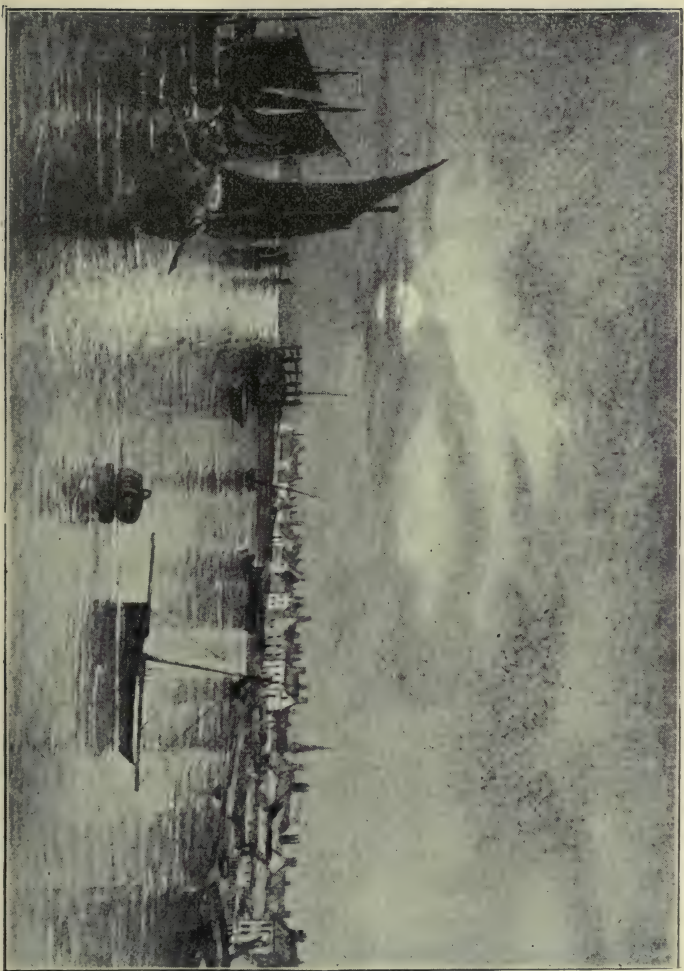
The nightingale him mourned with soft
 complaint,

Lamenting him with his fair meed of song;
Albeit, the hairy bees, with hummings faint,
 Alone knew where Comatas fared so long ;
And busy flew among their worksteads sweet,
To bring him honey on their winged feet.

The shepherds wept another son gone down
O'er the dark wave of Acheron so dim,
Borne by the flood of Eld and death to drown;
 But the sweet muses do not weep for him,
For their divine assignment, well knew they
His sacred gift of rhyme and roundelay !

Comatas blessed ! and the Muses' child,
Thou sacrificed thy Master's goats to them!
By their sweet nectar thou wast thus beguiled,
And for this thieving gods must thee
 condemn ;

And what befell thee? yea, most joyful things,
The blunt-faced bees knew, by their murmuring.



BROUGHTY-FERRY.

From a Painting by Mrs. Smiſton.

Into a cedar chest thy Master laid
 Thy youthful body for one long, long year!
 And bees thee honey secretly conveyed,
 Found in the tender flowers by mead and
 mere;
 The Muses still dropt nectar on thy lips,
 And kept thee living by ambrosial sips!

And when thy Master to thy prison came,
 To ope this fragrant cedar chest once more,
 He wot not he was publishing thy fame,
 So wonderful, o'er all the sacred shore;
 Henceforth Comatas treads the flowering
 thyme,
 And contests holds with Pan in flowing rhyme!

JAMES SMIETON.

THE inheritor of a considerable portion of the endowment just referred to, and a librettist of exceptional skill, Mr Smieton has distinctive claims on our regard. His work has secured wide recognition through its association with the music of his gifted brother, Mr J. More Smieton; and it is rare indeed to find collaboration more perfect in its consonance than is apparent in these efforts, to which have been set the seal fraternal.

Mr Smieton was born at Dundee in 1853, was educated at Edinburgh, and finished a University course by graduating M.A. and B.Sc. The family connection with important mercantile affairs forthwith demanded his energies; but while meeting the demands of business, Mr Smieton has retained an active interest in literature and science for their own sakes. His writings include the dramatic cantatas "Ariadne,"—now in its fourth edition—"King Arthur," and "Connla," all of which are published by Novello; "The Water Nixie," a fairy cantata, and "St. Columba," a sacred drama, being still in MS. The first of our interesting illustrations has, with Mr J. M. Smieton's beautiful music, been separately published, and is known and used all the world over. These noble and simple verses have great charm of manner and effect; indeed, in due proportion, these qualities are exhibited clearly in the lyrical portion of all that Mr Smieton has produced.

HYMN: FROM "KING ARTHUR."

There is a land beyond the setting sun,
 A land for every sorrow-laden one,
 Where death is dead, and endless life begun.

There is a land beyond the dusky night,
 Where storms are still, and skies are ever
 bright,
 Where crystal domes reflect immortal light.

There is a land beyond the gates of morn,
 A land for every hero battle-worn,
 Where peace awaits the spirit anguish-torn.

There is a land where balmy breezes blow,
 Where fragrant flowers in fadeless splendour
 glow,
 Where silver streams in murmuring music flow.

NEA'S SONG: FROM "CONNLA."

O gentle sleep, that stilleth mortal fears,
 And sealeth up the fount of bitter tears,
 No longer let thy silver fetters bind
 The soul of him who fain would solace find:
 Awake! O Connla fair, awake!
 The bonds of balmy slumber break;
 Awake! another day is born,
 And roses deck the gates of morn.

O gentle sleep, that guards the hall of dreams,
 Where filmy visions flit in dusky streams,
 On airy pinions wing thy silent flight,
 Nor seek to know the secrets of the light:
 Awake! O Connla fair, awake!
 The bonds of balmy slumber break;
 Awake! my spirit longs with thee
 To reign in realms beyond the sea.

"ARIADNE": SCENE II.

*(The sailing of the chosen band.)*CHORUS.—*Maidens.*

Farewell, dear native land,
 No more to view thy strand
 Is Fate's decree;
 But from this fair earth's bloom,
 'Mid shades and misty gloom,
 Our lot must be.

AIR.—*Theseus.*

Farewell, dear country of my youth,
 Ye mist-girt hills and vales;
 Farewell, ye woods and crystal streams
 That course in sunny dales.

Bright Hellas' shore is sinking fast
 Beneath the western sea;
 Shall I victorious come again,
 Or with the vanquished be?

My heart bleeds for thee, Athens fair,
 In this thy evil day,

May freedom, borne on wings of morn,
 Break o'er thy placid bay!

Bright Hellas' shore is sinking fast
 Beneath the western sea;
 I shall victorious come again,—
 Or with the vanquished be.

CHORUS.—*Youths and Maidens.*

To Ocean's mighty king
 Let joyful pæans ring,
 And Leda's race;
 While o'er the liquid realm,
 With heav'n to guide the helm,
 Our path we trace.

And now the silent night
 Resumes her ancient might,
 And Cynthia reigns;
 But soon the rosy morn
 Will quench her silver horn
 And gild the plains.

DAVID MITCHELL SMITH.

MR SMITH'S admirable verses are greatly admired by numerous Angus and Perthshire readers; and in the Fair City, where he is now resident, and where he is becoming widely known as a most successful teacher of Shorthand, his personality is equally esteemed. He was born at Bullionfield, near Dundee, in 1848; was educated at Kirriemuir; became a clerk in the Railway Service; acted for some years as an official of the Forfar Water Commissioners; and some sixteen years ago entered on the appointment which he still holds with the Messrs Pullar, the famous dyers. Mr Smith's labours in the Evening Schools at Perth, where he instructs nearly 300 pupils in Shorthand, necessarily encroach on the leisure requisite for the expansion of his poetic talents; but from time to time there are indications that though he lies fallow *whyles*, his natural force is not abated.

GLEN OGIL.

Oh, bonnilie on Ogil the summer sunlicht fa's,
 An' cantie croon the burnies by hill an' wooded glen;
 An' I wad barter a' I win, an' lea' these city wa's,
 To spend in dear Glen Ogil six simmer days again.
 The city's dust is on me, an' I am far awa';
 Nor mavis' mellow sang is heard, nor happy burnie's croon;
 But aft, when labour's ended quite, an' gloamin' shadows a',
 The crested lapwing, Memory, in the lane glen settles doon.
 The moorfowl's whirring cry I hear the grey hill slopes alang,
 The whaup's disconsolate wailin', the brawl o' muirland streams;
 An' weird, as in the days langsyne, the deep glen glacks amang,
 The hill-winds are hallooin' doun the gorges o' my dreams.

The Perthshire hills are bonnie, Schiehallion's steep an' hie,
 An' grandly rows the buirdly Tay by hut an' lordly ha';
 But gazin' on the wondrous scenes, a tear but dims the e'e,
 An' thochts o' sweet Glen Ogil will rise an' whirr awa'.

The hills abune Glen Ogil! I see them a' the day,
 As veive as when I speel'd them in summer days langsyne;
 The heather purples in my heart, the hill mists gather gray,
 An' the licht that glints on tarn an' stream my saul will never tyne.

I lived an' loved in Ogil; and, ah! what wad I no'
 To live again, an' lo'e again, in the days that are awa'?
 But, by St. Arland's misty croon, an' the subject glens below,
 I vow to see sweet Ogil yet, when simmer breezes blaw.

THE DEIL'S STANE.

Eh, bairns! siccan cantrip the muckle deil played
 In the gruesome days langsyne;
 Whaun's huifs were heard on the laich hoose taps,
 An' his voice in the roarin' linn.

This grey stane, bedded i' the glack o' the glen,
 Ance lay on the heich hill tap;
 An' roond it at nichts, i' the licht o' the mune,
 The deil he skirled an' lap.

An' ance on a time, when the win' blew lood,
 He lifted it whaur it lay,
 An' lauched as he held it in his het luif,
 Syne whumilt it doun the brae.

Oh, muckle he lauch'd an' lood he skirled,
 An' doon the hill spanked he;
 But when he stoopit to lift the stane,
 'Twas firm as a rock i' the sea.

"Ho, ho!" quo' the deil, "sae I canna lift up
 A stane flung by my richt han'!
 But here let it rest; what the deil canna do
 Is no' in the pooer o' man."

An' he danced roond an' roond, an' lauched an' skirled,
 Whaur the grey stane's lyin' the noo;
 Havers o' Grannie!— well, the deil's sair misca'd,
 But this, bonnie bairns, is true,

That the big, big stane o' his ugsome pooer
 He has flung on the sauls o' men;
 An' neither oor strength, nor the deil himsel',
 Can lift it up again.

JAMES SMITH.

QUITE remarkable is the *esprit de corps* energizing the scattered units that in past days were influenced by the "Maister" of Forfar's "East-toon-end Scule." From here, there, and everywhere, they from time to time pay their tributes of respect to the memory of an estimable man, a strict disciplinarian, and a successful teacher; and several of them can trace their being as bards

to the influence of James Smith's own writings, and his interest in them and theirs. Born in 1813, he was destined to spend his days inside the "four stoops of misery," as Forfarians termed the handloom; but the young weaver had barely reached manhood when he was able to set his face towards that wider horizon which hard study, perseverance, and innate ability had opened out for him. He taught "the young idea how to shoot" at Finhaven, Kingsmuir, and Forfar, and always with increasing success. In 1845 he was appointed teacher of the new East Burgh School, Forfar, where he rendered signal service as an educationist down to his retirement in 1883. Mr Smith, as "Vinney," wrote numerous poems to the *Weekly News* and other papers, all of which were marked by the genuine and unaffected individuality of their author, many of them exhibiting very commendable lyric qualities. Frequent reference to phases of his poetic labours will be found throughout these sketches: assuredly he was "a man of mark" in his native town, and his death in 1885 was sincerely mourned by a wide and attached circle of friends. Our quotations exhibit some of the favourite aspects of his genial muse.

SWEET VINNEY DEN.

Sweet Vinney Den, where daisies spring
Bright as the god of day,
And lovely roses wanton wave
In summer's proud array;
While stealthy winds fond kiss them all,
Then pass rejoicing by,
It is the pleasing trysting spot
Where I meet Mary High.

I note the broom all down the dale,
A field of yellow bloom,
As on the knowe I raptured stand
And breathe its rich perfume.
I list the burnie trottin' down,
See birdies flittin' by,
And gloamin's shadows point the hour
I meet wi' Mary High.

Dear lovely maid, down through the broom
I see her trip this way;
Her light, elastic, bounding step
Scarce bends the meanest spray.
With laughing face, and guileless heart,
And lip of crimson dye,
O welcome to my warm embrace,
My own sweet Mary High.

Now we will trace sweet Vinney Den,
Drink of its cooling spring,
And taste the joys that gushing rise
From love's dear mystic ring:
For here 'mid nature's lovely forms
No cares shall canker nigh,
But calm content shall nestling dwell
Wi' me and Mary High.

MY DOGGIE.

Now Summer breathes on budding flowers
Among the bowers o' Logie,
While blithely I on bonnie braes
Am herdin' wi' my doggie.
A-field, at hame, he's near me still,
And aye is brisk and vogie;
And seems to guess my ev'ry wish—
My curious, carefu' doggie.

Nae fit can come across the knowe,
Though night be e'er so foggie,
But soon I ken its whereabouts
A' through my faithfu' doggie;
He whines, he starts, he forward rins,
To see if friend or roguie;
And ne'er a fit dare be advanced
Till I ca' in my doggie.

But Jeanie's step, O weel he kens,
As she comes through the boggie;
For no' ae bark or growl he gies—
Sae wily is my doggie.
And when she cuddles me beside,
To crack and keep me vogie,
He rins and tends the sheep alane—
Sae knowing is my doggie.

Some ceaseless hunt for world's gear
Through paths baith steep and scroggie,
But few enjoy a purer bliss
Than I do wi' my doggie.
For he's as true a friend's I've met,
Save her wha'll share my coggie,
And wham the gloamin' after brings
To sport wi' me and doggie.

THE WEAVER EMIGRANT'S SONG.

I'm blithe I left my hame,
 I'm blithe I crossed the sea,
 An' reached this land o' gowd an' wealth,
 Wi' wife and bairnies three.
 Our friends grat loud and sair
 As we sailed frae the Dee ;
 But could they see this canty hame,
 They'd loup and dance wi' glee.

My Jean has left the wheel,
 Wi' a' its tow and din,
 And I ha'e left the weary spule
 That brought sae little in.

Her face was pale and wan
 When we left Britain's isle,
 But now it ever beams wi' joy,
 And ever wears a smile.

O could our friends but come !
 O could they cross the sea !
 They'd leave cauld poverty behind,
 And ance mair comfort see.
 There's gowd within the mine—
 The land has wealth in store ;
 While plenty sits wi' beck'ning hand
 To welcome to our door.

ROBERT HAY WILSON SMITH.

"ABOUT my sixteenth year I began to write verse. Need I say the inspiration came from female loveliness! Like others of the tuneful tribe, I saw and sang. The *Montrose Review*, and *Standard*, began to print my antiquarian gleanings, along with my songs. Alexander Laing saw one of my songs, and wrote me in reference to it: 'Nature's God has given you the true poetic inspiration; make of it what you will, young man; I know and feel you have it.'" Thus writes Mr R. H. W. Smith, a versatile bard of the old gray town of Kirriemuir, where he was born in 1826, and where he received his education and early training. As a young man, Mr Smith spent several years in Edinburgh, where he worked in the Fiscal's office in Parliament Square, and where, as he judges, some of his best literary work was done. His later days have been spent in his birthplace; and here, while following the fast-decaying industry of hand-loom weaving, he contributes to the local press such results of his recreative musings as we now submit to the attention of our readers.

REMEMBER ME, MY MARY.

Now gentle Spring has come again
 Wi' lightsome smiles so winning ;
 The god o' day o'er Lunan Bay
 Wi' gowden light is shining ;
 The daisy decks the downy grass
 Wi' opening e'e so flowery ;
 And ilka wildwood echo rings—
 Remember me, my Mary.

A' lost to view in yonder blue
 The little lark is singing,
 The mavis' and the blackbird's song
 Frae ilka wood is ringing.

While Spring puts on her robes o' green,
 And Nature smiles so cheery,
 One simple boon I beg to crave—
 Remember me, my Mary.

It's sweet to prove a woman's love
 Where blushing flowers are bloomin',
 It's dear to think on aye by day
 And woo her in the gloamin'.
 The ties o' love that memory weaves
 Can time or distance vary ?
 Affection pleads wi' passion's prayer—
 Remember me, my Mary.

SHE SLEEPS IN AN ENGLISH GRAVE.

"If memory is an eternal now, so is the passing moment."—*Lamertine*.

The oak, the ash, by auld Shielhill,
 Are just as they wont to be,
 And yon gray tower is sacred still
 To the ancient Ogilvie ;

But the owl screams in its empty hall,
 And the north winds round it rave ;
 But the winsome maid that I courted there—
 She sleeps in an English grave.

By Prosen, Esk, and Carity
 The primrose still appears,
 And the yew tree throws its darksome shade
 With the gloom of a thousand years;
 And torn shrub and twisted pine
 Still mark the home of the brave;
 But the winsome maid that I courted there—
 She sleeps in an English grave.

And evermore will thoughts arise
 Of these impassioned hours—
 Thoughts bright as yon blue heaven above,
 Or summer's fairest flowers.

Ah! dreams of night, ye bring her still,
 And the heart will ever cleave
 To that lost form of loveliness
 That sleeps in an English grave.

By Pathney burn, and Buchan's wood,
 And the haunted hazel den,
 We wander'd when the moon shone bright
 On mountain, hill, and glen;
 We woo'd in the beams of the gloamin' star,
 And a gleesome light it gave;
 But the pride of my youth, and the joy of my
 She sleeps in an English grave. [heart,

THE BONNIE BUSH O' BLOOMIN' HEATHER.

In westlan' sky the sun went doon,
 An' lent a smile to Autumn gloamin',
 An' robin sang a note or two—
 A sign that shorter day was comin';
 An' maidens fair came out to stray,
 An' lightsomely came link'd together,
 An' coily sought a bard to sing
 The bonnie bush o' bloomin' heather.

"Ah! winsome maids," the minstrel sighed,
 "Although my Autumn leaf is fallin',
 The spirit comes at thy command,
 An' fondly thrill the notes I'm tellin'.
 From Lunan Bay to Greenock shore,
 In winter wild, or summer weather,
 I'll sing the song that seeks your heart—
 The bonnie bush o' bloomin' heather."

Loved blossom of our fairest queen,
 Our long-lamented, deep-wronged Mary,
 Bloom purple on our mountains grand,
 An' grace our upland glens so airy.
 The shade of her that loved thee well
 On Luna's beam may aft come thither,
 An' gild with glory, as of yore,
 The bonnie braes o' bloomin' heather.

The mist encircles Loch-na-gar,
 The Dee rolls on in wailin' splendour,
 An' dark Glentanner's forest roar
 Falls on the ear like distant thunder;
 But yet we love our Highland glens,
 As bairns truly love their mither;
 For Nature's God is seemin' near,
 Ye bonnie hills o' bloomin' heather.

WILLIAM SMITH.

THERE are people in Forfar who have clear recollections of this eccentric personage, a striking feature in whose personal appearance was "a beard which he allowed to grow till it reached his knees." James Smith knew him well; and a note appended to one of "Doctor" Smith's pieces in "The Forfar Bouquet" gives full information regarding him in "Vinney's" characteristic manner.

"We have extracted the foregoing poem from a small pamphlet, entitled 'Poems on various Subjects,' by William Smith, Forfar, which issued from the Forfar press in 1829. William was a native of Cortachy, and came to Forfar along with his mother about the year 1826. He learned the handloom weaving; and during the first winter went to school during half the day, for the purpose of giving the little education he had at the school of Cortachy a brush up. After a time he began to study English Grammar, Latin, Greek, and French, with no other means of obtaining a livelihood than under all the disadvantages of a laborious life at the loom. At eighteen, according to his own statement, *aetas octodicem annorum*, he published his little pamphlet. His

intention of publishing was, if possible, to raise a small sum to assist him to get to college. This, however, failed; for he never reaped a single advantage from the publication. After this, he served about two years in a druggist's shop, until he had sufficient knowledge to enable him to perform the duties of a surgeon on board a whaler from Dundee to Greenland. With the money thus acquired he was enabled to complete his education as a surgeon. William might have now done well, but an unsettledness of mind sent him wandering up and down through Europe. He found himself at last in London, and enlisted in the Spanish expedition as a common soldier, with the promise of promotion as a surgeon on the first opportunity. In due time he was promoted to the position of surgeon, continued to serve during the war, and came home with £300 in his pocket. With this sum he commenced to practise in London, was unsuccessful, and came back to Forfar almost penniless. He commenced practice in Forfar, and was again unsuccessful. After this we find him on the Continent, at Berlin, studying for a degree of Doctor, which he obtained. He went out to Rio de Janeiro upon some Government measure, but what we don't recollect. After a number of years' wandering up and down as unsettled as ever, we again find him in Forfar about the year 1847. At this time he applied for a Government situation, through the late Joseph Hume, M.P., as a surgeon in the army. A reference letter was sent to Forfar, when a dubious reply was sent back, and this put a stop to his hopes of success. His mind now gave way, and he took to bed and lay three years. He was taken from Forfar to the Lunatic Asylum at Montrose, where he died about the year 1862."

The piece referred to ("Donald and Ullin") is of a commonplace character, as, indeed, are all the items in Smith's booklet. His writings fall far short of the interest of his career; and we need quote but a short portion of a piece which is not quite so remarkable for blemishes as are some others that might be cited.

ALLAN AND DONALD: A DIALOGUE.

EXTRACT.

Donald.

"Hope, the fond darling of a mother's care,
Court'd by all, the powerful, rich, and fair,
But smiles a moment; then with glance serene,
Darts through the mind, and shows an empty
beam.

Then, with distracted mind, I view my state
Worse than before; for horrible the fate
Down to be cast from airy schemes unfurled,
And view your real state: a real world
Of immorality and vice appears,
Yourself the outcast of six thousand years.
Yet fate must be endured, and chance appear,
Though worlds of sighs should moist them
with a tear,
And all the system of the lunar heaven
Start from the spheres which nature has
them given."

Allan.

"Indeed, our paths are various here below;
One reaps the fruits which his grandsire did
sow;
Another hoards for ages yet to come;
Another spends the fortune not his own.
So various are the ways, while still the same
Remains the pious and the virtuous man,
Who constantly through life, renowned for
youth,
Finds greatest pleasure in the force of truth.
So let us live where wisdom bids us dwell,
The path is humble, yet 'tis Virtue's cell;
My fortune small shall with my friend be
shared,
Yet shall we live in friendship, though
obscured."

ALEXANDER MILNE SOUTAR.

THERE are not many who would gather from the active life of this Arbroath master joiner and builder, charged as it is with the responsibilities of numerous erections, and the oversight of many workmen, that his solace and refreshment are found in the lyre's melodious warblings; but so it is. The son of a small farmer at Muirdrum, Panbride, Mr Soutar was born there in 1846. His boyhood was passed in the country, and in the usual summer working, winter educating style, culminating in apprenticeship to the joiner trade, and the spinning of rhymes. The experiences of his manhood date from his sixteenth year, when he enlisted as a soldier and was drafted to India. Discharged in 1873, he stayed for a short time in Carnoustie—where his father had removed, and where as Simon Soutar he earned the respect of the whole community—and subsequently was for many years employed as joiner at Claverhouse Bleachfield, near Dundee. As has been indicated, Mr Soutar's sphere is now of an extended and important character, and is worthily filled by one who, in all the relations of life, is held in honour and respect. In 1880 Mr Soutar published his poems in a volume which, as "Hearth Rhymes," has met with considerable favour. We give varied extracts from the earlier and later writings of one whose message is ever earnest, and never ambiguous, and whose expression is ever sweet and true.

AYE BEST AT HAME.

We're hame again, my dearie,
The nicht we've spent fu' cheerie,
An' yet hoo sune we weary
When we're awa' frae hame;
Hame!
There's pleasure in the name;
'Tis guid owre a', love, but aye best at hame.
Hame! O it sounds fu' rarely,
It bids a welcome fairly;
Puir things, they suffer sairly
Wha dinna ha'e a hame;
Hame!
There's gladness in the name;
'Tis guid owre a', love, but aye best at hame.
Frae weary wark returning,
Ane never thinks o' mourning
When love's bricht lowe is burning
Within your hoose at hame;

Hame!
Love lingers in the name;
'Tis guid owre a', love, but aye best at hame.
When by your hearth sae cosy
Your wife, wi' cheeks sae rosy,
Will press you to her bosie
The moment you come hame;
Hame!
Joy sparkles in the name;
'Tis guid owre a', love, but aye best at hame.
At hame I never weary,
The nicht I spend fu' cheerie;
My ain kind-hearted dearie,
You mak' a happy hame;
Hame!
A halo's round the name;
'Tis guid owre a', love, but aye best at hame.

OOR MERRY MEG.

When the mavis and the blackbird,
Whistling on the thorn,
And cock-a-leerie loudly cawin'
Welcomes in the morn,
What bonnie lass is that I see,
Peeping out o' blanket bay,
Radiant owre wi' smiles for me?
It's oor merry Meg!

When the sun in noontide splendour
Bids the gowans bloom,
Throws his rays in ilka corner,
Flegs awa' the gloom,
What bonnie lass is that I see,
On the green beneath the tree,
Nursing dolly on her knee?
It's oor merry Meg!

When the bee, with hōney laden,
Leaves the closing flower,
And the daily toil is ended
At the gloamin' hour,
What gentle voice is that I hear
Whispering stories in my ear,
Watching dada drawing near?
It's oor merry Meg!

When the stars begin to twinkle
In the lift abune,
And weary Nature seeks repose,
Noo the day is dune,
What lassie on my knee will leap,
Ask the Lord her safe to keep,
Sing her hymn, an' fa' asleep?
It's oor dearie Meg!

BATTIE'S DEN.

Frae toil an' care, when I can spare
A canny hour at e'en,
Back through the haze I like to gaze
Owre a' the road I've been
Sin' days o' Youth, when we were routh,
Like stirkies fidgin' fain
Withoot the branks', to play oor pranks
In bonnie Battie's Den.

When cheerie Spring new claes wad fling
Owre a' the wuds an' braes,
An' gowans wi' glee wad ope their e'e
To welcome Sol's bricht rays,—
Up ilka tree we'd keek a wee,
For birdies' nests, ye ken;
An' ilka bush wad get a "hush"
In bonnie Battie's Den.

The speckled trout we aft droo oot—
We didna fish wi' fly,
But tirred to sark, an' to the wark,
An' nipped them on the sly.
Strawberries sweet, an' rasps to eat,
We gathered there, ye ken,
An' pu'd the slaes on Heughie's braes,
In bonnie Battie's Den.

But lang's the road that we ha'e trod,
Wi' a' its ups an' doons,
Sin' on the braes we spent youth's days,
A band o' happy loons.
Though far we've flown, like thistle-down,
We'll aye revere, ye ken—
Ay, to the last, the days we past
In bonnie Battie's Den!

A SUMMER WALK.

Earth, arrayed in summer verdure,
Pleasure offers unto all;
Let us roam by Kelly Castle,
While the evening shadows fall.
Through the foliage of the beeches,
See yon slanting sunbeam stray,
Play around the antique structure,
Lighten up the turrets gray.
How our mind's-eye backward glances
Through the mist of ages fled,
Searching for the web of story
That's around the castle spread!
Fancy hears the keep resounding
With the clank of armed men;
Forth they march to death or glory,
With the Laird of Kelly Den;
While the lady, with her maidens,
Watching from yon turret high,
Ere they vanish in the distance,
Waves to them a fond good-bye.

Ah! those days of feudal foray
Long ago have passed away;
Nought but Peace, enshrined in Beauty,
Greet us everywhere to-day.

There the Elliot o'er the pebbles,
Like a harper o'er the strings,
Glides with undulating motion,
Till sweet music from them springs;
And the ousel stoops to listen,
Ere he lave his snow-white breast
In yon pool beneath the willow
That o'erhangs his mossy nest.

Hark! the songsters of the woodlands,
Joyful, chant their evening song;
While sweet odour from the clover
On the west wind glides along.
All the earth is wrapt in beauty,
Praise and perfume fill the air;
As we roam by Kelly Castle,
Pleasure greets us everywhere.

ELIZABETH SOUTAR.

ON the tombstone of "The Blind Poetess," in the Howff, Dundee, is graven the following biographical tribute:—"She was gifted with a great memory; possessed a mind well stored with the Holy Scriptures; and,

although blind for many years, composed a number of poems on religious subjects. She was respected by all who knew her." But the catalogue of her virtues is not complete here; for Elizabeth Soutar possessed a brave Scottish spirit, and triumphed so nobly over the infirmity which overtook her in middle life, that she voluntarily dispensed with the dole meted to her by her Kirk Session, maintaining herself by the sale of her rhymes, leaving little legacies to the societies that had befriended her, and providing, also, for her burial and commemoration. She was born at Coupar-Angus in 1768, was the only child of a shoemaker who had a good business, and who gave her a fair education, resided in Dundee from her thirteenth year, and died there in 1834. A little volume of fifty pages, and containing her poems and a memoir, was published at Dundee in 1835. "The last Hymns composed by the Author" form a sort of addenda to the booklet; and we quote part of one of these pieces, all of which are plainly indicative of the fact that the piety of the writer was largely in excess of her poetic capacity.

THE AFFLICTED'S PRAYER.

My God, I humbly call on Thee,
And will not quit my claim;
Here, in the day of my distress,
I'll call upon Thy name.

In suff'rings be my strength, O Lord,
In weakness be my Love;
And when the storm of life doth cease,
Then take my soul above,

That I may there behold the Lamb,
The God I long to see;
Thou see'st me helpless and distressed,
But still I trust in Thee.

Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
The meek and lowly mind,
To lay myself at Jesus' feet,
Repose and peace to find.

Come, Jesus, be Thou near to me
While I in darkness go;
I cast my every care on Thee
While I am here below.

O teach me that new song to sing
To Christ my chiefest joy;
Ye heavens above, resound the notes,
And all my soul employ.

PETER SPENCE.

"MR SPENCE continued in harness till his latest years, experimenting almost daily in his laboratory, patenting all radically new improvements of his processes, and generally 'bearing fruit in old age.' The number of the various patents taken out by him nearly equalled that of the years of his life."

So reads part of an obituary notice prepared by the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society on the demise of its honoured member, Mr Peter Spence, a man almost without a peer in the realm of Applied Science, and one of the princes of the commercial world. His career is crowded with incident; but the founding and rearing of the Manchester Alum Works, the greatest concern of the kind extant, is one of its most pronounced features. In a myriad ways he laboured for the advancement of scientific knowledge, and few have been so successful in extracting practical results from its theories and experiments as he was. As a moral and social reformer, also, Mr Spence was a power for good in his adopted city; to its great Temperance organizations he gave his whole-hearted aid, and he possessed the confidence

of the community, and the esteem of a wide circle of friends and scientists, in quite a remarkable degree.

Mr Spence was born at Brechin in 1806. His "forbears" had for many generations held a farm "on the Grampian Hills," but their representatives had been driven into the town, and the lad became an apprentice grocer at Perth. He conducted chemical experiments and wrote poetry alternately, and by and by obtained a situation in Dundee Gas Works. The researches which resulted, as indicated, were begun at London and Carlisle; but not till he discovered that wealth lay in the refuse of shale pits and gas works was there even an approach to that notable success which followed his labours down to his death at Manchester in 1883.

These quotations are made from a small collection of Mr Spence's poems, privately published shortly after his demise.

I WILL THINK OF THEE.

I will think of thee, my fairest one,
When the moonbeams glance on earth,
When I wander forth 'mid the stilly night,
And the calm of the sky 'neath the starry light
Gives thoughts of love their birth.

I will think of thee, my fairest one,
Whether on land or sea;
And the roll of the wave when it rises high,
And the mountain vast when it towers to the
sky
Shall not take my thought from thee.

I will think of thee, my fairest one,
When the midnight gloom is around;
And the sigh of my heart, when it breathes on
the gale,
May it reach thine ear and whisper the tale
Of a love that is true and profound.

I will think of thee, my fairest one,
When low on my bended knee;
When the breath of my soul is wafted on high
To Him who can bless us, and heareth our cry,
Oh! then I will think of thee.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

The sun shines on Pompeii's vine-clad walls,
And there the viol and the pipe are heard;
A sound of joy and dancing in her halls,
And troops of lovely virgins bear the vine
With purple clusters rich to Bacchus' shrine.
A joyful crowd around, and lo! the bard
Hath touched his harp, and now of Bacchus
singing,

Who rears the vine as his own bower,
And blesseth it with sun and shower,
To dye the luscious grapes they now are
bringing;

For 'tis the vintage time, and all around
Devote the day to joy and gladness,
And the wine cup's mirthful madness,
While offering there the first-fruits of their
ground.

Oh! 'tis a beauteous eve; the setting sun
Levels his beams along Vesuvius' breast,
Whose mighty mountain-thunder now at rest,
He tells his fire still lives, by the deep dun
That shades his airy summit, where the moon
Is rising round and red, as if upthrown
From out the yawning crater. But too soon

We leave the revellers, who now have grown
Uproarious in their mirth, and on the green
The jolly god is brought to grace the scene.
Clothed with the vine, its fruit on either hand,
Beauteous maidens him attending,
Thousands round his throne are bending;
Oh, 'tis a glorious eve in that bright land!

But ha! the crowds are reeling! is't the wine?
No, for the temple of their god is falling,
And piercing shrieks in vain for help are call-
From out the ruins of the tumbling shrine. [ing
And hark! a roar as if the earth had reft
Her rugged bosom, and from out the cleft
Spued flame and ashes. The round moon is
gone,

And a dim, lurid darkness covers up
The heavens, and, shadowing from the moun-
tain's top,
Comes hurling down, in awful terror thrown,
With wailing run, or prostrate on the ground,
The helpless crowd: while down with fury
The fiery flood, and like a tempest roars [pours
The suffocating gust that scatters death
around.

To-morrow comes! but where's Pompeii now?
 She that sat smiling 'neath Vesuvius' brow
 So lovely yester e'en that the bright sun
 Lingered with her, although his course was run.
 Hath she with sackcloth clothed her as a vow,
 Or 'neath a covering hid her from the frown
 Of the enraged mountain that now pours

Its liquid lava and red ashy showers, [grown?
 Blasting its sides where aught of life hath
 Ah! no; on her Death's dismal pall is spread,
 O'erwhelming all the living 'mong the dead;
 A sea of lava boils above her streets,
 Upturning all its horrid rolling meets, [bed.
 And fair Pompeii sleeps beneath its gloomy

MONTAGUE STANLEY, A.R.S.A.

THE death of this gifted artist at the age of thirty-five, attendant as it was on the choice of a life and career diametrically opposed to those of his earlier experience, aroused wide-spread attention, and evoked very general regret. That an actor, and one who bade fair to gain a position of the greatest honour on the stage, should, on account of his religious convictions, deliberately abandon one profession and adopt another, was in itself a reasonable matter for the surprise of some, and the disappointment of many who had formed high hopes of Mr Stanley's histrionic powers. That he, in the few years granted him in which to pursue his inherent artistic faculty, should have become distinguished as a painter, is a fact more eloquent of the quality of his natural powers than any other that might be adduced. Art in various forms was the mainspring of his life: he excelled in all the branches that he essayed; and if, as a writer, his memorials are not extensive, they are of good quality, and significant of their author's gifts. Mr Stanley was born at Dundee in 1809, and died at Edinburgh in 1844. His connection with his birthplace was short, a little over a year only; and his early training was conducted in America, where, also, as a youthful prodigy, he made his *début* to delighted audiences. He was the son of a sailor who had his temporary home in the Tayside city; and connected with it by the strong tie of birth as he was, it is appropriate that reference be made in his place to the brilliant Montague Stanley.

THE DEATH OF THE COVENANTER.

Slow sank the red sun down to rest,
 Amid a stormy bank of cloud
 That gathered deep'ning in the west,
 As forming for that sun a shroud
 In which to quench the last faint ray
 That shed a glory o'er departing day.

That setting sun was but a form
 And shadowy type of one that vied
 In closing with as wild a storm
 As that wherein the daylight died:
 The glowing heath was stained with gore
 That oozed from out life's wasting store,
 From him who dying lay in that deep glen,
 Where silence had resumed her reign.

The death shots' rattle over then,
 All was hushed and mute again
 Save rustling reed and sobbing stream,
 That only broke upon the closing scene.

Low stretched upon a heathy bank,
 Still deeper crimsoned with each stain,
 Which, falling from his bosom, sank
 Upon the purple flowers like rain,
 While cold and pallid was the hue
 That o'er the sharpening features grew.

One hand was clasping to his side
 The sacred book of God,
 The hope by which he lived and died;—
 The other grasped the sword,
 Which oft, like lightning flashing high,
 Sprang to the Covenant battle-cry—
 "The Lord our Righteousness";—'twas past,
 The voice and strength were o'er;
 Yet holy courage to the last
 The martyr's soul up-bore—
 "Jesus, my trust, in Thee I live,
 My fleeting spirit now receive!"

JOHN ANDERSON STEWART.

AN artist, and the son of an artist, this writer has a promising career opening to him; and his success in prosecuting it to further advantage at London will be watched with interest by many to whom this intention is known. Mr Stewart was born at Newport in 1862, and though his home has been in this "Fringe of Fife" during these years, his work and studio at Dundee have given him a Forfarshire connection of the closest kind. He has made several poetic contributions to the *Weekly Citizen*; and, as our selections will show, has succeeded in investing his musings with much of the grace that marks his efforts in the artistic domain.

THE LOGAN ROAD.

With tangled grasses overgrown,
It climbs the upland, green and lone,—
The echo of a day that's gone.

'Twixt fields of clover-scented hay
It takes its brier-clad winding way,
The heir to many a memory.

For it has known a busy throng
These self-same ways to pass along,
Where wild bees sing their evensong.

Hushed in the lapse of time! To-day
No footsteps tread its silent way:
Its dreams are all of yesterday.

Here wander at their own sweet will
The humble gem-like potentil,
And many a cup where dews distil.

And here, in sultry summer heats,
The brier-rose, all queen-like, metes
To rival bees their portioned sweets.

Quaint, old, forgotten grass-grown road,
How green thy restful spaces broad,
Divested of their human load!

For Nature reasserts her power,
And takes again her fateful dower
Alike from road, and man, and flower.

Sweet harebell-haunted wilderness!
Again in dreams I repossess
Thy pathless track which wildflowers press.

Again I seek thy solitude,
And stand where oft of yore I've stood
And gazed upon Tay's distant flood,

And distant Lomond, bathed in mist,
And sunsets that before I wist
Their last good-night to Earth had kissed.

And when the gloamin' shadows crossed,
Heard Oberon lead his elfin host
In broomy dingles well-nigh lost!

AT SHERIFFMUIR.

My friend and I had climbed the windy height
That leads to Sheriffmuir, all brown and lone.
I for the pleasant day was cicerone,
And bright the July sunshine was, and bright
Our comradeship, with long-denied delight
Of meeting long-deferred. Ere I made known
Our whereabouts, absorbed, we neared the stone
That bore Mar's banner at that fatal fight.

When, suddenly aware, he swiftly drew
His hat from off his head—I could but smile,
'Twas done so gravely—with no conscious guile—
As 'twere the only fitting thing to do:
When on that classic hillside, 'twixt us two,
The laugh died from our lips a little while.

THOMAS STEWART.

MR STEWART has attained distinction in so many ways that it is difficult within our limits even to enumerate them all. Scotland knows him as the champion among the amateur athletes who contested at the first Edinburgh Exhibition; and as the holder two years later of the championship of the county for hammer throwing. Dunfermline has had his useful services as Town Councillor for seven years; the Chairmanship of the Parish, and West of Fife Councils, and the Mastership of a Masonic Lodge also falling to his record. In addition to these varied and onerous duties, Mr Stewart conducts an extensive business as a family grocer; and it is not surprising to find him growing desirous of obtaining leisure to enjoy the old pastimes of which he writes:—"I never was happier than when I wrote stories and songs for fun." "Everything comes," etc. Doubtless, the public activities and service of his prime will find their reward in the esteem that will ennoble his retirement into the quieter arenas of literature and its kindred studies. Mr Stewart was born at Monboy—there are many who will recognise the *nom de plume*—near Brechin, in 1859, and was educated at the school of Careston. He was trained to farm-work, but became a grocer at Broughty-Ferry, carried on this business for some years at Monifieth, and eventually entered on the partnership which has merged into the flourishing business now conducted under Mr Stewart's name at Dunfermline. We trust his muse will awaken refreshed from her lengthened slumbers; assuredly, "the rhyming trade" might fare worse than under Mr Stewart's genial guidance.

AT FA'IN' O' THE DEW.

Ilk blade had got a dew-drap,
 An' ilka bloom was fu';
 The sun to rest sank i' the West,
 The sun to rest gaed purple drest—
 Ilk blade had got a dew-drap,
 An' I o' love was fu'
 For the lad that trysted wi' me
 At fa'in' o' the dew.

The birds a' sang sae cheery
 Afore they gaed to sleep;
 Oh! saft an' lang they pip'd their sang,
 Oh! saft an' lang the echo rang—
 The birds a' sang sae cheery,
 An' he was aye sae true;
 My lot, though here, was bliss abune
 At fa'in' o' the dew.

The wind would blaw sae saftly,
 An' fan the stars till clear;
 Love grew mair bricht beneath their licht,
 Love grew mair bricht as fell the nicht,
 The wind would blaw sae saftly,
 While we would pledge anew
 In purest love to meet again
 At fa'in' o' the dew.

I dinna want the world's gear;
 I'm rich gin I ha'e this—
 His saft embrace, his manly face,
 His saft embrace my cares to chase.
 I dinna want the world's gear,
 My wants will aye be few;
 But priceless he that trysts wi' me
 At fa'in' o' the dew.

RURAL LIFE.

My heart beats full when I the green fields see
 Bedeck'd with flowers woo'd by the busy bee,
 With scented zephyrs wafted on the breeze,
 Culled from the buds and sifted thro' the trees.

When sheep and cattle, lambsey with the heat
 Of summer's sun; and lambskins frisk and bleat
 'Mong cloverdeep, where gow'nies opeth their e'e,
 And laverocks rise to tune their minstrelsy.

Or let me walk alone the bosky dell,
 And hear the note of thrush and blackbird
 swell,
 And watch the burn kiss, as it wimples by,
 Ilk timid flower that bends and blushes shy.
 Or let me 'mong the purple heather roam,
 And picture scenes of childhood and its home,
 And feel the breeze, with honey'd perfume sigh
 Upon my cheek, as soft it glideth by.

Oh, Nature ! fair in summer's glory seen—
 With hill, and grove, and field in varied green—
 Thou mak'st me e'en forget the city life,
 With all its cares and all its worldly strife.

With thee I spent those ne'er-forgotten days
 Of childhood, with their guileless, simple ways,
 When grief and care were strangers in my
 breast,
 And downy pillows sooth'd my bed of rest.

Oh, cruel fate, that I must here repine,
 While others taste with joy thy sweets divine ;
 At morn, at noon, and dewy close of day,
 Their lot is cast 'mong beauties thine to stray.
 Haste, Fancy ! stretch thy wing, bear me away,
 'Mong loathsome smoke I cannot longer stay,
 And set me down where daisies blithely spring,
 And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing.

WILLIAM STEWART.

LOCHLEE, the district famous as the scene of the life, labours, and death of Alexander Ross, and year by year growing in favour with the tourist, has given us several of our bards ; among whom we must reckon William Stewart, who was born at Waterside, Lochlee, in 1867, and who has passed his life in country avocations in his native district. He was educated at Tarfside school ; and that he has made considerable effort toward self-improvement, is evident by his contributions to the local press, and by a number of poetical effusions similar to those we reproduce.

EVENTIDE.

Like sunlight softly fading
 At close of summer day ;
 Like river ceaseless ringing
 Across its pebbly way ;
 Like bark that's homeward sailing
 On silver crested foam,
 My soul is drawing nearer,
 Nearer to its home.

Like summer's beauty dying,
 Its fragrant sweetness fled ;
 Like evening shadows falling
 O'er forest, field, and glade ;

Like Christian pressing onward
 Along the heavenly road,
 My soul is drawing nearer,
 Nearer to its God.

Like wreckage swiftly drifting
 Towards some peaceful shore ;
 Like traveller who wearies,
 Life's journey nearly o'er ;
 Like sun in glory sinking
 Behind the mountain's crest,
 My soul is drawing nearer,
 Nearer to its rest.

TO MY FRIEND.

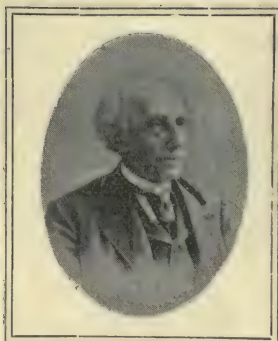
Fraught with bright and happy pleasures,
 May this New Year come to thee ;
 May it bring thee priceless treasures—
 May thy griefs forgotten be.

Health, and wealth, and peace attend thee,
 Hour by hour, and day by day ;
 Angels guide, protect, defend thee,
 Lest thy wandering feet should stray.

Light and gladsome be thy journey
 O'er life's dark and troubled stream ;
 May life's sadness pass beyond thee
 Like some sweet but foolish dream.

All throughout thy life may gladness,
 Grace, and truth, supremely reign,
 With no taint of shame or sadness
 To o'ershadow thy good name.

HON. WILLIAM CANT STUROC.



"HE has many of the elements of the genuine orator. He is one of the best debaters in the legislature—better than a majority in Congress whose names appear daily during the sessions of that body. He is deliberate in utterance, makes himself heard by all the house, and speaks with earnestness and to the point. In July, 1867, he received from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He holds a commission as Justice of the Peace, and as Notary Public from the Governor of N. H. His democracy is of the Jeffersonian type, and his faith in constitutional liberty as firm as the granite hills." So speaks the *Manchester American*, and

thus sings Duncan Macgregor Crearer of the Hon. William Cant Sturoc on receiving his portrait:—

"My wishes warm I waft to thee,
Belovèd bard of Sunapee !
I prize, and will as years roll on,
Perhaps, dear friend, when thou art gone,
This welcome gift, this portrait true
Of thee, ta'en at threescore and two ;
Those kindly eyes and locks of gray
Will call up many a bygone day

Made glad by letters charmed from thee,
Belovèd bard of Sunapee !
Heaven grant thee strength, and spare thee
long
To sing thy tunesome woodland song,
Till dell and dingle, lake and corrie,
Join in the strain, and sound thy glory."

William Cant Sturoc was born in a humble dwelling in the Wellgate, Arbroath, in 1822. His parents were simply hard-working respectable people, though on his father's side the poet can trace his connection with James Sturoc of Panbride [d. 1750], who wrote a book of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs"; and on his mother's side with Immanuel Kant, whose parents removed from Scotland in 1722, two years before the birth of the philosopher at Koenigsberg, Prussia. The lad got but a limited education, having been put to work while quite young; but he proved himself of true metal, and never neglected the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, directly or indirectly, by hearsay or from books. He had mastered most of the English classics before he was twenty years of age, a fact in which is foreshadowed that industry and perseverance which gained Mr Sturoc the distinction he is often credited with, of being "one of the finest specimens of the self-made men of the present century." Bred to the wheelwright trade; emigrating to Canada in 1846; working for a few years successfully there at his craft; removing to Sunapee, New Hampshire; meeting the Hon. Edward Burke, and studying law on his advice; becoming an attorney in the courts of N. H.; attaining the greatest eminence in his new profession, and gradually growing famous as an orator, a legislator, an antiquary, a poet, and a genial, cultured gentleman, the career of this distinguished son of Saint Thomas reflects lasting credit and honour on the

land of his nativity. The quotations given above speak eloquently of his fame in its various aspects. Mr Sturoc may justly be termed the Professor Blackie of Scottish America; and we turn with pleasure to the contemplation of these pleasing indications of the success with which he has courted the muses.

MY NATIVE SCOTTISH HILLS.

Though cold and bleak my native land,
 Though win'try are its looks,
 The mountains tow'ring, dim and grand,
 Though "ice-bound" are its brooks;
 Yet still my heart with fondest pride
 And deepest passion thrills,
 As, gazing round me, far and wide,
 I miss my native hills!

The spreading prairies of the West
 May yield their richest store;
 And other tongues may call them blest,
 And chant their praises o'er;
 But I shall sing in humble song
 Of mountains, lochs and rills—
 The scenes my childhood dwelt among—
 My native Scottish hills.

Oh native land! oh cherished home!
 I've sailed across the sea,
 And though my wandering steps may roam,
 My heart still turns to thee.
 My thoughts and dreams are sweet and bright
 With dew which love distils;
 While every gleam of golden light
 Falls on the Scottish hills.

And, when my mortal race is run,
 And earth's vain dreams are o'er,
 And, far beyond the setting sun,
 I see the other shore—
 Oh, may my resting place be found,
 Secure from all life's ills,
 Some cheerful spot of hallow'd ground
 Among the Scottish hills.

MARY.

I saw a vision in my boyhood's days,
 So bright, so pure, that in my raptur'd dreaming
 Its tints of emerald and its golden rays
 Had more of heavenly than of earthly seeming;
 The roseate valley and the sunlight mountain
 Alike, enchanted as by wand of fairy,
 Breathed out as from a high and holy fountain,
 On flower and breeze, the lovely name of Mary.

That youthful vision time hath not effaced,
 But year by year the cherished dream grew deeper,
 And memory's hand at midnight hour oft traced
 Once more the faithful vision of the sleeper;
 No chance or change could ever chase away
 This idol thought that o'er my life would tarry,
 And lead me, in my darkest hours, to say—
 "My better angel is my hoped-for Mary."

The name was fix'd—a fact of fate's recording—
 And swayed by magic all this single heart;
 The strange decree disdained a novel wording,
 And would not from my happy future part;
 As bright 'twas writ as is the milky way—
 The bow of promise in a sky unstarry—
 That shed its light and shone with purest ray
 Through cloud and tempest round the name of Mary.

Burns hymn'd his "Mary" when her soul had passed
 Away from earth, and all its sin and sorrow;
 But mine has been the spirit that hath cast
 A gleam of sunshine on each blessed morrow;

And crowned at last this trusting heart hath been
 With fruits of faith that naught on earth could vary,
 For I have lived until my eyes have seen
 The vision real in the form of Mary.

THE AULD KIRK BELLS.

I've trod the earth and sailed the sea
 For many a weary mile ;
 I've tried to love Columbia free
 As next to Scotia's isle ;
 But youthful joys no time destroys,
 Nor waste of distance quells,
 And still the strain I hear again
 That fills the "Auld Kirk" bells.
 Oft at the stilly midnight watch
 In some vast city's round ;
 My longing ear will hark and catch
 The lost but grateful sound ;
 And 'mid the war and jingling jar
 Which stirring 'larum tells,
 Those peals are dear which come most near
 My boyhood's "Auld kirk" bells.

Or out upon the granite hills,
 Or deep in shady groves,
 When nature's richest music fills
 The throats of winged loves,
 I fancy aye the steeple gray
 In some tall tree which tells—
 As chime on chime it sways to tune—
 How swung the "Auld Kirk" bells.
 One day the bells will ring, I know,
 To call them round my bier ;
 Perchance a friendly tear may flow
 From eyes I once held dear ;
 But could my choice in earth have voice,
 I'd sleep where ebbs and swells
 Each wave of sound, o'er childhood's ground,
 From out the "Auld Kirk" bells.

JOHN SYME.

"THE Halls of Lamb" may be adduced as one of Dundee's most notable poems ; a parody that in its happy blending of history, wit, and biography, is interesting and valuable in an eminent degree. Its author was a prominent member of the famous "Dundee Literary Institute"—to which frequent reference has been made—a society of such men as are named in the poem, and of others who were distinguished in various spheres of action, and which held its meetings in the "Coffee House" of Mr Thomas Lamb, through many years of the active life of that estimable Dundee citizen. Syme, who was a teacher by profession, was a man of great ability and versatility of accomplishment : a naturalist, musician, and a ready writer, and acted for some time as editor of a newspaper at Londonderry. Latterly he was engaged as a teacher at Lintrathen, where, presumably, his death occurred. The friend of Gardiner the botanist, it is not surprising to find one of his poems in "The Flora of Forfarshire" ; and, as this piece is illustrative of a style quite different from that of the more familiar parody, its transcription here will be useful.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

Above my head the green trees wave their boughs,
 A mossy carpet spreads beneath my feet,
 Here nature's purest worship sweetly flows,
 And meditation finds a calm retreat.
 Within these shades, oh, how divinely sweet
 To roam, when morn has chased away night's gloom,
 And hear the woodland song, and the soft bleat
 Of sheep, borne on the breeze that wafts perfume
 From mountain, grove, and lawn, where all is bliss and bloom.

A joyance seems to flood both earth and sky ;
 Upon the boughs a thousand minstrels sing ;
 Like raptured spirits chanting far on high
 Larks with loud praises make heaven's portals ring.
 Gay insects flitting round me on gilt wing
 Disport their rainbow hues in solar beam ;
 From rock to rock the spirit-echoes spring ;
 Dew-drops, like angels' tears on rose leaves gleam ;
 And underneath the shade glides slow a glassy stream.

THE HALLS OF LAMB.

(Contributed by Syme as "Roger" to "A Feast of Literary Crumbs,"
 published by James Myles, Dundee, 1848.)

The halls of Lamb ! the halls of Lamb !
 Where Scrymgeour fought and Henry sung,
 Where on the lips of Tawse and Cramb
 "The Union" once enchanted hung—
 The Old Gas Company lights them yet,
 But all their ancient glory's set.

Low, Livingstone, the "Mountain Muse,"
 "The Union," and "The Institute,"
 Have found a fame these walls refuse—
 There meeting place alone is mute
 To sounds which echoed farther west
 Than Millar's shop, in days more blest.

John Cramb looked up to Paterson,
 And Paterson looked down on me,
 As if to ask if there was one
 In our endeared society
 Whose potent eloquence might save
 "The Union" from an early grave ?

James Cramb sat by a window high,
 Which looks down o'er the Murraygate,
 And loudly there did cadgers cry
 In chorus, "haddocks, herrin', skate" ;
 But beamed around him faces gay—
 I sit there now, but where are they ?

And where are they, and where art thou,
 My Addie?—gone to Montreal ;
 And hushed the festive sounds are now
 Which then rung loud in T— Hall ;
 And T— weeps more than the rest
 When thinking on these days more blest.

'Tis something now that we ne'er meet,
 Though linked amongst a grovelling race,
 To feel my heart begin to beat,
 While sitting in their meeting place.
 Yet what is left the mourner here
 For days gone by?—a blush, a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 But weep—our fathers well nigh bled ;
 Oblivion render from thy breast
 A remnant of the dumb or dead ;
 Grant us but six of these men mute,
 To form once more the "Institute."

What, silent still ? and silent all !
 Ah no ! Yet let me list again ;
 Alas ! 'twas but the watchman's call,
 And all I hear is "half-past ten."
 Yet, yet, methinks, I hear them say—
 "We come, we come, clear, clear the way."

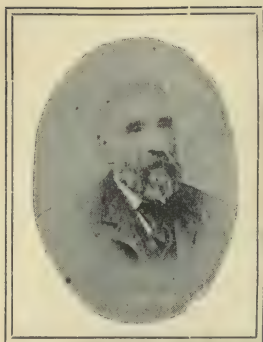
In vain ! I'll cease these watchings, for
 The hope is vain, however dear ;
 Fill high the cup with coffee, or
 Bring in a bottle of ginger beer.
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers Scrymgeour, Begg, and all.

"We have an Institute as yet—
 Where is the 'Magnum Bonum' gone ?
 Of two such glories why has set
 The greater and the better one ?
 You have 'Low's Mixture,' think you he
 Mixt them for such vile slaves as ye?"

Fill high the cup with "Bohea fine"—
 We will not think on themes like these—
 It made Cramb's speeches half divine,
 And even gave Tawse much power to please—
 An orator he was, but then
 He stammered more than other ten.

Fill high the cup with Congo tea—
 Alas ! thou fill'st it but with sighs !
 Weep on, thou think'st on days when we
 Enamoured of thy lovely eyes ;
 Yet *all* uncertain of their hue,
 Disputed whether they were blue.

DAVID TASKER.



THE ring of the true metal is strongly in evidence in almost every line written by this gifted bard; and Gilfillan was neither slow to observe this, nor to publish his hearty commendation in these words:—"Seldom, among all the MS. poetry I have been called upon to peruse, have I read anything much better than many of these pieces. Were I asked to name their principal characteristic, I should say it was a certain *sweet sincerity*, reminding you of the artless note of a bird, which sings not to gain applause so much as to relieve her little heart, and sings so well because she cannot help it." To this description nothing requires to be added: there are many who have felt its force while reading

Mr Tasker's popular volume, "*Musings in Leisure Hours*"; and that the *bird note* has lost none of its charm, is evidenced in the selections we make from our author's later productions. Mr Tasker was born at Dundee, presumably in 1840. His has been a life of toil, spent mainly in his native city and in England. Since 1892 he has been employed at Messrs Baxter's Dens Works, Dundee, and is, as a recent friendly visit assured us, hale and hearty. His excellent Doric and powerful English styles are brought clearly before us in two examples taken from the "*Pastime Musings*" of the poetical trio already referred to, and his more recent utterances are sampled in a *People's Friend* first prize song, bearing a sweet and full local flavour.

MATTIE M'CRAW.

In a wast-kintra clachan ance leaved a queer body,
Weel kenned owre the half o' the coonty or mair;
Wi' a rickety cairt, an' "Methooslem" the cuddy,
She hawkit brume besoms an' ither like ware;
An ill-gettit, veecious, uncanny auld cratur,
Respeckit by nane, but mis-lippened by a';
An' though stiff i' the limbs, an' a pigmy in stature,
A tongue lang an' soople had Mattie M'Craw.

She wore a sou'wester an' sailor's pea-jacket,
Wi' a short, stripit coatie, an' buits to the knee;
She looked, for the warl', like a pirate ship-wreckit,
An' the craws a wide berth aye auld Mattie wad gi'e.
The fortins she spaed o' the love-silly kimmers,
Wi' the help o' the cairds, an' a tricky jackdaw;
An' their mithers, wha banned her for a' the base limmers,
Said in league wi' Auld Cloutie was Mattie M'Craw.

She leaved by hersel' in an auncient clay biggin',
Sae laigh at the back that the laddies wad spel,
Like cats i' the dark, to the rash theekit riggin',
An' sairly they plaigit the body atweel:

They wad fish doon the lum, an' a pat whiles they cleekit ;
 They wad jam the door sneck, stuff the lum-heid wi' straw,
 Wi' a hollowed kail runt, stuff'd wi' tow, then they smeekeit,
 Through keyhole an' cranny, auld Mattie M'Craw.

A rain-water barrel that stude by the gavl,
 Ae dark nicht they tilted against the door face,
 An' then the bole winnock they peppered wi' gravel
 Till Mattie got up in a rage to gie chase !
 She lifted the sneck, wi' a brattle like thunder,
 The door it flew open, the barrel burst in,
 An' knockit puir Mattie as flat as a flounder,
 Completely dumfoondered, an' drenched to the skin.

Auld Mattie, I've heard frae a distant relation,
 Had mairrit when young a chiel' strappin' an' fleet ;
 But the puir fellow dee'd o' sheer spite an' vexation,
 When he fand afore lang he was maistered complete ;
 But Mattie hersel', wi' Methoosalem, ae winter,
 While crossin' the Luggie was sweepit awa',
 An' the jackdaw an' laddies that used to torment her
 Were a' that lamented auld Mattie M'Craw.

JIM'S WEIRD.

You tell me Jim was your cousin : Poor fellow, I knew him well,
 With his nature so frank and guileless ; we were chums for a goodly spell :
 Yes, I'll give you the pitiful story, and then you will understand
 How it came that he perished o' hunger in this so-called Christian land.

When first we became acquainted, he had come from his home—away
 In a beautiful Cumbrian valley ; and often I've heard him say,
 While we were sitting together, just here in this little room,
 "Oh, Jack, how my poor heart hungers for a scent of the heather bloom !"

He never at all took kindly to the town, with its clamorous crowds,
 And dingy abodes of squalor, and sky with its murky clouds ;
 And the rugged work of the shipyard he'd not been accustomed to,
 But he never complained nor murmured, though his lines were hard, I knew.

Yet I often thought while I watched him, with a far-away look in his eyes,
 That his restless spirit was roaming where the great green hills arise ;
 Like a prisoned lark he was pining for a breath of his native air,
 And a glimpse of the dear home valley, and the face of a loved one there.

Spellbound I have sometimes listened, while his features with fervour glowed,
 As he pictured the marvellous beauties surrounding his old abode—
 The grandeur of purple mountains, the glory of lake and stream,
 In that fair and wonderful region, where the poets well might dream.

For a passionate love for Nature lay deep in the heart of Jim :
 Once I brought him a bunch of cowslips, and his eyes with tears went dim,
 As it stirred in his heart fond memories of woodland and mossy nook,
 Where the cooing of cushats blended with the music of bird and brook.

But dull times came to the shipyard, and Jim, he was paid away,
And he hadn't a purse, I reckon, laid up for a rainy day :
Poor chap, like a lot, he'd been foolish at times o'er the social cup,
Though he saw, in the end, through his folly, and manfully steadied up.

He hunted for work, though vainly, for a couple of months or more,
And, being only a lodger, why he could not settle his score ;
So he said, in despair, one evening, " Oh, Jack, I am sick at heart,
And I cannot endure this longer—to-morrow we'll have to part."

Then it came that we drifted asunder, though sorely against my will,
But he wrote me a few weeks after, complaining that he was ill ;
He spoke of the hunger and hardship endured on his fruitless tramp,
And how he had slumbered in haystacks, or the meadows so cold and damp.

He said he had struggled bravely, but his efforts were all in vain,
And, as work was beyond all finding, he would try to get home again.
Ah ! home, did I say ? poor fellow, no home then on earth had he,
But only the scenes familiar round the spot where it used to be.

You have heard how a shepherd found him on a slope of his cherished dale,
His kind heart stilled for ever, and a smile on his features pale ;
So lonely, forsaken, and weary, bowed down with a hopeless gloom,
He had sunk to his dreamless slumbers, 'mid the scent of the heather bloom.

Ay, "starved to death" was the verdict, and they buried his worn-out shell
In the heart of the grand old mountains in life he had loved so well ;
But if love for God, through creation, with its creatures great and small,
Will count at the final reck'ning, Jim has nothing to fear at all.

THE BONNIE DEN O' MAINS.

A wee ayont the dinsome toon
There is a mossy den,
And no' for mony a mile aroon'
A fairer spot I ken ;
Sweet dreams o' youth come back to me,
And simmer gladness reigns
Within my heart, whene'er I see
The bonnie Den o' Mains.

O weel I min' in days langsyne,
A shilpit, barefit loon,
I'd slip awa', unkennt to a'
My playmates, frae the toon ;
I langed to see the gowany lea
And hear the sang-birds' strains,
And lie and dream aside thy stream,
Dear, bonnie Den o' Mains.

The cushat cooin' in the fir
Was twenty times more sweet
To me, than a' the soun' and stir
That filled the city street :

To plait the rashes, lang and green,
Or weave fair daisy chains,
Inspired my heart wi' rapture keen,
Dear, bonnie Den o' Mains.

In youthtime aft in gloamin' 'oors,
Wi' a'ne I lo'ded sae dear,
I've roamed beside thy ruined tow'rs
And by thy kirkyaird drear ;
I won her love, she whispered, " Yes,"
Amang thy hawthorn lanes,
And aye sin' syne I've cause to bless
The oor, sweet Den o' Mains.

And whiles, though baith noo auld and frail,
We seek the hallowed scenes,
And tell aince mair the same auld tale,
Like lovers in oor teens :
The past comes back, the present flies,
Wi' a' its cares and pains ;
What rapture recollection gies
O' thee, dear Den o' Mains !

ANDREW BUTCHART TAYLOR.



A POET of exceptional abilities; an artist who can wield his medium with power, and who is artistic and emotional in spirit and achievement, Andrew B. Taylor is a writer of whom his native town, Arbroath, may well be proud. To read "Dozia" is indeed a revelation. Andrew Lang has lately placed on record his impressions on making first acquaintance with the poems of William Morris; there was nothing like them before, the great critic indicates; and the impact of their reception was mentally indelible. Such, in due proportion, would be our expression of Mr Taylor's poetic influence: it is plain, yet subtle; home-coming, yet far-reaching; it is

notable in its every aspect, and the widest recognition certainly awaits it. Mr Taylor is young, and, so to speak, has life before him. Trained as a compositor in the office of the *Arbroath Guide*, he has lived in a helpful environment; and if the stronger desire of his heart for freedom to revel in the world of pictorial art has by circumstance been denied him, he has not neglected his literary and artistic opportunities, as our selections from his writings and several book illustrations well known to Arbroathians amply prove. His future seems great with promise; many will follow its course with the liveliest interest, and will rejoice in every recognition of the genius they have learned to admire.

DOZIA.

(THE "CHRISTIAN MARTYR.")

PROEM.

The winter's sun rounds frosty red,
The robin whistles in the firs,
A cold white winter shiver stirs
Gold-green leaves as of roses dead.

"Good-bye, sweetheart!" So said and sighed
This Dozia whom our loves would praise,
This Dozia of our later days:—
And he—he looked all wonder-eyed.

"For all thy soul is very fair,
And thou art brave to do and dare,
You may not enter my fair life,"
She said, "or call me gentle wife.
Yet this, believe me only kind,
I would not wound if none to bind:
Some other fairer one shall wear
Thy Rose of Love upon her hair,
And be for all God's time your wife.

"Your wife! Ah, me, how I had sought
To please you, sweet, in every thought!

Tho' briars had strewn life's long-leagued miles
I would have met their thorns with smiles;
Such love as mine had known no fears
Though frosty winds from hidden snows
Might shrivel all our elder rose,
The roses of our later years.

"But while, a dream-ideal, you stood
Deep in the shadows of the wood—
The Arcadia of my girlhood—
And had not called me once by name;
Straight through the Gateway of the Sun,
In gentle guise and mood, came One
Who, unasked, sang with lips and eyes
Of love that died not with Eve's paradise!
In the pairing time of doves he came
Calling me through the trees by name,
And I—I felt no flush of shame;
(His eyes were as God's oriflamme),
In all our hearts there was no blame!

"Ah, sweet, it was so real, I felt
My woman's soul within me melt;

Nor blame me in thy heart's swift thought,
I gave him of Love's best unsought,
When, stooping quick, all unapprised,
He kissed me once—it was the Christ !
And you stood by, and did not speak,
And let Him kiss me on the cheek.

“ Yet not look wonder-eyed. As dips
Yon great red sun behind the hill,
And day is not, and night falls chill,
I may not ope these ashen lips

For fear my heart should melt my will,
And looking in your light-lorn eyes
I'd learn to hate my paradise !
Good-bye, sweetheart, my sweetheart still ! ”

With this good-bye she turned aside ;
With this good-bye he went away ;
Then ere the night had waxen day,
She died !

AN IDYL OF ROSES AND PINKS.

I.

Only a cracked pot of roses and pinks,
Yet somebody smiles as somebody thinks
Of a quaint, sweet idyl of roses and pinks.

The story is old (so the neighbours say,
And who should know if it were not they ?)
Still it may happen again to-day.

Where the hedgerow faints and lifts and glows
With pinky blooms of the brier-rose,
Margaret tripped at a May-day's close :

Margaret, name with pearls inlaid,
Pure as the flowers which spangle the glade,
Like fallen bits of the sky o'erhead !

Dreaming impossible, beautiful dreams, [seams,
Digging golden thoughts from their hidden
A poet sate wrapt in the westerling beams.

Poet who sang of the country-side,
Maiden fair all else beside,
Beware, take care, each other betide !

So sang a robin from under the spray ;
But ho, ho, ho, what cared they ?
Maiden and poet both walked one way.

II.

Bitter-sweet and well-a-day !
'Tis just as true as the neighbours say,
Love doth wake with the flowers in May.

Ho ! the grey owl winks from his green alcove,
And the ringed-dove stirs in the fir-tree grove,
When the dragon-fly tilts in the lists of love :

But only the stars o'er the brambly wold,
Or the yellow-gorse with its bells of gold,
Can tell you the story the poet told !

For the ballad-winds in faint rings yet,
When the milky stars in the sky are set,
Murmur the name of “ Margaret.”

“ Margaret ! ” name with pearls inlaid,
Sweeter as wife than as May-day maid
Who smiled at the snares young love had laid !

And that is why (so the neighbours say,
And who should know if it were not they ?)
The poet's song is a garland alway.

Only an idyl of roses and pinks,
Yet somebody smiles as somebody thinks
Life is the sweeter of roses and pinks !

IN A DOORWAY.

I passed a lad on my road to-day
Who may not join in his comrade's play.

So like and unlike, old-world and quaint,
He might have sat for some pictured saint.

A sad white face that looked all eyes,
And smiles so wan that they might be sighs.

A cripple lad, on his brow the mark
Of an angel's hand put forth in the dark.

Hill, and valley, and glade may ring
With music of song-bird's carolling ;

Lights, opal and beryl, may shimmer the sea,
Kingcup and buttercup yellow the lea ;

The hazel nuts in the woods be brown ;—
But he sees not these in the white-faced town.

They only come in dreams to him
Who sits in the shade of a doorway dim.

A view of a sky, smoke-smirched and dun,
And the sad-faced ghost of a washed-out
sun ;

The further end of a lessening street,
With a glimpse of trees, his grey eyes
meet.

For the song of birds, falls the iron jar
Of Life and Death's unending war. . . .

I passed a lad on my road to-day
Who may not join in his comrade's play.

But maybe that lad on that great day
Will be swift to run in the Golden Way !

MY BAIRNIES TWA.

Whaur shall we gae, my bairnies, this day,
 When the sun sheens bricht wi' cheerin' ray?
 To the woods, whaur birdies sing their sang
 'Mang leafy trees or the broom sae lang;
 Whaur burnies rin an' loup in their glee,
 Reflectin' the clouds i' the sky fu' hie?
 Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
 To spend the day till the e'enin's fa'?

Shall we chase the bee wi' laden wing,
 And comb oor hair in the woodland spring,
 Each sweet smilin' face the mirror o' joy
 That comes frae hope without ae alloy;
 Or lie and watch the lambs at their play,
 And weave bricht garlands o' flowers sae gay?
 Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
 To pass the 'oors till the licht's but sma'?

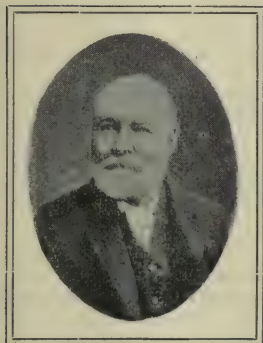
Say, shall we wade in the burn sae clear,
 That sings sae sweet this time o' the year;
 And laugh at the eddying, foaming bells
 Like throes o' sang frae the inner cells;
 Startling the birds wi' oor merry shout
 O' ringin' glee at the siller trout?
 Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
 Till clouds the closer and closer draw?

Or shall we cleek hands in a ring, [bring,
 And dance and shout for the pleasures they
 While the timid bird, wi' sidelong e'e,
 Looks frae his perch on the blossomed tree,
 And bursts into chorusing wells o' sang,
 While startled echoes the strains prolant?
 Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
 Till fled the licht frae yon gowden ba'?

Whaur'er we gae we will happy be,
 And laugh and sing in oor wanton glee;
 We'll feast oor hearts wi' a rich repast
 O' woodland flowers on the greenwood cast;
 From bank and brae we'll gather them a'
 Till the daylight wanes and shadows fa';
 And the God o' flowers, and birds, and streams
 Will smile on my bairnies' midnight dreams.

Saft as the step o' the nichtlin's fa'
 Comes glidin' doon frae their Father's ha'
 The far-awa' soond o' angelic notes,
 While owre their heids a guardian floats,
 Wi' a radiance bricht frae heaven abune,
 Like the siller licht o' the smilin' mune!
 Oh, it's there, it's there, my bairnies twa,
 That the God o' love's enthroned 'bune a'.

DAVID TAYLOR.



A POPULAR Dundee periodical has expressed the hope "that when the working-men of Dundee wish to have a labour representative in Parliament they may have the good sense to choose a man like Mr Taylor, able, outspoken, and who has proved his earnestness and devotion in past years, and at a time when 'the Labour cause' was not the popular plank on political platforms it is now." A striking corollary on the proposition lies in the hearty appreciation with which Mr Taylor's *confrères* have met his signal and successful efforts on their behalf: a man must needs be the possessor of sterling and outstanding qualities, both of head and heart, to be a leader among his fellows in these

days of keen competition for the high places of the field. "A healthy-minded, hearty, Burns Club-man, and his pieces smack of Burns's directness and sincerity," is another verdict, passed this time by a brother bard and citizen; and we learn from other quarters how very highly Mr Taylor is esteemed as a guide, philosopher, and friend, in the numerous private and public circles which delight to recognise him as a force in their midst; and

not least in the Dundee Burns Club, in which he has filled various offices, and of which he has twice been elected President.

Mr Taylor was born at Dundee in 1831. He passed from the occupation of hand-loom weaving to a situation in a power-loom factory, and now holds a position of responsibility as an overseer of one of the departments of a similar concern. Of the greatest utility as a platform and public man, Mr Taylor has nevertheless found time to write a great deal of excellent verse, his effusions appearing mainly in the columns of the local press. We give such selections as will show his different styles; the kindly note of humour pervading many of Mr Taylor's pieces is worthy of special remark; it rounds off pleasantly a strong poetic faculty which seems equally at home in the Queen's English or the couthie Doric.

O KEN YE THE LAND?

O ken ye the land whaur the braw bloomin' heather
 Wi' sweet-scented fragrance fills ilka green vale,
 Whaur lovers aft meet in the gloamin' thegither,
 An' breathe in sweet whispers the aften-tauld tale;
 Whaur doon by the side o' the clear wimplin' burnie
 The bonnie bluebell wags sae proudly its heid
 To the wee babbin' stream, as it rows on its journey
 Thro' muirland, an' valley, and braw gowany mead?

O ken ye the land whaur the mountains sae hoary
 Wi' grandeur an' pride lift their heids to the sky,
 An' gaze on the scenes that we read o' in story,
 Whaur aften her heroes their foes did defy;
 An' whaur frae their fountains the clear crystal waters
 Come loupin' an' roarin' doon their rocky beds,
 Then dancin' an' prancin' the silv'ry spray scatters
 'Mang smilin' wee flowerets in bricht sunny glades?

O ken ye the land whaur the mune robes in splendour
 Ilk lake, crag, an' corrie, an' auld castle wa',
 An' owre its wild scenes sheds its pale beams sae tender?
 Nae land in this warld can match wi't ava.
 O ken ye the land? It's a land famed in story,
 Its sons an' its daughters a' speak o't wi' pride;
 Their forefathers focht for 't wi' honour an' glory—
 It's a land whaur the craven an' slave canna bide!

OUR KING OF SONG.

Here, once again, dear bardic shade,
 I at thy feet with reverence kneel;
 No courtier yet his homage paid
 With half the fervour I now feel:
 He bends the knee to gaudy show,
 As does the gay and thoughtless throng;
 Before earth's kings I scorn to bow,
 But kneel to thee, O, King of Song!
 Were all the monarchs of this earth
 That in the past o'er mankind reigned
 Brought forth to show their deeds and worth,
 Not one but would with blood be stained;

Down all the ages we may seek
 In vain for one who fought 'gainst wrong,
 Or tried to help the poor and weak,
 As thou with thine immortal song!
 O'er Scotia's vales thy reign began,
 And soon all hearts were filled with joy,
 For thou the hearts of maid and man
 Didst gain by arts kings ne'er employ;
 And men, their love for thee to show,
 From vale and glen bore swift along
 Bright laurel wreaths to deck thy brow,
 And crown thee as their King of Song!

The echoes of thy fame rang forth,
 And into distant lands were borne,
 Where men soon learned to know thy worth,
 And blessed the land thou didst adorn.
 Thy songs of freedom stirred all hearts,
 And freemen still the notes prolong,
 Till at the sound each tyrant starts,
 And dreads thy name, O, King of Song !

Thy hatred of all cant and guile,
 Thy caustic wit, thy scathing scorn,
 Have made the wearied heart oft smile
 As if to some new life 'twere born.

The lays of gladness, mirth, and love
 That, from thee, now to us belong
 Have made all hearts rejoice, and prove
 Thy right to be our King of Song.

And now throughout the world's wide space—
 In far-off Ind or Scottish glen—
 Thy name lights up each maiden's face,
 And stirs the hearts of free-born men ;
 And till the dawn of that great morn
 When Right shall conquer Might and Wrong,
 Will men and nations yet unborn
 Revere thee as our King of Song.

OUR NEEBOOR'S PIANNY.

I'm a guid-natur'd man, an' tho' sayin't mysel',
 Gin you speer at the wife the same story she'll tell,
 An' it tak's a guid deal whyles my patience to try
 Or to ither folk pleasure attempt to deny ;
 But oor neeboors, waes me, a pianny ha'e got,
 An' it stirs up my bluid till it's whyles boilin' hot,
 For fae mornin' till nicht aye upon it they thrum,
 An' a' that it plays is juist reetle te tum !
 Reetle te tum, reetle te tum,
 They try lots o' tunes, but there's no ane'll come ;
 O gin I were deaf, or that pianny dumb,
 For it has me near daft wi' its reetle te tum !

At nicht owre the news I aye ha'e a bit look,
 Juist aifter my supper, by the ingle nook,
 My wife, wi' her knittin', she sits beside me,
 An' a mair couthy couple you cudna weel see ;
 I read a' about the frontiers o' Afghan,
 An' the battles oor sogers fecht in the Soudan,
 But my readin's sune spoilt, for, wi' crash like a drum,
 Oor neeboor's pianny plays reetle te tum !
 Reetle te tum, reetle te tum, etc.

No' even on Sundays fae it they'll refrain,
 But strum awa' at it wi' micht an' wi' main ;
 An', to let the soond oot, their doors open they keep—
 Ay, even at nicht, when folk shud be asleep.
 I ha'e borne wi't till noo, juist as meek as a lamb,
 But I doot it will sune mak' me flee to a dram—
 Either that, or the " Big Hoose " near Liff, it maun come,
 Gin there's no' a stop sune put to reetle te tum !
 Reetle te tum, reetle te tum, etc.

I'm real fond o' music. To hear a guid tune
 Mak's a' my bluid dance fae my heid to my shoon ;
 Gin trumpet or even the bagpipes you blaw,
 I carena, gin music fae them you can draw,
 Aye, even a tin whistle I'll stand still to hear,
 For when in richt hands it soonds tunefu' an' clear ;
 But oh ! that pianny my heid will benumb,
 Gin it disna stop tootin' oot reetle te tum !
 Reetle te tum, reetle te tum, etc.

The puir organ-grinder wha plays on the street,
 Though his music is no' juist melodious an' sweet,
 Your brains winna rack jinglin' aye the same thing,
 For his tune he will cheenge fin a bawbee you'll fling.
 An' e'en though he'll no' fae his grindin' refrain,
 It'll maybe be lang till you hear him again ;
 But oor neebor's pianny, I fear 'twill ay bum
 Till we're a' in the mools wi' the reetle te tum !

Reetle te tum, reetle te tum,
 They try lots o' tunes, but there's no ane'll come ;
 O gin I were deaf, or that pianny dumb,
 For I'm sure to gae daft wi' its reetle te tum !

MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

MALCOLM TAYLOR, Senr., father of the Scottish-American poet to whom we now direct attention, was, for several years prior to his emigrating to the New World, a precentor, and leader of the Choral Union in Dundee, where his son was born in 1850. Some ten years after that the family settled in New York, where the young poet was reared carefully both in regard to education and manual labour. Poetry, and literature generally, grew to have an absorbing fascination for the youthful craftsman ; and soon the name of Malcolm Taylor, Jr., came to be as well known in various departments of letters as was his father's socially and musically. Success in life, and a brilliant and happy marriage, afforded further possibilities for the litterateur ; and the drama engaged his attention to such purpose that several of his plays became public property, their author ultimately assuming virtual control of one of New York's leading theatres. Mr Taylor's poetic vein is rich and varied ; some of his essays on abstract themes are full of power and dignity, and there is much music and brilliance in many of his shorter lyrical pieces. We give specimens of what may be termed his earlier and later stages ; the first having been written when Mr Taylor was a lad of fifteen, the second having been inspired during a visit paid to Ayrshire in 1874.

BONNIE GIRZIE O' GLENBRAE.

Leeze me, lassie, but I lo'e thee,
 And my thochts run like a sang,
 As the burn adown the corrie,
 Loupin' wi' sheer joy alang ;
 Gin ye kent their sang by he'rt, love,
 And would lilt the simple lay,
 Oh how happy wad it mak' me,
 Bonnie Girzie o' Glenbrae.

'Mang the lave thee only lo'e I,
 And my he'rt is like a bloom,
 As the gowan on the haugh-side
 Bursting wi' love's pure perfume ;

Wad ye wear my modest posy
 On thy bosom, blest far aye,
 It would yield its inmost spirit,
 Bonnie Girzie o' Glenbrae.

Wad ye sing my thochts, my dawtie,
 Yours wad lilt fond symphony ;
 Wad ye wear my he'rt-bloom ever,
 Yours wad fellow-blossoms be ;
 Sweet wi' joy and love enduring,
 Song and bloom wad blend alway,
 Livin' melody and fragrance—
 Bonnie Girzie o' Glenbrae.

ROBERT BURNS.

EXTRACT.

Now let me, with my pen's weird wand, forsooth,
 Waive by the windings of his young life path,
 The petty trials he had, as each child hath,
 Till soon we see him as a reaper youth ;
 When, bending low beside some winsome Ruth,
 To bind with wheaten gyves the levelled swath,
 Or gathering up the golden aftermath,
 He tried to sing the love he felt in truth ;
 Then woke the poet's spirit in his form,
 Moved was his hand to touch the latent chords
 That longed to give expression fair in words
 To what his heart felt in affection warm ;
 And as he told his love in lilted line
 He wooed the willing Coila, muse divine.

And now behold him, Fashion's pampered child !
 The pet of wealth ! the social board around
 His favoured friends did reverence profound,
 While he, with his own songs the time beguiled
 Till, with that Circe, Pleasure's draught grown wild,
 Our laverock Rab soon had his sad rebound,
 And, faulty, fell back to the common ground,
 To sink from sight, in poverty exiled ;
 But though was smirched with shame in touching dross
 The form that housed his soul, above mere pelf,
 Yet crushed not was the better part of self ;
 From human failings suffering no loss,
 His songs live on and linger still sublime,
 Through all the echoing corridors of Time !

ELIZABETH TEVENDALE.

DOUBTLESS "the uses of adversity" were no sweeter in Elizabeth Tevendale's experience than in that of others, but they were the direct cause of the publication of a booklet of forty-eight pages of rhymes, and which were printed at Aberdeen in 1820. They are strong rather than refined ; and reflect the social features of their times in so clear a manner, as to cast on their writer some rays of credit, to say the least. She was born at Arbuthnot in 1784, and became the wife of a farmer, on whose death she got involved in a lawsuit, her literary effort being made in order to try to stave off the ruin which thus threatened her. Some of the verses in the booklet are by another and unacknowledged hand (Rodger) ; and the quality of Elizabeth's own rhyming is seen at its best in the genuinely Scottish piece which we quote. On the title page of the little collection there appears a rhymed address to readers, which is both curious and interesting—

Good people all who read my little book,
 O fright me not with a disdainful look ;
 A female Rhymstress, I'm no forward boaster,
 No quack, no cheat, no arrogant imposter :
 Necessity, the mother of invention,

Forc'd me to publish e'en 'gainst my inten-
 tion ;
 But people in a humble situation
 Must often act against their inclination :
 My dearest meed is your kind approbation.

HOTCH-POTCH BED-COVER.

When nippin' frost, an' weather bleak,
 Gar fook draw near the ingle,
 An' double blankets cozey keep,
 In winter, fook that's single;
 When married fook to keep them warm
 Creep unco close the-gither,
 An' cuddle, heedless o' the storm
 An' boisterous drifty weather:
 The weaver brought me hame a wab,
 Wha sair was tir'd wi' weavin't,
 Had aften thocht o' sogerin',
 An' rinnin' aff an' leavin't:
 The warp o't was sae rough an' coarse,
 He scarce could get a yape in't,
 An' yokin't aince when he was fou,
 He brak' an unco heap in't.
 His rib was sweer to wind the pirns,
 They were sae rough an' lumpy;
 The weaver gied her wild-like girns,
 An' strak her o'er the rump aye,
 Till she grew furious, and rave
 The thack frae aff his pow,
 Cried, "Hang ye, gin ye dinna weav't,
 I'll set it in a lowe."
The grey mare was the better horse,
 He had nae help but mend it,
 An' yokin' till't wi' a' his birr,
 At last he gat an' end o't.
 But how shall I describe the claith?
 Variety was there,

O' half a score o' different kinds,
 I daresay there was mair,
 O' harn, an' woo, an' rough horse-hair,
 Auld stockin's, hemp, an' tow,
 Wi' flannen sarks, a' worn threed-bare,
 An' auld breeks too, I trow.
 Wi' screeds o' gowns an' petticoats,
 Auld wigs, an' bairnies' hippens;
 My marriage shawl wi' tamboured spots,
 That cost me twal an' tippence:
 Wi' cotton, linen, prints, and stuffs,
 An' napkins for the nose;
 O' rainbow colours, greens an' buffs,
 An' screeds o' Highland hose.
 Auld tartan plaids an' philabegs,
 An' remnants frae the tailor;
 Together wi' a fearnought coat
 Our Rab gat frae a sailor:
 An' mony a weary winter night
 I sat an' teas'd an' cardit;
 But now it keeps me warm an' right,
 An' a' my toil's rewardit;
 But sic a mixty-maxty web,
 Sure ne'er before was seen;
 An' gin ye doubt it, come an' see,
 An' trust your ain twa een.
 An' then I'm sure ye'll fairly own
 Ye never saw the match o't;
 For Joseph's coat he wore langsyne
 Was only but a swatch o't.

REV. ROBERT RIACH THOM.

MANY readers of the publications of the London Religious Tract Society, and of various other mediums for the dissemination of Christian truth, are familiar with the prose and poetic writings of the Rev. R. Riach Thom, minister of the Free High Church, Kilmarnock. Others know that in addition to the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties, Mr Thom exercises successfully his artistic faculty; and that during periods of enforced leisure his inventive skill has been applied to such purpose that several of his inventions have been patented. With these activities such matters as the publication of a hymnal—"The Manual of Praise"—have alternated; and while diligent in the composition of such pieces of a serious bent as are those we quote, as also of beautiful music of a devotional nature, he has turned occasionally to the lighter side of things, and produced such humorous conceits, "adapted for the amusement of all children up to ninety years of age," as the following:—

THE WIFE OF BEN BOWSER, A.B.

Sweet Katey, who lived in far-off Coromandel,
 Made a vow that she'd marry a man with a handle—
 A handle of letters joined on to his name,
 Such as K.C.B., D.D., or even A.M.;

She spurned at the offers of sixty young men,
 Their names had no handles!—till leap-year came, then
 She asked Mr Bowser who sailed the salt sea :
 “O, Benjamin dear, will you marry with me ?”
 And now she is happy as happy can be,
 For his name has a handle—Ben Bowser, A.B. !

Mr Thom was born at Montrose in 1831, and spent his earlier years at Arnmill, near Auchinblae. He was ordained to the ministry at Exeter in 1861, and, subsequently, was minister of Christ Church, Worcester, and of Free St. David's Church, Glasgow. He has held his important charge in Kilmarnock for the last twenty years, and occupies a position of influence both in his constituency and denomination. We give varied examples of his writings in a hymn taken from “The Home and School Hymnal”; a poem which has had separate publication; and a Scottish song, which appears in *The National Choir* with a very appropriate melody by its author.

O GOD, OUR FATHER IN THE HEAVEN.

O God, our Father in the heaven,
 To Thee we humbly pray
 For those we love in distant lands,
 For dear ones far away.

We cannot guard their hearts from grief,
 Their steps we cannot guide,
 But, blessed Lord, we know that Thou
 Art ever by their side.

Preserve them from all evil ways,
 And from temptation's snare ;

We give them unto Thee to keep,
 We cast them on Thy care.

Be Thou the crown of all their joys,
 Their comfort in distress,
 Their solace in the hour of grief,
 Their rest in weariness.

So guide them, Lord, that wheresoe'er
 In far-off lands they roam,
 They may, when falls the eventide,
 Be gather'd safely home.

THE SONG OF THE STREAMLET.

I saw upon the mountain side,
 One beauteous summer day,
 A little rivulet arise
 And hasten on its way.

The light winds shook the heather-bell,
 The lark was in the sky ;
 I heard him sing high on the wing,
 I heard the curlew's cry.

I heard the hum of summer bees,
 And close beside my feet
 Arose the murmur of a voice
 In accents low and sweet.

It was the rippling of the rill,
 The streamlet's melody,
 Which sung upon the lofty hill,
 “I run to reach the sea.”¹

I saw it dashing o'er the stones
 In many a mimic fall ;

I followed it across the moors,
 And still I heard its call ;

Now falling into darkened pools,
 Now clad in snowy spray,
 Now flashing forth into the sun,
 And gliding on its way ;

Amidst with scarce a ripple borne
 Between its banks of green,
 In long slow reaches of its flow,
 The rivulet was seen.

Beside its waters waved the fern,
 And hung the hazel-tree,
 Still sung the stream the one same song,
 “I run to reach the sea.”

Adown the glen amid the pines,
 Past field and fen and road,
 And cottages upon its banks,
 The widening streamlet flowed.

¹ In Celtic folklore the streamlet is represented as singing while it flows onward, “The sea, the sea for me.”

It bickered past the village street,
It glided by the lea,
And still the burden of its song,
"I run to reach the sea."

The miller came and built his weir,
'Twas right across its track,
And high and strong the dyke arose
To hold its waters back.

It filled the dam, it trickled o'er,
To sing exultingly
The same old song it sung of yore,
"I run to reach the sea."

And none can stay my onward course,
Your dams and dykes are vain,
Nor aught bring silence to my song,
Ho! I am for the main.

Farewell, ye hills lost in the blue;
Farewell, green land, to thee;
Farewell, old banks where I have flowed,
For I am for the sea.

And every rill that joins my course
Now sings along with me,
Farewell, O land, a long farewell,
Our home is with the sea.

And now the river bar is past,
The waters flowing free
Have reached with joy their home at last,
For they are with the sea.

So thus, methinks, a Christian's life
From first to last should be;
His song in every varied scene,
"O Christ, I come to Thee."

Fair as thou art, O beauteous world,
I cannot stay with thee;
My home is yonder, and my hope
Is Christ, O Christ for me.

Farewell! my life must onward flow
Where ocean billows roll,
The ocean of His boundless love,
Who hath redeemed my soul.

Beneath the darkened skies of time
I may not, dare not stay;
I go to seek a fairer clime,
Which yet is far away.

And all the day till eventide
This, this my song shall be,
O Christ, my joy, my hope, my pride,
Christ, Christ alone for me.

BONNIE ABERFELDY.

Young Bessie bloomed in Boltichan;
Her father was a cottar man,
Who farm'd his wee bit neuk o' lan',
By bonnie Aberfeldy.
O but the lassie she was fair,
The gowd was tangled in her hair,
Her voice was music in the air,
By bonnie Aberfeldy.

And mony a laddie turned his e'e
Fair Bessie o' the croft to see,
As by the cliffs o' Weem went she,
To bonnie Aberfeldy.
O, I ha'e looked on maidens fair,
In sheen o' silk and jewels rare,
But nane wi' Bessie could compare
By bonnie Aberfeldy.

Wae worth upon the weary day
That tempted me frae her to stray,
And bide sae lang and far away
Frae bonnie Aberfeldy.
For no' till thirty years were gane
I wandered back my leufu' lane
To see the auld place aince again,
And bonnie Aberfeldy.

A cottar wife was workin' near,
O' her I thocht that I would spier,
"Kenn'd she sweet Bess wha aince lived here,
By bonnie Aberfeldy?"
"It's me," quo' she; I took her han'
And looked a sair astonished man;
Could this be Bess o' Boltichan,
By bonnie Aberfeldy?

For O, but she was altered sair,
Wi' tashin' wark and trachlin' care,
Frae her I kenn'd sae sweet and fair,
By bonnie Aberfeldy.
Wi' tearfu' e'e and sadden'd mien
I thocht o' a' that nicht ha'e been,
And turned awa' to quit the scene,
And bonnie Aberfeldy.

A footstep, and a laugh—"Ha, ha!"
I woke; 'twas Bess, my Bess I saw;
She'd found me sleepin' in the shaw
By bonnie Aberfeldy.
Nought but a dream had been the rest;
Wi' gladness ne'er to be expressed
I clasp'd my lassie to my breast
By bonnie Aberfeldy.

ALEXANDER THOMSON.

DURING recent years Scottish provincial literature has thriven surprisingly, and the Brechin press has contributed notably to the general store. In 1894 Mr Edwards published a tidy volume of 120 pages, entitled, "Brechin of To-day," in which local colour is used with a fulness of knowledge and a deftness of touch almost unique, and entirely admirable. The author, "Vathek," is the son of Mr Thomson, Solicitor, Brechin, and was born at Edinburgh in 1869. He was trained in his father's office, and is now pursuing his legal studies at Edinburgh University. A *Whitmanesque* parody—having Brechin as its subject—in the work referred to, and various occasional poetic effusions, point to a facility in versification that runs parallel with Mr Thomson's excellent style in prose.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

The world,—
A thing the madman holds as fast
As money-making merchant—a chameleon
Whose aspect changes in a thousand hues
Held cruel, kindly, honest, insincere
Ten thousand times an hour : to sober priest,
A place of penance ; to the careless soul,
A place to laugh in ; to philosopher,
A solemn spectacle of all he knows,
Yet can't account for ; to the specialist,
A six-legged beetle, or a piece of bone

Bedded in sandstone ; to astronomer,
A tiny prison 'mid huge universe
On which men prate of freedom ; to the blind,
A night of sounds and darkness ; to the deaf,
A day of sights and silence ; to the most,
A place to live in somehow, since we must,
Just before dinner found a good deal worse,
A good deal better after ;

When alone
With the vast sadness of the sea or sky,
Real for a moment—otherwise a dream.

ALEXANDER E. THOMSON.

THE record here is that of the premature decay of powers which Hope had invested with her sanguine charms. Mr Thomson belonged to Nether-ton, in the neighbourhood of Brechin, and was for some time employed in one of the factories of the latter place. His health gave way, and he sought to turn his artistic endowment to account as a means of livelihood. He made occasional poetic contributions to the local press, one of these, "The Bonnie Banks o' Noran," being a good example of his simple and pleasing utterance. Mr Thomson was born in 1864, and died at Brechin in 1886.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' NORAN.

I'm weary o' the city's smoke,
The bustle and the noise ;
I'm weary o' its pride and show,
And artificial joys ;
I'm longing for the broomy knowes
And fields of waving corn,
Where fragrance-laden breezes blaw
Along the banks o' Noran.

There bright the purple heather waves
The lane hillsides along,
And bonnie glints the sparkling burn
The heights and howes amang ;
And beauty meets the raptured e'e,
And smiles at ilka turn ;
Aye nature seems in pleasant mood
Along the banks o' Noran.

There proud St. Arnold rears his head,
 Presiding o'er the scene,
 Glen Ogil's bonnie haughs and howes
 And fields and woodlands green;
 And feathered warblers rouse the glen
 Ilk blithesome summer morn,
 While far and near the echoes ring
 Alang the banks o' Noran.

There's melody in ilka bush
 And ilka tree around;
 'Mang peacefu' scenes like these are a'
 Life's purest pleasures found.
 And there my heart aye takes its flight,
 On summer breezes borne,
 When Nature cleeds in regal robes
 The bonnie banks o' Noran.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE historian of Dundee was a singular being, the complexities of whose character present paradoxes in almost limitless variety. Born at Dundee in 1799, he struggled through poverty to toil, when the accidental disablement of his right hand occurred to change the current of his labours. He turned to teaching as a means of livelihood; and in 1818 made his first public appearance as an author with "Poems by James Thomson; at Cotton of Boysack" (where, Jervise notes, he was "Quondam Dominie"), a little collection of seventy-two pages in rhyme, printed at Montrose. Originally of a strong antiquarian turn of mind, Mr Thomson grew enamoured of the study of antiquities, neglecting everything, literally, of a public or personal nature in order to glean and garner a semblance of the past. Jervise appraised his "History of Dundee" (1847) "as a work of much greater value than is generally admitted"; but that work is but a tithe of Thomson's abounding labours. "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Dundee" (1830); "Forfarshire Illustrated" (1848), and "Chronicles of the Isle of Man," are among his published works; and the assistance he gave to other local writers was second only to their own efforts. In addition to these works, he left several of almost equal importance in MS., all written, it is worth remembering, by their author's *left* hand, and in singularly clear and neat caligraphy. Among these is a volume of "Poems and Songs," which is dated 1827, bears the legend, "Poema est pictura Loquens," and consists of 280 pages of closely written matter. This unique and interesting book was in the possession of A. C. Lamb, Esq., Dundee: it contains "Albyn," a long descriptive poem with voluminous notes; several other long pieces; and a number of songs, in which, as may be supposed, the lyric quality is not very evident. Thomson's most admired effort is "Lunan Water," a piece rich in picturesque descriptions of the scenes through which the Lunan flows, the Prologue to which exhibits some pleasing touches:—

While Thames and Tiber smoothly glide along,
 The theme of many a proud and lofty song,
 Shalt thou, pure stream, unsung, in silence stray,
 Nor claim the tribute of our tuneful lay?
 Shall thy bright scenes be hid from mental sight,
 And lie obscured in worse than monkish night?
 Ah no! thy beauties have been hid too long;
 To thee I consecrate my venturous song:

Near where yon moss-grown pile in ruin lies,¹
 Whose spiry head invades the low'ring skies,
 Thy limpid waters rise and gently flow
 Thro' meads and groves, soft murmuring as they go ;
 Nor vainly do thy verdant wimplings glide,
 But fertilise the banks upon each side.
 Rich is the landscape, varied is the scene ;
 The woods, adorned with robes of deepest green,
 Ope their recesses, graced with grottos gay,
 Welcome retreat from the meridian ray.
 The open fields all softly smile between,
 With Ceres' bounty undulating green,
 Or yielding to the rudely parting share
 Of sturdy labour whistling off his care ;
 While echoing shouts of youthful mirth around
 Fall on the ear with gently pleasing sound ;
 Thy strong-nerved sons with manly vigour braced,
 Thy lovely daughters with each beauty graced,
 Thy peaceful bowers, thy happy fertile plains,
 Might well adorn a loftier poet's strains.

Nor art thou famed for peaceful arts alone,
 For on thy banks wild war did often frown ;
 Scarce far-famed Tiber's self full well, I ween,
 Has on its grassy banks more havoc seen.
 Full many a deadly feud with carnage grim
 Has dim'd the lustre of thy glassy stream,
 And Lochlin's sons borne o'er the foamy wave
 Have on thy banks oft found a bloody grave.
 The Scots and Picts engaged in direful fray
 Fought out the conflict of a long-lived day,
 And stained thy limpid flow with streams of gore
 From famed Restennet to the Allmaine shore.

Sweet Lunan, still thy beauties crowd the eye,
 In wild disorder though they often lie,
 Presenting in succession dale and hill,
 The frequent farmstead and the busy mill,
 The patient angler and laborious hind,
 The groves and corn fields waving in the wind,
 The hallowed walls, where, on the solemn day,
 Assembled peasants chant the pious lay.

The poem is given nearly entire in Hay's work on the Poets of the Round O, and forms attractive reading. Though Thomson was "nae poet in a sense," he had the faculty of interesting utterance, and his prose writing is often remarkable in its clearness and grace. The *sobriquet* "Foo Foozle," by which he was familiarly known among his townsmen and members of "The Halls of Lamb" literary fraternity, gives some indication of another aspect of his individuality which was marked by an inclination to conviviality on the one hand, and by a parsimony that exhibited itself in the collecting of pins, needles, and the like, on the other. But his failings were forgotten by all who knew his genuine merits and abilities, and an attached circle of friends

¹ Priory of Restennet.

sincerely mourned his removal, which occurred in 1864, and after Mr Thomson had suffered for seven years from a paralytic seizure. It will be interesting to examine these specimens of his lighter moods of versification :—

ODE TO ELLIOT WATER.

<p>Green be the banks, sweet wimpling stream, And fair the flowers that o'er thee wave ; Calm be the shades as poet's dream Thy cool refreshing waters lave.</p> <p>May lovers roam at evening hour Upon thy banks, 'neath Dian's ray, Or hid within thy sylvan bower List to the song from flowery spray.</p> <p>Yon tower, alas, deserted now, Once blest with beauty's brightest beam,</p>	<p>No longer from the rocky brow Reflects gay splendour on thy stream.</p> <p>What tho' the days of other times Far from thy flowery banks are fled ; Days of distrust, of blood, of crimes, A nation's bane, a nation's dread.</p> <p>Yet active industry pervades Thy close recesses, smiling bright, And sun-brown'd Toil thy meadows treads While peace looks on, a beam of light.</p>
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THE BADGE OF M'NAB.

Our badge of distinction grows on the wild heath,
 M'Nab pulls the berry, the emblem of death,
 The symbol of war to the foes of our name,
 Our chieftain's loved sign to conduct us to fame ;
 O who would not wear it and wield the claymore
 To turn rash invaders away from our shore !

On our coasts the black raven his sullen flight wings,
 His attendant destruction with terror he brings,
 His harsh croaking voice calls discordant for prey,
 As his airy flight circles each rock, creek, and bay ;
 But the strong *roe-buck berry*¹ still graces the strand,
 Then up ! up ! M'Nab, chase the foe from our land.

See landed on Largs the proud foeman's array,
 Our hills and our glens he considered his prey ;
 Haste ! fling the broad plaid, swing the targe and claymore
 Till the swoll'n pride of Norway lies weltering in gore ;
 M'Nab waves the *berry*, on ! on ! with acclaim,
 It is the conductor to glory and fame.

JAMES THOMSON. (2)

MR THOMSON is one of those toil-burdened brethren who sing because they must, and who in thus utilising their scanty leisure gain some relief from the depressing grind of their factory avocations. Born at Dundee in 1832, and reared in the humblest way, he made efforts towards self-improvement that might well be termed heroic ; and though his lot in life has remained practically unchanged, he has brightened it by a familiarity with literature that is as creditable to his intelligence as it is beneficial in his pleasures. And he has the courage of his convictions too, and can state them forcibly, as, for instance :—"Casual visitors to Scotland would look far over

¹ Badge of the clan M'Nab.

the hills before they saw the dotard, hawering idiots in our glens and straths, which are depicted as if veritable by the 'Green Rivals.'" In his verses he pursues the themes that lie to hand, and treats them naturally, as our illustrations show. But Mr Thomson is perhaps a little too self-depreciatory when he asserts—"A lyric poet is a sorry figure when his instrument has only one tone, and that note a trifle squeaky." In the article on James Wynd, some indication is given of his interest in the general poetic well-being of our Shires.

HIDLIN'S.

Oh dinna speak o' sic a thing
Like time mis-spent, we'll let it rest,
The very thocht is like to wring
This lanely heart within my breast.
The sorrows o' a troubled past
May swirl like leaves when they are sere ;
Ae bitter pang thro' life may last
An' ruthless start a hidden tear.
The grief that stung may yet be blest ;
Tho' I may ne'er the truth impart,
I'll keep it close as best o' best,
Locked in the core ben in my heart ;

I loved owre fond, but loved in vain,
An' bore the brunt o' lover's dreams ;
But drowned my sighs in floods o' pain
To bide the tempest spend its gleams.
Oh dinna spier—I daurna tell
The carkin' thocht that onward flows
Like river spates that never swell
The boundless sea frae whence they rose ;
I cou'dna, if I were to dee,
Keep free o' doubts, an' sighs, an' tears,
Nor ither than I am to thee,
For women aye ha'e hopes an' fears.

THE TERM TIME.

O ! gude be praised, we're flitted noo,
An' a' oor things are set ;
The thrang an' steer is a' gane thro',
An' we'll get livin' yet ;
The coo is tethered in the byre,
Wi' fother at her head ;
My bakin' is afore the fire,
To be oor mornin's bread.

The bairnies a' are soond asleep,
Forfochen wi' the steer ;
An' father to his bed did creep,
Complainin' unco queer ;
Oor sair won fee has done fu' weel—
We waired it for the best,
An' something bocht for ilka chiel',
An' we'll be Sabbath dressed.

Wee tottum Tam got ribbit socks
To haud his leggies warm ;
An' toutin' Tib got twa noo frocks
That wrocht her head like barm ;

An' Jock he wad ha'e "'lastic sides,"
To gar his feet look snod—
I couldna think upon the slides
Wi' Jock no' winter-shod.

Young Maggie got a bodice braw,
Her wyst genteel to keep ;
O ! may her pride ne'er get a fa',
Nor unsoond be her sleep ;
This nicht afore she gaed to rest
She grat fu' sad an' sair
To get her bodice to her breast,
An' nurs't wi' wifie care.

O ! may we a' wi' strength be blest
The strain o' life to bear—
"Wi' waur than wark be never stressed,"
Was aye my mither's prayer ;
This nicht ere I to sleep lie doon,
When a' my trauchle's o'er,
I pray Content oor lives to croon,
An' health to bless oor store !

JAMES STEPHEN THOMSON.

ONE of those striking minor incidents which added their notes of pathos to the record of the awful Tay Bridge disaster, was that of a newspaper cutting being found in the pocket of one of the victims, and on which these prophetic lines appeared :—

The gentle spring has come and gone,
And summer joys have faded fast ;
The fairest flowers that deck the plain
Will perish with the autumn blast.

Life's brightest hopes have come and gone,
Our fondest dreams like shadows fled
Before the dawn, to leave behind
Cold visions of the sleeping dead.

The author of these simple verses, and of those that follow, was James S. Thomson, "a man of genuine poetic bent"—as one who knew him writes—and who was born at Dundee in 1849. A son of toil, he found his recreation in poetry ; and continued an earnest student of the great poets, and an occasional versifier, till his death at Dundee in 1890.

MOTHER ; A MEMORY.

We weep in sorrow, but will not repine
When God afflicts, frail mortals must resign ;
So would we bear when brightest hope is
given,
And count our earthly loss the gain of heaven !
Still round thy memory will we fondly twine,
As branches cluster round the parent vine,
While passing seasons their fresh offerings
bring,
Our memory's year shall be one ceaseless spring.

The earth were blank without the hallowed
dreams
Of parted friends ; like summer's purest beams
Their virtue shines in all the beautiful we see,
So is it, Angel Spirit, still with thee.
Now freed from all the aching pains of earth,
Thy tender name still lingers round our hearth ;
While thou'rt exalted to the brighter sphere,
Heaven gives thy smile our drooping hearts
to cheer.

OLIVER TIMOTHY.

ON the publication of this writer's song, "The Beautiful Hills," in 1888, Professor Blackie wrote regarding it—"The words are sympathetic, the rhythm remarkably good, and the melody tuneful"; and thus tersely summed up the qualities apparent in Mr Timothy's general versifying. A busy commercial traveller, the *Poets' Corner* exhibits fewer of his effusions than it did when the writer was a young grocer with Messrs Low of Dundee, or manager of the Forfar branch of the business of Cooper & Co. of Glasgow. Then, time allowed him to alternate his dallyings with the muse with newspaper controversy, and in many an animated debate he came off with flying colours ; but for the past few years, during which he has been resident at Glasgow, business has necessarily been in the ascendant. Mr Timothy is still young—having been born at Dundee in 1868—and may thus have many opportunities of redeeming the promise of those early efforts, specimens of which are now before us.

WHAT IS THE HEART ?

What is the heart ?

A garden fair, where tender plants do spring,
Which promise well in future years ;
And buds of hope their cheering notes do sing,
And bright and hopeful all appears.

What is the heart ?

A placid lake, a sky serene and pure,
Fit emblem of tranquillity,
And peace of mind—could such for aye endure
Ne'er marred in its sublimity !

What is the heart ?

A surging sea, where billows foam and fight
In combat wild, upon whose breast
Is tossed man's tiny bark—his utmost might
Is borne along and cannot rest.

What is the heart ? [slopes

A burning mount, beneath whose verdant
Volcanic fires are smouldering low,
When roused to wrath her deadly mouth she
And spreads destruction far below. [ope's

What is the heart?

A mine of gems; a treasury of worth
Where noblest feelings are enshrined,
And glisten brighter than the gems of earth,
Where truth, love, virtue, are entwined.

What is the heart?

A tablet on whose glossy front so pure
Our lives are shown in bold relief,
That will thro' every change of time endure,
An index true to joy or grief.

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

Oh! the beautiful hills where the blest have
trod

Thro' the years since the world was new,
When our fathers gazed on the fields of God,
In the valley we journey through.

Oh! bright are the lights on those hills that
When the world is dark below, [rise,
And our hearts are thrilled by immortal eyes
In the night of our deepest woe.

Chorus.

Then sing we the beautiful hills
That swell from the evergreen shore,
And oh! for the beautiful hills
Where the weary shall toil no more.

The cities of yore that were reared in crime,
And renowned in the praise of seers,
Have gone down to the tramp of Old King
Time,

And passed with the passing years.
But those beautiful hills rise bright and
strong
Through the smoke of his reeking wars,

And fresh as the day when the full deep song
Rolled out from the morning stars.

Then sing we, etc.

We dream of a rest on the beautiful hills,
When the turmoil of life is o'er,
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
Where the traveller thirsts no more.
The spirit is ours of the martyred men
Who have braved the cold world's frown,
And the burden they bore we bear again,
Nor shrink from their thorny crown.

Then sing we, etc.

Our arms are weak, but we will not fling
At our feet this load of ours;

Tho' bleak and cold are the winds of spring,
Earth answers them back in flowers.

And thus we learn on our pilgrim way
How a mightier arm controls,
And the breath of God through our life will
play,

To cheer while it chastens our souls.

Then sing we, etc.

MAGGIE TODD.



THAT patriotism and its forcible expression are not virtues essentially masculine, will be apparent to every reader of the selection made from the poems of this popular writer. A steady cultivation of the faculty developed in early life, and the stimulus afforded by that admirable nursery of native talent, *The People's Journal*, has placed Miss Todd in the van of our local bards; and, recognizing the quality of her verses, there is felt a warrantable and natural hopefulness regarding her future literary career. Miss Todd was born at Camperdown in 1866, spent her earlier years at Craigmills, Strathmartine, and has since the dawning of her teens resided at Windy Mills,

Murroes. The story of her first ventures in publication is quite orthodox in character: we presume that now Miss Todd stands in considerably less awe of the "To Correspondents" neuk than once she did. The place assigned her

in the recent *Journal Jubilee Ode Competition* is distinctly honourable ; and it is with pleasure that we reproduce the poem which was awarded the three guinea prize in a contest bearing with singular propriety on this most auspicious year.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

FIRST PRIZE POEM.

Dear Sovereign Lady, at thy feet
 The nation loving tribute lays,
 Prays heaven shall make the guerdon sweet
 To thee, oh Queen ! this day of days.
 Heaven did thy childhood's wreath entwine,
 And crowned a queen in maidenhood ;
 Thy prayer was still for grace divine,
 Thy one ambition to be good.
 And thro' the years' unceasing flow
 Men joy'd to see thy prayer fulfilled ;
 Although not aye unmixed with woe
 The cup to thee the Father willed.
 Nor all the pomp and pride of art,
 Nor all the splendours of a throne,
 Can hide from us thy woman's heart,
 Who love thee for thyself alone.
 For thee, with every year that flows,
 Though far the Briton's feet may roam,

His love the firmer, stronger grows,
 As oaks around thy Highland home.
 Thy banners, on a thousand seas,
 Are waving proud, and fair, and free,
 And he has sworn disgrace to these,
 Ere harm, oh, gracious Queen, to thee.
 To tell the love his bosom fills,
 In vain I strike the trembling lyre
 What time, on twice ten hundred hills,
 Lo, speaks that love in tongues of fire.
 For sixty years thou hast upheld
 The dignity of Britain's crown,
 In virtue and in grace excelled,
 Nor soon shall fade thy fair renown ;
 Nor soon shall fade thy fair renown,
 But pattern be to British maid,
 When thou hast changed thy earthly crown
 For one whose glory cannot fade.

THE HUMBLE HAMES O' SCOTLAND.

Afar by mead and mountain,
 That grace oor native land,
 The humble hames o' Scotland
 In blest profusion stand.
 While blood o' saints and heroes,
 By foemen spilt of yore,
 Still keeps the flower o' freedom
 Aroun' ilk' cottage door.
 To humble hames o' Scotland
 The Scottish bosom warms,
 An' time, an' change, an' exile,
 But magnify their charms ;
 Yea, every league of ocean,
 Or intervening year,
 The humble hames o' Scotland
 To Scottish hearts endear.
 Oh, humble hames o' Scotland,
 Whaur patriots wont to kneel,
 Ere going forth to battle
 To brave the fire and steel ;

To draw the sword for Scotland
 That flashed upon the foe,
 An' brought her children freedom
 In days of long ago.
 Oh, humble hames o' Scotland,
 Langsyne, that ne'er returns,
 Ye stood for Scotland's Covenant,
 An' blest us wi' a Burns ;
 Beneath the Lion Standard
 Ye marked their going forth
 Whase deeds o' deathless valour
 Brought glory to the North.
 Oh, humble hames o' Scotland,
 Lang, lang may ye abound,
 An' roun' ilk' cosy ingle
 Be reckon'd holy ground.
 When Scotland's sons and daughters
 Ha'e left the auld rooftree,
 Oh, humble hames o' Scotland,
 Oor blessings rest on ye.

THE SUMMER QUEEN.

All hail with joy the Summer Queen,
 With voice so soft and sweet,
 With fragrant blossoms on her brow,
 And garlands at her feet ;

Whose home is in the woodlands green,
 And 'mid the sylvan bowers ;
 Who treads the woodland paths unseen ;
 Whose tears bedew the flowers.

In gentle mood she clothes the fields
 In robes of emerald green ;
 Her crown, the work of Nature's art,
 Proclaims her Nature's queen.
 Her touch the pulse of nature thrills,
 By woodland, stream, and lake ;
 Her voices 'mid the purple hills
 A thousand echoes wake.

Oh come, ye toiling thousands, come ;
 Leave for a little while
 The mighty city's ceaseless hum,
 And bask beneath her smile.
 Soon must she leave the mossy dell,
 The woodland and the glade ;
 All earthly bloom bespeaks the tomb,
 The fairest flower must fade.

SCOTLAND'S PARRITCH COGIE.

PRIZE SONG.

We've routh o' fares thae modern days,
 A' finely cooked in divers ways ;
 But nane deservin' sae o' praise
 As Scotland's parritch cogie.

Cho.—Then lat us pray the auld mill wheel
 May lang gae roun' to grind the meal,
 That auld and young alike may feel
 There's wisdom in the cogie.

Lat monarchs boast their croons an' lan',
 Wi' Lords an' Dukes on ilka han' ;
 But leeze me on the labourin' man,
 Whase kingdom's in his cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

Nae costly dinner course for him,
 To gratiffee his ilka whim,
 Whase shoulder broad an' brawny limb
 Are girded by the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

Sax feet frae tap to tae he stands,
 Wi' legs as lithe as willow wands ;
 While lion strength is in the hands
 O' him wha prees the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

And though his coffers may be toom
 His wants are modest, I presume,
 Sin' a' he seeks is elbow-room
 When sittin' owre the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

He's never plagued wi' divers ills
 Wha at the cog his hunger kills ;
 He's never fashed wi' doctor's bills
 Whase strength is in the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

But buirdly are the men that boo,
 Wi' appetite and ready mou',
 Owre milk new-gotten frae the coo
 'Mang parritch in the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

Then when thou hast a plack to spend,
 Or aught in charity to lend,
 An' thou wouldst be a debtor, friend,
 Be debtor to the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

That Scots at hame an' Scots abroad
 May bless the land their fathers trod,
 Commending aye their souls to God,
 Their stamachs to the cogie.
 Then lat us, etc.

GEORGE TURNER.

WE cannot claim the author of that excellent and pathetic piece, "The Camstane Laddie," as a native poet, his birth having occurred at Dunfermline in 1805 ; but his residence at Arbroath during the last twenty years of his life, the fact that most of his poetic work was done during that period, and that he died in 1886 under the eye of Saint Thomas, form a local investiture of which it would be unfair to deprive him or us. Mr Turner was reared in Ayr, and became an apprentice tailor in Edinburgh. He served in the army for seventeen years ; but becoming blind, retired on a small pension. The dark evening of his days was spent mainly in noble efforts for the Temperance cause, and in perfecting his invention of a machine for use by

the blind in writing. Some of his poetry is of considerable merit; but his best production is that referred to, and which it is a pleasure to reproduce here.

THE CAMSTANE LADDIE.

Ae snawy day in winter time, while sitting at my wheel,
My door it opened cannily,—in cam' a puir wee chiel',
A wee bit cake was in his han'—he got it frae a wean,
And o'er his arm a pockie hung, 'twas filled wi' blue camstane.

Nae shoon were on his hackit feet, near bare unto the knee;
A bit o' guernsey o'er his back,—nae sarkie on had he;
An oilskin cappie o'er his brow, to keep out snaw or rain
While daunderin' roun' frae door to door to sell his blue camstane.

His mither dee'd some three years back, his faither drooned had been—
Whiles wi' his han' he wiped awa' the sant bree frae his een;
Nae freend in' a' the earth had he, but left he a' his lane;
He got a mouthfu' here and there while sellin' his camstane.

I welcomed in the puir wee thing into my ingle'neuk;
Near to the lowe he rubbed his luifs, and aye his headie shook:
Wi' want and cauld his little heart had near about been gaen,
While wandering roun' frae door to door to sell his blue camstane.

Some meat I ga'e the puir wee lad; joy sparkled in his e'e;
He leaned his headie on his han', his elbow on his knee,
In secrecy a blessing asked: the loonie's heart was fain,
He got sae mony cauldribe looks while selling his camstane.

ALEXANDER TYLER.

ALL that is known about "Presbyter"—as Tyler has commonly been styled in poetic records—is contained in a curious letter addressed to the Earl of Strathmore, and which appears in the edition of the Kinnetles minister's poems published at Edinburgh in 1685. This letter of Tyler's is so interesting, that part of it may appropriately bear a literal transcription here:—

"My Lord,

Kinnettls, where I have now lived these Fifteen years past, being in your Lordship's vicinage, and in view of the smoak of the chimneys of your antient and magnifick House of Glames, having beside the many other Favours unworthily enough cast away on me; obliged my not being unfrequently with your Lordship, and your noble family there, when I was often honoured to be bid see your Lordship at your own lesser, but pleasanter house of Castle Lyon some ten miles distant hence. I had not seen your Lordship there before the beginning of October 1683, when all the Earth rung the Praise of the victorious King of Pole. I remember that after a very orderly Supper . . . we had a very fine and harmonius Consort of Vocal Music, and of the great variety of melodious Airs, that of ARMIDA being frequently called for, and still applauded by your Lordship, and all the hearers, your Lordship wish't that the Relief of Besieged Vienna might be composed to that tone, how soon soever its more exact Relation came to this Kingdom. Which upon that same condition I then undertook, etc."

The song thus heralded is a fearful and wonderful production. It is entitled, "The Siege and Battle of Vienna, etc., to the Tone ARMIDA," and is even stronger and racier in parts than is here indicated in the twelfth of its thirteen stanzas:—

"All Christendoms Triumph, the Walls of Vien,
 Sound this Glory of Kings, that Wonder of Men ;
 Fame, Prowess, and Trophees, loud Praise, and rais'd Songs,
 To Poland's great Prince, and brave Starberg belongs.
 Home, Vizier ! and tell thy proud Sultan's rude Boasts,
 And Blasphemies heard by the LORD God of Hosts.
 To whom our Souls offer the Calves of our Lips,
 That our Sun shines in Glory ; their Moon's in Eclipse."

The "Presbyter" was strong in the department of *letters* ; for in addition to the epistle from which we have quoted, there are in his book five other lengthy communications addressed to King James VII. ; the Duke of Queensberry ; James, Earl of Perth ; Lord Provost Drummond of Edinburgh ; and the Reader, respectively ; with one in Latin to King John of Poland, the hero of the author's *Magnum Opus*. This poem occupies 155 pages of the book, and is entitled, "Memoires of the Life and Actions of the Most Invincible and Triumphant Prince John, the great King of Poland." Like the *letters*, the versification is of a very inflated description : the Proem will prove that a little of it will go a great way :—

"Great God of Praise ! inspire this song of Praise !
 That with the loudest Ela's it may raise ;
 On massy pillars of Immortal Fame,
 The 'ternal echos of this Hero's Name ;
 That as his sword's the glory of this Age ;
 Some Angel-pen of more seraphick Rage,
 May trumpet his achievements 'bove the sky,
 And sing his glory to an Extazy," etc.

Tyler's best known poem is "The Tempest," a rhyme of 140 lines, descriptive of the voyage from Burntisland to Leith, made in a storm by the boat "Blessing." The heaving of the billows, which sought to engulf Claverhouse, "Presbyter," and their fellow-passengers, is described in an oft-repeated quotation : we extract a different portion, which shows that wit of a kind was not unknown to this bard of other days :—

"When, as if Earth sighed all her intrals out,
 At her last gasp meant to blow all the Wind out !
 It blew, and blew, and roar'd, and rumbled higher,
 Then Heav'n with overbreathing were t' expire :
 Sooner than you read this, three Giant Billows
 Might Cradled hugest Whales, or their Snow Pillows,
 Come on apace ; each kept his Time and Place,
 As if they meant to drown us with a grace.

We slowly trail alongst the wat'ry Hills,
 Clogg'd with a pond, on board, might sted some Mills.
 The Sea bears us, and we bear up a Sea
 Of many Tunns to Leith's Port, Custom free ;
 We shake our Ears, Hats, Cloaths, and in a trice,
 We creep on Shore, like water ducked Flies.
 That we scap't Monsters, Maws, and our last Fishing,
 God, by good Dowglas, gave us't with a BLESSING."

JAMES TYTLER.

THE son of a minister, was born in the manse of Fearn, near Brechin, in 1747, and died at Salem, America, in 1805. His career was one of the most eccentric and remarkable of any Scottish bard; and though but few examples of his poetic craft are left us, these are in a high degree creditable to his genius, and have passed into the current song literature of the country. "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie," "Loch Erroch Side," and "I ha'e Laid a Herring in Saut" require only to be named to show that Tytler's lyrics exhibit many of the distinctive characteristics of those popular songs whose sentiments and style appeal directly to the native ear. Educated at first for the church, he studied also for the profession of medicine, eventually spending his erratic course in original enterprises the most diverse imaginable, and ultimately emigrating to America on account of his complicity in the political squabbles of his time. He earned the *sobriquet* of "Balloon Tytler" by being the first in Scotland to make an ascent in a fire balloon on the Montgolfier principle. The description of Tytler furnished us by Burns is eloquently suggestive of this wonderful personality:—"Though he trudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God and Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' which he composed at half-a-guinea a week."

I HA'E LAID A HERRIN' IN SAUT.

I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I ha'e brew'd a forpit o' mant,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a house on yonder muir,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a butt, an' I ha'e a ben,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
 An' I canna come ony mair to woo.
 I ha'e a hen wi' a happity leg,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I downa eat it a' myself,
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The bonnie brucket lassie,
 She's blue beneath the een;
 She was the fairest lassie
 That danced upon the green;
 A lad he lo'ed her dearly;
 She did his love return;
 But he his vows has broken,
 And left her for to mourn.
 My shape, he says, was handsome,
 My face was fair and clean;
 But now I'm bonnie brucket,
 And blue beneath the een;

My een were bright and sparkling
 Before that they turned blue;
 But now they're dull with weeping,
 And a', my love, for you.
 O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me;
 No other love I suffered
 Within my breast to dwell,
 In nought have I offended
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning
 As by he chanced to pass,
 And pressed unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lass ;

My dear, he said, cease grieving,
 Since that you lo'ed so true,
 My bonnie brucket lassie,
 I'll faithful prove to you !

JAMES URQUHART.

DUNDONIANS require no introduction to this able and energetic member of their Town Council ; though, doubtless, many of them may little suspect the title of a shrewd man of affairs to be enrolled among his poetic county brethren. One of the strongest of the younger spirits which of late years have quickened the municipal pulse of Dundee, Mr Urquhart bids fair to establish a distinguished business and public record ; and though his *devoirs* to the muse have become somewhat intermittent, it may be hoped that the future will see the development of those literary gifts, the fruits of which, even now, are of great credit.

Mr Urquhart is a son of the late William Urquhart, Solicitor, and Sheriff Clerk Depute ; and was born at Dundee in 1864. He was educated at the High School, Dundee, and Gray's College, Essex ; trained for the Profession of Law at Edinburgh ; and was engaged for some time as assistant to a firm of lawyers at Kirriemuir. From early years Mr Urquhart sought to relieve the strain of those studies which have placed him in the front rank of the younger Dundee practitioners, by the exercise of his faculty for poetic composition ; and the collected results of these efforts were published at Edinburgh in 1883, in a volume of 200 pages, entitled, "Mary, and other Poems." The principal poem occupies over seventy pages of the book, and is descriptive of "The ruin of a household" through the betrayal of the heroine. That there is some good descriptive writing in this piece our extract "Autumn" will show ; and the reader will judge from further quotations made from the volume that Mr Urquhart can invest his themes with the grace of sweet expression, and with considerable vigour.

THE MILLER'S SONG.

Oh ! the wealthy man may look with scorn
 On the lot of a man like me,
 And the Proud may pity the lowly born,
 And deem it a charity ;
 But I heed not the sneer of the puffed-up Peer,
 Nor the pity of Pride desire,
 For my heart is light, though my fortune's
 slight,
 And what more can a *man* require ?
 While the wheel goes round,
 And the corn is ground,
 And the sparkling stream flows by,
 No care need I share,
 And no frown shall I wear,
 For there's no one as happy as I,
 As I,—
 There's no one as happy as I !

When the harvest field is full and fair,
 The merrier life is to me ;
 And when Fortune is fickle I do not despair,
 But trust she may kindlier be :
 And I think it too bad to say life be sad,
 While it yields us a joy or a friend ;
 For if conscience be clear we shall ne'er want
 good cheer,
 And a bright hope on which to depend.
 While the wheel goes round,
 And the corn is ground,
 And the sparkling stream flows by,
 No care need I share,
 And no frown shall I wear,
 For there's no one so happy as I,
 As I,—
 There's no one so happy as I !

AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The clouds are passing o'er the brightening plain,
 And Sol, emerging, re-assumes his reign ;
 The rain-drops glisten on each leaf and blade
 Purer than rarest jewels. From the glade
 Floats the rich music of the blackbird's song
 Upon the odorous west wind. All along
 The dark green hedges chirping sparrows fly,

And the glad larks are carolling in the sky ;
 The summer shower has swollen each little rill
 That rhythmically tinkles from the hill ; [lorn,
 The woodlands ring that were erstwhile for-
 And the strong sunbeams raise the fallen corn ;
 In all its glory, varied and serene,
 God's arch of promise spans the beauteous scene.

HARMONY.

When the twilight's shades are falling
 Over rosy summer skies,
 And the glowing sun is shining,
 On the horizon reclining,
 Ere he dies ;
 How I love to wake the spirit
 Of my organ, as I play,
 Seated pensively alone
 By the window open thrown,
 In a calm and holy tone,
 Some old lay !

For the music and the shadows
 Blend in perfect harmony,
 Which, through soul and spirit stealing,
 Changes every mortal feeling
 Utterly ;
 And the happy soul, o'erflowing
 With a joyous ecstasy,
 Seems on melody to soar
 Unto heaven's serenest shore,
 Where, restrained by earth no more,
 It is free !

AUTUMN.

The year is wearing on. The withered leaves
 Fall gently from the baring trees o'erhead
 With rustling melody ; and on the ground,
 In waste profusion, withering fast away,
 Lie summer's loveliest ornaments. Upon the hills

The corn no longer waves in rippling gold
 Beneath a burnished sun ; the reaper's song
 No longer floats along the harvest field,
 And stimulates the labourer ; the dreary woods
 Invite no more the traveller from his way ;
 For now the nightingale has ceased to weave

His daily music, and the shrill east winds
 Now pipe discordantly where gentle gales
 Were wont to breathe their harmony. And now

The sickly sun, tired with the cheerless scene,
 Seeks earlier towards the west, denying us
 The heavenly twilight and its hallowed peace ;
 And envious night, from out her eastern caves,
 When the red sun has sunk in hasty state,
 Claims earth her own, nor waits that decent time

For Day's interment.

JAMES SCOTT WALKER.

WE are proud to be able to number among our local bards one who had the honour of being an esteemed correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, and who, by writing a continuation of one of the great author's unfinished stories, helped him out of a dilemma, as he said, in a most artistic and congenial style. Mr Walker, son of the Rev. W. Walker, was born at St. Cyrus in 1793. He was trained to business at Trinidad, and served in other foreign fields ; but returned to England, where he acted as assistant editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. For some years he was connected with the *Liverpool Standard*, his death occurring at Preston in 1850. Mr Walker was the author of "The South American, etc.," a volume of poems published at Edinburgh in 1816, and of "Tales of my Father," which was published at London in 1837. One of his dramas, "The Breadalbane Highlanders," was performed very successfully at Liverpool ; and there is great literary merit in those poems and other writings that now represent a distinguished Man of the Mearns.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

When Scotia's hills with drifted snow are clad,
 And lowering clouds obstruct the beams of day ;
 When the chill north wind whistles bleak and sad,
 And nature shrinks—prophetic of decay ;
 Why does the mountaineer regardless stray,
 And, wrapping close his plaid of varied dye,
 Proudly from Grampian heights the scene survey ?
 Thy charms, O gracious liberty, supply
 Health to the manly cheek, and rapture to the eye !

Daughter of Heaven ! where'er thy downy wing,
 In joyful flight, sweeps o'er the plains below,
 A thousand odours forth thy pinions fling ;
 Beneath thy feet a thousand roses grow ;
 With thee the savage, who, with bended bow,
 Roams the vast wild and draws the deadly string,
 Will on his back the dying panther throw,
 To his lone cave, well pleased, the victim bring,
 Gaze o'er his vast domains, and think himself a king.

O who could slumber when the bugle strain,
 To join th' embattled ranks by votaries bade !
 'Mid Britain's sons I trow the search were vain,
 For ne'er did Briton pause to draw his blade,
 When tyranny his iron sceptre swayed :
 Not for themselves alone, have vengeance hurled,—
 Gallia shall blush to view a Highland plaid,
 And see, triumphant still, that flag unfurled,
 That bought, at WATERLOO, the FREEDOM of the world.

GEORGE WATSON.

"THE Roper Bard" is a cognomen familiar almost as their Sunday garments to the readers of Dundee's various periodicals. Many and varied are the themes essayed by George Watson, and he treats them all with such a vigour and directness, that it were idle to dispute his title to be regarded as a genuine bard of the people. He was born at Dundee in 1846, and through infancy, youth, and manhood, has had to face all the stern realities of a toilsome lot. Poetry has been his solace amid many depressing elements, and the publication in 1885 of a collection of his sacred and secular Poems and Songs, in a goodly volume of 170 pages, shows the high water mark of his efforts in this direction. The volume which successfully appealed to the sympathy of his fellows contains many admirable pieces, and numerous remarkable stanzas, such as the following, which is taken from an autobiographical ditty.

"The roper bard was ance unwise—
 Mak' ye a guid beginning, O ;
 They're sure to fa' wha try to rise
 By ony act o' sinnin', O !

Dame Fortune never smiled on me,
 I ne'er may win her favour, O !

While blessed wi' honest Poverty,
 I've ae frien' nae deceiver, O ;
 She sticks to me through thick an' thin,
 As doon life's sands are rinnin', O ;
 I'll strive an honest crust to win,
 E'en at the weary spinnin', O !

Our examples are selected from those numerous evidences of Mr Watson's more recent compositions which he kindly placed at our disposal. He has in these the material for another volume, which we trust may see the light soon, and prove a credit and a help to its deserving author.

THE AULD SCOTCH BONNET.

We dearly lo'e oor native land,
 An' to defend her we ha'e sworn;
 Her hills, and dells, an' mountains grand,
 An' a' thing that oor hames adorn:
 We lo'e to till her fruitfu' soil,
 An' fain wad mak' an' honest livin';
 But, O, hoo should the sons o' toil
 Oot o' their happy hames be driven!
 Ye cuifs, haud aff auld Scotia's taes!
 Ye'll rouse her wrath, depend upon it;
 There's sure to be the deuce to please,
 GinshedemandsherauldScotchbonnet.

There's ae thing, frien's, I'd like to ken,
 Hoo is't, whaur Wallace wicht was born,
 That some prefer wild beasts to men,
 An' barren land to wavin' corn?
 Hoo should we ha'e to cross the sea,
 An' leave oor Fatherland sae bonnie?

Nae doot, guid frien's, ye'll say wi' me,
 Oor foes are gettin' rather mony:
 Ye cuifs, haud aff auld Scotia's taes!
 Ye'll rouse her wrath, depend upon it;
 Gin she demands her Highland claes,
 Shewinna want her auld Scotch bonnet.

Noo, ye wha wad remove us frae
 Oor happy, humble, peacefu' dwellin's,
 Tak' care lest you may rue the day
 Ye roused a canny neighbour's feelin's!
 To Friendship we wad still be true,
 Sae dinna prank nae langer wi' us;
 Remember, Justice is our due,
 An' sic, o' late, ye've failed to gi'e us.
 Ye cuifs, haud aff auld Scotia's taes!
 Ye'll rouse her wrath, depend upon it;
 Weel can she mind her P's an' Q's,
 What think ye o' herauld Scotch bonnet?

TO MY AULD GLESSSES.

Fareweel, my auld glesses,
 Wi' ye I maun pairt;
 To dae sae, alas!
 Pains me sair at the heart;
 Ye cost me but little,
 Ye've saired me richt weel,
 I canna express hoo
 At pairtin' I feel.

It's a guid wheen o' years
 Sin ye helped me to read
 The guid, grand auld book
 Whilk the best o' us need
 To study for counsel;
 I canna conceal
 Hoo sad at oor pairtin',
 My glesses, I feel.

I've been careful o' ye—
 Just aince ye were lost,
 I sought till I faund ye,
 But o't winna boast;
 Whaur think ye I got ye?
 Whaur wad ye suppose?
 But juist on the brig o'
 My ain bonnie nose!

Ye ha'e dune me nae ill,
 But a great deal o' guid;
 Ye cheer'd my spunk aften
 When in a dull mood;
 Wi' *The Journal*, *The Friend*,
 An' *The Telegraph*, ye
 Ha'e passed mony happy spent
 E'enin's wi' me.

I've nae faut against ye,
 I dinna ye blame;
 Tho' I'm growin' aulder
 Ye still are the same;
 But this I maun tell ye,
 I canna noo see,
 My bonnie bress-mounted
 Glesses, wi' ye.

A new pair o' glesses
 I'll noo ha'e to wear,
 But Maggie, my wife,
 Will o' ye tak' care:
 Ye may be o' use yet
 To some younger chiel;
 My faithfu' auld glesses,
 A lang, last fareweel!

JAMES WATSON.

A REMARKABLE man this, of a truth, who, through blindness having fallen on him in childhood, had perforce to earn a livelihood by basket-making, and who, at the same time, could subscribe himself in all sincerity, "Pastor of the Baptist Church, Montrose." Yet such was the case; and James Watson, to use the words of an old Montrose residenter, was "A fine preacher, and had a great pow'r o' prayer"; while yet another avers that "The kirkie (situated in Commercial Street) was sae crowded in the evenin's, you couldna get a seat." Further, we are assured by a relative that James had the Scriptures completely memorized; that though he never attended college he was a man of such mental ability that the fact escaped attention, and that his life gave a dignity to his handicraft quite as imposing as that usually associated with "Divinity." A brother, Rev. Jonathan Watson, was pastor of Dublin Street Baptist Church, Edinburgh, and their father was Stamp Master at Montrose, in the days when each web of cloth had to be measured, and *stamped* with the signet of authority. The Watsons were a numerous family, but the respectable position of their head secured for all of them a somewhat superior education. James learned basket-making at the Blind Asylum, Edinburgh; and pursued this part of his vocation at the "Port," in the little corner shop there, "looking down the High Street." Latterly, when old age had overtaken him, he went to reside with a son at Newcastle. He died there in 1866 when in his eighty-first year, and was buried at Montrose.

In 1845 he published (Montrose: George W. Laird & Co.) "Esther, an Epic Poem in Four Cantos," each Canto dedicated separately and respectively to John Gladstone, Esq. of Fasque; Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P.; A. Renny Tailyour, Esq. of Borrowfield; and John Shanks More, Esq., Professor of Scotch Law, Edinburgh University. The book contains 115 closely printed pages, and gives a free but excellent rendering of the Bible story in the manner indicated by these quotations.

ESTHER.

CANTO I, STANZA XV.

Artaxerxes.

Now dulcet music in the ear
Announced the royal presence near:
He comes—with slow and solemn port,
The glory of the Persian court;
No idle pomp, no dazzling glare
Bespoke the mighty monarch there;
But all was grave and dignified,
High majesty—remote from pride!
A tall and comely person came,
Whose countenance did well proclaim
Him born to rule—for in his eye
Shone unaffected dignity.
Not his the youth's impetuous glance,
Where ardent passions mingling dance,
But deep, mature, and steady thought,

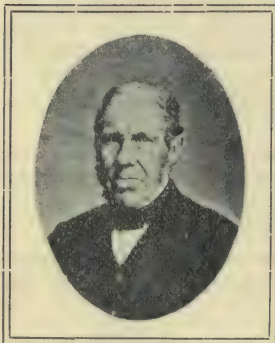
Calm in his cautious aspect wrought.
With him, into the hall repair,
With courtly step and haughty stare,
Seven ministers, who rule their prince,—
Monopolise his confidence;
For, quivering on their flattering breath
Hang good and evil, life and death.
If favour from the king was sought,
To them the suppliant's suit was brought,
And, as they deign'd to smile, or frown,
So on the suitor did the crown.
They doomed to banishment or death,
The liege, who once incurred their wrath;
But coxcombs, who their favour gain'd,
The golden heights of power attain'd.

CANTO III, STANZA XVII.

"A partner of my soul, in vain
 I sought among the female train,
 For faces fair their souls belied
 And lack of sense but ill supplied—
 My pleasing hope forlorn I fear'd :
 But me, thy friend, good Hagai cheer'd—
 'One maid,' said he, 'I know, so sweet,
 In whom thy wishes all shall meet,'
 I found it so,—when, soon to see
 That peerless fair, I came to thee,
 And, shrouded by a humble name,
 Thy gentle heart to seek I came ;
 For royal suitors must prevail
 When they the gentle fair assail :
 But though the hand they always gain

They seldom can the heart obtain ;
 But not with royal weapons, I
 Resolved the sweet assault to try :
 But strove, my charmer, o'er thy heart
 To reign supreme, by lover's art—
 Thy friend, good Hagai, to my plan
 A party was,—no other man
 The humble stranger, Sozra, knew,
 So well could he elude the view ;
 Now, since my lovely maid her heart
 To humble Sozra can impart,
 Oh ! let me Sozra still remain—
 To love me still, sweet Esther, deign ;
 Nor deem me worse than thou hast seen,
 And Sozra's bride is Persia's queen."

JOHN WATSON.



IN 1875, John Watson published his poems in a handsome little volume of 160 pages, entitled, "Samples of Common Sense in Verse, by a Forfarshire Farmer." The genial bard being then eighty-two years of age, that portion of the preface to his collected writings in which he apologizes, almost, for their late appearance is of a character so ingenuous and touching that its reproduction here seems not only desirable but necessary:—"I may be permitted to state here," Mr Watson says, "that one reason for my coming forward with the publication of my verses late in life is as follows:—More than twenty years ago some of my effusions had got into the public

prints. I have lived to see a few of these taken by other persons, and published as their own in an incorrect state, and mixed up with other matter which I must disavow. I have, therefore, thought it right to claim what is mine, and show for how much I am responsible." The sincere, upright, simple-minded Scotsman is apparent here ; and in these traits lie the claim which John Watson, the poet, the friend of Alexander Laing, the helper of Sandy Rogers, the contributor to "Whistle Binkie," the intelligent farmer, and the devout soul, has upon his countrymen, and as exhibited in those songs and poems in which these vital characteristics are so clearly reflected. "The Marled Mittens" and "Whistlin' Tam" were the pieces which Watson contributed to "Whistle Binkie," that admirable and widely popular treasury of the best work of the Scottish bards of nearly fifty years ago ; but there are several other pieces in his volume whose merits and popularity might fairly be placed alongside those of our selection, or, indeed, those of general con-

temporary writings. This Forfarshire farmer's poetic work was of nearly uniform excellence; not great in quantity, but equal, fresh, interesting, and valuable in its peculiarly *Scottish* manner of representing Scottish life and character, Scottish humour, and Scottish piety. His life, also, was lived in complete accord with his sentiments. We have referred to his zeal in connection with the erection of the Ross monument: for over fifty years he contributed interesting articles on agricultural subjects to several magazines and newspapers, and died in his eighty-fifth year, a justly respected man. Mr Watson was born in the parish of Fearn in 1793, and died at Brechin in 1878.

THE MARLED MITTENS.

My Auntie Kate raucht down her wheel,
That on the bauks had lien fu' lang,
Soucht out her whorles an' her reel,
An' fell to wark wi' merry bang;
She took her cairds an' cairdin' skin,
Her walgie fu' o' creeshie woo,
An' rave awa' wi' scrivin' din,
An' mixed it wi' a hair o' blue.

Bedeem the spokes she eident tirl'd,
Wi' birr the rim an' spinnle span;
An' sune the rows to threads were whirled,
As back and fore the floor she ran.

Wi' baith my een I stood an' glow'r'd,
An' ferlied what she next wad do,
As lightsome owre the floor she scour'd,
An' blithely lilted "Tarry 'Oo."

Syne frae the wheel, an' eke the reel
The aefauld yarn was ta'en awa',
To th' yarnits neist, to lay an' twist—
Ilk clew was bigger than a ba'!
Then in twa e'enin's after dark
Her knittin' wires she ply'd wi' glee;
An' what was a' my auntie's wark?
Just marled mittens wrought for me.

WHISTLIN' TAM.

Kenn'd ye little Tammy wha lived on the knowe,
'Mang the woods o' Druncuthlie, whare blae-berries grow?
His bonnet was aye cockit heigh on his brow,
A queer-lookin' carlie was Tammy, I trow.
He was ca'd Whistlin' Tam, 'cause he had sic a gait o't,
An' nae muckle ferlie his mou' had the set o't,
An' gang whare he likit, he ne'er miss'd a bit o't,
Aye whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

An' Meg, his guidwife, wi' her twa-handit wheel,
Span mony braw wabs o' baith plainen an' tweel;
Baith bodies toil'd sair to mak' gowd in a lump,
But Maggie was countit the stang o' the trump.
A sma' shop they keepit, twa kye an' a mare,
For the peats were to lead, an' the land was to ear,
An' hame frae the Bruch, wi' the gudes an' the gear,
Hipp, Mally! whoo, whoo ye, cam' Whistlin' Tam.

Their ae dautit laddie, their hope an' their care,
I' the Bruch at the schulin' was drill'd lang and sair;
While three sonsie cummers at hame had, I ween,
Mony trysts wi' their lads, i' the plantin' at e'en.
Young Meg an' the miller were buckled wi' ither;
Soon after the cobbler an' Kate gaed thegither;
But Nell miss'd that luck, to the grief o' her mither,
While whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Some neibours wad threeep—but 'twas maybe no' true—
 That Tam i' the kirk gaed a whoo ye, whoo, whoo !
 When the lettergae, tryin' new tunes, wad gae wrang,
 Or the parson was prosy, an' keepit them lang.
 Young Jamie took on wi' the red-coatit train,
 An' fell in the front o' the tulzie in Spain ;
 His puir dowie mither made nae little maen,
 But whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Ae blawin' spring mornin' Tam's biggin' took fire,
 An' the lowe spread aroun' to the barn an' the byre ;
 The neibours cam' rinnin' to help wi' gudewill,
 But the blaze gaed abune a' their mauchts an' their skill.
 Alack ! for the sufferers there was nae remede,
 Nicht cam', an' they hadna a roof owre their heid,
 Nor blankit to hap them, nor bannock o' breid—
 Yet whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

BESS O' FETTERCAIRN.

Ae summer morn, abune the corn
 While midges thick were dancin',
 An' sunny rays aslant the braes
 Among the trees were glancin',
 Young Hugh, the laird o' Dillyvaird,
 Came out to get an airin',
 An' wha was weedin' in the yaird
 But Bess o' Fettercairn.
 The laird gaed round, an' up an' down,
 An' throw an' throw the garden,
 While Bessie 'mang the sybaws sang,
 Without the least regardin' ;
 But aye he nearer came the place,
 An' at the lass was starin',
 At last he rudely rubbit claes
 Wi' Bess o' Fettercairn.
 While she stood still, he showed the will
 To tease her most unfairly ;
 But wi' the leeks she whisk'd his cheeks
 An' gard him stand at parley :
 He lookit like a pawky tyke
 To mouth a mouse preparin',
 But fleet as roe she sprang the dyke
 An' fled to Fettercairn.
 In gaed the laird wi' bluthert face,
 The servants kent the hail o't ;
 His mam was in an unco case,
 His sisters spak' a deal o't ;

In angry words they threaten'd Bess,
 To gi'e her leeks her sairin',
 But soon the laird rode wast the braes,
 An' ca'd at Fettercairn.

Her dad an' mammy couldna guess
 What Hugh, the laird, was wantin',
 But Bessie showed a smilin' face,
 An' lookit most enchantin' :
 Right soon a weddin' came atweel,
 At which nae lassie bairn
 Could dance sae weel the lightsome reel,
 "The Braes o' Fettercairn."

When seated at the laird's board-end,
 She managed sae discreetly,
 Her mither sune became her friend—
 She gained her love completely :
 An' by guid luck came frae the north
 Glenbucket an' Glencairn,
 An' took awa' the sisters twa,
 To dwell ayont the Cairn.

Sae lasses a', hamespun or braw,
 When gentles make pretences,
 A lash o' leeks, brought round their cheeks,
 Will bring them to their senses,
 An' let you see, with half an e'e,
 Gin they for you be carin' ;
 If love be true they'll follow you
 As far's to Fettercairn.

THOMAS WATSON.

ONE of the outstanding bards of the last generation, Thomas Watson has suffered but little in reputation with the passing of time, and his fame is still an active principle in the minds of all loyally exercised sons of "Guid Saint Tammas." Thomas Ormond of Forfar sang of him :—

"He brightened our hearts wi' his auld-farrant stories ;
 Love was his theme, and the muse was his pride ;
 He tauld us the Deil e'en felt love's tender passion,
 And sought Eppie Millar to cheer his fireside.

His parents were needy, his birth it was humble,
 Rough was his path to the grave from the schule ;
 He courted the Muse at the weary loom toiling,
 And dragging the weft through the e'e o' the spule."

"The Deil in love," referred to in these lines, is his masterpiece ; and many are disposed to place it first among the narrative poems of the county. Certainly, in strength and graphic power it has an eminence among its kind, as our quotation will show ; but, again, like all work of this class, it suffers by inevitable and instinctive comparison with that of the most illustrious Scot of all. Here is Watson's lurid limning of the Deil :—

"And there he stood, the very Deil
 In mortal shape, bedizened weel—
 Arrayed in ghastrly habs complete.
 His sark was o' the winding sheet,—
 But doubtless fumigated weel ;
 His cravat o' the silken tweel,
 Ta'en frae a desperate cheat-the-wuddy,
 Dyed i' the red gash deep and bluidy ;
 His brooch a living salamander,
 Set in a frame of glowing cinder ;
 His coat and breeks o' velvet pall,

Weel fashioned by a tailor's sawl ;
 And then his shapeless cloven cloots
 Were thrust in bluidy pirate's boots ;
 His gloves in molten sulphur tained,
 Each featly peeled frae dead man's hand ;
 And scalps o' savage men he wore,
 Glued on his head wi' cloots o' gore.
 But through this mock o' mortal state
 Shot gleams of malice, scorn, and hate ;
 His een were like twin stars of bale,
 Plucked from the sunless vault of hell."

Thomas Watson was born at Arbroath in 1807, and died there in 1875. Through life he worked alternately as a weaver and house-painter ; and Jervise notes regarding him that he was "a very sober and steady person," and that he had "great care for the welfare of his aged mother." He contributed numerous vigorous prose tales and poems to the local press, and to such organs as *Howitt's Journal*, *Tait's Magazine*, *Cassell's Paper*, the *Glasgow Citizen*, etc. ; and published in 1851 a small volume entitled "The Rhymer's Family ; a Collection of Bantlings." Subsequently his poems and tales appeared in 1873, as "Homely Pearls at Random Strung," a volume which maintains Watson's excellent position among our local poets, if, indeed, it does not secure for him a wider celebrity.

THE WEARY SPULE.

Now fare-thee-weel, thou weary spule,
 For laigher doon I canna fa' ;
 Gin ere I see anither Yule,
 Guid send I ha'ena thee to ca'.
 I'm weary o' thy rations sma',
 And lang, lang weary days o' dule ;
 I'll ha'e a kick at Fortune's ba',
 Sae fare-thee-weel, thou weary spule.

Thy darg wad bleach the parson's nose,
 Thy cog wad pinch the provost's paunch ;
 Thou wad mak' wide his worship's hose
 Gin he were on thy weary bench.
 The thirst o' lear thou well may quench,
 The lowe o' love thou maist wad cule ;
 Wha scared me frae a winsome wench,
 But thee, thou worthless, weary spule ?

There's Willie an' his wife an' weans,
 A' skelpin' barefit on the stanes;
 She scolds for peace, he shouts for pirns,
 They fecht for brose like dogs for banes.
 Sae when a dream of wife an' weans
 Comes stealin' owre my flichty brain,
 I just look in on Willie Deans,
 And wae's my heart, the dream is gane.
 Yet drivin' thee, thou weary spule,
 I whiles maun woo the muse sae shy,
 And spurn oblivion's drumly pule,
 When Pegasus will scale the sky.

Awa' in Gilpin trim we fly
 To list the music o' the spheres;
 Till crash!—a score o' threads to tie—
 I'm doon, wi' patience and the shears.
 But fare-thee-weel, thou weary spule,
 Thou winna fill the wabster's maw;
 Sae gin I see anither Yule,
 I houp I'll nae ha'e thee to ca'.
 I'm weary o' thy rations sma',
 And lang, lang weary days o' dule;
 I'll ha'e a kick at Fortune's ba',
 In spite o' thee, thou weary spule.

LINRATHEN BRAES.

Linrathen Braes were clad
 Wi' the bonnie blooming heather,
 And the snawy gowans spread
 In the sunny summer weather
 By the shallow water side.
 Now a' is bleak and bare
 Where I have been wi' thee, love;
 But fancy ever there
 A sunny blink can see, love—
 The light o' thy dark e'e.

Linrathen Braes are white,
 The winter winds are raving,
 But gleams o' glancing light
 And leafy boughs are waving
 In dreams o' dear delight.
 I hear thy gentle voice,
 Thy smiling face I see, love,
 Thy glowing lips I kiss
 In dreaming fancy free, love,
 When sleep has closed my e'e.

And fondly I recall
 The flowers on muir and mountain,
 The little warblers all,
 And lake, and stream, and fountain,
 And gushing waterfall.
 I love them for thy sake;
 If thou be false to me, love,
 My proud heart may not break,
 But nevermore I'll see, love,
 A heaven in woman's e'e.

Linrathen, fare thee well,
 I claim thy fairest maiden;
 I left thy lonely dell
 As the bee with honey laden,
 Frae the bonnie heather bell:
 Light fancies may depart,
 As fleeting shadows flee, love;
 Thy image in my heart
 For evermore will be, love,
 Till death has closed my e'e.

KATIE BEATTIE.

Waitin' by the Ladle Well,
 Weary waitin' in the gloamin',
 Ilka minute is an hour
 Till I see my Katie comin':
 Comin' barefoot frae the toon,
 Liltin' up a lightsome ditty,
 Wi' her lips sae rosy red;—
 O, my bonnie Katie Beattie!
 I'm a dummie by her side
 Slowly pacin' thro' the plantin';
 Wae's my pluck—my tongue is tied—
 I canna tell her what I'm wantin',
 For her twa black pawky een,
 For her tongue sae glib and witty,
 For this duntin' heart o' mine;—
 O, my bonnie Katie Beattie!

When we sat by Hungerheigh,
 Just as I was at the spierin',
 Came a laugh oot-owre the wood
 Set my very hair a' steerin'.
 Katie up an' ran awa';
 Weel she kenn'd it wasna Cloutie,
 But a muckle horse's ca';—
 O, my bonnie Katie Beattie!

When she's gane, and I'm alane,
 Wi' the very wind I'd quarrel;
 Sic a coof was never seen—
 Never seen in a' the warl'.
 A' our fouk they jeer and mock;
 Now they ca' me simple Patie,
 Dazed and daft, and a' for love;—
 O, my bonnie Katie Beattie!

WILLIAM WATSON.

Fair fa' ye, my brave Ardle Shepherd,
 An' mony braw Yules may ye see ;
 Your sang o' "Auld Yule in Glenisla"
 Is just the right sonnet for me :
 Your auld "Beggar Bodie's" sae canty,
 Your auld fiddler carlie's sae fine,
 Your "Harp," about which you're sae
 I hope that you never will tyne. [vaunty,

Lang, lang may ye tell your auld stories
 Sae witty an' charmingly queer,
 An' still may your pipe be the glory
 O' Ardle for mony a year :
 An' when ye ha'e sung your last ditty,
 An' lulled your auld body to sleep,
 O then may the great Master Shepherd
 Receive ye as ane o' His sheep.

THESE lines by Colin Sievewright form an excellent introduction to our notice of William Watson, who as "The Ardle Shepherd" contributed to the press many simple rhymes in the vernacular, which were very popular in the county, and with the class for whom their pastoral turn had a special meaning. He was born at Baikie, Airlie, in 1829 ; followed the calling which gave him a prescriptive right to his pseudonym, and died at Kirkmichael in 1887. From one of his pieces, "The Poet's Harp," we learn that poetry had a life-long attraction for William Watson :—

In ither years, when I was young,
 Oft in my ears the siren sung,
 Till, led by fancy's eager ray,
 I longed for something far away.

At dewy eve and early morn,
 By grassy mead and flow'ry thorn,
 Where'er the lonely cushat cooed,
 My cheering harp I fondly wooed.

And we have seen it recorded of him that "He was a man of sterling principles and upright character ; the possessor of a strong and keen intellect, and a great fund of dry humour." Among his pieces, which are fairly represented by "The Farewell," there is a separately published narrative poem, "The Pet Lamb," from which we quote the description of a stream in spate, a passage interesting in itself, and which will recall an episode in Barrie's "Little Minister" :—

THE PET LAMB.

EXTRACT.

Before with over-anxious look
 She reached the raging, mountain brook,
 Whose every rude, protruding wave
 Came but to toom another grave.
 From bank to brae on every side
 It seemed a mighty ocean tide,
 Extending far beyond its bounds,
 With swelling surge and dreamy sounds,
 Still gathering in its mighty grasp
 The dead which there had breathed their last,
 And, raging on with mingled roar,
 Dashed ewes and wethers to the shore.
 The shepherd stood, wrapped in his plaid,
 To watch the river's mighty raid,

And, leaning forward on his crook,
 With wat'ry limbs and anxious look,
 Beheld each little mountain rill
 Rush like a river down the hill,
 Till Ardle water really seemed
 An hundred rivers all convened.
 We'd almost think that such a sight
 Would give the herd a double fright,
 And cause him to forsake the trade
 For which he was so early bred.
 When, after all his cares and toils,
 His troubles and perpetual broils,
 His much anxiety and his prayers,
 The end but added to his cares.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, briers and bonnie bushes ;
 Farewell, flowers of every hue ;
 Farewell, winding, watery rushes ;
 Now a sad and last adieu !
 Birk, that often sheltered Katy,
 Birk, that often sheltered me,
 Birk, that grows sae green and pretty,
 I maun bid farewell to thee.

Thou hast seen our golden meetings,
 Thou hast seen us loth to part,
 When the thought of former greetings
 Moved the lover's tender heart ;

Many a night unknown to onie,
 Stole she shyly out her lane,
 And amang those flowers sae bonnie
 Met her laddie late at e'en.

Oh ! but now these scenes are over,
 Scenes that nothing can renew ;
 Bonnie banks, while here I hover,
 Listen to my last adieu !
 Fare-ye-well, ye wat'ry rushes ;
 Fare-ye-well, thou winding stream ;
 Fare-ye-well, ye fragrant bushes ;
 Youth and love is all a dream !

ALEXANDER WATT.

MR WATT is well known in the community of Lochee, where he carries on an extensive and flourishing business as a draper, and acts as an elder in the Parish Church. He was born at Coupar-Angus some fifty years ago, and in early life began to take an interest in literature, which culminated in various poetic offerings being accepted by the *Weekly News* and *Blairgowrie Advertiser*. Of late, business has made such calls on his time that the muses have been abandoned ; but we are able to present a satisfactory specimen of Mr Watt's ability in one of his early pieces.

THE E'ENIN' O' OOR LIFE.

See, there's a root upon the fire, 'twill mak' a cheerfu' blaze ;
 Draw in your airmehair, gudeman, put up an' toast your taes,
 An' rax ye doon your cutty pipe an' tak' your e'enin' reek ;
 I wat there's little cheer the nicht far frae the chimley cheek.
 Eh, hearken to the winter's blast, hoo in the lum it roars ;
 May Heaven shield a' hameless anes noo wand'rin' oot o' doors ;
 Lat us lift up oor gratefu' hearts to Him whase mercies rife
 Ha'e shed sae mony comforts owre the e'enin' o' oor life.

I mind, ay weel I mind the day ye socht me for your bride,
 A statelier lad there wisna then in a' the kintra side ;
 But since that summer gloamin' forty years ha'e come an' gane,
 An' maistly a' oor frien's o' youth ha'e noo been gether'd hame.
 Aye frae that day to this we've seen fu' mony an' up an' doon,
 An' tho' He's let us lang alane, Death maun ca' oor way soon ;
 For years o' eident warstlin' i' the world's toil an' strife
 Ha'e brocht us, frail an' feckless, to the e'enin' o' oor life.

O' warld's gear an' grande'r we ha'e never haen a store,
 But yet could want an' hunger ne'er cam' inside oor door ;
 An' aye in a' oor dealin's to be honest we ha'e striven,
 Sae there's no' a face we've seen on earth we'd blush to meet in Heaven.
 Whan a' the bairns were young, nae doot, ye trauchled ear' an' late,
 An' whiles 'twas wi' a fecht we got their bits o' duds an' meat ;
 But noo, tho' far frae oor fireside 'mid busy care an' strife,
 No ane o' them's forgot us i' the e'enin' o' oor life.

We've haen oor times o' sorrow as maist o' mortals ha'e;
 'Tis but a warld o' care, gudeman, be hoo or whaur we may;
 In joy or grief, thro' thick an' thin, thegither we ha'e held,
 An' sae oor braes o' trouble ha'e been the easier spiel'd.
 We've haen oor bits o' bickers, they didna lang endure,
 An' aye like thunner i' the air they made oor sky mair pure;
 As gudeman ye ha'e dune your pairt, I've tried my best as wife,
 Sae we're happy aye as ever i' the e'enin' o' oor life.

Noo I'll rax doon the muckle Book. In happiness an' tears
 It's been oor anchor an' oor guide thro' a' oor changin' years;
 Time's bent oor back an' bleached oor hair, an' wrinkled sure our face,
 But it canna louse the grip we've ta'en o' Heaven's blessed grace.
 An' sae, tho' clouds o' e'en may fa', we winna fret nor fear,
 We ken we ha'e a hame abune whaur trouble comes na near;
 An' He, whae's promises are true an' mercies ever rife,
 Will licht oor path an' guide us thro' the e'enin' o' oor life.

Sae wile ye oot an' read the nicht that chapter o' Saint John
 That tells us o' the Father's House whaur oor wee Jeanie's gone;
 Ye min', when trystin' wi' us there, her face, sae pale an' thin,
 Seemed lichtet up an' shinin' wi' the glory frae within.
 An' sing aince mair the psalm she lo'ed aboot the rod an' staff
 That guides thro' death's dark valley an' wards a' danger aff;
 An' syne laigh at His fistool for guidin' grace we'll pray,
 To bring 's to her an' Heaven's rest, whaur life's an endless day.

ALEXANDER S. WATT.

"SMIDDY TAM, a Local Tale; and other Homespun Rhymes," is the title of a booklet of twenty pages published by this Arbroath bard in 1881. The principal piece, in thirteen eight-line stanzas, narrates how, by reason of a fright, the drunken hero, "Smiddy Tam," was turned to sober habits; but the work is of a very "homespun" order. The writer gives some interesting autobiographical touches in his verses on a famous local stream:—

BROTHOCK WATER.

Let rhymsters tune their idle lay,
 An' sing in praise o' what they may—
 The Clyde, the Forth, the silvery Tay,
 Or classic Tweed—it winna matter;
 O' a' the springs o' mountain glee,
 Or streams o' fame that reach the sea;
 O' a' oor floods there's nane to me
 Mairdear than Brothock's drumly water.

Chorus. The burn that ca's the stoorie mill,
 That birr-birrs roond wi' weary thrill,
 An' clinkum-clankum fain wad fill
 Thehungrymou'sonBrothock Water.

'Twas there in life's gay morn I strayed,
 An' there the truan' frae schule I played,

An' paidled by the auld mill lade,
 Wi' barefit feet an' ragged tatter;
 An' aft, anon, I plunket in,
 An' got mysel' weet to the skin,
 An' mony a het an' yarkin' bane
 I paided for that by Brothock Water.

For ilka flower o' nature's tint
 That blossom'd there, by heart I kent,
 An' ilka creek o' sma' comment,
 There ne'er was laddie kent them better;
 For aften in my childish glee
 I've chased the lammies o'er the lea,
 That grazed on ilka flowery brae
 Along the banks o' Brothock Water.

From another piece on a district subject these stanzas seem worthy of quotation :—

THE HILL O' TURIN.

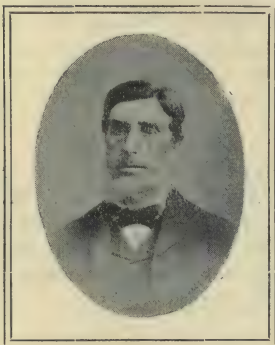
'Tis sweet to roam where proudly rise
The mountains of our native land,
Which, towering to the bleak blue skies,
Bewitch the eye at first command ;
'Tis grand to view the brewing storm,
When northern skies grow dark and lowerin',
When thunders roar, an' lichtnin's flash
Abune the rocky heichts o' Turin.

There bauld Pitscandly lifts his head,
An' dares the blasts o' every form,
While high Finavon's crested brow
Defies the warst o' winter's storm ;

Or when the wintry winds may blaw,
And Nature sleeps in ilka cairn,
When buskit in her coat o' snaw,
Fu' grim-like looks the hill o' Turin.

Pale Autumn wi' her waving fields
May make the weary farmer glad,
And Winter, wi' her frost an' snaw,
May turn the eerie wanderer sad ;
But Spring anew shall deck the plain,
And flowers shall bloom on ilka cairn,
Then I'll be back to view again,
In Summer pride, the Hill o' Turin.

JAMES EDWARD WATT.



SOME years ago there appeared in the *Montrose Standard* a long and highly appreciative illustrated article on the bard whose name and works we desire to notice now, and whose reputation is so good that their omission in any work dealing with modern Scottish Poetry would be a grave mistake. That article was written by an able art critic, Mr Edward Pinnington, and is so graphic, fair, and exhaustive that one regrets the impossibility of reproducing it here *in toto* ; but it may happen that a second edition of Mr Watt's "Poetical Sketches of Scottish Life and Character" may be required, in which case this felicitous estimate of the man and his work would form an introduction to his poems than which nothing better could be desired. We cordially agree with Mr Pinnington's conclusions, and quote with pleasure his closing paragraph :—"Watt writes chiefly in good rich Doric, and seems more at home in it than in what he calls 'the braw exotic flower frae yont the Tweed.' In that respect, but far more in the spirit animating his verse—in mental purity, in soundness of heart, in genial kindliness of disposition, in elevation of thought—he identifies himself with the best singers of Scotland. To have 'uttered nothing base' is happily, in Scotland, not a distinctive mark of merit, but it represents a quality which Watt fully shares with the leaders of the guild. He sings of love and loss, of youth and eld, of home and country, of poverty and contentment, of joy and sorrow, of superstition and philosophy. At the close of 'The Witch's Bridle' he quaintly combines the two :

We hear na noo the witch's squeel ;
 But though sic things are gane, atweel,
 To say that nane noo sairs the Deil,
 Were rash as weel as idle.

O' things we noo see but the crust
 Oor een are dimm'd by 'Deevil's dust,'
 An' sae, thick-coatit owre wi' rust,
 Corrodes oor witch's bridle.

Watt's muse is a bewitching damsel whom we love alike in laughter and in tears. We admire her for her beauty and the richness of her song: we love her for her purity, for her kindly nature, her sweet temper, and for the great love in her heart."

THE TOON O' MONTROSE.

O, a bonnie wee toon is the toon o' Montrose,
 A canty wee toon is the toon o' Montrose ;
 Enriched by the sea, an' adorned by the rose,
 There are unco few toons like the toon o' Montrose.

It has routh o' auld hooses wi' quaint gable-ends,
 An' its braw modern steeple far skywards ascends ;
 Its wide-spreading Links are baith fragrant an' free,
 While its borders are washed by the surf o' the sea.
 A broad sheet o' water, whaur Naiads micht dwell,
 Lies its Basin—the mune keekin' in 't at hersel',
 A largess o' lustre richt lovingly throws
 On the hamely hoose-taps o' the toon o' Montrose.

Auld memories still cling to the toon o' Montrose,
 As the lingering love o' ilk wand'ring son shows ;
 For Time his dark curtain reluctantly draws
 Owre its "Rood-fairs," an' "Horners," an' quaint "Arnha's."
 To the light at Montrose I first opened my een,
 An' near it sinsyne I for maist pairt ha'e been ;
 An' may I, when at length comes my life's e'enin'-close,
 Find a last resting-place near the toon o' Montrose.

That is how Mr Watt sings of the good old town, at the Old Shore of which he was born in 1839. His has been a life of toil, spent in various parts of Angus, and in occupations such as field-working, brass-finishing, floor-cloth weaving, and overseeing in a flax spinning mill. One of the kindest, most unassuming, and most amiable of men, whose observation of character and nature as reflected in his poems is of peculiar keenness and value, whose humorous delineation of old-world men and ways is genial to a degree, and whose pathos is deep without being weak, Mr Watt deserves the attention and esteem of all lovers of the homely native muse. Long may his *Luckie M'Larens* and *Jock Wobsters* dance to his piping ; and may the stock never fall below the samples which now await the reader's delectation !

KELLY DEN.

Again the halesome summer air
 Has life to ilka flow'ret gi'en,
 An' decked the trees wi' blossoms rare
 An' mantles o' the deepest green ;
 Again the hoary hawthorn throws
 Its fragrance through the lovely glen ;
 An' sweet the scented wild-brier grows
 Amang the braes o' Kelly Den.

O there, when love my steps inclined
 To wander 'mang sequestered bowers,
 I climbed the bonnie braes, an' twined
 Gay garlands o' the scented flowers ;
 O there, wi' Jeanie i' my arms—
 The sweetest flower o' a' my ken—
 I watched the eve, wi' a' its charms,
 Fa' dark'ning o'er sweet Kelly Den.

We watched the countless starnies blink
 Sae lovely i' the lift aboon,
 An' Cynthia roun' the cludlets jink;
 We couldna think o' pairtin' soon.
 The young rose, stirred by zephyr's sigh,
 Its fragrance to the air did len';
 The little brooklet winding by,
 Its freshness poured through Kelly Den.

Nae mair, in sweet sequestered shade,
 We hail the charms o' lovely e'en;
 For in Arbirlot kirkyard bed
 Now rests the form o' bonnie Jean;
 An' there may I be laid when I
 Life's weary pilgrimage maun en',
 In that sweet nook where soft winds sigh,
 Beside my love an' Kelly Den!

ROBIN-A-REE.

A lank-lookin' bodie in cleedin' o' black,
 Wi' lang siller locks hangin' doon owre his
 back,
 Was aince kent to frequent oor oot-lyin' nooks,
 An' frichten auld wives wi' his far-awa' looks;
 A' alane he wad glide by a dark mountain
 stream,
 As a shadow micht glide through your mind
 in a dream,
 An' wild an' weird-like as a mortal could be
 Was this wae-stricken wanderer, Robin-a-Ree.
 Robin-a-Ree, Robin-a-Ree,
 This waif o' the wilderness, Robin-a-Ree.

He felt maist at hame in the green forest glade,
 When summer around him its grandeur had
 spread;
 Whar the sound o' his fiddle, while sped the
 blithe hours,
 Seemed to brighten the dream o' the dew-
 spangled flowers;
 Nae merle or mavis wad utter a lay,
 'Mang the boughs there, while Robin con-
 tinued to play;
 For there wasna a wild bird or wee hinney bee
 Could resist the sweet strains o' puir Robin-
 a-Ree—

Robin-a-Ree, Robin-a-Ree,
 The heart-melting music o' Robin-a-Ree.

Aincehecama' to oor clachan, an' a'body stared,
 An' some o' oor lang-heided billies declared
 That the body had come frae the rim o' the
 warl',
 An' the youngers gat oot syne to hoot the
 puir carle;
 But belye an auld fiddle he drew frae his bag,
 Screwed the strings o't fu' ticht, gied the bow
 a bit wag,
 An' a glamour cam' owre the haill crowd in a
 wee
 That had glowered in sic sport at puir Robin-
 a-Ree—

Robin-a-Ree, Robin-a-Ree,
 Nane socht noo to lichtlie puir Robin-a-Ree.

But there's nae Robin noo, 'mang oor muir-
 lands sae drear,
 He hasna been heard o' for mony a lang year;
 The cories may ken where lie bleachin' his
 banes,
 Tho' auld wives whyles whisper to dread-
 stricken weans
 That the wee fairy folks, wha ne'er wished
 him ill,
 Still ha'e him fu' safe i' the broo o' the hill;
 That their queen, wha is lo'esum as lo'esum
 can be,
 A leman has made o' puir Robin-a-Ree—
 Robin-a-Ree, Robin-a-Ree,
 Sic canna be true o' puir Robin-a-Ree.

THE WAUKRIFE E'E.

Ye sonsy-faced wee prattlin' thing,
 How can ye grieve my heart sae sair?
 Nae jot o' wark can I get dune—
 Ye're i' my arms baith late an' ear';
 Ye surely dinna ken the dool
 Ye gar yer trauchled mammy dree,
 When thus, throughoot the lee-lang day,
 Ye winna close yer waukrife e'e.
 The washin'-tub sits i' the floor—
 I brocht it oot as mornin' dawned;
 There's scarce a clean dud i' the hoose,
 An' yet I daurna weat my hand:

There's hose to darn, an' claes to mend,—
 Yer daddie's breeks I'm wae to see,—
 Yet hoo can I to aught attend,
 When ye ha'e sic a waukrife e'e?

The pat's but newlins on the fire,
 Yer daddie he'll be hame e'en noo,
 Benumbed wi' cauld, bedaubed wi' mire,
 An' naething het to fill his mou';
 My clockie fails to tell the hour—
 Wee Robbie shoved the han's agee;
 To keep things richt's beyond my power,
 Unless ye close yer waukrife e'e.

Frae oot the crue the grumpliie granes—
 Alack, puir beast, fu' weel she may !
 Some half-boiled taties, hard as stanes,
 Are a' that's crossed her craig the day :
 Had I my will she'd get her sairin',
 Nor man nor beast sud scrimpit be ;
 But naught gaes richt whan ye, my bairn,
 Sae seldom close yer waukrife e'e.

Yet, bairnie, frae a power Divine
 Thine e'e thou hast, an' I'd be laith
 That ony witless word o' mine
 Sud bring a hair o' thine to scaith :
 Though wark sud stan' I'll keep thee richt,
 An' strive yer fauties to forgi'e,
 Lest I sud tempt the Hand o' Micht,
 In blamin' thus yer waukrife e'e.

Wee Nelly's e'e, o' bonnie black,
 Was aince the licht o' oor abode ;
 An' sair's my heart, for, noo, alack !
 It's closed for aye beneath the sod :
 Puir Benny's, like a bricht wee gem,
 Lies hid beneath the surging sea ;
 O, bairnie, when I think on them,
 I canna grudge yer waukrife e'e.

Still safe within my arms ye are,
 Whar nae mischance may on ye licht ;
 Yer e'e still bricht as ony star
 That sparkles on the broo o' nicht.
 Though care sud wring this heart o' mine,
 Howe'er sae hard my lot may be,
 Forbid that I sud patience tyne,
 An' blame again yer waukrife e'e !

MAGGIE WATT.

(MRS WILLIAM STOTT.)

THAT the gifts of the sire have followed the normal channels of heredity is apparent from the fact that Mr J. E. Watt's youngest son, Mr D. M. Watt of the *Fraserburgh Herald*, has recently carried off a £40 prize for a story ; and, further, from the occasional poetic contributions made to the local press by his only daughter, Margaret, born at Montrose in 1861. Trained to service, she married Mr William Stott in 1882. After a few years' residence in Brechin, where she first essayed composition, she removed to Newtonhall, where her husband is Station Agent. Her verses are mainly of a religious character, and are very sweet and musical, as the reader may infer from the following example :—

THE AE WEE LAMB.

By the side o' a brae, in a snug wee cot,
 Lived a youthfu' wedded pair ;
 Bricht were their hopes and happy their lot,
 For they kentna the world's care.

Ae bonnie bairn gladdened their hame,
 An' they cherish'd the sweet wee flower ;
 It grew till it lisped their parent name,
 But they dreamed na o' danger's hour.

Then a dark day cam', for the angel o' death
 Knocked at the door o' their ha' ;
 Sair were their hearts, for O, they were laith
 To lat the wee lamb awa'.

But the Maister, wha sees and can read the
 heart,
 Kent wat was best to be dune—
 Frae their ae wee lamb they had to pairt,
 Their treasure was ta'en abune.

Crushed were the hopes that ance were sae
 bricht,
 For they mourned their loss fu' sair,
 Frae the ance happy hame had gane the licht,
 An' their grief felt ill to bear.

But the darkest day aye comes to an end,
 Though sair be the chastenin' rod,
 It led them baith to the Sinner's Friend,
 An' they tasted the joys o' God.

Sae wi' gratefu' heart they thank Him noo,
 For they ken He does a thing richt,
 Though rough the road He led them through,
 The darkness has turned to licht.

Noo they traivel the path that the Maister trod,
 An' they're tryin' ithers to bring,
 To walk wi' them i' the narrow road
 That leads to the heavenly King.

WILLIAM BURNS WATT.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of "Cowboy," Mr Watt has been an occasional contributor to the press in various parts of the country where his avocation has led him. He was born at Dundee in 1857, was reared in the neighbourhood of Brechin, and was a farm servant in different districts of the county. His father, who was a native of Lochlee, served in the 78th Highlanders, and his mother was the daughter of a soldier. Mr Watt is now employed as an assistant gardener near Edinburgh. It is interesting to know that his "little schooling" was got from Dominie Laing, one of our Angus bards previously noticed.

GRAY.

The summer has come with its birds and its flowers,
And fresh on yon lawn grows the laurel and bay ;
Enchanting the music in yon leafy bowers
Where birds sing at even their sweet artless lay.

Majestic yon trees that the fair fields adorn,
How graceful in storms their lofty tops bow ;
And high up above them the lark sings at morn,
How sweet o'er the lea does its melody flow.

In yon shady den the primrose is growing,
The bluebell and violet bloom sweet in the shade ;
And down in the hollow a streamlet is flowing,
And wildly it leaps o'er its rough rocky bed.

Amidst these fair scenes I often have wandered,
And thought on those joys for ever now gone,—
On the joys of my childhood there oft have I pondered,
Like the dews of the morn they have withered and flown.

But high in the heavens Hope's bright star is gleaming,
And beckons me onward and upward away !
Oh cheer me, bright star, with thy sweet gentle beaming,
Till quenched in the light of the ne'er-ending day.

WILLIAM SMITH WATT.

BROUGHTY-FERRY'S bardic roll includes the names of two representatives of the first of trades, William Robertson, already noticed, and William S. Watt, landscape gardener, whose personality and poems were favourably regarded by a wide circle of acquaintances. Mr Watt did not write much in rhyme, but he wrote tastefully and correctly. His faculty for prose composition was considerable, leaning in the direction of newspaper "leading articles"; and for two and a half years he found a congenial sphere for its exercise in the editorship of the *Falkirk Herald*. He was born at Brechin in 1824; settled in Broughty-Ferry in 1866, and died there in 1895.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Ho ! ho ! beautiful snow,
Whirling above and drifting below,
Over the house-tops, down on the lawn,
From morn till even, from even till dawn.

But what of the starving houseless poor,
Stealing along from door to door,
Over the ice-bound, shimmering street,
With scarce a shoe on their frozen feet ?
What of the waif on the trackless wild ?
What of the mother and fatherless child ?
Adown in the hollow they rest beneath,
Thy fleecy flowers their funeral wreath.

Ho ! ho ! beautiful snow,
Whirling above and whirling below,
What do you think of the ceaseless strife
Waged to prolong a wretched life ?

"I am a beautiful child of the sky,
An emblem of innocent purity,
I dance around like a babe in its glee,
Till lost on the breast of the dark blue sea:

I gambol along o'er mountain and moor,
And think on my beauty and not of the poor,
I spread over all my mantle of sheen,
And am hailed everywhere as winter's queen.

Ho ! ho ! I'm the beautiful snow,
Whirling above and dancing below ;
Over the valleys and up on the hill,
Careering along, I am beautiful still."

In yon mansion high the blinds are drawn—
The spotless blinds—till the early dawn ;
Within, the festive board is spread
With sparkling wines and richest bread ;
Down in yon cheerless cot below
Are huddled together drear want and woe ;
No fire aglow, nor gleaming light,
Dispels the gloom of the wintry night.

Ho ! ho ! beautiful snow,
I see at last you intend to go ;
Dives and Lazarus also prepare—
Perhaps we may meet again somewhere.

THE WEDDERBURNS.

THE father of the three remarkable brothers—James, John, and Robert Wedderburn, whose "Gude and Godly Ballads" played such an important part in the great work of the Reformation—was a merchant in Dundee ; presumably, they were natives of that place ; and, certainly, their connection with it was sufficiently strong to give their works the title of the "Dundee Psalms" for all time coming. John was driven from Scotland as a heretic ; and ultimately died in England in 1556. Robert was Vicar of Dundee, and also had his zeal quickened by contact with Continental reformers ; returning to Scotland on the death of Cardinal Beaton, who had been mortally offended by the writings of the brothers and their colleagues, who had given a voice to the people in "Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs." The elder brother, James, was the author of two moral and religious plays which were acted at Dundee ; but, though he also sought the purity of the church in all he wrote, he seems to have proceeded with such circumspection that he avoided the penalties meted to his brothers. Calderwood remarks of Robert Wedderburn : "he turned the tunes and tenour of many profane ballads into godlie songs and hymnes, which were called the Psalmes of Dundie ; whereby he stirred up the affections of many" ; but as all the brothers bore a part in the composition of these pieces, it is now impossible to relegate to either their individual contributions. Nor does it matter much : the pieces are of nearly equal merit, and are interesting mainly on the grounds of association and history. Mr J. Y. Gray, in his lecture on the Bards of Angus, has this pertinent and instructive sentence : "In these psalms the order of Burlesque is reversed : in the burlesque the sober and serious flow of reflection is changed into the absurdities of the clown ; but with these ballads

and the Profane Songs of the times, the lewd and indecent rounds and choruses sung by the people were seized on by these three poet brothers and transferred with their accompanying music to hymns of devotion, or dressed in satire keen and trenchant, wherein the vices of the clergy and the corruptions of the Romish Church are held up to public ridicule and reprobation." We may now look at a few specimens of the work of those early Reformers and bards.

THE FORLORNE SONE.

EXTRACT.

And kindlie to them gan he say,
Ye bring me furth the best cleithing,
And cleith my sone courtlie and gay,
And on his finger ye put ane ring.
Ye set on schone vpon his feit,
The whilk ar trim and wonder meit,
That he be honest in all thing.

And slay that calf quhilk now is maid
Sa fat, and lat vs mak gude cheer ;
For this my sone, the quhilk was deid
Agane on life is hail and feir ;
My sone was lost, and now is found,
And they within a lytill stound
Began to merry be but weir.

These stanzas from the "Spiritual Songs" will be interesting :—

The wind blawis cald, furious and bald,
This lang and mony a day :
But Christ's mercy we mon all die,
Or keep the cald wind away.

With huntis vp, with huntis vp,
It is now perfite day :
Jesus our King is gane hunting
Quha likes to speed, they may.

The opening stanzas of the ninety-first Psalm will show the tenor of these old translations :—

Quha on the heist will defend,
And in his secret help sall traist,
Almighty God sall him defend,
And guide him with his haly gaist :
Therefore with mind ripe and digest,
They say to God, my trew releue,
My hope, my God of mightis maist,
Only in him I will beleue.

He sall delieur thee at need,
And saue thy life from pestilence ;
His wingis are thy werely weed,
His pens are thy strang defence :
And thou sall haue experience,
That his trew promise is thy shield,
His word of great magnificence
Sall be thy bucklar and thy biield.

Of themes more mundane—and very straight and strong language is the rule in all the pieces referring to matters *Ecclesiastical*—the following fulmination against the Pope and his followers may be cited as a specimen :—

"That cruell beist he never ceist,
Be his usurpit power
Under dispens to get our penneis,
Our saulis to devoir.
Quha culd devise sic merchandise
As he had thair to sell,
Unless it was proud Lucifer,
The great master of Hell ?

He had to sell the Tantoine bell
And pardonis tharin was
Remissione of sinnis in Auld Scheippis skinnis
Our sauls to bring from grace.
With bullis of leid quhyte wax and reid,
And uther quhylis with grene,
Closit in ane box this usit the fox
Sic peltrie was never sene."

"The Gude and Godly Ballates," their history, and that of their compilers, or authors, as the concensus of opinion seems to be nearly agreed upon, are well known to scholars through the beautiful reprint, edited by Dr David Laing, and published in 1868 ; and the "Lecture on the Sacred Poetry of the Reformation," by Prof. Mitchell of St. Andrews University.

ALEXANDER WHAMOND.

THE late teacher of Dalziel School was a man of estimable character, and of excellent literary abilities: his published works have been very popular, "James Tacket, a Humorous Tale of Scottish Life," having run into several editions, and ranking with "Mansie Waugh," "Johnnie Gibb," and "Tammas Bodkin" as a classic of the soil. Mr Whamond also wrote "Dellburn House," a story of the '45 bearing on some incidents of that rebellion which occurred about Dalziel House and neighbourhood; acted for some time as editor of the *Hamilton Advertiser*; and wrote an excellent little "History of Motherwell." His poetic writings were of a somewhat fugitive character, appearing mainly as incidentals in his larger works; but he was an acknowledged master in a rather unusual department of poetry, the translation of our favourite Scottish Songs into Latin. "Cantica Scotica," published in 1892, a neat booklet of over thirty pages, containing twelve of these songs with their translations, and several items in the "Scottish Students' Song Book," show with what success Mr Whamond pursued the interesting studies represented by our first illustration. He was a native of Tannadice, the district so rarely and realistically portrayed in "James Tacket"; and died at Motherwell in 1896, in his sixty-eighth year. His high position as a teacher was publicly recognized when in 1871 his professional brethren elected him as President of the Educational Institute of Scotland.

ANNÀ LAURIE.

Maxwellt'ni clivi pulchri,
 Ubi cito ros cadit,
 Queis locis Annà Laurie
 Mihi fidem dedit,
 Mihi fidem dedit,
 Quam non obliviscar;
 Et pro pulchrà Annà Laurie
 Libenter moriar.
 Frons ejus similis rivi,
 Collum est cygneum,
 Sol pulchriori vultui
 Illuxit nonunquam,

Illuxit nonunquam,
 Oculi sunt cœsi;
 Et pro pulchrà Annà Laurie
 Non recuso mori.
 Ut quoque ros in flores,
 Ita cadunt pedes,
 Ut susurrus Favoni
 Demissæ sunt voces,
 Demissæ sunt voces,
 Pereara est mihi;
 Et pro pulchrà Annà Laurie
 Paratus sum mori.

I'LL AWA' TO YON BOWER.

I'll awa' to yon bower,
 At the sweet gloamin' hour,
 Where I'll banish each warldly care;
 And on yon snowy breast
 My head I will rest,
 For my heart it is aching sair.
 Nae red roses grow
 In yon bonnie howe,
 To refresh wi' their fragrant smell;
 But a flower mair fair,
 Whose sweets I share,
 Blooms for me in yon broomy dell.

Awa', ye sun, bright
 Wi' your dazling light,
 Hide ahint yon distant hill,
 Then a star will appear,
 That my heart will cheer,
 'Mang the broom by the wimpling rill.
 When the silvery gleam
 Of the pale moonbeam
 Shimmers down through the leafy grove,
 Then Mary an' me,
 Near the auld thorn tree,
 Will confess to each other our love.

JAMES WHITELAW.

JAMES WHITELAW was one of those rare souls that have the faculty of drawing to themselves the affection and esteem of their fellows. He was born at Dundee in 1840, received an ordinary education, became a compositor, acted for some time as a precentor, developed strong literary and botanical tastes; and for a short period prior to his lamented death at Abernethy in 1887 he was sub-editor of the *People's Friend*. We cannot do better, in introducing two varied specimens of his poetic writings, than reproduce part of the *Dundee Advertiser* obituary notice of the decease of the gentle bard whose life was spent in the very centre of Dundee's literary activities:—

"James Whitelaw came as a lad to the *Advertiser* office in the year 1854, so that he has been in the office for the long period of thirty-three years. He was a quiet, thoughtful young man, and early manifested a love for books and study, and a taste for literature and science. Botany became his favourite pursuit, and there are few mountains in the Perthshire Highlands he has not climbed in the pursuit of Flora in her most inaccessible haunts. He was a poet of superior merit, his verses being pervaded with a love for nature, with a sympathetic feeling that makes them refreshing to read and remember. He had an observant eye and a delicate touch, with an elevation of thought and poetic spirit that make him deserving of an honoured niche among the minor bards of Scotland."

A SONG OF HOPE.

Art thou weary, O toiler on life's stormy ocean,
 When clouds fall around thee foreboding and dark?
 Art thou fearful, that sweeping in wildest commotion
 The white-crested waves will engulf thy frail bark?
 Take courage, my brother! the clouds soon will vanish,
 The sun bright and beaming their gloom will dispel;
 Thy course smooth shall be—thy despondency banish;
 Be faithful and true, and all shall be well.

Art thou ready, O sister, to sink 'neath thy sorrow?
 Seems thy pathway through life but a wilderness drear?
 Does thy sun in gloom setting betoken a morrow
 Beclouded with sadness, o'ershadowed with fear?
 Take heart, O my sister! thy way yet shall brighten
 And blossoms of joy yet shall burst on thy sight:
 Lo! now do the first streaks the orient lighten;
 Look up! there are stars gleaming all through the night.

Is it winter with thee? Are hope's withered leaves lying?
 And cheerless and black seem the scenes you behold?
 Yet, awhile, and when spring's breath o'er bank and brae sighing,
 The trees and the flowers will their glories unfold.
 Have faith, O sad heart! see! glad springtide advances,
 And throbbing life-pulses of joy it shall bring;
 Then thy sky shall be bright with hope's radiant glances,
 And around thee joy's choral strains sweetly shall ring.

JESSIE'S SUPPER.

Come awa' to yer poshie, ye wee toddlin' lammie,
 An' cuddle ye doon i' my ain cosie lap;
 If ye sup them a' up ye'll get kisses frae mamie,
 Syne she'll hap up her Jessie to sleep like a tap.

Come, come noo, ye'll ha'e a' the milk i' yer crulie,
 O ye've no' said yer grace! Pit yer twa handies up;
 That's a gude lassie, ye've dune it gey weelie,
 Noo gape a wide gorbit—there, that's a big sup!

D'ye mind yon puir bairn, wi' the beggar wife walkin',
 Yon raggit an' barefittit laddie? I think
 His white shilpit lippies he sune wad be smackin'
 If he got sic fine posh, an' sae sweet milk to drink.

Ay! yer mooie's gey sair, for there's twa teethie comin',
 But better 'twill be when ye lie in yer ba;
 Tak' anither bit sup—there, ye'll sune be a woman
 An' able to rin a' the errants to ma.

O, yer no' for nae mair, an' yer lippies are steeket
 To keep baith the spune an' the poshie awa'!
 Weel, here's poosie comin', sae purrin' an' sleeakit,
 I'll gi'e her the milk an' the poshie an' a'.

Ye want poosie up! Weel, her tail no' be puin',
 Tak' care, mind that poosie has teeth in her paw;
 She'll bite bairns wi' her feet as weel as her mou', an',
 Wisht! there's she's wurrin'—send poosie awa'.

Gae awa', poosie—Jessie's to sup them her sel'ie;
 What! ye next want yer bowf an' yer boo on yer knee!
 Come, bowffie and booie, an' Jessie 'ill tell ye,
 A drap o' her poshie there'll nane o' ye pree.

Weel, wi' coaxin' ye muckle ye've ta'en a fell drappie,
 But ye're fairly dune noo—ah! spit nane o' them oot!
 Noo come to yer ba-loo, an' tak' a lang nappie,
 For ye're cosie's a pie, an' as caller's a trout.

Ye're wantin' yer doodle to lie in yer bosie,
 Here then is yer bairnie—ye'll gi'e it a kiss;
 Noo cuddle the dearie, an' keep it richt cosie,
 An' mither 'ill couthily hap her ain miss.

Wisht! here's Willie Winkie on a' the bairns cryin'
 That winna lie still—ye'll better dae that!
 Gae wa', Willie Winkie, this lassie is lyin'
 As quiet as a moosie that bides frae the cat.

Ye're rubbin' yer een, for ye're sleepy an' weary,
 But gi'e mither a handie an' say yer "by-bye";
 To father an' me ye're a sweet little dearie,
 Dear aye may ye be to the Shepherd on high.

PETER WHYTOCK.

IT would be difficult to single out from among our local *Recitations* a piece more popular than is "Sandy Gray's Jackdaw," one of many excellent Scottish humorous sketches, written by one who may be regarded as a born *raconteur*, both in rhyme and prose. Latterly, Mr Whytock has deserted the lyre, and has transferred his allegiance to the genius of the harp; but he need

never regret that through his earlier writings he has been the means of conveying to the hearts of his fellows many beautiful thoughts and much genial humour, the value of which latter quality as a helpful factor in life's affairs can hardly be over-estimated. Born at Dundee in 1848, Mr Whytock's literary proclivities have all along been of a somewhat pronounced character. As a competitor in the annual opportunities afforded by the Dundee Press, and as a regular contributor to various journals, his name became a household word locally, his writings being copied freely in American and other publications. An officer of the Board of Trade, his duties were pleasantly alternated by his literary efforts, and by his active interest in Literary Societies, several of which knew and valued his helping hand. He edited an edition of the poems of Mrs Campbell of Lochee in 1875; was for a number of years engaged in mission work abroad; and is now an active and earnest Christian missionary worker in Glasgow. We quote examples of Mr Whytock's earlier style in the humorous story referred to, and in two powerful and more serious efforts which have many admirers; and of his more recent versification in a missionary hymn which has been largely used in various religious gatherings.

SANDY GRAY'S JACKDAW.

Since stately ravens, doos, an' craws,
An' Lord High Cardinal's jackdaws,
Ha'e a' been sung time after time,
I'll in this screed o' hamespun rhyme
About my hero say a word.
Though but a puir man's humble bird,
He grew as braw, an' gleg, an' slee
As e'en the daw o' Rheims could be.
His maister was auld Sandy Gray,
Kenn'd in oor parish mony a day
As ane wha had a kindly heart.
Droll was he, an' a real diyert,
Afore the theory was kent
Aboot oor monkeyish descent.
He had some notions juist as queer—
That when we quat this mortal sphere,
Oor sauls micht aiblins yet inhabit
The forms o' bird, or dog, or rabbit.
And syne the animal creation,
He thought, saw nae annihilation—
That birds an' beasts, as well as men,
Would a' be sure to rise again;
An' sae he lo'ed them ane an' a',
An' nae the least, his pet jackdaw.

That daw was wise tae sic a pitch
As garred some think he was a witch;
Like learned doctor or divine,
Robed in his black suit—superfine,
Baith but an' ben sedately struttin',
Or on his maister's shouther sittin',
Wi' glowin' een you ne'er found steekit,
You'd thocht that Sawtan frae them keekit;

To see the way his heid he cockit
Would laughter frae a stane provokit.
To croon a', wi' distinctness rare
The daw had learned to speak an' swear;
For Sandy was at pains to teach
His pet some funny bits o' speech.
The aiths it pickit up itsel'
As whiles frae graceless lips they fell.
Among the ither things it said
Was this—aye when on worms it fed—
Afore ilk ane gaed owre its gabbie
It hoarsely cried, "Blast ye, I'll nab ye!"

It was a day in early spring,
The birds were blithely trumpeting
To Natur' owre the listening land—
Her resurrection was at hand.
Aneath that sky o' cloudless blue
Fu' mony a braw lad held the plough.
On Kirkton glebe that denty chield
John Tamson ploughed his maister's field;
The mornin' filled his heart wi' glee,
An' garred him whistle merrily;
An' "Jess" an' "Sharp," his bonnie pair,
Wi' cheerfu' willin'ness toiled sair.
Ahint the plough, as on it sped,
Upon the upturned worms they fed,
A flock o' birds o' mony a kind,
An' fleein' closely up behind,
Wi' mony a cushie doo an' craw,
Cam' oor freend Sandy Gray's Jackdaw;
Nae doubt he thocht himsel' richt happy
To feast on fare sae fresh and sappy.

The daw amang the lave alichtit
 Ahint the plough, an' was delightit
 That sune a tender grub he spied,
 And sune, "Blast ye, I'll nab ye," cried.
 John startit at the awfu' words,
 An' lookit roon', but save the birds
 Amang the yirth nocht could he see
 In a' the field—what could it be?
 He scartit's head, an' pu'd his beard,
 Dumfounded at the words he heard.
 At last concludin' 'twas the cry
 O' some schule-laddie passin' by,
 He whistled up a lively tune,
 But barely was ae measure dune
 When in his lug wi' fearsome shock
 Again, "Blast ye, I'll nab ye," broke.
 He gloured and gloured, but nae was near,
 His hair like birse stood up wi' fear,
 He faund a cauld sweat owre him brackin';
 Like winnel-straes his legs were shakin';
 He strave to keep his spirits up,
 The plough held wi' mair siccar grup,
 But short gaet gaed his trusty pair
 When as distinctly cam' ance mair
 That awfu' threat, and aiths beside;
 "O, mercy me! I canna bide
 This langer, for I'm sure the deil
 Has ta'en possession of this fiel',
 Unseen he's near, and swears to nab me!
 Losh! I'll be aff for fear he grab me!"
 Wi' that John fast unyoked the plough,
 An' to the manse like lightnin' flew.

Oor minister, though weel respeckit,
 O' heresy was whiles suspekkit;
 An' at this time it was alleged
 He was impiously engaged
 In wreatin'—tryin' to deny
 Auld Satan's personality.
 "Oh, Mester Honeyman," John pantit,
 I'm sure that field o' yours is haunitit—
 Inveesable, the deil himsel'
 Rampages roond—the truth I tell."
 "Stuff," quoth the minister, "you dare
 To tell me that the deil was there,
 And yet he was not to be seen;
 Man, John, I know not what you mean."
 "I heard him, though," puir John replied,
 "'Blast ye! I'll nab ye,'" thrice he cried.
 It soondit aye sae close to me,
 I lookit roond feir I might see
 A muckle paw, black, grim, an' reekit,
 Workin' wi' rage, towards me streekit;
 An' e'en a brunstane smell I thoct
 His majesty had wi' him brocht."
 "'Twas mere imagination, John,
 Or maybe you've been played upon
 By some wild wag; besides, you know

The devil is a spirit, so
 Can ne'er be seen nor heard by any,
 Although, 'tis true, he dwells in many;
 Dismiss such fancies from your head,
 Or act on what's in Scripture said—
 If he persists in his on-waitin',
 Just say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'!
 But John was unconvinced as ever.
 "Weel, minister, I'm sure I'll never
 Gae near the field, except wi' you;
 What you ha'e said may a' be true,
 Though it's maintained by mony a ne
 The shapes o' beasts an' man he's ta'en;
 An' syne for gettin' him ahint me,
 I wished he'd rather been fornent me;
 He needit nae a 'get behind!'
 That place seemed suitit to his mind."

"Come on, then, John, I'll let you see
 Your deil will not dare frighten me."
 Wi' that baith minister an' man
 Were sune amang the haunitit lan'.
 The crood o' doos an' greedy craws,
 An' Sandy Gray's an' ither daws,
 Lamentin' sair the stan'in' plough,
 Far owre the new-made furrows flew,
 An' tried to heal their glutton-sorrow
 Wi' pickin's frae their leavin's orra;
 But ere the plough was well re-yokit
 Back to their former quarters flockit.

By John's side sowfin' owre a sang,
 The minister stepped brisk along;
 But sune his sceptic mood was broken,
 They heard, "Blast ye, I'll nab ye," spoken.
 Half glintin' roond, he didna speak;
 But John's knees shook—white grew his
 cheek,
 The words like daggers in him dug,
 He whispered in his maister's lug—
 "That's him again, did ye no' hear?
 An' yet there's no' a creatur' near."

"No!" said the minister, pretendin'
 Ne'er to ha'e heard—without intendin'
 A wilfu' lee, for he believed,
 Through some strange cause, his ears de-
 ceived.

"Just as I said—imagination—
 A creature of the mind's creation."
 Feared to offend, John said nae mair,
 But wished himsel' some ither where.
 The plough kept turnin' up the sod,
 When wamm'lin' frae a muckle clod,
 Twa worms the speakin' daw espied,—
 "Blast ye! I'll nab ye baith!" he cried,
 An' cursed an' swore wi' a' his micht!

They lookit round bombaized wi' fricht.
 Struck speechless, minister an' man
 At once took to their heels an' ran ;
 Leavin' the horses wi' the plough,
 They owre the fields thegither flew,
 As if chased by a hunder deils,
 Till down John fell amang the dreels.
 The minister next, head owre heels,
 Gaed spinnin' like a harlequin !
 Then gathered up themsel's to rin,
 Though noo they couldna flee sae fast,
 They hirpled to the manse at last,
 Their duds a' torn, wi' gutters heapit,
 Thankfu' they frae the deil escapit.

Oor minister has been sin' syne
 A true-blue orthodox divine,
 An' in his poopit ministrations
 His maist impressive perorations
 Are when he wi' a solemn voice
 (A fa'in' preen wad mak' a noise)
 Speaks o' the deil, and clearly draws
 His portrait wi' sic words, that cause
 Us aft to think we see arise
 Auld Nick himsel' before our eyes.
 It's hintit since sae strict he turned,
 He a' his heterodoxies burned.
 John flittit ; he would plough nae mair
 Whaur Sawtan fleggit him sae sair.

MY MITHER TONGUE.

Awa' wi' a' your high-flown speech !
 Though framed wi' meikle airt,
 I canna thole its polished soonds,
 They dinna reach the he'rt ;
 Gi'e me the straight-oot feckfu' crack
 Frae affectation free,
 An' cleed it in the guid braid Scotch ;
 My mither tongue for me !
 An' wha are they that ca' it coorse,
 Nor fit for cultured ear ?
 Its accents speak o' Freedom's micht,
 An' a' the he'rt hauds dear ;
 Let a' gang wrang, an' may my he'rt
 Wi' dule an' wae be wrung,
 Gin' I forget or lichtly speak
 O' thee, my mither tongue ?
 My mither tongue !—ah, yes, 'twas hers
 Wha being gave to me ;
 I'll mind her guid auld-farrant words
 Until the day I dee.

Their hamely music thrills me through,
 An' mak's me aince mair young ;
 Nae wonder though I lo'e it weel,
 My ain—my mither tongue !
 When far awa' frae Scotland's shore,
 Oot owre the saut sea faem,
 Her mony wanderin' sons aft think
 Upon their ain auld hame ;
 When nocht upon their weary ears
 But stranger speech is flung,
 They lang to hear the kindly sough
 O' their ain mither tongue.
 An' syne its sangs—oor ain Scots sangs,
 Nane may wi' them compare,
 For natur', an' the passions a',
 Are mirrored truly there ;
 May mony mair, as time rows on,
 By Scotia's bairns be sung !
 An' sae like brithers mak' us a'
 Wha lo'e oor mither tongue.

NAMELESS GRAVES.

A low green mound
 Without a stone,
 In a graveyard ground
 Remote and lone,
 Where the soft dews weep
 In the silence deep,
 And night winds moan.
 'Neath yon fields of corn,
 That in fulness wave
 To the blushing morn,
 Sleep the true and brave
 Where they fought and fell ;
 The rich harvests tell
 Their nameless grave.
 There are those who rest
 In the caverns dim
 Of the ocean's breast,
 While the sea-birds skim

O'er their unknown graves,
 And the tempest raves
 Wild requiem !
 In many a heart,
 Once light and gay,
 The phantoms start
 Of a brighter day,
 From the tombs of bliss
 And happiness
 Long passed away !
 Ah ! ye nameless dead,
 Though never tear
 Were for you shed
 O'er the sombre bier,
 Where'er ye lie,
 To God's own eye
 Your graves are dear !

THE CRY OF HEATHENDOM.

Like the restless ocean's moaning,
Comes from heathen lands the groaning
Of the souls in darkness lying,
Inarticulately crying,
Come and help us, we are dying!
Come and help us, quickly come!

Hear their wailings waxing stronger;
Christians, can we tarry longer,
While those hearts are bruised and bleeding,
God's salvation sorely needing?
Up, and o'er the ocean speeding,
Come and help them, quickly come!

Jesus loved and died to save them,
In His precious blood to lave them,
And He bids us bear the story
Of His Cross and sweat-drops gory,
Of His matchless grace and glory;
Haste to save them, haste away.

Jesus, Master, so forgiving,
Pardon us our lifeless living;
Cleanse from blood of souls neglected
Whom we never have directed
To Thyself, who hast effected
Their redemption by Thy death.

Lord, we yield, by Thee made willing,
Claim Thy cleansing and Thy filling;
Chosen vessels of Thy making,
We would follow Thee, forsaking
All on earth, our cross uptaking,
Where Thou wilt, Lord, lead us on!

By the HOLY GHOST appointed,
Fire-purged lips, and souls anointed
With the oil of joy for mourning,
Thine own love within us burning,
Hast'ning on Thy glad returning,
We go forth at Thy command.

MARGARET THERESA WIGHTMAN.

THE authoress of "The Faithful Shepherd, and other Poems," published in 1876, has, though a native of Ireland, the strong claim for appearance here through residence in Dundee during a life which has reached beyond the allotted span, as by the general, and almost local character of her writings. In other years Miss Wightman was a frequent contributor to many of the most popular periodicals in the land; and in his preface to her collected poems Gilfillan appraises her work very highly. "The Spirit Pastor"—which we quote, and which refers to that great and good man whose death was so sincerely mourned, Bishop Forbes—in its presentment of "the Bishop still engaged, though unseen, in his pastoral and ministerial labours, is," says the friendly critic, "wrought out with great skill and success"; and in recommending the volume, he avows "It shows in every page a pure, high-toned, earnest, and poetic spirit. Miss Wightman was professionally engaged in the mantle or millinery departments of Dundee establishments; and at one period of her life it was her privilege to know the great *Christopher North*, by seeing him often in his sister's residence, a circumstance which poetically Miss Wightman turned to good account.

THE SPIRIT PASTOR.

A loved form is missing now,
By home, and hearth, and shrine;
A presence once shed comfort sweet
O'er hearts that droop and pine.

A rich deep voice is heard no more
Within the temple fair,
Where once it pled for each and all
Who knelt in worship there.

And sad and lone the chancel seems
Where oft, with rev'rent tread,
Moved a lov'd pastor as he gave
To each the heavenly bread;

Or lowly knelt in earnest prayer
Unto his Lord so dear,
That He might shed rich gifts of grace
On all His children here;

Or rev'rent stood, with outstretched hands,
 Heaven's hallowing strength to shed
 In holy benedictions down
 Upon each faithful head.

Gone are that presence, footstep, tone ;
 That form's meek labour's o'er ;
 A vacant chair, a flower-wreathed grave
 Marked on the chancel floor,

Are all now left of him we loved—
 Our shepherd, pastor, friend ;
 And yet we feel that not with life
 For us his care did end.

By shrine, by hearth, by night, by day,
 His spirit seems to dwell,
 Watchful amid the sorrowing flock
 He loved on earth so well ;

Our prelate pastor, though unseen
 By our weak mortal eyes,
 Ready as in his mortal state
 To help or sympathise,

Gifted with all the wondrous power
 Of love's eternal sphere ;
 One moment far beyond the stars,
 Next with his mourners here ;

With them to guide and soothe and cheer
 Along their earthly way,
 Through watches of the solemn night,
 And scenes of busy day.

In fancy still his voice we hear,
 Joining in hymn and prayer ;

His once lov'd footstep on the aisle
 Still seems to echo there.

And meek in his accustomed chair,
 A shepherd with his fold,
 White robed and grave his form, we see
 Our Bishop as of old.

Our pastor though from sight removed,
 In spirit with us still ;
 More powerful now and pure and free
 To work His Master's will,

And help and lead earth's suffering ones,
 And guard from wiles of sin,
 Or dark temptation's toils, the soul
 That Master died to win.

Yes, Spirit Pastor, oft we feel
 'Twould seem to thee the best,
 In thy new life—of happiness,
 And comfort, peace, and rest,

To watch and wait and minister,
 If that it could be so,
 As friend and guardian over those
 Were dear to thee below.

And He who knows the weaknesses
 That from our being spring,
 The tender loves and cares and fears
 That round that being cling,

May to His Ransomed grant the power,
 To see and oft be near
 To guard and soothe and sympathise
 With those who mourn them here.

REV. JOHN WILLISON.

THE "Willison" Church, Dundee, commemorates the name of a minister who in his day was distinguished for piety, faithfulness, and success, in an eminent degree, and whose writings on religious subjects were varied and widely popular. He was the author of "One Hundred Gospel Hymns"; and though the days of opposition to "human hymns" are nearly over, it may prove instructive, to say the least, to direct attention by a specimen to this Dundee Hymnal, which appeared as far back as 1767. Mr Willison was born near Stirling in 1680, was called to Brechin in 1703, and to Dundee in 1718; his death occurring at the latter place in 1750.

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Christ's flesh and blood, the rarest food
 That ever was prepared,
 Is set before the needy's door ;
 Yet few it do regard.

Shall starving souls slight such a feast,
 Made ready at such cost,
 And choose to feed on swinish lust,
 Until their souls be lost !

Here Bread of life, which doth exceed
 The manna of the Jews;
 Our bread is Christ, substantial food!
 Theirs but this substance shews

Their manna came but from the clouds,
 Ours comes from heaven high;
 Who eat their manna now are dead,
 Who eat ours live for aye.

Lord, evermore give us this bread,
 Give daily new supply;
 Give faith to eat, that we may live
 And may not faithless dye.

With heav'nly manna sent by God
 Let hungry souls be fed,

Since richly is thy table stor'd
 With this immortal bread.

For multitudes there is enough
 In Jesu's fulness free;
 Ten thousand thousands all at once
 This bread can satisfy.

Dear Jesus, meet with hungry souls,
 Let none of them complain:
 They waited on Thee all the day,
 And cried for bread in vain.

O, Bread of life, we starving come
 To Thee now to be fed;
 When some Thou fills, us pass not by:
 With soul food make us glad.

Willison is famous chiefly as the author of "The Afflicted Man's Companion," and his history shows that there may have been a peculiar appropriateness in such a book originating with him. He was so unpopular in Brechin on account of his unswerving devotion to Presbyterianism, that on his removing to Dundee no townsman would supply a cart in which his furniture might be conveyed southwards. Ultimately, Mr Guthrie of Kincaig favoured him; and it is on record that when Cumberland's troopers seized this farmer's horses on their march northwards, they were returned him by the Duke at the instance of a letter addressed to him by Mr Willison.

A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

THE genial author of "She Noddit to Me"—sung into wide popularity on its merits, and through a fine musical setting—has such an excellent reputation in the ranks of journalism, that the curiosity with which he regards his "one ewe lamb" of song is pardonable, as it is characteristic. But the verses will live; all true to nature, and to humble human experience as they are; and the extent to which they enrich our native minstrelsy can never be but a credit to their producer. Mr Willock was born at Dundee in 1846, and was trained as a compositor in the office of the *Dundee Advertiser*. "Job's Reflections on Current Topics," a series of humorous articles published regularly in the *Evening Telegraph*, were so meritorious, that "Job" was summoned to the assistance of Mr Latto; and in the columns of the *Journal* his pawky common-sense and humour found an outlet in the sketches well known, and now separately published, as "Rosetty Ends." By and by Mr Willock transferred his services to the staff of the *Scottish People* at Aberdeen; and settled, eventually, at Glasgow, where he holds the important position of Sub-Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*.

SHE NODDIT TO ME.

I'm but an auld bodie
 Living up in Deeside,
 In a twa-room'd bit hoosie
 Wi' a toofa' beside;

Wi' my coo an' my grumphiae
 I'm as happy's a bee,
 But I'm far prooder noo—
 Since she noddit to me!

I'm no' sae far past wi't,
 I'm gey trig an' hale,
 Can plant twa-three tawties,
 An' look after my kail ;
 An' when oor Queen passes,
 I rin oot to see
 Gin by luck she micht notice
 An' nod oot to me !

But I've aye been unlucky,
 An' the blinds were aye doon,
 Till last week the time
 O' her veesit cam' roun'.

I waved my bit apron
 As brisk's I could dee,
 An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly
 An' noddit to me !

My son sleeps in Egypt—
 It's nae eese to freit,
 An' yet when I think o't
 I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow ;
 She's a mither, ye see,
 An' maybe she kent o't
 When she noddit to me.

ADAM WILSON.

"THE Factory Muse" is a *nom de plume* familiar to the readers of the Dundee Press as household words, and very highly esteemed by the toiling thousands of that commercial hive. It serves but as a veil to the identity of Mr Adam Wilson, the youngest son of the "Mountain Muse," whose death occurred while the future bard was only a few weeks old. One who is conversant with the circumstances, when Adam Wilson was "cradled in sorrow and reared in poverty," states, "His mother toiled early and late to provide for her ten children, and her memory is held in sweet remembrance by her poet son for the noble part she played in his boyhood's days." A scanty education, work at the age of twelve, the ups and downs of the mill operative's career, and the frequent exercise of his poetic ability, sum up the externals of this life which began at Dundee in 1850. But his poetry, highly popular with the masses as it is, has had an influence deep and far reaching ; and its publication in a collected form would undoubtedly meet with instant success among the classes to which it most directly appeals. A limited pamphlet issue was rapidly taken up when published some years ago ; and from this fact, as also from the numbers and excellence of his later compositions, it seems safe to augur a hearty public reception for the warblings of "The Factory Muse."

SCOTIA'S DARLING CHILD OF SONG.

Again the joyful day returns—
 The day to song and poetry dear—
 When Scotia hails her darling Burns,
 Whose memory wakes a nation's cheer ;
 Then lift your voices loud and clear,
 As vot'ries of this festive throng ;
 We'll homage pay another year
 To Scotia's darling child of song !

Let warblers hail the infant morn,
 And mirth proclaim the joyous day
 That Burns, the "Prince of Song," was born,
 Whose name revered shall live for aye :

The fire, the genius of his lay,
 A thousand voices shall prolong,
 And to the rising ages say—
 He's Scotia's darling child of song !

Enclasped his native wilds among,
 In winter, heat, or autumn mild,
 There Fancy bathed his soul in song,
 And Nature nursed her fav'rite child :
 Ye rocks in rugged grandeur piled—
 Proud nature's warlike rampart strong—
 Rejoicing ring with wood-notes wild
 For Scotia's darling child of song !

THE BANKS AND BRAES O' TAY.

In Simmer's flow'ry garments drest
 The landscape lies fu' cheerie, O,
 And at the 'oor o' gloamin' blest
 I rin to meet my dearie, O ;
 Along the banks and braes o' Tay,
 Whaur lovers thrang to coort and stray,
 Wi' heart sincere, I'll meet my dear
 At that sweet 'oor o' gloamin' gray !

The time when hearts like ours believe
 In rapture and devotion, O ;
 When pure and tender bosoms heave
 O'er ilka fond emotion, O ;
 The secret o' that golden hour
 That seals our hearts thegither, O,
 Is kent to nane except the Power
 That made us for each ither, O.

Aboon Balgay's green towerin' tap
 The laverock's chantin' clearly, O,
 But wait a wee, and he will drap
 To ane he lo'es fu' dearly, O ;
 The flow'rs that gem the dewy green,
 By zephyrs fann'd, are bonnie, O,
 But she wha wan my heart yestreen
 Is fairer far than ony, O.

Yet grace and beauty canna bind
 Oor hearts in ane, no, never, O ;
 It is the pure and cultured mind
 That mak's her mine for ever, O.
 Along the banks and braes o' Tay,
 Whaur lovers thrang to coort and stray,
 Wi' heart sincere, I'll meet my dear
 At that sweet 'oor o' gloamin' gray !

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Arise ! ye sons of labour, artizans of every grade,
 Be up and lay aside awhile your implements of trade ;
 While "unity is strength," our right will be to guide the van,
 For the universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

With meagre wage and hours too long, we'll strive now to curtail
 The working day, and have our pay set to some equal scale ;
 For Labour's share in Capital's our principle and plan,
 For universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

Why should a few have all the wealth, and teeming millions be
 The slaves of those in whose employ they toil for petty fee ?
 Let master unto servant act the Christian, if he can,
 For the universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

Our path through life is rough and hard, but we will clear away
 Whate'er impedes our progress as we plod on day by day ;
 For a vast co-operation in the future dim I scan,
 Bringing universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

We do not wish to take from what already is your own ;
 But let some law of equity to nations all be known ;
 Let one be to the other just as when the world began,
 In universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

Now, if this world was made for man to share in what it yields,
 Why, then, like beasts of burden, or like cattle in the fields,
 Must we suffer and be driven by vile mammon and his clan ?
 Oh ! for the universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

The world is ill divided ; we have often heard it said :
 Where luxury reclines at ease the poor cry out for bread.
 Though the land belongs the people, toiling weary, weak and wan,
 There's no universal fellowship nor brotherhood of man.

By birth and blood we are the same, though some distinguished are ;
 What better is the royal brow beneath its crown and star ?
 All are a part of those who breathed first at creation's dawn,
 In universal fellowship and brotherhood of man.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE son of a soldier, and the step-son of a regimental bandsman, the early years of this bard were lively to a degree. He was born at Arbroath in 1801; learned damask weaving in Dunfermline; pursued his calling in Forfar, and published a small collection of his poems there; removed to Dundee, where he married Elizabeth Hume, a weaver lassie working in the same shop; removed to Alyth, where he was known as the Alyth poet; and finally settled in Dundee, where he published an enlarged edition of his poems in 1843. The boon companion of James Gow, William Thom the Inverurie Poet, and other worthies, there rests a bit of a cloud on certain phases of Alexander Wilson's career. Many of his songs secured a widespread popularity, though much that he wrote was crude both in conception and execution. He was known in the inner circle that met in James Gow's weaving shop as the "Mountain Muse," an appellation borrowed, doubtless, from his "Fragment," in the manner of Ossian:—

"The task be mine to ponder among the gray cliffs of the mountain when the sun shrinks from the western sky,—when the day yields her reign, and the pale moon like a mourning widow wanders the desert of heaven,—when the rude melody of the winds sleeps in the dark chambers of Boreas, and the blue mist swells over the hill,—when the trees and the flowers like a meek virgin droops, and a wooing glory steals on the limpid wave,—when nought is heard but the song of the mountain rill, and the sweet breeze whispering o'er the tomb of my fathers,—'Tis then that these, or the majestic eloquence of ocean, inspires the soul of the bard, with the song fraught with the deeds of the days that are past, and the woes resulting from the fall of the clan of the brave. Recline, great patron of the Muses, recline by the mouth of my cave on the trunk of this shadowy tree, and I will warble a tale that will melt thee to love, the tale of the sires of the wandering bard, in the mournful strains of the mountain muse."

A reference to Wilson as the "Mountain Muse" will be observed in John Sime's parody, "The Halls of Lamb"; and a further evidence of the esteem in which he was held lies in the epistle addressed to him by William Gardiner. Wilson died at Dundee in 1850.

CHARLIE'S LAMENT FOR FLORA.

Air—"The Banks of Devon."

Dark hangs the moon o'er the wild roaring ocean,
And dreary the echo that answers its wave;
But darker life's sun o'er my soul's fleeting motion—
More lone, too, the echo that comes from her grave.
Celestial and sweet were my moments of glory,
'Twas thou didst create them, with thee did they fall;
My bright pleasures, wing'd as the meteors, my Flora,
All fled save the memory that bleeds o'er thy pall.
O Memory! far swifter than light's rapid motion,
With light pinion'd fancy my past time pursue,
Present me again with the pure beating bosom—
The blush that was guiltless,—the heart that was true.
How often enclasp'd 'mong the cliffs of yon mountain,
We've breath'd forth the tale that gave wing to each hour,
All listening the pibroch that sang with the fountain,
Enchanting the wood-nymphs that danc'd in the bower.

These scenes, too, are fled with my Flora, and wither ;
 The pride of the pine and the heathbell lies low ;
 The cold breath of winter is blasting the heather,
 And mourning the pibroch is heard yet to flow.
 Dark hangs the moon o'er the wild rolling ocean,
 And dreary the echo that answers its wave ;
 But darker life's sun o'er my soul's fleeting motion—
 More lone, too, the echo that comes from her grave.

YOU'RE A YOUNG BONNIE LASS.

Air—"Hills of Glenorchy."

You're a young bonnie lass, and you've twa winnin' een
 That kill me wi' glances sae cheery, O ;
 Your smiles and your cracks are sae witching, I ween,
 O ! aiblins, ye might be my deary, O.
 I've fouth o' guid gear, and I've kye in the byre,
 Wi' plenty o' land in briery, O ;
 I've gowd a' to keep ye in silken attire,
 And buy you pianos when weary, O.

Ye auld doited gouk, do ye think I am daft,
 To marry a man that is crazy, O ?
 I widna, I'm sure, be a month in your aucht,
 When 'twad baffle my wits a' to please ye, O ;
 Besides, when I think on your white-headed staff,
 Your specks and your buckles sae dreary, O,
 And look at your head when your bonnet is aff,
 The world wi' you wad be eerie, O.

Hoot, lassie, your fancy's deceivin' your een,
 I'm no' just sae auld as ye think me, O ;
 Tho' my person is forty, my spirit's eighteen,
 So I think I've a chance wi' the clinkie, O.
 The lassie still huffed, yet to tak' him was fain,
 For the sake o' his siller and land aye, O ;
 Wi' smiles and misca'in' she held him in pain,
 Syne eas'd him by gien her handie, O.

To kirk and to market she rides her gray mare,
 In ruffles and duffles sae silken, O,
 While he stots by her side wi' a jealous fear,
 Wi' a totterin' gait and a hiltin', O.
 O foul fa' the women that marry auld men
 For the sake o' their wealth and their gowdie, O ;
 I'm sure they can never be lovin' to them
 As long's there's nae use for a howdie, O.

BY LOGIE'S BIRKEN SHAW.

Tune—"My love is like a red, red rose."

The gowden sun ascends Balgay
 Wi' pride an' pomp an' a,
 An' owre the gaudy flowers o' May
 He spreads his mantle braw ;
 The sangsters fan the balmy breeze
 As nicht begins to fa' ;
 I'll meet my love amang the trees
 By Logie's birken shaw.

O ! Love's a flatterin' fairy queen,
 Sae witchin', leal, an' kind,
 She mak's even reason tak' the wing
 When empress of the mind ;
 In vain you tempt her to forego,
 Wi' thrones an' kingdoms braw,
 While arrows fly from Cupid's bow
 By Logie's birken shaw.

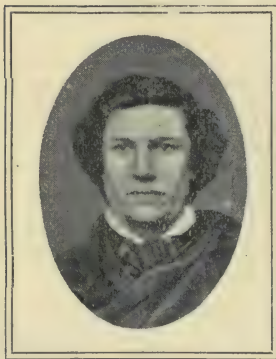
My Jean is like the welcome sun
 That cheers the wintry sky ;
 But ah ! oor tryst is scarce begun
 When partin' time is nigh ;
 Her mien, her words, her witchin' power,
 Her virtue proved to a',
 Mak's langest nicht a wee short hour,
 By Logie's birken shaw.

Nae glarin', base, deceiving blush
 This comely nymph does wear,
 Nae gaudy garments round her flush,
 Nor pridefu' buskit hair ;

Yet partial nature's made my love
 Sae gracefu', mild, an' braw,
 She wakens a' the powers o' love
 By Logie's birken shaw.

Were Fortune, out of purest love,
 To ca' me for a king,
 I'd instantly present my dove
 An' ask her for my queen ;
 An' if perchance the temptin' jade
 Presumed to say me na !
 I'd scorn her gift and wed the maid
 Of Logie's birken shaw.

JAMES WYND.



FOR authentic information regarding one whose career has hitherto been imperfectly known, as for the excellent portrait of an interesting writer, we are indebted to his lifelong friend and brother bard, Mr James Thomson, Dundee. According to Mr Thomson, Wynd was "An erring son of song"; and there are certain passages in his life to which reference would serve no kindly purpose. The son of John Wynd, also of poetic fame, James Wynd was born at Dundee in 1832. He became a house painter and decorator, worked as such in various parts of the country, and settled at Dumbarton, where he married. At this time Alex. Whitelaw was editor of *The Workman*—a trade paper long since defunct—and Wynd secured his friendship through several prose and poetic contributions made to his publication. The insertion of "Tak' tent now, Jean," in "The Book of Scottish Song," marks Whitelaw's appreciation of Wynd's abilities, and may in some measure guide us in our reading of it:—

TAK' TENT NOW, JEAN.

Tak' tent now, Jean : ye mind yestreen
 The tap that raised ye frae your wheel ;
 Your wily e'e, that glanced on me,
 Ha ! lass, the meaning I kent weel ;
 But I ha'e tint thy kindly glint,
 And lightly now ye geck at me ;
 But, lass, tak' heed, you'll rue the deed,
 When aiblins we'll be waur to gree.

Tak' tent now, Jean : the careless mien
 And cauldride look are ill to dree ;
 It's sair to bide the scornfu' pride
 And saucy leer o' woman's e'e.

Ah ! where is now the bosom-vow,
 The gushing tear of melting love,
 The heavenly thought which fancy wrought,
 Of joy below and bliss above ?

Tak' tent now, Jean,—thae twa sweet een
 Fu' light and blithely blink, I trow ;
 The honey drop on the red rose top
 Is nae sae sweet as thy wee mou' ;
 But though thy fair and faithless air
 Hath wrung the bosom sigh frae me,
 A changing mind and heart unkind
 May chill a breast as dear to thee !

Wynd was more than a mere mechanic ; he painted pictures well, and sold them too. As a lad he was quick and apt, and through life, as Mr Thomson notes, he continued "poetic, artistic, but never philosophic." Doubtless, his talents were his undoing ; and we draw a veil over the close of a chequered life, the latter scene of which was enacted in the Hospital at Newcastle, in 1865. Wynd wrote poetry largely under the *nom de plume* "Ivan," but few of his pieces are extant. We are able to present one that, presumably, has not before been published ; and we give it, literally, as it appears in the neatly written MS. of its author, placed at our disposal by Mr Thomson.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Cold is the night, fast, fast falls the snow,
Dreary and toilsome the way I've to go ;
Open your door, sir, some mercy bestow,
And shield my poor babe from the storm ;

For far we have wandered o'er mountain and moor,
And weary and faint now I lean at your door,
While pitiless round us the rude north winds roar ;
O, the snow will enshroud us ere morrow.

My brave husband lies low on yon red battle-field,
Nobly he fought and fell, nor knew how to yield ;
O, let not your heart 'gainst his widow be steeled,
And shield his poor babe from the storm.

The rich man sat by his bright blazing fire,
Scorning the winds as they roar'd in their ire,
And he quaffed the rich wine his mirth to inspire,
Nor heeded the weak voice that mourned.

Slowly she sank on the ground at the door,
A deep stifled groan and her struggles were o'er ;
The winds howled on as fierce as before,
And the snow was their shroud ere the morrow.

From the same source we draw a further illustration ; the only effusion, as it seems, now recoverable from the MS. of its author. In an accompanying letter Wynd writes to the recipient of the piece : "I have sent a copy of this to Thomson, so he will perhaps have a tune to it, for I have none ; so he will sing it to you. . . . It was in the newspapers last week, and I will likely have another in this incoming week." The verses are signed "Mac Ivor," and, probably, appeared in the *Dumbarton Herald* or *The Workman*.

BONNIE LASSIE, TELL ME.

O, ken ye whar the brier grows ?

Lassie, O, come tell me ;

Down atween yon benty knowes,

Whar the bonnie burnie rows,

Whar the hazels spread their bows,

Bonnie lassie, tell me ?

Ye mind the nicht aneath the screen,

Lassie, O, come tell me,

O' yon sweet hawthorn spreading green,

Whar I watched your bonnie een

Glancin' in the moon's clear sheen,

Bonnie lassie, tell me ?

Ye mind the sweet sang o' the stream ?

Lassie, O, come tell me ;
It sang, "The lassie's heart is gane,"
It sang, "O leave your minny's hame,
O, lassie, gang an' change your name,"
Noo, bonnie lassie, tell me ?

Noo I am come, my lassie dear,

Your kindly smiles they tell me
Ye'll gang wi' me my life to cheer ;
What tho' we've little worldly gear ?
We've rowth o' love that winna wear—
Ye'll gang—ye needna tell me !

Our closing illustration is reproduced from a newspaper cutting ; but date and title both have been lost, and we give it with the simplest of headings :—

A SONG.

I heard ye stappin' thro' the snaw,
An' rap upon the winnock stane,
An' birlin' round my wheel did ca',
To cheat my mither wi' the din.

But how I sang, an' how I strove,
The reason brawly could she tell,
Sae weel she kens the wiles o' love,
For she was ance in love hersel'.

She saw the glow come owre my cheek,
An' smilin' sat, but naething said,
But owre her glasses sly did keek,
As I was slippin' on my plaid.

The snaw lies deep on mony a drift—
It's wearin' late, the wind blows keen,

There's no' a star in a' the lift,
Whar can ye gang sae late, my Jean ?

But O sae weel she kend my gae't,
She kend I hadna far to gang ;
Syne as I closin' drew the yett,
She says, Weel, lassie, bide na lang.

For a' the plans I can conceive,
An' a' the stories I can tell,
I needna try her to deceive,
She kens them a' as weel's mysel'.

Sae, Willie, neist when ye come by
Just rap upon the winnock stane,
Nae mair thae useless wiles I'll try,
But stop my wheel an' bring ye ben.

JOHN WYND, father of James Wynd, was a Dundee wood-carver who had some local celebrity as a bard, and who was one of the band of enthusiastic naturalists inspired by the gifted William Gardiner. From 1835 to 1840 these worthy persons conducted a MS. Magazine, a most interesting volume at present in the library of the late Mr A. C. Lamb ; and among its contents there is an article on *Trees*, contributed by John Wynd and another member of the coterie. We present a specimen of Wynd's versification, taken from another of those unique MS. books which enriched the remarkable library of the deceased antiquary.

ON SPRING.

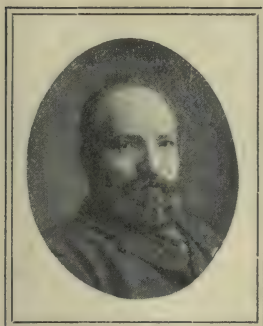
Now Spring has poured her living flood
O'er flowery plain and grove,
And beauty blows from every bud,
All nature sings of love.

The little hills on every side
Begin the vocal joy,
While purling stream and flowing tide
Their hollow notes employ.

While thus their universal song
Through nature's range resound
Up to that God of life above—
That God of love profound ;

Let all whose youthful blossoms blow
On Life's fair blooming spring,
Alike their gratitude now show
To heaven's eternal King.

DAVID YOUNG.



THE editor of *The North British Agriculturist* is essentially a strong man, and is mentally and physically an admirable specimen of the stalwart sons of the soil of Angus. Born at Smediton, Carmylie, in 1852, he succeeded his father as tenant of that holding in 1881, turned his attention betimes to literary matters, and joined the literary staff of the *Dundee Advertiser* at the expiry of the Smediton lease in 1886. A year and a half thereafter he was appointed to the position he now fills so capably; and if the arduous duties of his profession have drawn him somewhat away from the poetic paths of former years, many will

acknowledge that there have been compensating gains in other directions, some of which we are permitted to examine here. "Unbeaten Tracks," of which a second edition was published in 1882, contains most of those "firstlings of fancy" with which readers of the Forfarshire press were erstwhile familiar; and it remains a credit to its author's powers both of mind and expression. In his "Introductory Piece," Mr Young strikes the keynote of his poetic impulses in these vigorous lines:—

Not mine to burn the midnight oil
Through love of passing fame,
Or made through months of dragging toil
With emulative aim;

But mine to act with ardent zeal
My duty-ordered part,
And sing the truths I know and feel
And cherish in my heart.

From the volume thus heralded, we reproduce a poem which has many admirers, and without which a book of Angus-shire poetry would surely show an hiatus: it is an interesting fact that its author is related to Alex. Ross of Lochlee.

THE WARDEN OF THE BAY.

Where old Redcastle guards the Bay,
And Lunan joins the sea,
Where now the lambs and children play
In innocence and glee;
While warblers chant on every spray,
And flowers begem the lea:

Yet here, in hoary days of eld,
Another sight was seen,
When Mars his gory revels held
Upon the spreading green,
And stern invasion was repelled
By braves of Spartan mien.

How changed the scene 'twixt furious then
And flowery jocund now—
'Twixt heavy tramp of armed men
Upon the rock's high brow,
And laverock notes of ploughboys when
They whistle at the plough.

Fair Peace! with all her radiant train,
With fruits and blossoms crowned,
With flocks and herds on hill and plain
Where pastures all abound,
While waving seas of golden grain
Spread smiling all around.

Fierce War! with all its hideous show
And pageantry so grim,
That clothes the world in weeds of woe,
And makes its glory dim;
And lays the strength of nations low
To please a magnate's whim:

Well may it be the people's prayer—
The prayer of every one—
That henceforth never anywhere
Shall war's fell blast be blown;
But Peace may rule, and Freedom fair
Maintain her rightful throne!

Mr Young's talents have of later years been exercised very happily in the composition of those extemporaneous effusions which have formed bright and memorable items at numerous Agricultural Dinners and celebrations held at different parts of the country. We present the song composed and sung by its author at one of the Annual Dinners of the Aberdeen-Angus Club in London; and another, a purely extemporaneous effort, sung at the "Gresham Hotel," Dublin, on the occasion of a dinner given by Mr M'Jannet of "Weigh-bridge" fame, to a company of leading agriculturists interested in the selling of cattle by live weight.

D' YE KEN BLACK BESS?

Tune—"D'ye ken John Peel"?

D'ye ken Black Bess o' the clan "A.A."?
D'ye ken Black Bess, that Doddie gay,
Who was crowned the Queen o' the Milky
Way
At the Dairy Show in October?

Chorus.

For her fame through the length of the land
has spread,
And the Poll which so oft in the fat shows
led
Had a fresh crown placed on her comely head
At the Dairy Show in October.

Yes, I ken Black Bess, and Luxury too,
An' Prince o' Altyre, that champion true;
An' we a' joyed to see the Poll get her due
At the Dairy Show in October.

A' the cracks o' the dairy breeds were there,
Their yield to show and their points compare,
An' the Poll won the prize, as we're all aware,
At the Dairy Show in October.

An' in good sooth that was a notable feat,
For it showed that the Poll so trim an' neat
Could excel for milk as well as for meat
At the Dairy Show in October.

So we quaff a deep bumper to bonnie Black
Bess, [less,
An' we trust that her shadow may never grow
For we're all very proud o' the Poll's success
At the Dairy Show in October.

But October's past, and there's one thing more:
We trust that when Monday's fight is o'er
The Poll will have won as she did before
At the Dairy Show in October.

ALIVE, ALIVE, O!

In Dublin's fair city, where the men are so gritty,
We dined with M'Jannet, a chap we all know,
Who is fighting the battle for having the cattle
All sold by the weight when alive, alive, O!

Chorus—Alive, alive, O! alive, alive, O!
All sold by the weight when alive, alive, O!

He's a rare un, M'Jannet, as solid as granite,
He's plenty o' cheek, an' he's plenty o' go;
As firm as the Tay Bridge he stands by the Weigh-bridge
For the selling o' cattle alive, alive, O!

Says M'Jannet quite gaily, "I'm thinkin' that raley
The tide in my favour's beginnin' to flow,
When a magnate o' Erin, like Sir Robert Heron,
Sells his stock by my Weigh-bridge, alive, alive, O!"

It's meself sure that's aisy, when a man like De Lacy
Dines here, his great faith in my Weigh-bridge to show,
An' the Hon. C. B. Bellew has come here to tell you
That he sells stock by weight when alive, alive, O!

An' that Caledon man, of the Cameron Clan,
 Whose success at Ball's Bridge gives him good cause to crow;
 The butchers can't chate him—he knows how to bate 'em—
 For he sells by the Weigh-bridge, alive, alive, O!

So let aich drain his bicker, he'll find it good liquor,
 An' not afore mornin' shall wan o' yez go;
 For aich jolly good fellow can afford to get mellow
 If he sells stock by weight when alive, alive, O!"

JOHN YOUNG.

READERS of *Caledonia*—that spirited effort to supply Scotland with a truly national Magazine, and which, unfortunately, ceased with the appearance of its seventh number—learned to prize John Young in the triple capacity of Artist, Poet, and Art Critic; and had occasional difficulty in determining in which domain he was most excellent. We reproduce one of his charming illustrations with its accompanying poem from the periodical referred to; and the interested reader will find many other evidences of Mr Young's artistic skill in Lowson's "Forfar Notables," and "Tales and Legends"; as in varied other accomplished and projected achievements.

Mr Young was born at Forfar in 1870, and had a bias towards art from his earliest years. Diligent study prepared him for appointments in the Harris Academy, Dundee, and at Forfar and Maybole; and in 1894 he was appointed Headmaster of the Victoria School of Science and Art, Elgin. He has had the advantage of short courses of study in three Parisian Ateliers; and bids fair to take an honourable place among Scottish artists as a teacher, writer, and book illustrator. It will be seen that Mr Young carries his art into the sister sphere of song. Alike with pencil and pen his touch is deft, and its results singularly pleasing.

NIGHT.

When nature's deepest calm,
 Profoundest night,
 Breathes o'er the world her balm
 So pure and light,

How silently the moon
 Moves on apace,
 While shining stars illumine
 Infinite space.

The fleecy mists advance
 Across the plain,
 Glad in the moonbeams dance
 That ghostly train.

And fairy legions roam
 O'er hill and dell,

Singing the magic song
 Of Philomel.

Soft on the tranquil air
 Sweet music flies,
 Throbs joyous everywhere,
 Then softly dies.

O! dreamy realms of night,
 Silent and still;
 Sweeter than morning light
 Kissing the Hill.

Sleep o'er thy Kingdom is
 Forgetting time;
 In peace beyond our wisdom, 'tis
 Perfect, divine.



Starlight and Moonlight,
Beaming and free,
Sparkling o'er darkling
Earth and sea.

Through quivering branches thy mellow rays
fall,
And dance on the floor of our Fairy hall.

We dance to the pipe
In the Moonbeam's light,
Joyous and free,
Gladsome are we.
'Tis the Fairies' carnival.

Moving, the soothing
Summer winds sigh,
Breathing and weaving
Sweet melody.
While night flowers open to shed their per-
fume,
And gleam on the floor of our Fairy room.

We dance to the pipe, etc.

Then swift through the air
Comes the Fairy throng,

Now everywhere
Is music and song.
In the dell, in the rock and the cave.

The croaking of frogs
From mosses and bogs,
The bittern's boom
From the marshes' gloom ;
The screech of the owl
On its midnight prowling,
The wind's soft sigh
Through the pine trees high ;
In dreaming chorus mingle,
With the throbbing voice of the wave
That breaks on the distant shingle.

Merrily ringing,
Fairy Bells ;
Joyously swinging,
Music swells.

We dance to the pipe
In the Moonbeam's light,
Joyous and free,
Gladsome are we.
'Tis the Fairies' carnival.

MARGARET YOUNG.

THIS lady, the daughter of an erstwhile Glasgow merchant, was esteemed as an earnest and diligent worker in Dundee and Broughty-Ferry Free Church circles; and the religious bias which was dominant in her character is shown clearly in her collected poems, "Echoes of the True," a volume of 260 pages. She was a skilful sonneteer, and her general writing is of a uniformly high character; occasionally reaching excellence, and invariably inculcating devout ideals. Miss Young's life was spent quietly and uneventfully, and largely for the good of others; it opened at Dundee in 1817, and closed at The Hermitage, Broughty-Ferry, in 1893.

SUNRISE.

SONNET.

How sweet the first dim, quivering ray of light
That shoots athwart the dappling sky; ah, well
We know to brighter hues it soon will swell,
Soon floods of violet, crimson, amber bright,
Will pour their glories on our ravished sight,
Till, 'mid th' orient blaze, shall glowing rise,
In regal robes, the monarch of the skies,
And pale the splendours heralding his might,
Awaking earth to tune her matin lay,
And pour from peak and tower, from river, sea,
And dewy plain, the light that on them streams.
So rise, oh! brighter Sun of th' endless day!
Dissolve our night, and robe us gloriously
In thy pure, vivifying, quenchless beams.

MY MAGIC LIGHT.

Oh, love! I find thee everywhere—
No spot of earth so drear
But where thy glowing presence sheds
Soft rays the gloom to cheer.

I find thee in the rosy morn,
'Mid sunbeams blithe and gay;
I find thee in the dewy eve,
When moonbeams softly play.

And if my noon be dimmed with clouds,
My midnight starless be,
Athwart the gloom, like lustrous arc,
Thy radiant form I see.

Thy presence is to me a power
Where'er my footsteps stray;
It guards me in the trying hour
When dangers throng the way.

If tossed upon the briny deep,
If through strange lands I roam,
Like angel guard it hovers nigh,
And makes each place like home.

Oh, wondrous love! what impulse strong
Makes heart to heart so dear,
That, though an ocean roll between,
Those hearts feel ever near?

And shall not faith and love uplift
Our thoughts beyond the sky,
And link us with the Brother dear
Enthroned for us on high?

Shall not His loving presence be
The passion of the soul—
Its guide and guard o'er life's dark sea,
Its strength when billows roll?

THE WHIRLWIND.

ON THE FALL OF THE TAY BRIDGE, 28TH DECEMBER, 1879.

O mortal, pause, kiss, and adore
The hand that reins the wind;
To thy frail grasp 'twas never given
Its treasured strength to bind.

The whirlwind, flood, and fire defy
Alike thy strength and skill;
They are Jehovah's messengers
To work His sovereign will.

With one fell stroke the giant blast
 Hath swept our pride away—
 Hath breached the fair, the peerless Bridge
 That spanned the mighty Tay.

The fiery steed, so strong to bear
 Its living freight along,
 Hath, like a rolling leaf, been hurled
 Before His fiat strong.

Beneath the shrouded moonbeam pale,
 'Mid tempest's deafening roar,
 The loved and loving silent sank
 In floods, to rise no more.

Despoiled and crushed in ruin vast
 The stately Bridge now stands ;
 Still, it may rise more fair and grand
 From skilled and willing hands.

But those who sleep beneath the tide
 No human skill can raise ;
 Fond hearts bereft for them must mourn
 Through life's beclouded days.

The widow and the orphan weep—
 Their life's hope from them torn ;
 Oh, may the sympathetic soul
 Cheer hearts and homes forlorn !

And may this stroke so terrible
 Ring forth a warning clear,
 And wake the heedless spirit now
 Jehovah's voice to hear.

He speaks who stilled the fiercest blast
 That roused Gennesaret's wave,
 And breathed the royal word of peace,
 Omnipotent to save.

He bids us shelter 'neath His wing,
 And restful there abide,
 Till, safely borne on pinions strong,
 We cross the stormy tide.

Meanwhile, let us revere His will,
 And love the blessed Day,
 Nor waste its precious hours of peace
 In useless toil or play.

THOMAS YOUNG.

PERTHSHIRE claims this admirable writer, his birth having occurred at Auchtergaven parish in 1815. For some years he acted as a clerk at Dundee ; and was long known and esteemed as cashier in the office of the *Dundee Advertiser*. While resident there, in 1849, he published "The Four Pilgrims, or Life's Mission ; and other Poems," a volume of 260 pages of excellent material, but not very well adapted for quotation, though our extract possesses a certain charm of theme and incident. It may be noted that the closing piece in the book is stated to be "by a brother, now deceased." Mr Young emigrated to New York in 1851, and afterwards proceeded to Rio de Janeiro. Finding the climate there unfavourable to his health, he sailed for Australia, where, presumably, he died.

THE HERD O' MONDYNES.

EXTRACT.

On a balmy day o' the leafy June,
 Johnny, the herd o' Mondynes, lay down
 On a fairy ring, engirt by green trees,
 Where hummed overhead the burthened bees.
 The place was so cool, and the day so hot,
 And John was so tired, he soon forgot,
 On the sheltered ring, as he musing lay,
 That the farmer's cows and stirks might stray.
 He happit his een wi' finger and loof,
 And gazed between at the gowden roof,
 Whence gay lights streamed to his vision's ken,
 Richer than aught he had seen till then.
 The skylark sang frae the summer cloud
 A hymn with a holy thrill imbued :
 Its lay, and the lull of that fairy ring,

With its wild bees ever murmuring,
 And the gowden lights and the sultry day
 O'ercame the herd as he listlessly lay ;
 And he fell into a dreamy sleep—
 Half o' this world, half o' anither.
 He tried to waken, but couldna keep
 His very eyelids frae fa'ing thegither.
 Then deeper the lull o' the fairy ring,
 And heavier the wild bees' murmuring ;
 Frae the maiden breast o' the fleecy cloud
 The lark's lay fell on his ear more loud ;
 And the gowden lights fell down frae the skies
 In lovelier hues on his shaded eyes ;
 And then there woke from the fairy ring
 A hum of glad voices chourusing.

First Voice.

Not the hum of honey bee
Hearest thou now on oaken tree.

Second Voice.

Neither lay of skylark loud
Piping from the passing cloud.

Third Voice.

Nor the tints o' gowden skies
Are the lights which glad thine eyes.

All.

The sun himself has gone to sleep
Beyond the wave o' western deep;
The bee and skylark are at rest
In the hive and in the nest;
And on fay's forbidden ring
We have found thee trespassing:
Open now these sleepy eyes
To the sights o' glad surprise;
Hark our summons and obey,
Captive for a year and day.

THOMAS YOUNG. (2)

SOME half dozen of our bards enjoyed the distinction of a place in that notable collection of contemporaneous songs, "Whistle Binkie"; and the demise of Thomas Young, at Tayport in 1886, was the severance of the last living link that knit our county to the famous lyric treasury. Mr Young contributed two pieces to its Fourth Series, the titles of which are, "To the Evening Star," and "Glenorchy"; and as these have been frequently quoted, perhaps the fresh selection we give from his general writings may prove more interesting and acceptable. His poems were several times published; the last edition, a book of ninety-six pages, having appeared in 1885. The second, or 1853 edition, contained, in addition to the poems, a somewhat ambitious effort in mingled prose and verse, entitled "Edward Elphinstone: A Domestic Drama in two Acts," which its author seems, wisely, to have suppressed. Mr Young was born at Forebank, his father's property, Dundee, in 1806. He received a legal training, and afterwards held for over thirty years a good appointment in the Sasine Office, Edinburgh. The gloaming of life was quietly and beneficently spent in comfortable circumstances at Tayport, the octogenarian bard passing quietly away amid the regrets of the Tayside community.

DUNDEE.

My native town, again once more
Thine ancient spires I see,
But when I reach thy well-known shore,
Alas! there come not as before
Kind friends to welcome me.

Within thy bounds no home have I,
As in the days of yore,
And sadly pass that dwelling by
Where memory heaves a mournful sigh
For happiness no more.

The blissful days that once were mine
Have long since passed away;
O'er buried joys 'tis vain to pine,
But yet the haunts of "auld langsyne"
Fast rise upon my way.

Again I see thee, Magdalen Green,
Where morn and eve I've strayed,
When she I love enhanced the scene,
And sweetest converse passed between
Me and that gentle maid.

Yet why recall each favourite spot,
Or dwell upon the past?
Pure joys that cannot be forgot
Once threw their sunshine o'er my lot—
Too bright such beams to last.

Dark Care and Sorrow since have cast
Their shadows o'er my brow,
And stern Misfortune's bitter blast
With withering blight has o'er me past,
And laid Hope's blossoms low.

But though a stranger on I roam
 Amid this vale of tears,
 I've found at length a peaceful home
 Where yet some gleams of joy may come
 To gild my future years.

My former home, how dear thou art !
 Here would I lingering dwell ;
 I cannot tear thee from my heart,
 But sadly from thy shore depart,
 Dundee !—a long farewell !

BROUGHTY-FERRY.

When August holidays come on
 And nature's robed in all her beauty,
 We long from bustle to be gone,
 And bid a short farewell to duty.
 Would you then choose a pretty bit,
 In which, contented, you might tarry,
 Then move your traps, and quickly flit,
 You'll find the spot in—Broughty-Ferry.

A quiet place, where strangers go
 For bathing, and for recreation ;
 Where by the Tay's meandering flow
 You will enjoy the situation.
 Along the sands the ladies trip
 In gayest dresses, laughing merry,
 Or in the river take a dip,
 And swim along at—Broughty-Ferry.

There swains meet with the maids they love,
 And stroll along the banks in couples,
 Talking "fond nonsense" as they rove,
 Or listening to the wave's soft ripples.
 Perhaps they breathe the tender vow,
 And name the day when they shall marry,
 While on her cheeks the mantling glow
 Reveals the tale at—Broughty-Ferry.

How sweet the "gloaming hour" sinks down,
 The sunset on the shining river ;
 A mellow light o'er all is thrown,
 A scene to be forgotten—never.
 Then leave the noisy, bustling town,
 And midst its roar no longer tarry,
 But pack your knapsack, and be gone
 To dear, delightful—Broughty-Ferry.

JOHN YUILLE.

SINCE entering on the duties as teacher of Lunanhead School, near Forfar, in 1885, Mr Yuille has so closely identified himself with the educational and musical life of the district, that no apology is required for the appearance of his name in these pages. Greatly gifted as a tenor vocalist, Mr Yuille's services are in constant demand at concerts all over the shire ; and as Precentor of Forfar U.P. Church, he has instituted a musical service there of a quality rare even in spheres of the greater possibilities. Mr Yuille has written two short serial stories, a number of humorous Readings, etc., and several poems in the line of our illustration. He was born at Glasgow in 1860 ; and during the time of his education at Irvine he had the privilege of being a Sunday scholar under Dr Robertson, the famous poet-preacher.

ALONE.

Yestreen, a mavis sang to me,
 He sang sae sweet o' love ;
 Yestreen, the stars came out to see
 What brocht the love-light to my e'e,
 What made my heart beat merrily.

Yestreen, my Ronald sang to me,
 The sang sae sweet o' love ;
 The sang o' days that were to be
 Begilt with radiant hopes for me,
 And tuned to sweetest harmony.

Yestreen, a smack sailed out to sea,
 Sailed out wi' a' I love ;

This morn, the sun shone in on me,
 The sun that gemm'd his prow at sea,
 Shone in on me sae tenderly.

This morn, the mavis on the tree
 Had ne'er a note o' love ;
 This morn, the love-light in my e'e
 Was quenched as ruthless as could be ;
 My heart beats nae mair merrily.

This morn, they brocht him hame to me,
 They brocht him hame I love ;
 And O, my heart it breaks to see
 His bonnie een, nae mair to be
 Filled fu' o' love-light cheerily !

THE BARDS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNs.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE BARDS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNs.

SUPPLEMENT.

JOHN ADAM. A veritable nomad, "Wandering John" has fairly earned the popular and kindly sobriquet by which he is known over wide districts of Scotland, in his favourite haunts in Edinburgh and Leith, and in Dundee, where he was born some sixty-five years ago. A kindly soul, John has been described as "no man's enemy but his own"; and the roving life which he has voluntarily followed for many years seems to suit him as would no other. Pity for the homeless is an attitude generally correct; yet the condition may have its compensating advantages. "Home, sweet Home" was the great and direct result of homelessness; and the uses of adversity have been sweet in John Adam's case, for he has given us in many interesting rhymes an insight into phases of humble life and character to which, otherwise, we might have been utter strangers. John recites his "latest" with great gusto, as many can testify; and the sale of "pencil copies" of his "generals" furnish him with the few pence necessary to supply his modest requirements. His verses are by no means despicable: they show occasional flashes of genuine talent, and gleams of true humour are "neither few nor far between."

TRYIN' TO DO WHEEL.

He was sairly forfoughten in findin' his way,
An' new notions o' life creepin' up every day;
His judgment was jumbled, his head in a creel,
An' yet the puir body was tryin' to do weel.

'Twas his fortune he thought to be very hard pressed;
But he ever was busy and strove for the best;
It wisna the summit o' fame he wad spiel—
His only ambition was just to do weel.

Deluded perversement! my heart's unco sair;
Thy forehead's indented wi' furrows o' care;
I am somewhat akin, and I ken what you feel—
Puir dotrified bodie that's tryin' to do weel.

But it's no' just sae easy's a body wad think
To keep oot o' debt and get meat an' drink;
For fortune turns oot whiles as slippery's an eel
To the fouk that do waur, an' the fouk that do weel.

Begun wi' a business your notion runs high,
An' castles are tow'rin' themsel's to the sky;
But sympathise deeply, an' tenderly feel
For ony puir body that's tryin' to do weel.

It's a rather hard matter wi' maist that I ken,
 An' it's sometimes defeated the sharpest o' men;
 A high dance, a low dance, a great crookit reel,
 But the best rule for ilk ane is tryin' to do weel.

THOMAS COCHRAN ADAMS. Though Mr Adams was a native of Dunblane, he was so well-known as Station-master at Kirkbuddo, and so highly esteemed in that district, that the appearance of his name here can hardly be deemed inappropriate. He was the possessor of a character of singular attractiveness, and many of the traits which endeared him to friends and relatives are reflected in the simple lines published in a small *In Memoriam* booklet of fifty pages, bearing the fanciful title "Struggling Rays." Most of the pieces in this little collection, which was printed for private circulation, deal with religious themes; but there are several items which indicate that its author had a fair command of the materials from which a genuine homely rhyme is fashioned. Mr Adams was born in 1818, and died at Kirkbuddo in 1874. His eldest son, Mr Thomas Adams, is Editor and Publisher of the *Portobello Advertiser* and *Midlothian Journal*.

DINNA HAVER, DAVIE.

Tuts! dinna haver, Davie, nor speak aboot revenge,
 Although the creature's wranged you, in that there's naething strange;
 I own he's no' the hint man—but that's the very thing
 That makes me wonder at you, sae wroth beneath his sting.

Is ilka silly creature, or ony clash they tell,
 To drive you in a passion, and sae forget yoursel'?
 But maybe he ne'er said sae, nor muckle is to blame;
 And if you are nae certain, yours is the greater shame.

But be that as it may, man, it's folly at the best
 On sic a frail foundation your happiness to rest;
 In joggin' on through life, man, keep aye the royal road,
 Lean less on fallen nature, and put mair trust in God.

A conscience free o' guile, man, and a strong faith on high,
 May surely keep us easy, and lying tongues defy;
 Mind aye the golden rule, man, and do as you wish done
 By every ither creature that lives beneath the sun.

It seems a simple maxim, but yet it reaches far,
 For universal conscience is made the judgment bar;
 And Heaven's light is there, man, unerring, just, and true,
 To show the weakest mortal the right path to pursue.

Then, dinna haver, Davie, nor think aboot revenge,
 A night o' calm reflection may bring a wholesome change;
 And when you ask for pardon, do you the same bestow
 On a' that ever wrang'd you, let them be high or low.

And sune your glowin' heart, man, will gush wi' purest joy;
 They ever reap a rich reward love's weapon who employ.
 Then, Davie, ere we part, man, do you the promise make,
 That you forgi'e the loon, now, for the dear Master's sake.

ALEXANDER ADAMSON. The author and composer of "Dark Flodden Field"—a song to which, on its presentment by our great native vocalist, Durward Lely, Esq., a very hearty public welcome has been given—is well known and esteemed in Dundee, and far beyond it, as an able exponent of the Tonic Sol-fa system of notation and music. Mr Adamson is a native of Ceres, but has spent the greater part of his busy professional life at Dundee, where he has been of great service in musical dissemination, and equally successful as a teacher, precentor, conductor, lecturer, essayist, composer, and inventor.

DARK FLODDEN FIELD.

Our bravest on the turf lie dead,
 Dark Flodden Field,
 As thick as leaves in autumn shed
 On Flodden Field :
 The morning sun shone clear and bright
 On clansmen brave and gallant knight ;
 Now stark and stiff in cold moonlight
 They lie on Flodden Field.

Cry dool and woe in cot and town,
 O'er Flodden Field ;
 No more for Scotland's right and power
 Those hands the sword shall wield ;
 No more, O bard, with kindling eye,
 Of glory sing, or victory ;
 Let hapless maid and mourners cry,
 O, dark Flodden Field !

Ere morn shall lift the shades that lie
 On Flodden Field ;
 Ere birds of evil omen fly
 Low on Flodden Field ;
 Awake, ye winds, bewail the dead ;
 O haste, ye snows, and veil the red
 Of noble blood like water shed
 On dark Flodden Field.

Yet Scotland shall outlive thy stain,
 Dark Flodden Field,
 And distant lands shall sing their fame,
 Who die but never yield :
 Where Scottish plumes and tartans wave
 The foe will find thy sons as brave
 As sires who filled the heroes' grave
 On dark Flodden Field.

ALEXANDER AITKEN. A number of curious rhymes, founded on old chronicles relating to the town of Forfar, are reputed to be by a Mr Alexander Aitken, a probationer of the Established Church, and who was for some time engaged as a teacher in the county town. They were printed from the MS. which belonged to the late Mr James Burns, Teacher, Forfar, with notes by the Rev. Mr Shaw of St. John's Episcopal Church : published at the *Standard* Office, Montrose, in 1863, and sold for the benefit of Forfar Female Industrial School. There are twelve pages of rhymes and notes in the booklet, the style and quality of which may be judged from the following quotation :—

Forfar draws comparisons favourable to herself
 between Arbroath and Montrose.

As Aberbrothioick viewed my face,
 With majesty and grace,
 Astonishment inclined her
 To blush and hold her peace.

The Rosy-Mount no silence breaks :
 It is becoming well
 To bow the knee, ere I it break
 With turning of my wheel.

Now Coupar is a watchful dorp
 Of Angus, as you see,
 Which at my look or my rebuke
 Must always silent be.

It will be observed that the poet is not at all
 complimentary to Brechin. . . .

Most noble Lord, there's Brechin town—
 The Reverend Bishop's seat—
 Wherein — much deceit is us'd,
 Tho' a place of ancient date,

Yet notwithstanding all of these,
I will triumph and say—
To Forfar it makes obeysance;
My power shall last for aye.

Even Kirriemuir must yield to Forfar.
I Kirriemuir perpend; her lot
With me she'll not contend,
The parts of this induction
Shall briefly make an end.

Dundee is not to be compared with Forfar.
I'm thus arrived near to the shore—
I think I see Dundee,
Which boasts itself of rights great:
The skippers seem to cry—
To Forfar we will not succumb;
We're independents all;
Yet when our noble Sheriff speaks,
They tumble like to fall, etc.

JAMES ANDERSON wrote a trenchant satire, entitled "The Decision of Æsculapius," which was published at Dundee in 1810, in the form of an eight-page pamphlet.

JAMES ANDERSON, (2) the author of several simple songs, was in his younger days a millwright at Idvies, and is now an engineer in Liverpool. In one of his poems Colin Sievewright refers to Mr Anderson as

A brither bard frae Idvies Mill,
A callant young and hearty.

We quote two stanzas from one of his pieces, which appears in "Round about the Round O with its Poets":—

Dumbarrow Hill! Dumbarrow Hill!
How oft I've climbed thy height,
When every breeze blew but to please,
And life's heyday was bright;
When linnets, 'mong the nodding broom,
Sent forth their melting lays—
Alas! and have they fled so soon,
Those happy, joyous days?

For here I've gazed with rapturous eye
Upon the scene below,
When yellow grain waved o'er the plain
In undulating flow;
Or looking from thy rugged brow
To where yon silvery stream
Goes bounding down its rocky dell
Free as the bright sunbeam.

ALEXANDER ANGUS. "Secunder" was a *nom de plume* well known in the local press. It veiled the identity of Alexander Angus, whose sad death by accident at Broughty-Ferry Station last year evoked the deep sorrow of all who knew him. Mr Angus, who was aged about fifty-four, was reared on the braes of Auchterhouse, enlisted, served in India, and became a sergeant in his regiment. Leaving the army he entered the railway service, and among other appointments held that of Station-master at Carnoustie. In 1896 he was transferred to Broughty-Ferry as goods agent, and had filled that position for but a few weeks when he was struck and killed by a passing express. Sadly coincident with this melancholy termination of an estimable life was the appearance of his last little poem, in which "Secunder" prayed to be spared from sudden death! His verses are reflective of the kindly, simple nature of their writer; a very fair representation of their style being conveyed in the example here given.

OLD WILLIAM.

I met old William on the public road,
A mile or more from out the city's din ;
His step was slow and feeble with the load
Of eighty summers he had seen come in.

A kindly man old William was, and true
To all the finer feelings of his kind ;
Through trial and trouble keeping aye in view
The heavenly path, with clear and tranquil mind.

Nigh fifty years had passed since William lost
The loved and loving partner of his life ;
Yet he, through summer heat and winter frost,
Kept ever green the memory of his wife.

He spake of her as one not dead, but gone
To that bright land where death comes not at all,
And his soft eye with loving lustre shone
As he conned o'er her virtues great and small.

I paused to greet him on this summer morn,
With all the reverence which to age is due,
Thinking the while that he looked sad and worn,
And that the years upon him heavy grew.

The once elastic step now feeble grown,
The once tall form, alas, now stooping low,
And, saddest change, the light of reason flown,
And only mem'ries left of long ago.

"And have you seen my Maggie, sir?" he said,
"For I have missed her from our home to-day,
And hither have I come by promptings led,
For something tells me she has come this way."

I knew that she he sought had long been laid
Within the kirkyard in a silent glen,
Far from the town where William since had stayed,
An earnest worker 'mong his fellow men.

I took the old man's arm, and as I led
Him back to home and loving friends again,
"And have you seen my Maggie?" still he said ;
And oft repeated came the sad refrain.

A few short weeks, and I had sailed away,
With youthful hope, to toil in foreign land ;
And scarce a week had landed, when one day
The postman put a letter in my hand.

It brought intelligence of William's death,
Penn'd by the loving hand that did him tend,
And told that almost with his latest breath
He spake of her he'd loved unto the end.

I brushed away the sympathetic tear,
Which rose responsive, as the words I read,
When came a thought which did my spirit cheer :
"William has found his love since he is dead."

JAMES ANGUS of Kirriemuir published at Dundee, in 1857, a booklet of thirty-five pages of very commonplace rhymes on religious subjects. In his preface James avers that he "at an earlier period of his life laboured as a Sabbath School Teacher," and very ingenuously "trusts that this will be received as an excuse," that is, for venturing before the public. A short specimen from this brochure may be interesting.

YOUTH'S DEDICATION.

Youth is the time to seek the Lord,
His blessing to obtain;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
The Lord will not disdain.

Enable me, O Lord my God,
To give myself to Thee;
To dedicate my life and powers
And all that is in me.

JOHN ARCHER, who was a worker in the mills of Blackiemill, near Brechin, was the author of the verses reproduced here, with some slight emendations by Colin Sievwright, but very much as they were said or sung by the district people, with whom they were highly popular some fifty or sixty years ago.

THE DEN O' ALDBAR.

As I wandered out on a morning in May,
The fields they were clothed wi' flowers so gay,
The sun through the woods he so pleasant did shine,
And down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie did twine.

While I sauntered slowly down by the kirk,
From the tree sung the mavis, from the sky sung the lark;
In the crab apple trees the wee birds did combine,
And down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie did twine.

The trees in the forest, the corn in the field,
For meat and for shelter abundant do yield;
An example to the slothful and he that drinks wine,
While down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie does twine.

There's the tinkle o' the burnie, the fragrance o' the flowers,
The bonnie blinks o' sunshine that bless the leafy bowers;
And the auld kirk in ruins both for stone and lime,
Where down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie does twine.

There, on the first o' March, the crow can find no rest,
For looking out on which tree she is to build her nest;
And in ten days after she does it neatly line,
While down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie does twine.

Here's a health to the proprietor of this grand estate,
Success unto his fortune as his wealth is great;
Here's a health to him in wedlock, and to a family fine,
While down the Den o' Aldbar the burnie does twine.

“LAIRD” BARCLAY. The rhyming Will of this old worthy is one of the literary and antiquarian curiosities of the Mearns, and may fittingly be recorded here. It is known as The Last Testament of Old Laird Barclay of Mathers, and its date is given as 1351.

Gif thou desine thy house lang stand,
And thy successors bruik thy land ;
Above all things hef God in fear,
Intromit nocht with wrangeous gear,
Nor conqness nothing wrangeously ;
With thy neighbour keep charity ;
See that thou pass not thy Estate,
Obey duly thy Magistrate ;
Oppress not, but support the Puire ;
To help the Commonweill take cuire ;
Use no deceit, mell not with Treason,

And to all mēn do Rycht and Reason ;
Both unto word and deid be true,
All kinds of wickedness eschew ;
Slay no man nor thereto consent,
Be nocht cruell, but patient ;
Ally aye in some guid place
With noble, honest, godly race ;
Hate whoredom, and all vices flee,
Be humble, haunt good compainye ;
Help thy friend, and do nae wrang,
And God will make thy stand lang.

ROSA ELIZABETH BAXTER, daughter of the late W. E. Baxter, Esq., M.P., made several pleasing poetical contributions to periodical literature. We reproduce her verses written on a visit paid to “Milan Cathedral,” a piece that attracted much attention on its publication in most of the county papers some thirty years ago.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Pinnacles of fairy lace work
Piercing through the sunny air ;
Thousand little statues standing
In their niches cold and fair ;
Peaks and turrets, graceful arches,
Lifting up their heads on high ;
Peerless statues rich in carving—
Masterpieces in the sky.
Now we enter the cathedral,
Look around us with delight ;
But the change from light to shadow
Makes the shades close up like night.
Then there comes a soft awakening,
Dappling shades of pink and blue,
Then the gorgeous Tribune windows
Gleaming bright with every hue.
Now our dazzled eyes returning,
See the giant pillars round,
Standing conscious of their duty,
Sentinels on holy ground ;
Then they blossom into tracery
Richly carved from arms of stone,
Tinted-tipped with crimson flashes
From a rosy window thrown.
Awe-struck peasants gaze and wonder
At the beauty held within ;
Black-robed priests confessions hearing,
Claim to free them from their sin ;

At the altar humbly kneeling,
Looking with adoring eyes
On the gilded cross above them,
Not at Him who rules the skies.
Clouds of incense slowly rising
Fill the aisles with perfume faint ;
Dusky sunbeams, rainbow-tinted,
Spot the robe of many a saint.
Through the grating 'neath the altar
Gleaming tapers dimly show
Mingled figures 'mid the shadow
In the vaulted space below.
Now we stand before the altar,
Looking down the high-arched nave,
While the organ, loudly pealing,
Rolls its thunder wave on wave.
Straight before us, o'er the portal,
Shines a crimson window bright,
Bathing all the Gothic arches
In a flood of softened light.
Then we turn with lingering footsteps,
Slowly to the door advance,
Looking backwards up the centre
With a long remembering glance.
Now it is a treasured vision,
Treasured when we're far away ;
So we pass into the brightness,
Out of darkness into day.

MARGARET BEAN, a member of the teaching profession, and the writer of some meritorious poems in Scots and English, was born at the farm of Piperton, near Brechin, in 1865. Educated at Brechin and Edinburgh, her services as a teacher and governess have been given on both sides of the Border; and latterly in an important educational institution at Kirkcaldy. The general tenor of Miss Bean's musings is well indicated in the following thoughtful lines:—

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

I wandered down the woody shore,
That Forth's bright waters love to lave,
And heard the music of the wave
That tells of days that are no more.

While listening to the soothing song,
My heart gave up its woes to air;
I heard a heavenly message there
That balm'd the weary wound of wrong.

"For long, long years my part I've sung,
And swelled the hymn the ages raised
To Him whom circling planets praised,
Ere from His hand the young earth sprung.

"I saw mankind in every age
Raise for himself the weary load
That saddens all life's winding road,
And makes this world a prison cage.

"Man lives for ever! Here below
A few short years at most his own,
Not meant to sink by toil o'erthrown,
But manfully to master woe.

"And thou, too, sadly tossed by fate,
Art making life a burden drear:
Thy sorrows hush! Thy God is near;
Smile, and thy load lacks half its weight."

And thus, as threatening clouds draw near,
I take my lesson from the sea
That smiles, in sunshine full of glee,
And bravely fights when storms appear.

MARY BIRREL published a booklet of forty-six pages, entitled "The Rifle Volunteers, and other Poems," of which a second edition was printed by J. P. Matthew & Co., Dundee, in 1871. A short quotation from the first of these "poems" may be given:—

Land of our fathers—Scotia's land—
Land of the brave and free—
Who would not rise, and rifle take,
To keep a foe from thee?

Is there a heart, where Scottish blood
Runs free in every vein,

That would not rush upon the foe
And drive him back again?

Yes, there is still a Wallace band
Of heroes, bold and free,
Who nobly would defend their Queen,
And stand for liberty.

DAVID BIRSE—who had a connection with Brechin, was an acquaintance of Alexander Laing's, and uncle of James Birse, Surgeon, Brechin—wrote verses for amusement, some of which are preserved in a beautifully-written MS. in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, under date 1819.

DAVID BOYTER published at Dundee, in 1845, a volume of poems, entitled "The Pastor's Call, with other Verses." He was for some time a mill overseer at Dundee, but was a native of Balmerino, Fifeshire, and may more appropriately be classed with the bards of that county than here. He was born in 1810, and died in 1852.

COLIN BROWN. This worthy was a shoemaker at Newtyle, "a drouthy sutor," and a crony of the Inverurie bard, William Thom, whose Newtyle experiences are fully narrated in his wonderful "Recollections." Colin was scorned by his wife's relatives, and in retaliation wrote "Devil's Dirt," one of the most scathing and sarcastic rhymes we have ever seen. A copy in the writing of Mr Jervise is preserved in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

D. B. BROWN, well known in Dundee as an auctioneer, temperance reformer, and public speaker, published in 1857 a rhyming tale, termed "The Deserter." The booklet contained eight pages of closely printed four-line stanzas, which were designed to be "strictures on the detestable practice of flogging British soldiers." A sample may be given:—

Mark its effects on Robin Rose ;
 Nocht but revenge his thoughts engage,
 His former freends he ranked as foes,
 And war wi' a' the world did wage.

Before he fell into disgrace,
 He was the fav'rite o' the corps ;
 But noo ilk feature o' his face
 Deep marks o' disaffection wore.

REV. ANDREW BRUCE. The following verses were composed in early life by the late Rev. Andrew Bruce of Brechin, on a circumstance connected with his own personal history. They are well known to many old people in the district as "Bruce's Lines." Mr Bruce, parish minister of Forfar, and father of the celebrated Dr John Bruce of Edinburgh, was a son of our author, whose memory still lingers in many of Brechin's choicest stories.

"BRUCE'S LINES."

As I went out one evening to meet with my dear,
 The blue sky was bright, and the full moon shone clear ;
 Not long had I waited by the river's green side,
 When coming to meet me my Annie I spy'd.

How happy that moment—how happy was I—
 The wealth of the world such bliss could not buy ;
 Its wealth and its honour were nothing to me,
 When with my dear Annie by the lone greenwood-tree.

"O Annie ! dear Annie ! I must leave you a while—
 I go on a journey of many a long mile ;
 I go to the Highlands, some time to remain,
 But I know you 'll be constant till I come again."

I went to the Highlands, some time to remain,
 But ah ! she was married ere I came again ;
 Another more wealthy had offered his hand,
 And I was forsaken for houses and land.

O all ye young men, take warning by me—
 Beware of the briers of the bonny rose tree ;
 In July it will blossom, and in August decay,
 But the thorns remain when the leaves fall away !

But now I've resolved a shepherd to be,
 And my flock of all things shall be dearest to me ;
 I'll feed it, and lead it, in weal and in woe,
 Where the green pastures grow, and the still waters flow !

SIR DAVID CARNEGIE, grandfather of the present noble and distinguished head of the Carnegie Family, The Earl of Southesk, was an author, bard, and politician of considerable fame. A "Welcome" in rhyme, addressed to a relative who visited Kinnaird in 1779, opens with these lines, highly suggestive of the contrast between the old castle and the new :—

Since with your presence you have deigned to grace
The uncouth mansion of this ancient place,
Accept our thanks, O Anna ! and receive
The heartiest welcome that your host can give.
Long from your country and your friends removed,
From those who loved you, and from those you loved,
You came at length to dry affliction's tear,
And make it lighter by the part you bear.
Though pleased that ought could move you to return,
We praise the motive, while the cause we mourn.

HOH. JOHN (?) CARNEGIE, the author of the following "Lines," was (presumably) a member of the Northesk branch of the Carnegie family ; for several of the scions of this noble house, including George, the Sixth Earl, were sailors (1719-1762). They appear in the *Angus Album* for 1833, and are there attributed to the "Hon. John Carnegie." They may on this authority be attributed to the Hon. John Jervise Carnegie (b. 1807), and the only member of the family bearing that name.

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD A FRIGATE, AFTER A STORM IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In all the pride of conscious might,
Wafted with fav'ring breeze,
Our gallant vessel wings her flight
O'er the calm and dark blue seas.

The cloudless sky, the zephyrs bland,
As Sol on high arose,
Seem'd to proclaim to every land
All Nature's soft repose.

With lightsome hearts we spread the sail,
The hours flew gaily by,
And joyfully we bid thee hail,
Fair land of Sicily !

But soon the lowering sky o'ercast,
The whitening waves uprise,
The lightning, swifter than the blast,
Illumes the darkened skies.

Amidst the rising tempest's roar
The sea-bird screamed on high ;
The wild waves broke upon the shore
In fearful majesty.

Then our fond hopes were turned to flight
In one short changeeful hour ;
As, stricken by the withering blight,
Fades the pale primrose flower.

So, oft confiding to the breeze
In rising manhood's bloom,
Has youth embarked on treacherous seas,
Unconscious of its doom.

And shipwrecked Hope has found at last
That life's tempestuous main
Is rife with each deceitful blast,
Of Grief, Despair, and Pain.

Learn, then, that short's the hour of bliss,
That ne'er unmixed is happiness ;
That sunshine oft will turn to rain,
That pleasure soon must end in pain.

PATRICK A. W. CARNEGIE of Lour in some measure exemplifies the inherent nature of the poetic bias of the Carnegie family; for there is published in Lowson's "Forfar Notables" the following spirited, if not highly finished, song on the local Paganini, James Allan, written by the popular "Laird of Lour":—

JAMES ALLAN.

You've heard of Jamie Allan,
That fiddle-playing callan',
He lives in a bit dwallin'
Into auld Forfar toon.
It's worth while gaun to see him,
To spend an evening wi' him;
I'm sure you scarce could lea'e him,
He is so fu' o' fun.

He tells sic witty stories
About his weel-won glories,
And all the joys and sorrows
O' mony days that's past.
But when his bow plays diddle
Across his weel-played fiddle,
You canna weel sit idle,
Your heart beats high and fast.

At guid auld "Tullochgorum"
There's nane can go before him,
Or "Push about the Jorum,"
He gie's them a' wi' glee.
There's nane his skill surpasses
For jigs, strathspeys, or polkas;
An' reels, quadrilles, an' waltzes,
Just come like A.B.C.

His bagpipe imitation
Is hailed with admiration,
While shouts of acclamation
Proclaim aloud his praise.
May fortune plenty send him,
And fame her glory lend him,
And peace and joy attend him,
The Prince o' Scotch Strathspeys!

It may not be inappropriate here to mention the existence of a local rhyme on the mansion of this branch of the Northesk Carnegies, the first stanza of which reads thus:—

"The bonnie house of Lour it stands upon a hill,
Which indeed has been built by an architect of skill;
Before the muckle house, there's a winding for a chaise,
And the flowers are neatly planted on Lour's bonnie braes."

In the same way the home farm of Lour is celebrated by some doggerel verses, the tenor of which is exhibited in this curious excerpt:—

Lour mill's a heavy mill,
An' very ill to draw;
When we yoke in oor horses
They winna draw ava.
A riddle doo, etc.

Sandy works the foremost pair,
They're a pair o' blues;
Gin ye had them at yer will
Ye wadna ken which to choose.

Jamie works the second pair,
They're a black an' a broon;
They're as guid an' as thrifty a pair's
We ha'e upon oor toun.

Bess comes in ahint the lave,
She's ca'd the orra mare;
I' winter when we're ca'in' neeps
She rins like ony hare.
A riddle doo, etc.

JAMES COUPAR, writer of several dialect pieces of an extremely diverting nature, was born at Lundie about fifty years ago. He was by trade a joiner, and, after four years' experience in America, has become resident at Westgreen, Liff.

JOHN DAKERS, farm servant, who had some local reputation as a bard, was born at Brechin in 1827. He had a most retentive memory, and could repeat his compositions fluently; but, having an aversion to writing, any of these worth perusing have been lost. He died at Castlehaugh, Glenesk, in 1891.

JOHN DAVIDSON was a general merchant at Newbigging—in the Mearns—who sought to advertise his very miscellaneous wares in a lengthy and racy rhyming “bill,” the beginning and end of which we quote. This curiosity appears entire in Mr Kinnear’s “Glenbervie, the Fatherland of Burns”; and it is stated there that “such is its fame, some modern ‘universal providers’ have made application for it for advertising purposes.”

My customers, both great and small,
I thank you kindly, one and all;
Your favours, shown to me before,
I still esteem, and beg for more;
I will you serve baith ear’ and late
With new-bought goods genteel and neat;
And if you’d know what things I’ve got,
Look down below and read by rote.

(114 lines of catalogued items.)

.
Tow, cards, and more things may be seen,
With junipers, both black and green;
Ginger, silk, and good white thread,
Pray thee come here for what you need;
No man shall serve you with less priggings,
And my name’s

John Davidson, at Newbigging.

JOHN DAVIDSON (2). A little volume of “Literary Remains,” with a memoir of John Davidson, was published at Aberdeen in 1881. The book was edited by the author’s sister, and ran into at least six editions. A commendatory note by Gilfillan, doubtless, secured some attention for the work; and the reverend critic remarks of it:—“The collection, taken as a whole, may be regarded as a fair representation of a remarkable man—interesting to all who knew him.” Mr Davidson seems to have delighted in controversy (he was a noted public speaker), and his “Remains” consist largely of letters to eminent people, a few very commonplace rhymes, and a biographical sketch of an Aberdeen Minister. He was born at Old Meldrum in 1804; entered the office of Mr Christopher Kerr, Town Clerk of Dundee, in 1866; and died at Dundee in 1871. He was buried in the Eastern Cemetery, Dundee. Several of his poetical pieces were separately published during his lifetime.

M. T. M. DAVIDSON, B.Sc., Master of Dundee Orphan Institution, has written the libretto of a sprightly Operetta, entitled “The Grammar Fairies,” which has been set to delightful music by J. More Smieton, Esq., and performed with much success and acceptance. Mr Davidson is a native of Dundee, and has published some works of an educational nature, which are proving very useful.

GEORGE DEMPSTER, of Dunnichen, whom Burns celebrated in certain well known couplets, and who was in many respects one of the most remarkable Scotsmen of his time, was noted for his interest in everything pertaining to literature and its followers. That he also essayed rhyme is manifest from one of his letters to Alexander Balfour, in which this sentence occurs:—"To encourage your favouring me with your effusions occasionally, I enclose a recent one of mine. It has no other merit than that of not being published, and never being intended to be so." The lines referred to may be given; they purport to be an inscription, for the grave of a favourite bird on the margin of Loch Fithie. George Dempster was born at Dundee in 1732, and died at Dunnichen House in 1818. He was buried within the chancel of Restenneth Priory, where lies buried, also, a son of King Robert the Bruce.

Farewell, dear Jacky ; once the joy and care
Of little George, my darling and my heir :
Fate snatched my boy ; kind Rosy took the cage,
Saw Jacky fed, and die of good old age :
His life was blithe, tho' undiversified ;
He sung while living, and in peace he died ;
His harmless soul to heaven, I hope, has flown ;
His corpse lies buried underneath this stone.
And may these lines place on the Rolls of Fame
The bird, his master's and his mistress' name ;
While school-boys perches in Loch Fithie take,
And the sun's shadow dances on the lake.

ROBERT DINNIE, the father of Scotland's greatest athlete, and a poet and writer on a variety of general subjects, deserves some notice here on account of his extended connection with the Lochlee district, where, in his capacity of builder, he erected the Free Church, Invermark Lodge, Effoch Bridge, and other important structures ; and where he received those impressions on which many of his poems—like "The Piper o' Lochlee"—were founded. He was born at Birse in 1808, and died in 1891. A man of remarkable attainments, and the owner of a singularly interesting museum of antiquities, Mr Dinnie was widely known and greatly esteemed.

NEIL DOUGLAS—sometime "Minister of the Gospel" at Dundee, and famous as the central figure in a notable trial for High Treason—published at Dundee, in 1794, "The Lady's Skull, a Poem ; and a Few other Select Pieces." Douglas published some half-dozen of these booklets at various places, but his versification is only occasionally meritorious.

JOHN F. DUNCAN, who was born at Newtyle in 1847, and who worked as a house painter at Dundee, and latterly at London, is the author of an excellent dramatic piece, entitled "Lights and Shadows," which deals with

episodes in the career of Burns. By its performance at Dundee, £50 were available towards the Burns Statue fund; and at several performances given at other places, the sketch was enthusiastically received. Mr Duncan was a member of Dundee Burns Club; and the work, of which the opening lines are here given, was produced under its friendly auspices.

INTERIOR OF WILLIAM BURNS' COTTAGE.

WILLIAM BURNS AND GILBERT, seated at a table.

W. Burns. Ah! Gilbert, but your brither's sair to blame;
His nichtly wanderin's, and neglect o' hame,
His godless, glaiket company wi' fules,
At feen' markets, kirns, and dancin' schules,
Wi' a' the evils o' their time and place,
Will surely bring him ruin and disgrace.

Gilbert. Oh! father, but you judge pair Robert sair,
He kens the richt and wrang, tak' ye nae fear;
What though he mixes in the hamely sport
O' kindred spirits o' the humbler sort;
It mayna be that wisdom always dwells
In Sage's tow'rs or lanely hermit cells;
Whyles ye may see it in the kindly face,
In lowly cot, or in the market-place.

W. Burns. Ah! Gilbert, Gilbert, but my fears maun speak; etc.

MARGARET DUTHIE, daughter of the bard George Duthie, and connected with the teaching profession, is the writer of several simple little lyrical pieces. Miss Duthie is a native of Fettercairn, and her verses on one of the chief natural attractions of the Mearns may very appropriately represent her here.

DEN FINELLA.

I gazed adown a dizzy steep
Down which the merry waters leap,
O'er rocks where many flow'rets creep—
'Twas Den Finella.

The music of that waterfall,
I can its summer voice recall
That sounded through the beeches tall
At Den Finella.

And where the trembling leaflets hung
There many joyous warblers sung,
Where ivy-clad the archway sprung
O'er Den Finella.

Far down the winding waters trill
In gentle stream or dancing rill,
Or slumber in black depths so still
At Den Finella.

There many mossy verdant shades,
And winding paths 'neath green arcades
Of stately pine that never fades,
At Den Finella.

Dear haunt of youth, I love thee well,
Oft have thy beauties cast a spell
Which still in memory loves to dwell,
Dear Den Finella.

ANDREW EDWARD, letter-carrier, Stonehaven, composed a rhyme on Dunottar Castle, which was printed, along with Mrs Carnegie's poem on the same subject, in an eight-page pamphlet intended for local sale. It is a very worthless production, and injures Mrs Carnegie's effort by propinquity.

DAVID FORBES. About the year 1774 there appeared a short controversial poem in dialogue, entitled "Satan," of which this is a specimen:—

Satan. But here comes one. With him I'll advise.
We'll some new doctrine raise to blind men's eyes.

[*Berean*, in great agitation.]

Was ever man so us'd? 'Tis all a quirk;
For all I've preached I cannot get a kirk.

Satan. Be not afraid; I'll put you on a plan
That will you raise to honour, wealth, and fame.
But did you not meet Truth in Scripture field?
I hear that many now to him do yield.

Berean. Yes, I did meet him; but found by his talk
That he and I could not together walk; etc.

David Forbes, a worthy son of Montrose, set to work, and produced an answer to this dialogue. It was published in 1775, and was entitled, "The Independant Faith Displayed"; and bore further that, "Averse to anonymous satire, and personal abuse, the Bereans openly avow this paper, which consists of nothing but stubborn facts." How these were marshalled by Forbes let this short quotation show:—

Now, O ye Bereans, who such are indeed!
The more you're belied, you're the liker your Head.
Hold fast by the truth, tho' they pelt you with lies;
Let the truth blow the tempest again in their eyes.

If MAD and a Devil they called your Lord,
And all of them *crazy* who followed His word,
What marvel if ye, who are last in the train,
Be like your Redeemer, called *crack't* in the brain.

WM. W. FYFE. In Inglis' "Dramatic Writers of Scotland," published at Glasgow in 1868, this note regarding the bard just named occurs: "This gentleman is, we believe, a native of Dundee, and has been for a considerable time editor of the *Dorset County Chronicle*. He is the author of 'The Day Dream of Ideal Beauty,' a dramatic poem, unfinished in MS. A few lyrical extracts from it have been printed."

LORD GARDENSTONE, the founder of modern Laurencekirk, was an author and poet of some celebrity, and published in 1791 a collection of his and his friend's miscellaneous and fugitive pieces under the title, "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse." In the opinion of some critics, Lord Gardenstone has not been appreciated as he deserved; and, certainly, an examination of his poems reveals the working of an alert and vigorous intellect, whose great power and plainness of expression, it may be, proved rather antagonistic to the set opinions of its epoch. Here is a short quotation from "The Divinities of Life," which accords well with the subject of this book, and is fairly

reflective of Lord Gardenstone's poetic style. "The Learned Warton" is thus exhibited :—

<p>"The son of Grammar on all these looks down, He conjugates a verb, declines a noun ; And could he but correct one classic page, His name descends to every future age. With him obscurity becomes divine, If Horace chanced to pen the precious line ;</p>	<p>Supreme dictator in some parish school, He dreams perhaps that Shakespeare was a fool; That Tully must be studied ere we speak, That all true wit is borrowed from the Greek; That melody is only to be found [round." Where dactyls gallop, and spondees drawl</p>
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Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone, was born at Edinburgh in 1721. He became an Advocate, Solicitor-General, and a Senator in turn, and was famous for his conduct of the celebrated Douglas Peerage Case. He purchased the estate of Johnstone about the year 1760, and took such a masterly and paternal interest in the neighbouring decayed village of Laurencekirk that he utterly transformed its character, and succeeded in obtaining a charter of barony for it in 1777. Lord Gardenstone died at Edinburgh in 1793, "universally and deeply regretted."

Fraser, in his "History of Laurencekirk," quotes this rhyme by an Aberdeen Professor apropos of Lord Gardenstone's efforts to gather a population in the village that he resuscitated :—

"Frae sma' beginnings Rome of auld
Becam' a great imperial city ;
'Twas peopled first, as we are tauld,
By bankrupts, vagabonds, banditti.
Quoth Tammas, Then the time may come
When Laurencekirk will equal Rome."

WILLIAM GARDINER (3), author of the admirable and once popular song which follows, though born at Perth, about the first year of the century, has a claim on Angus through several years' residence at Dundee, where he was in business as a bookseller. Here he made the acquaintance of David Vedder, and others like-minded, and was well known to the local literary celebrities of the period. He held a situation in the office of *The Fife Herald* for some time ; and a few years before his death, which occurred at Perth in 1845, he published a volume of original and selected writings, entitled "Gardiner's Miscellany."

O SCOTLAND'S HILLS FOR ME !

O these are not my country's hills,
Though they seem bright and fair ;
Though flow'rets deck their verdant sides,
The heather blooms not there :
Let me behold the mountain steep,
And wild deer roaming free—
The heathy glen, the ravine deep—
O Scotland's hills for me !
The rose through all this garden-land
May shed its rich perfume,
But I would rather wander 'mong
My country's bonnie broom :

There sings the shepherd on the hill,
The ploughman on the lea ;
There lives my blithesome mountain maid—
O Scotland's hills for me !
The thistle and the nightingale
May warble sweeter strains
Than thrills at lovely gloamin' hour
O'er Scotland's daisied plains ;
Give me the merle's mellow note,
The linnet's liquid glee ;
The laverock's on the roseate cloud—
O Scotland's hills for me !

And I would rather roam beneath
Thy scowling winter skies
Than listlessly attune my lyre
Where sun-bright flowers arise :

The baron's hall, the peasant's cot,
Protect alike the free ;
The tyrant dies who breathes thine air—
O Scotland's hills for me !

JAMES GLEN. One of the numerous productions of the Brechin Press during those active years of the "thirties" was a thirty-six page booklet of "Original Poems and Songs," by James Glen—long known as "Poet Glen" a native of Edzell, and sexton of that parish. James was an eccentric and solitary personage ; living alone, and using his leisure in fashioning commonplace, amatory rhymes to the measures of a variety of Scottish melodies. We quote one of these efforts—almost the only one not sacred to Venus—and the "Apology" prefixed to his twenty-seven songs, a good thing in its way.

APOLOGY.

A' ye kind folks wha read my sangs,
An' a' my fau'ts do spy,
Tho' there's among them mony wrangs,
I pray you pass them by ;

The critic that doth spend his time,
Whoever that he be,
To search for errors in my rhyme,
He'll lose his pains for me.
Your Humble Servant, J— G—.

SONG.

Air—"Bonny Doon."

Now winter's angry blast doth blaw,
And makes a bare and naked plain ;
The stormy showers o' sleet and snaw
Begin to pour their rage amain.
But yet again the flowers sae fair
From off their roots afresh will spring ;
The lark again will mount the air,
And all the cheerful warblers sing.

But ah ! frail man of woman born,
His days are weary and but few ;
No joyful sound o' spring's return
Can e'er his weary age renew.
Wi' cares and toils he still is prest,
True peace on earth he ne'er can have ;
He ne'er can fully be at rest,
Until he reach the silent grave.

JAMES HENRY STEWART GRANT. The great friendliness existing among the members of our rhyming fraternity has been in oft and pleasing evidence throughout all the communications and researches of these past years. Mr Grant, well known from 1875 as clerk and cashier of the Star Foundry, Dundee, as by residence at other Forfarshire centres, hails from Abernethy, where he was born in 1849 ; and his verses to a brother bard are representative of scores of similar effusions, some of which we have utilised, but most of which must, perforce, remain in abeyance.

A CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE TO SAMUEL NOBLE,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE, 1888.

EXTRACT.

Gude save us a' ! what's this I hear ?
I'm surely turnin' crazy—
My muse that has for mony a year
Been sae confounded lazy,

That memories o' her past career
Were growin' unco hazy,
Is up, and whisperin' in my ear
As brisk as ony daisy.

She says : "Get oot your pen and ink,
 We'll rhyme congratulations :
 We'll spin them oot and gar them clink
 Wi' lofty perorations.
 Yon sailor birkie's gi'en the blink
 To a' oor expectations,
 An' love has pitched him o'er the brink
 O' bachelor speculations."

An' now, my honest, friendly tar,
 When this world's storms ye're bravin',
 An' round ilk mast, an' yard, an' spar,
 Life's angry winds are ravin',
 May heaven defend and keep ye far
 Frae a' thing that's enslavin';
 May love be aye your beacon star,
 Your wife's heart aye your haven.

This life o' oors is fu' o' tricks,
 Whiles scarcely worth the leevin';
 Whiles in a bog we're like to fix,
 Whiles doon the hill we're screevin';

Whiles tortured wi' misfortune's licks,
 Oor heart's wi' sorrow heavin';
 Oh! mony are the shades that mix
 The web the fates are weavin'.

The lowe o' love's the licht o' life,
 It gars oor path look clearer;
 It brightens up the howes o' strife,
 An' draws oor friends the nearer;
 An' when it tak's the form o' wife,
 That mak's it a' the dearer,
 Tho' toils an' troubles may be rife,
 She's aye the angel cheerer.

An' now, dear friend, I wish you weel,
 Wi' a' that's guid attendin',
 Wi' raxin' purse an' reamin' creel,
 Defyin' a' yoor spendin';
 May "carkin' care" ne'er gar ye feel
 That life wad bear the mendin',
 Until ye reach the heavenly biel',
 Where joy is never endin'.

DAVID GREIG, a native of Kincardineshire, was a watchmaker at Stonehaven, and the author of "Aleck Joy, and other Poems"; a small volume that contains a racy dramatic sketch, entitled "A Nicht wi' Rob the Soutar."

CHARLES GUTHRIE, JR., born at Inverkeillor in 1871, a joiner to trade, and who acted for five years as rural postman between Inverkeillor and Braikie, has made several poetic contributions to newspapers, and pursues diligently his efforts at self-improvement. He acted for some years as local correspondent to the *People's Journal* and *Arbroath Herald*; and is now resident at Leith.

JAMES HENDERSON. The early stages in the career of the energetic and successful proprietor of the various publications issued from Red Lion House, London, are thus delineated in a sketch appearing in "The History of Camberwell" (1875):—

"Mr James Henderson was born in the year 1823 at Laurencekirk, near Montrose, Kincardineshire. When a boy, he evinced an irresistible predilection for scribbling, and was appointed a local correspondent of the *Montrose Standard*; and not only furnished paragraphs of news, but aspired to a place in the 'Poets' Corner.' His start from home was to reside with his uncle, Professor Masson, at Belfast, formally attorney-general at Greece, and judge of the Areopagus, but at that time Professor of Biblical Literature in the Presbyterian College, Belfast. After that he came to Glasgow with the idea of seeking a permanent engagement in a newspaper office; but the Glasgow newspaper proprietors of thirty years ago failed to recognise the latent energy and intelligent perseverance of the youthful applicant, and in despair, application was made to a large ironfounder who belonged to Montrose for employment as a clerk. After presenting his credentials, which, no doubt, spoke of his literary

ability, this matter-of-fact Scotchman inquired whether he was the contributor of certain poetical productions which had appeared in the *Montrose Standard*—to which the young author, with a conscious pride that his ability had been recognized, replied in the affirmative. ‘Then,’ said the man of iron, ‘you’ll no’ do ava for me.’ This curt rebuff cured him of the poetry distemper, but made him more determined to get connected with a newspaper; and the starting of a new daily paper in Glasgow afforded him just the opportunity he had long been seeking. The editor of this paper had been connected with the *Montrose Review*, and knowing something of the applicant, eagerly accepted his services. ‘You are just the lad we want,’ said he; and so at last the future newspaper proprietor gained the first steps of the ladder.”

ALEXANDER HILL, a member of the older race of bards, was a saddler at Montrose, and a brother of Mr D. Hill, at one time proprietor of the *Dundee Courier*. He published a twelve-page pamphlet of rhymes—Montrose, 1817—the full title of which was “The Political Dispute, or Kirk and State Affairs Debated, by Two Knights belonging to the Order of the Awl and Thimble! A Poem! By Gaffer Grindstone, Esq., of Hunger-him-out,” etc. A short specimen will be interesting—

Thimble.

Ah! waes me for this mighty nation,
Sae famed at hame an’ far awa’,
To see her sons wi’ grim starvation
Now look sae ghastly ane an’ a’;
Her wha’s armies bade defiance
To a’ the powers on earth of late;
Her wha’s sons for art and science,
Nae ither nation dare compete;
Her wha’s fleets have fought so glorious,
An’ forc’d their enemies to flee,

Where’er engaged were aye victorious,
An’ kept dominion o’ the sea;
I thought when we were quit o’ Nappy,
An’ got him cag’d out o’er the main,
We wad ha’e peace an’ a’ be happy,
An’ a’ thing wad come right again.

Snob.

Ah! Thimble, ye’re nae politician,
Or ye might seen things gaen wrang;
Ye ken, when at our ale an’ sneeshin’,
I taul’ how things wad gang ere lang; etc.

JOHN HUME, late of Balmirmer, Panmure, and who was born at Carmylie in 1810, was the author of a considerable number of simple pieces, mainly of a moral and religious cast. It is interesting to know that most of his rhymes were composed during the intervals of an active business life passed at Dundee. From a longish effort to depict his own character we quote these specimen lines.

There was a time, which now seems long ago,
When I to th’ Muse, as to a friend could go,
And in my own rude way my thoughts unfold,
Not in poetic strain, nor metre bold,
Being all untaught in Poesy’s mystic art,
Which, managed well, can cheer the dullest heart;
But yet in simple verse I could make free
To ask the Muse to lend her aid to me.
But now, so great’s the change, I scarcely feel
As if I could a thought in metre tell;
And what’s more strange, altho’ I thus again
Invite the Muse, I write without a theme;
But as I write for pleasure, not for pelf,
What matter tho’ the subject be myself?

JOHN HUME (2), assistant manager of Strathmore Linen Works, Coupar-Angus, is an occasional versifier on topics of local interest. Mr Hume is gifted with considerable musical ability, can play on a great variety of instruments, and is a popular and useful member of the community of Coupar-Angus, where he was born in 1833. There is good sense in this stanza taken from a rhyme on "Cloth Selling":—

For credit's a system that's no' to be praised,
An' debts hingin' by are aft ill to be raised;
The "pay as ye go" is the best plan ava,
For when it's aince paid there's no' nae "back-ca'."

REBECCA HUTCHEON, a native of Bowglens, Drumtochty, and latterly resident in Aberdeen, has written a number of pieces, whose simple sweetness is apparent in this quotation from "Childhood's Days":—

What chains we wove on the daisied grass,
Where the light and shade alternate pass;
And the breeze that drowsily swayed the blooms
Bore the breath of a thousand sweet perfumes.

And we love to hear, where the willows meet,
The trip of the brooklet's silver feet,
Where it leaped o'er a stone till the white foam gleamed—
What a fall to our childish eyes it seemed!

REV. JOHN INVERARITY, minister of the Scotch Church at Longtown, and who died there in 1879, was a native of Brechin. He was a periodical contributor of poetry to the local press, the following poem on a well-known Brechin rendezvous giving a fair representation of his ability.

THE 'PRENTICE NEUK.

Chief place of concourse, 'Prentice Neuk, the scene
Where beardless artizans, in former times,
Were doomed to spend, beneath the public gaze,
The moments brief to relaxation given.
Such were the prudent measures which our sires,
Zealous of danger, took to guard the young;
And thus apprentices to useful trades
Had greatness thrust on them, transmitting down
Through every future age the honoured name,
In union with the centre of the town;
Symptom and pledge of the position proud
Assigned them in the scale of social life.

Imagination, peering through the past,
Peoples this spot with many a motley group,
In swift succession, drest in various garbs,
Expressive of the weaver's chosen craft.
Methinks I see the incipient artificers,
List'n'g with mute wonderment to news,

Both foreign and domestic, glib rehearsed
 By fledgling tailor, or some barber's boy,
 Whose masters were the walking chronicles
 And great intelligences of their day.

No more the embryo deacons of the trades
 Flock here at intervals, in slipshod haste,
 To settle state affairs, and talk of all
 The rumours floating on the breath of Fame.
 These days are gone—like childhood's early joys,
 Or like the brilliant visions of enchanting youth,
 Ah me! departed never to return.

JOHN KERR. In a tidy volume of over 100 pages—the first of two books, entitled “Reminiscences of a Wanderer”—this member of Laurencekirk village community discourses graphically, if not very gracefully, on a variety of subjects, ranging from “The Christian Pilgrim's March,” to “Paddy Fair.” He is specially strong in a rhyming gazetteer direction, as a quotation—mainly a geographical lesson, and partly an autobiographical sketch—will show. Here, there is a certain cleverness in the use made of most unpoetic material; but the writer, who is a book agent, describes his poetic attempts correctly, when he terms them “rustic rhymes.”

We cross owre to Kincardineshire, an' Torry first we'll see,
 Then Banchory-Devenick, Maryculter, near the river Dee;
 By Dores to Stra'an, on roads gey thrawn, owre mony a hill an' howe,
 By Blearydines, an' Netherley, back to the Cove pursue;
 Findon, Portlethen, Newtonhill, an' Muchall's neist appear,
 An' to Steenhive, the county town, at last we noo draw near:
 Dunottar Castle, as we pass, attracts attention there,
 Then Crawton, Catterline, Kinneff, an' Bervie's burgh fair;
 Frae that by Gourdon, Johnshaven, the Bush, an' Tangleha',
 Pass through St. Cyrus, till Northesk its barrier does draw;
 Turn west by Morpie, Marykirk, the Crosspoles, Luthermuir,
 To Fettercairn an' Auchinblae we then extend our tour;
 Up Cairn o' Mount, half-way between, we may some hours ascend,
 When far an' near, in weather clear, our views may there extend:
 Frae Auchinblae we find our way along Glenbervie's howe,
 Drumlithie, Fordoun village, then to Laurencekirk pass through;
 Up at the Garvock, Johnston Tower, a good view may be found
 O' Angus, an' the Mearns too, for many miles around:
 By Fettercairn to Edzell the route again we'll try,
 Thence by Inchbare an' Tarinty till Brechin we draw nigh;
 The ancient city we may view, an' mony a ferlie there,
 To Little Brechin, Tannadice, Finhaven neist repair;
 Frae these to Aberlemno pass, then on to old Montrose,
 To Letham, Guthrie, Fricockheim, the route we may propose;
 To Inverkeillor, Lunan Bay, an' Usan by the sea,
 Take Ferryden, Montrose, Hillside, an' Craigo ends the spree.

Frae a' the places mentioned here, I bits o' notes ha'e ta'en,
 If time admit, I may be fit to scan them owre again;
 At leisure times, in rustic rhymes, I've some o' them connectit,
 An' in the following pages here ha'e several bits collectit;

They aften ha'e amused mysel', wi' clinkin' them thegither,
 To read an' scan them owre may—weel—perhaps amuse anither :
 Memorials o' facts an' things ha'e raither truly been
 Some o' them blithe, some o' them sad, an' some half-way between ;
 If this lot suit, I may mak' oot anither by an' by,
 As mony a score, on mony a splore, I ha'e aside me lie ;
 But for that fash I'll need some cash to help me wi' the printin',
 To soothe the struggles o' auld age, and be grim want preventin'.

WILLIAM KNIGHT, on account of his connection with, and death at Dundee in 1866, and because of his being the author of an admirable descriptive poem, "The Valley of the Isla," deserves a passing reference in this work. He was a native of Aberdeenshire ; and while working at various places as a shoemaker, made heroic efforts to obtain a University education. These were so successful that he obtained a bursary, and studied for two sessions at St. Andrews, and again at Aberdeen. He fell into intemperate habits, and became a wanderer, his death occurring when he was in his forty-first year.

PATRICK KNOX was the author of "The Twa Hares, and other Poems," a volume containing ninety-six pages of very good Doric verses, published at Dundee in 1846. Knox was a native of Methlick, Aberdeenshire ; and describes himself as "one brought up at the farmer's ingle (Colynie), with neither learning nor leisure for elegant or finished writing." He acted for many years as agent for Messrs Blackie & Son, and in this capacity was well known about Dundee, where he resided. A prior publication of his appeared at Aberdeen in 1827.

ALEXANDER LAW, though a native of the West of Scotland, has a claim on Angus through many years of residence at Downfield, Dundee, and through his mother and her relatives belonging to Clova. Mr Law, unfortunately, is a confirmed invalid under the care of his mother, and it is good that he can find in the composition of such verses as are here given some solace in his irksome condition. He was trained as an accountant, and is a man of superior intelligence, a great reader, and of a most amiable disposition.

MARGET'S WOON'.

We naething hear on ilka hand
 But women's richts an' customs new ;
 My story tells o' Leap Year time,
 When 'tis their privilege to woo.

The last back-end, when Kirsty dee'd,
 John's grief was something sad to see ;
 Few ever thocht that owre the door
 Anither wife wad welcom'd be.

But winter cam' an' nichts were cauld,
 John's comforts werena what they'd been,
 An' visitors could plainly see
 His hoose was anything but clean.

Among the rest wha pitied him
 Was Marget Todd, douce, honest woman !
 On New Year's day her heart was wae
 As up the road she saw him comin'.

"Come in an' rest ye, John," she said;
 "I'm gled to see you look sae weel,
 Although nae doot at times like this
 A lonely man ye're sure to feel.

"But nocht's sae bad but micht be waur;
 If will there is, a way ye'll find;
 It's darkest aye afore the dawn,
 An' clouds are often silver-lined.

"It's bad for man to be himsel',
 As in the Scriptures ye'll ha'e read;
 An' a' the country feels for you,
 An' thinks that ye again should wed.

"Noo roond aboot wha'd better suit
 Than me, that ye ha'e kent sae lang;
 I'd keep ye snod, an' mend yer sarks,
 An' never wad I say ye wrang."

"It's rale true, Marget, what ye say;
 But rather late I doot ye've been,
 For juist afore I left I got
 A letter frae my Cousin Jean.

"She says she'll tak' me noo, an' I
 Was stappin' yont by to the manse;
 But should it happen owre again
 Be sure that next ye'll get the chance."

WILLIAM LAWRIE was a teacher at Arbroath who collected, published, and sold a selection of Scots, English, and Irish songs under the title "The Vocal Companion," etc., in 1819. Of the sixty-four songs in the book seven are stated to be "original," four of these, which are marked, being supplied by "a friend of the compiler," leaving us free to infer that the other three are by Lawrie. Here is the first stanza of his "Jeanie, the Flower of Dundee":—

Tho' the trees of their verdure are stript by the power
 Of winter's chill blasts fiercely raging along,—
 Tho' faded the beauties of each lovely flower,—
 Tho' silent the soft, the mellifluent song,—
 Tho' hazy the look of the blushing Aurora,—
 Tho' cold is the mountain and bare is the lea,—
 Yet there is a plant, even fairer than Flora,
 Blooms fresh! it is Jeanie, the flower of Dundee!

CHARLES S. LAWSON, who was born at Lochside Cottage, Forfar, in 1838, was long and favourably known as an artist and lithographer at Dundee, where he died in 1884. Mr Lawson wrote, printed, and published an illustrated "Historical Guide to Dundee," and a "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Abbey of Aberbrothwick," the pictures in both works being creditable specimens of his artistic and manipulative skill. In connection with the late James Scrymgeour he published a Good Templar paper, *The Dawn of Peace*, but the venture was short-lived. Latterly, Lawson existed on the products of his art, working largely for Mr A. C. Lamb, for whom he made a series of 100 drawings of the more prominent architectural features in which the older parts of Dundee abound.

HURRAH FOR BRAVE AULD SCOTLAND!

Hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 Her mountains, rocks, and dells;
 Hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 The land of heather bells.
 May her volunteers, in fierce array,
 Long stand for Scotland's right,
 As brave as in her darkest day,
 And triumph in their night.

Cho.—Then hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 May it aye for freedom stand;
 Hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 The freeman's native land.

And while the bearded thistles wave
 On muir and scraggy glen,
 Her sons, the bravest of the brave,
 Will meet her foes again;

And fierce uphold her ancient might—
 "Auld Scotland yet!" their cry;
 Their tartans waving dark as night,
 They'll conquer or they'll die.
 Then hurrah, etc.

Success attend each volunteer—
 May they go hand in hand—
 And in the sun their bayonets rear
 For their romantic land;

And should they e'er in battle fight
 'Mang banners waving high,
 They'll stand undaunted for their right,
 An' freedom, victory, cry.

Then hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 May it aye for freedom stand;
 Hurrah for brave auld Scotland!
 The freeman's native land.

JOHN LEECH, also known as Johannes Leochaëus, and the writer of several poems in Latin, is supposed to have been a native of Montrose, and to have graduated at Aberdeen University in 1614. His mother was a daughter of Professor William Collace of Balmamoon, the preceptor of James Melville; and it is probable that her son was educated at Montrose by David Lindsay, who became Bishop of Brechin. On leaving Balmamoon for the Continent in 1617, Leech composed a Latin Ode, which has been thus translated by Miss Spankie, cousin of the late P. Chalmers, Esq. of Aldbar.

Collis! serene in years, of fair renown,
 Whose manly virtues Mars and Themis crown;
 And thou my home!—three hundred years thy date—
 Firm hast thou stood, though oft the sport of fate.
 Here first a grandsire's, mother's care I knew;
 In thy fair field from infancy I grew.
 Farewell! dear to the poet's memory ye shall be,
 And thy remembrance fondly dwell on me.
 If the bright laurel-wreath reward my lays,
 To you be due the merit and the praise.

JAMES LINDSAY, known as a news-agent at Arbroath, to which he came in 1855, was born at Edzell in 1824. He was interested in music, and wrote a few fairly good poems, whose style may be inferred from these stanzas of his.

ODE TO ABERBROTHOCK.

The red sun is sinking afar in the west,
 An' gilding wi' glory the landscape sae fair;
 The lark flutters doon in his sweet grassy nest,
 An' soft balmy odours the light zephyrs bear.
 Beneath, stretching doon frae the Dens to the sea,
 An' o'er by the auld Abbey's red ruined wa's,
 A fair, pleasing picture is spread to the e'e
 As o'er Aberbrothock the mild e'enin' fa's.
 How pleasantly slumbers the ocean! an' o'er
 Its slow-heaving bosom are sailing away
 Our brave, hardy fishermen, far frae the shore,
 While bright gleam the waters o'er a' the broad bay.
 Awake not, ye tempests! arise not, ye waves,
 In a' your dread fury, to wreck and to drown!
 Rouse not the loud echoes o' yon darksome caves:
 Fair winds waft the boaties safe home to their own.

ALEXANDER STUART LOGAN. To many it will occasion surprise to find the name of this late Sheriff of Forfarshire among our bards. Able as a lawyer, and trusted as a judge, his humour was even more notable than his professional status; and the publication of a large portion of an exceptionally serious poem, "Judas the Betrayer," among his "Literary Relics" (Ed. 1871) came as a revelation to even the intimate admirers of the genial sheriff. Dr John Brown in his notice of Logan prefixed to the "Relics"—which consist simply of a Lecture on Robert Burns delivered at Dundee in 1859, and the poem in question—gives the following account of the inception of the fragment on Judas, a statement of so strange a character that its quotation cannot fail to interest all who peruse it. The distinguished author of "Rab and his Friends" describes a visit paid to Logan at his lodgings, and proceeds:—"I found him sound asleep, his eyes open and fixed as in a mesmeric trance; he was plainly rapt in some internal vision. I stood by him for some seconds, during which his colour and breathing came and went as if under some deep feeling, first of interest and wonder, finally of horror, from which he awoke into full consciousness, scared and excited, asking me instantly to write. He then in an anxious, eager voice began thus:—

'Tis noon, but desolate and dun
The —— landscape lies,
For 'twixt it and the mounting sun
A cloud came crawling up the skies;

From the sea it rose all slowly,
Thin and gray and melancholy,
And gathered darkness as it went
Up into the —— firmament.'

Here he stopped, and with a shrug of regret said, 'It's gone.'

This *vision* was afterwards extended into a powerful effusion of 160 lines, but it was never completed. Logan was born at St. Ninians, in Stirling, in 1810—his father was *Relief* minister there—and died at Edinburgh in 1862. For about eight years he had acted as Sheriff of Angus, and the Procurators of Dundee marked their sense of his loss by placing a marble bust of the popular official within their Court House.

J. C. LOGAN, who was born at Airlie in 1839, has from time to time figured in the "Poets' Corner" of various county papers as the author of such simple lays as are sampled in our illustration. Mr Logan was trained to agricultural work, got employment with the Railway Company at Eassie Station, became booking-clerk at Kirriemuir, and latterly was appointed Station-master at Craig, which situation he resigned in 1867, to engage in business as a coal merchant.

THE HOOSIE ON THE BRAE.

Within a hoosie on the brae,
Where rins a mountain burn,
Just fifty years ago to-day
The writer there was born.
Its wa's were clay, sae weel's I mind,
Weel theekit owre wi' strae,
An' purple heather grew behind
The hoosie on the brae.

In front a bonnie garden lay,
Weel filled wi' fruit and flowers,
Where aft in season I wad stray
Within the gloamin' hours.
I used to climb a cherry-tree
When daddie was away,
An' aften danced wi' glee aroun'
The hoosie on the brae.

But restless time rolled swiftly on,
 An' I was ta'en frae school;
 A suit o' moleskins I'd to don—
 For it was Nature's rule
 That I must work gin I wad live;
 An' O, my heart was wae
 The mornin' that I had to leave
 The hoosie on the brae.

My father bade me aye fulfil
 The laws that God had gi'en;
 My mither saw me owre the hill,
 An' tears were in her een.
 She placed a Bible in my hand,
 Advisin' me to pray
 To Him whose love wad aye command
 The hoosie on the brae.

ALEXANDER LOW. The author of "A Mixture of Poetry and Prose," commonly styled "Low's Mixture" (see "The Halls of Lamb," by James Syme), was born at Walton, near Blairgowrie, but spent his youth at Dundee, and his manhood, as a teacher and haberdasher, at Coupar-Angus, Crail, Dundee, and more largely at Montrose. His "Mixture" of rhymes, prose sketches, prayers, etc.—meretricious in its every part—was published at Montrose in 1840. We quote one of the shorter pieces, and the best thing in the book.

ON LARGO LAW.

O ye, whom scenes sublime delight,
 Whene'er your lot may chance this way,
 Gently ascend Law's towering height
 And thence the expansive scene survey;
 For grand beyond my feeble pen
 Will prove the views round Largo then.

Progressive landscapes charm the eye,
 O'er boundless seas, wood, hill, and dale;
 While numerous flocks are browsing by
 Or distant lowing on the gale,
 And gallant ships and steamers rare
 Glide by the shores of Largo fair.

DONALD McDONALD, a native of Thurso, but resident at Dundee from 1867 till his death in 1897, was a pretty large contributor of prose and verse to magazine literature during the last quarter of a century. He filled several situations as clerk and book-keeper, had some experience as an instructor in commercial education, was a prize-taker in several literary competitions, and in the domain of humour exhibited a varied facility. We quote an instance in the reminiscient rhyme, entitled:—

JOE WOOD.

Joe Wood he was a carpenter,
 A straight-edged man of rules;
 A cold once seized upon his chest,
 And a thief upon his tools.
 He called his wife in through the panes,
 And tho' much pained, he kissed her;
 She placed a blister on his chest,
 And for her pains he blessed her.
 Next day he found his pain removed,
 His tool-chest likewise gone;
 "'Tis plain I cannot plane," he 'plained,
 "For planes I now have none."
 To quench his grief and gain relief,
 He drank a pint of gin;
 His wife soon saw a screw was loose
 When he came hammering in.

"You're on the beer!" she did exclaim.
 "Not so," said Mr Wood;
 "But being in so great a strait,
 I've got a little screwed;
 "You know I have no compass now,
 Tho' compassed round with care;
 My square is also stolen away,
 And hence I'm off the square.
 "I ne'er again shall see my saw,
 Nor mend your chairs and stools;
 Oh! may the thief be braced to bits
 Who chiselled all my tools.
 "I am indeed a hard ruled man,
 If I aint ruined *axe* me;
 To think I cannot cramp a frame,
 Cramps all my frame and racks me.

“And now I sit upon my bench,
And at my panels gaze;
No rays of hope within me rise,
Another pint to raise.

“To dream of being a gentleman
I henceforth must forbear;
For if I cannot drive a nail,
I cannot drive a pair.”

JOSEPH MACGREGOR. This occasional contributor of verses to the *People's Journal*, *Evening Telegraph*, *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, etc., is well known to many of the humbler citizens of Dundee, though few of them may know that the kindly pedlar who gives them a periodical call is a humble follower of the Muse. Joseph was born at Stirling in 1841, and settled in Dundee in 1866. Some of his poems show considerable power of thought, but are marred by the common faults incident on deficient early training.

STIRLING.

How often from thy fortress walls
I've viewed the towering Ben,
And looked on Lothian's lordly halls
From the tower of Cambuskenn.
And from the far-famed Gowan hill
I've watched the winding Forth;
Where yet beyond, outstretching still,
Rise the mountains of the North.
Then floating high o'er memory's ridge
Those scenes are left behind,

As Wallace and old Stirling Bridge
Arise before the mind.

Then crossing to the Lady's Rock
Our southward gaze we turn,
To where a tyrant power was broke
By Bruce at Bannockburn.

Where scenes sublime may claim their birth—
Thy record stands unbroke;
No spot like thee on native earth—
Fair city of the Rock.

JAMES MACINTOSH. The admission of this worthy into a book of a solid character may be defended on the ground of a well-worn proverb, which affirms that “A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men”; or of another equally definite in its affirmation, that “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” Well, we will let James, who ruled in his glory at Dundee during the sixties and seventies, tell his own story per his advt.

JAMES MACINTOSH, Professor of Caligraphy and Phrenology, having had the patronage of twelve thousand pupils in Dundee, during the past quarter of a century, respectfully intimates to the inhabitants of Dundee and suburbs that his classes are open daily from 5 till 10 evening. Private lessons 1/ each. Wright's Hall, Keay's Close, Nethergate, opposite Thorter Row. Heads carefully manipulated at 2/6 each.

THERE'S A SUBJECT FOR YOU!!!

What thousands of fine females I've taught to read and write,
Likewise to read their blessed heads was ever my delight;
All those who wish a fine free hand, attend while I remain,
In all your lives you never may have such a chance again;

You're all invited to attend who never wrote at all,
Especially those who only write an awkward, ill-spelt scrawl.
Likewise all those who wish to know the organs of the head,
Are all invited to attend to have their bumps right read;
How many precious talents we let slip into our brain,
For which we all must give account and render up again.

James' career seems neatly rounded off by the witty production which follows. It speaks for itself :—

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR MACINTOSH, BY AN ANONYMOUS POET.

Sir,—The other day a copy of your lines on the late Bishop of Brechin was put into my hand, and I was so struck with the sublimity, pathos, and genuine poetical ring about the verses, that my feelings found expression in the following.

I am, respectfully yours,

An admirer of the late Bishop Forbes,
and who also admires poetry such as yours.

Hail ! noble bard, thy soaring muse
Hath scaled Parnassus' rugged side,
And from that height serene reviews
Frail man's defeat on Time's dark tide.

Pale envy fills each poet's heart
At thy invasion of their bliss ;
Poor souls ! 'tis hard for them to part
With their small glory—let them hiss.

'Mid all that throng of tuneful lyres,
Thine stands aside, apart, alone ;
Each fancied bard 'gainst thee conspires,
Nor will the muse's darling own.

The shades of our departed poets
Look on thy verse with troubled eyes ;
On earth their minor joys forget,
When they behold *thee* seek the prize.

But thy great soul above such scorn
Will rise to higher fields sublime ;
The world will hail that blessed morn
Which sees thy name embalmed in time.

Departed worth did claim thy strains,
And thou with generous soul replied ;
Pour'd forth thy lay, spent so much pains,
That for such lines he might have died.

Alas ! that he whose worth you sung
Can hear no echo of thy lay ;
Or could we wake his silent tongue,
What words of thanks to thee would say.

Bard, fare-thee-well ! my humble pen
Can add no glory to thy name ;
Let Genius rise unaided—then,
Go ask the laurel crown from Fame.

It would be difficult to quote all the racy things put forth by James to secure public attention ; but one of his broadsheet effusions will interest many in the city which it celebrates, and which has tholed a plethora of bardic Macs.

THE BEAUTIES OF DUNDEE.

Dundee's an ancient burgh town upon the river Tay,
With vessels full of jute and goods at all hours of the day.
This healthy town is situate upon the river side,
Where thousands of fine salmon pass by with every tide.

Our docks and harbour's much admired by all who have them seen,
By foreigners from distant lands and our beloved Queen.
Our splendid parks and pleasure grounds are truly up to mark,
From Balgay hill around the Law, and our grand Baxter Park.

From these two hills you've splendid views, the scenery around,
Acknowledged by all strangers is seldom to be found :
You see west to Argyleshire, and north to Aberdeen,
While many of the Grampians are clearly to be seen.

You see the Carse of Gowrie west, near the city Perth,
Likewise the noble River Tay, the loveliest on this earth ;
You also have a splendid view of that old kingdom—Fife,
With all St. Andrews ancient towers, where martyrs lost their life.

GEORGE MACKENZIE of Glenisla published at Forfar, in 1824, a volume of seventy-two pages of rhymes, on varied subjects, secular and sacred, but of the poorest possible quality. Here are the first eight lines of the Introduction, the only quotable part of the book :—

'Twas on the banks where Isla goes
Down tumblin' to the sea,
Where bonnie fields of corn grows,
And flowers by each green tree ;

There I ha'e only just begun,
I'm hardly streekit fairly,
Yet do intend to raise a fun,
Wi' ony comic carlie.

JAMES MACKENZIE, teacher of Mr Hunter's School, Kincardine-o'-Neil, published a volume, entitled "Poems on Various Subjects, and chiefly in the Scotch Dialect"; the date was 1804, and the book contains forty-eight pages of vigorous Scottish rhymes.

DAVID MACLAREN, an able architect and an estimable Dundee citizen, was an occasional versifier, and produced for the delectation of his friends many little pieces of the nature indicated by these lines addressed to the daughter of Mr A. C. Lamb. Mr Maclaren was one of the leading professional men of the county, and designed some of the admirable school buildings of Dundee and district. He was born at Dundee in 1847, and died there in 1887.

"MAISY."

Little "Maisy," bonnie May,
Bright and happy all the day,
Little cheeks of peachy hue,
Two bright eyes of sapphire blue ;
Laughing face and dimpled chin,
Emblems of the peace within,
Rosy lips that part to smile,
And the care of life beguile.

Happy heart and cheerful voice
Making other hearts rejoice,
Plumpy hands and flaxen hair,
Pattering feet with music there ;
Little "Maisy," bonnie May,
Growing dearer every day,
Through the future years, sunbeam,
Be the angel now you seem.

COLIN MACPHERSON, long resident in Angus as a Potato Merchant, and very prominent as an authority and author on agricultural matters, is a native of Keith, Banffshire, his natal year having been 1826. He published in 1878 "The Farmer's Friend," a treatise of seventy pages of vigorous rhyme on certain debatable matters connected with the rearing of cattle, etc ; and contemplates the issue of other volumes. Mr Macpherson is a self-taught man, of great strength of mind and character ; and that he can write in a graphic and pleasing manner this extract from his "Address to Strathmore" will prove :—

Strathmore, the vale of Scotland's pride,
From off Kinpirnie's heights behold
Her fruitful bosom, spreading wide,
Arrayed in robes of green and gold.

The stately groves along thy vale
Wave round old mansions of renown,
Where kings for ages loved to dwell
When Scotland had a king to crown.

Behold the Grampians stern and lone,
 The home of chiefs long passed away,
 Who 'mid their worth and valour shone
 More bright than chieftains do to-day.
 Not now as when each strath and glen
 With happy homes was studded o'er,

Where dwelt a race of mighty men—
 The glory of these mountains hoar.
 But now, alas ! for Scotland's fame,
 The Highland glens are lone and drear,
 Depeopled, and laid waste for game—
 A wilderness where roam the deer.

MISS MARSHALL, an English lady of some means, and who became the wife of Dr Cochrane, published at Arbroath, in 1844, "Flights of Fancy," a volume of over eighty pages of very spirited but somewhat crude rhymes. In satire and parody alike "A Lady" was clever and brusque, if not over refined or reserved.

WILLIAM MARTIN (2) was born at Dundee in 1835, and served with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. In 1893 he published "At the Front," a realistic record of a soldier's experience, and dedicated his volume to Sir John Leng, M.P., who, mainly at Mr Martin's instance, championed the veterans in the House of Commons. Mr Martin, who continues indefatigable in effort to benefit soldiers, acts as collector for a Dundee Society, and is a notable man in the wide circle of his friendship.

FORWARD, THE NINETY-THIRD !

Forward, the Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 See on dark Alma's heights foemen arrayed ;
 Drive back the motley crew, sons of the brave and true,
 Proud let me be of my Highland brigade.
 On without pause or stop, on till you reach the top,
 Brave are their forces, but braver are we ;
 Charge, then, my Highlandmen, sweep the field clear again,
 Russia's bold warriors must fall or must flee.

Chorus—Forward, the Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 There stand the foemen in battle arrayed ;
 Forward, the Ninety-Third ! forward through fire and sword !
 Forward, my lads of the kilt and the plaid.

Steady, the Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 Steady, my men, we must conquer to-day ;
 Help is there not at hand, here must we take our stand,
 Ours, Balacava, when we join the affray.
 See ! moves the mighty force, prances the Russian horse,
 Bright sabres glancing as onward they come ;
 Boldly then meet the shock, firm stand the Gaelic rock,
 Hurl back the horsemen bespattered with foam.

Chorus—Steady then, Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 There come the foemen in battle arrayed ;
 Steady, the Ninety-Third ! steady through fire and blood !
 Steady, the lads of the kilt and the plaid.

Forward, the Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 Lucknow appeals to our hearts in her need ;
 Whelmed by rebellious tide, hemmed in on every side,
 Friends who now suffer shall by us be freed.

On to the charge again, on over heaps of slain,
 Sepoys dismayed from the ramparts shall flee—
 Terror-stricken rush the host, fort after fort is lost,
 Brave hearts have conquered and captives are free.

Chorus—Forward, the Ninety-Third ! this was the chieftain's word,
 Here stand the foemen in battle arrayed ;
 Forward, the Ninety-Third ! forward through fire and sword !
 Forward, my lads of the kilt and the plaid.

Forward, the Ninety-Third ! when comes that thrilling word,
 Heroes are ready to answer the call ;
 Then shall the Highland cheer fill all their foes with fear,
 Onward to victory, conquer or fall.
 Comrades, we look to you bravely to dare and do,
 High hold the banner renowned as of old ;
 Proud of an honoured name, proud of a regiment's fame,
 True to old Scotia, fearless and bold.

Chorus—Ready, the Ninety-Third ! soon, soon may come the word,
 Ready for foemen in battle arrayed ;
 Ready, the Ninety-Third ! ready for fire and sword !
 Heroes the lads of the kilt and the plaid.

EDWARD MASSON, known as Professor Masson, was born at Laurence-kirk in 1800, and died at Athens in 1873. After a distinguished career at Aberdeen University, he was appointed Schoolmaster at Farnell ; and subsequently went to Greece, where he held several important appointments under the government of that country. Returning to Scotland, he became a licentiate of the Free Church ; and in course of time Professor of Greek in the Assembly College, Belfast. After a few years' service there he returned to Greece, where he was held in the greatest esteem, and where he died. His writings were of a varied order, and his poetic leanings are exhibited mainly in "Philhellenia," a series of excellent translations from Greek authors. He edited several publications, and published at London, in 1854, "An Apology for the Greek Church," etc. ; in 1854, "Moslem, the Russ, and the Rayah, or the True Solution of the Eastern Question" ; and was a popular candidate for the Greek Chair in Edinburgh University, secured by Professor Blackie in 1852. The name of a nephew, EDWARD MASSON, should be coupled with that of the celebrated Grecian scholar, judge, professor, and bard.

AGNES MILLAR. This lady published anonymously, in 1840, a collection of "Essays, Moral and Religious," interspersed with illustrative rhymes ; and with a number of general poems as an appendix, a specimen of which we transcribe. All that we have been able to learn regarding her is that she resided at Small's Wynd, Dundee, and that she was the daughter of a minister in reduced circumstances.

ALAS ! HOW HARD IT IS TO DIE.

When life's bright visions round the path
 Of youth, in quick succession, fly,
 And all around is cheer'd by love,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die.

When Hope, sweet syren ! gilds our days,
 And we bask in a cloudless sky,
 And friendship pure reigns in the heart,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die.

When all things charm, for life itself
 Is new, and Nature bids us hie
 To her fair springs and bowers of bliss,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die.

But when life fails, and sorrow sheds
 Her gloom across our morning sky,
 And heaven recalls the weary soul—
 'Tis Nature's precious boon to die.

MRS MILLAR. This Dundee lady turned in middle life to rhyming, as a solace during the tedious hours of suffering consequent on a nervous trouble. She acknowledges Thomson as her "polar star" in poetry ; and writes with taste on such subjects as are indicated by our quotation. Her writings were published in 1820, and formed a booklet of seventy-seven pages, entitled "Poems on Various Subjects."

TO AFFECTION.

Affection ! sweetest antidote to woe !
 Thou heavenly guest, thy kindness e'er bestow ;
 O may thy power benign send forth relief,
 To lighten care and banish irksome grief.
 When robb'd of joy, and fear of sorrows nigh
 Beguiles our peace, and draws the mournful sigh,
 Be thou our friend, our solace, and our joy ;
 Soften our ills, each care that may annoy.
 How pleasing is the gentle look of Love !
 How sweet, how placid do our feelings move !
 When soft-eyed Pity sheds her radiant beam,
 To brighten Hope, disturb'd in her gay dream :
 O dream again ! the nymph so tender cries,
 Of joys to come, of prospects to arise ;
 Meek patience will assist thy search to find
 These lasting pleasures, grateful to the mind ;
 These will remove thy doubts, thy fears control,
 Compose thy spirit, elevate thy soul,
 To meet life's varied ills with fortitude,
 And from misfortune to extract some good.
 Affection ! winning power, which soothes the mind,
 Administers a balm so healing, kind—
 Dispelling gloom, that on the spirits lay,
 As mists retire before the orient ray.
 How many sink, denied thy fost'ring care,
 Into the gloomy regions of despair :
 Thy aid 's refreshing, as the evening dew,
 Diffusing moisture, shedding sweetness too.
 Thine is the power, with soft persuasive art,
 Resistless charm, that steals upon the heart ;
 To thee our bosom's secrets we confide,
 Thou shar'st our joys, and all our griefs divide—
 "The point to which our sweetest passions move
 Is to be truly loved, and fondly love."

Fly then, dull Care ! so fatal to our peace :
 Affection's beam reflected on the face
 Will gild the future, make our home so sweet,
 That Love and Hope, and smiling Joy will meet :
 Delightful group ! how precious is thy reign ;
 Continue still to bless, enchant : O deign
 To visit oft where Virtue droops oppress'd ;
 Around her smile, and soothe her cares to rest.

ANNIE MITCHELL, a native of Arbroath, and latterly resident at Andover, Massachusetts, was one of those toilers in the spinning mills of the Brothock who sang to lighten the dinsome round of thread and spindle. Like many of the songs we have quoted, this effusion shows how dear the gray old burgh and its surroundings are to the hearts of those who know them well.

ARBROATH COMMON.

O sweet Arbroath! home of my birth!
Spot that has aye been dear to me;
I love thee still, and for thy sake
I yet will cross the Atlantic Sea.

I've wandered long in foreign climes,
But never yet was seen by me
A gem sae rare, a flower sae sweet,
As the gowanies on the Common lea.

'Twas near that spot where I was born,
'Twas there in childhood oft I played;
There oft in after years I roamed,
A joyful, happy-hearted maid.

There oft I sat at eventide,
And gazed afar across the sea, [bloomed,
And thought, while wild-flowers round me
No spot on earth so sweet could be.

Let ithers vaunt the Abbey pile,
Or sing about the Cliffs sae hie;
Though they are dear and well-beloved,
The Common Brae's the spot for me.

Should Fortune ever smile again,
As she sae lang has frowned on me,—
With anchor raised, and sails wide spread,
I'll steer my bark straight back to thee.

JOHN THOMAS MITCHELL—who was born at Cupar-Fife in 1838, and died in Dundee in 1869—was engaged for nearly the whole term of his short but promising career as a clerk, and assistant editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, in the commercial capital of Angus. His general work as a writer for the press was of great excellence: we give an extract from one of the numerous poems contributed to the *Advertiser* under the *nom de plume* "Penna Dei Gratia."

THE LAST ENEMY.

Destined to be victorious over Death,
By and through Him who first the victory
gained,
Let not thine eyes be ever wet with tears,
For those who in the mighty conflict fall,
Lest grief relax the ardour of thy faith,
And doubting quench the vigour of thine arm;
They rest in peace—let that thy comfort be:
Remember, that as is the mortal strife
Of arms, where many perish ere the end
Be gained, so also is the immortal.
Gaps in the ranks, by stricken comrades left,

May and do wring remaining hearts with pain;
But also nerve them with resistless strength.
So let the warriors in the spirit strife
Be not discouraged—but take heart and ply
The weapons of their warfare manfully.
Death will not be the conqueror for aye,
Since it is written that he hath been foiled,
And will hereafter be securely bound
For ever. True, he hath seemed conqueror
O'er all the field; but yet his end must come,
Since in your midst, invisible, is He
Who, fighting with thee, none can overcome.

WILLIAM MITCHELL was the author of "A Paraphrase on the Shorter Catechism," published at Brechin in 1834 as one of the "Chap Book" series edited by Alexander Laing. It consists of twenty-four pages of fairly good rhyming, as this extract from its first Section will show:—

He who to chaos' wild disorder'd mass
 First said, "Let order be," and order was ;
 Who from thick darkness struck the solar
 blaze
 And whirled the planets round the radiant
 rays :
 He who with animation filled the globe
 And hung around it heaven's ethereal robe ;
 Who to yon ocean's sounding waters said,
 "Lo, hither come! but here ye shall be stay'd";
 To crown creation's high stupendous plan,
 In boundless wisdom last created man,
 With reason and intelligence endued,
 Majestic man high in creation stood ;

For his Creator had on him bestowed
 A deathless soul, the image of its God.
 'Twas his chief end his Maker to adore,
 And lastly to enjoy Him evermore,
 How he eternal life might e'er obtain,
 How worship God, or how his favour gain :
 To teach him this the Word of God was given,
 In love sent down by God himself from heaven.
 The heavenly precepts which the Scriptures
 teach
 Are such as unassisted reason ne'er could
 reach.
 This sacred volume man with faith inspires,
 And shows the duty God of him requires.

WILLIAM MULLENS of Dundee published in 1848 "An Offering to Love: an Epic Poem in Six Cantos," in the form of a booklet of fifty pages. The author, in bespeaking a favourable reception for "his first offering to the world," remarks rather quaintly: "Having laid out a small patch of ground in the garden of thought, fancy, and feeling, for the production of poetical plants, I now present a few of them to the public, in the fond hope that their appearance may be pronounced beautiful, their fragrance delicious, and their fruit sweet, wholesome, and nutritious." The opening stanzas of the piece may serve to show to what extent the writer's hopes were likely to be realized.

ADDRESS TO LOVE.

Hail, Love! thou sweet, tyrannic lord,
 All hail! youth's pleasing foe,
 Beneath whose law-creating word
 All men are forced to bow.
 Thou art the monarch of the earth—
 All nations own thy sway—
 And every bard of heavenly worth
 Devotes to thee a lay.
 O! who is he that's honoured most
 By nations near and far,
 Who's risen from the meanest dust
 To shine a brilliant star?

'Tis he who owned thy matchless power,
 Who loved thy sacred name—
 Who with a fervent heart did shower
 Around the world thy fame.
 All hail! thou power omnipotent—
 All hail! thou power divine—
 Who through our race thy lightning sent
 To make us fairer shine.
 Thou giv'st the cheek a fairer tint,
 A warmer glow the eye—
 Soul unto soul thou dost cement
 In loving harmony.

JAMES NICOL. Quite a number of our humbler bards have sought in their rhyming to improve on the language of Scripture, a subtle species of delusion which seems to have so strongly affected James Nicol, weaver, Luthermuir, that he published various portions of both the Old and New Testaments done in metrical stanzas. He was born at Luthermuir in 1800, had the scantiest of education, worked during most of his life at the handloom, died in 1860, and lies buried in Fettercain Churchyard. It is recorded of James that "he was always reading and studying the Bible, keeping the book on the loom beside him when at work, and when 'out in the open'

walking with bent head and arms folded in such deep meditation that he often passed by members of his own family," etc. Truly, a case of "walking in a vain show," as results fully prove. Nicol's "Life of the Apostle Paul in Metre," published in 1845, seems to have been his most popular rhyme: it commences thus—

Among the twelve Apostles whom
The Lord Himself did call,
Not one of them in usefulness
Was equal unto Paul.

Sprung from the tribe of Benjamin,
His parents Hebrews were,
And he a Roman freeman, in
The nation everywhere.

In Tarsus he was born, as he
Did oftentimes declare;
And Saul appears to be the name
His parents gave him there.

When young, he studied under that
Great learned pedagogue,
Gamaliel by name, to get
All learning then in vogue.

and goes on so for eighty closely printed pages! "An Abridgment of Bible History, in Verse," was published shortly before the death of its author, who was regarded locally as "a good man."

MATTHEW NIMMO was the author of a tragedy, entitled "The Fatal Three, or Truth Disguised," which was published at Dundee in 1792. He was a "link of the law," and died in America about fifty years ago.

JAMES NORVAL, A.M., was the author of a tragedy, entitled "The Generous Chief," which was published, and acted, at Montrose in 1792. It was dedicated to Lord Gardenstone.

JOHN PATERSON, A.M., published at Dundee, in 1810, a volume of 200 pages, divided into three sections of English, Sacred, and Scottish poems. "The author is sensible that they are not without defects, yet where can beauties be found without blemishes?" said the preface: readers will be able to detect the presence of the first and last of these qualities in the following autobiographical and serious quotations:—

THE BARRACKS OF DUNDEE.

For three half years and some weeks more
(The truth I tell to thee)
I've chaplain been to the twenty-fifth
At Barracks of Dundee.

On Sabbath day I preach and pray
With all humility;
'Tis true, I love the duty well
At Barracks of Dundee.

TRUST IN GOD.

When troubles and afflictions rise,
To wound the feeling mind,
I fix my hope beyond the skies
And peace and comfort find.

The joys and pleasures of this life
Are transient, mean, and vain;
Often they tend to nourish strife,
And find eternal pain.

CHARLES PEEBLES. We have been strongly tempted to extend our incursions among those rhyming epitaphs in which the counties are so rich, but the difficulty of coming to an end with them made caution an absolute necessity. There is, however, one that bears so directly on one of our humbler rhymers that it may be treated exceptionally, and quoted entire with its quaint corollary, all as given in Myles' "Rambles in Forfarshire." The epitaph is taken from a stone in the Auld Kirkyard of Mains, near Dundee, and runs as follows :—

"In memory of Charles Peebles, schoolmaster of this parish, who died 20th July, 1801, aged 66 years. Also Ann Crabb his spouse, who died 7th December, same year, aged 64.

How useful they in training youth
When, thoughtless of the paths of truth,
They need the guiding reins ;

The East and West, the South and North,
Doth testify from proved worth
Of youth spent at the Mains."

Revised by James Webster, Esq., 1836.

Myles gives these interesting explanatory remarks :—

"This worthy Dominie was so inveterate a rhymster that it is said he allowed no occurrence to pass without dedicating a stanza to its celebration, much to the delight of the rustics on Dighty Water. The following epistle is the only emanation of Mr Peebles' genius (!) which has been preserved from oblivion ; it sufficiently explains itself, which is more than can be said of many compositions of loftier pretensions."

John Duncan, master smith
By Dighty Water side,
Who works the iron wi' a' his pith
And mak's the coals to glide ;

The lock o' my room door is wrang,
The nails they maun be drawn,
And I maun ha'e it on again
Before the evening dawn.

REV. GEORGE PETER. "The author blesses God that an aged and beloved mother survives to receive the Dedication of this little volume," is the striking introduction to a booklet of fifty-three pages of verses on sacred themes, published at Aberdeen in 1871. The author, Rev. George Peter, was minister of Kemnay ; and his productions were originally issued in single sheets for distribution among his parishioners. Mr Peter is a native of Marykirk parish, his father having been factor to Lord Kintore at Inglesmaldie. He began his ministry as assistant to his grand-uncle, the late Dr Barclay, Kingskettle, Fife ; and was in June, 1839, ordained as minister of Kemnay, where he attained his jubilee in 1889. Mr Peter is now living in retirement, his assistant and successor being the Rev. A. Hood Smith, who has kindly placed these facts before us.

WHAT DOST THOU HERE ?

Speeds the revolving year : cold winter brings
The close and the beginning ; a new name,
Frequent in every mouth ; the warning rings
Of parting time, which, gone, may none reclaim
From past eternity. O new-born year !
Thou hast a voice to me, "What dost thou here ?"

O new-born year ! feeding on mortal life,
 My days devouring as thou rushest on,
 Yet urging thoughts, deep and of purpose rife,
 To gain my day of grace ere it be gone ;
 Cruel, yet kind ! thy flight need none to fear
 Who heed thy friendly call, "What dost thou here?"

Ponder, my heart ! the oft-repeated call,
 As passing years sum up the appointed time
 God gives to man on earth, to thee ! to all,
 To work His work and to His favour climb ;
 Ponder ! but cease not in the path to steer
 Of duty ; God demands, "What dost thou here?"

GEORGE REID, born at Montrose in 1843, and latterly engaged in business as a retail draper there, has made several pleasing contributions to the local press. We quote part of a long poem on a pathetic subject of general interest.

THERE'S NO' A CHEEK IN GOURDON DRY.

There's no' a cheek in Gourdon dry,
 There's no' a heart but's sair,
 There's no' a hame in a' the place
 But has o' grief its share.

There's no' a bairn in a' the street
 But kens there's something wrang ;
 There's no' a lad but hings his heid,
 And hush'd's the maiden's sang.

The sough o' sobbin' hearts is heard
 In a' the place around ;
 The very bairnies on the street
 Ha'e ceased their merry sound.

For lightsome hearts at morning rise,
 Ere nicht are chilled by gloom ;
 For four brave lads that left the shore
 Ha'e met wi' sudden doom.

The "Scottish Maid," a craft as trig
 As ever cleft the wave,
 Thro' mony a storm had reached the shore—
 That round her wildly rave.

But boats may come, and boats may go,
 And mony a voyage be made,
 But tidings nevermore will come
 Of Gourdon's "Scottish Maid."

JAMES RETTIE, who styled himself "A Superannuated Gardener," published "A Few Moral Reflections," with a poem or two, at Montrose in 1815. There are twenty-eight pages in all, but nothing calling for remark or quotation.

JOHN ROBERTS—who was miller at Marcus some thirty or more years ago, and who termed himself "The Bard of the North"—published a small volume of his rhymes, which he disposed of personally, perambulating the county on a "shaltie," and making thus a "house to house" offer of his "Groats and Shiels." He affected indifference to the fame of Burns, esteeming himself a good second, or more ; but—alas !

J. SCOLLAY, of the half-pay office, Arbroath, published, late in last century or early in this, a booklet of seventy-one pages of fearful and wonderful essays and poems, the quality of which may be judged by this representative stanza from some verses, "In Honour of Admiral Neilson."

Hail ! Britain, hail ! hail your God !
Hail the first of August ! mark your enemies' fate,
When heaven's powers victory did proclaim,
In seventeen hundred and ninety-eight.

ALEXANDER SCOTT. For information regarding this bard of ancient times we are indebted to Black's "History of Brechin," on page forty-seven of which occurs the following note and poem, which we copy verbatim :—

Alexander Scott, who wrote in 1562, is said to have been a native of Brechin. Of this there may be doubt, but it is probable he was in some way connected with the burgh, for we have heard his poems recited by individuals in the town, who represented that they had the verses handed down to them by tradition. One of these poems struck us as particularly plaintive ; it is entitled, "An Address to the Heart," and runs thus :—

Return thee hame, my heart, again,
And byde whare ye were wont to be ;
Thou art ane fule to suffer pain
For luv o' ane that luv'es no' thee.

My heart, take neither strute nor wae
For ane, without a better cause ;

But be thou blithe and let her gae,
For feint a crum o' thee she fa's.
Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
Nor let her slights thy courage spill,
She'll dearly rue her ain beheist,
She's sairest paid that gets her will.

GEORGE SCOTT, Arbroath, published in 1830, a "Second Edition, corrected and improved," of "A Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, intended to discriminate the different speakers and to illustrate the figurative language of the Song of Songs."

The curious "Advertisement" is worth quoting :

"Although the following Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon has been scarce for some years, that many who wished to have a copy of it could not procure one, the very incorrect manner in which it was first printed (in 1801), and the many harsh Rymes which were complained of, caused some hesitation about reprinting it. In thinking of a second edition, considerable attention was necessary to improve the Rymes as far as possible, without deviating from the Author's meaning. This has been done in many instances ; and some may think there is still room for much more. Doubtless there is ; but in the improvements made, anxiety to keep by the original prevented farther freedom."

There are seventy-five pages in the one shilling booklet, and the quality of its contents may be gathered from the following lines, taken from the preface.

This Book to Christ's spouse doth belong,
And here HIS WORTH IS ALL HER SONG :
Man's proper station it holds forth,
All wretched, vile, and void of worth :
Yet supplicating mercy grand,
She in His worth by faith doth stand :

Rejoicing in His worth divine
His comeliness makes her to shine !
No frames or feelings of the mind :
No change of heart to good inclined—
The spouse of Christ all this rejects :
To Christ, her ALL, her eye directs.

DAVID R. SELLARS, artist, Dundee, was born at Musselburgh in 1854, his parents being Dundee people. They returned to their native city when their son was a few years old, and the major part of his life has been passed in various avocations at Dundee. A prominent Trades Unionist, Mr Sellars held several important positions among his fellows, and exercised an influence that can be characterised by no other term than Supremacy. His noble efforts in the saving of life are also noteworthy, and have been publicly recognised; while his oratorical, literary, and artistic abilities single him out as a man of exceptional power. We quote a short example of those poetic effusions which see the light through the medium of several Dundee periodicals.

LOVE AND AID EACH OTHER.

Poortith befa' the sordid wretch
 Wha grips and hoards his gear,
 Indulgin' in ilk gruesome wile
 To grasp or gather mair;
 Ne'er lending succour to the weak,
 Ne'er helpin' those that need;
 Yet wi' his wealth maist deeply plunged
 In misery indeed.

But leeze me on the generous mind,
 Wha cheerfully hands forth
 A helpin' han' to fellow man,
 To puir but honest worth;

Wha's ruddy beamin' sonsie face
 Bespeaks content within;
 A pure and uncorrupted heart,
 A conscience clear o' sin.

Then should you see a helpless waif
 For your assistance suin'
 While on life's stream bein' swept along
 Toward the gulf o' ruin,
 Ne'er pause, but rax a friendly loof,
 And save a strugglin' brither;
 For blessin's rich upo' them pour
 Wha love and aid each ither.

GEORGE SHIRREFF, Tailor, near Salmond Muir, Arbirlot, published in 1826 a booklet of two dozen pages of the crudest verses, descriptive of his experiences as a "whip-the-cat" in the districts surrounding Arbroath. The reproduction of any part of George's maunderings is neither necessary nor desirable.

THE REV. NORMAN SIEVEWRIGHT was settled as *English* Episcopal Clergyman at Brechin in 1750. He is reputed to have been a man of great learning, was the author of several theological works, and a poet and musician besides. One of his poems was preserved and printed by his great-grandson, Colin Sievewright; and we quote the opening part of "A Poem on Astronomy," which in its eighty-two lines gives a concise description of the movements of the heavenly bodies:—Sievewright died in 1790.

Come forth, O man, yon azure Round survey,
 And view these lamps that yield eternal day,
 Bring forth thy glasses, clear thy wondrous eyes,
 Millions beyond the former millions rise.
 And canst thou think, poor Worm, these Orbs of Light
 Were only made to twinkle to thy sight?
 Presumptuous mortal, can thy nerves descri
 How far from each they roll, from thee how high?

Correct thy awkward pride, be wise and know
 Those glittering specks thou scarce discern'st below
 Are Founts of Day, stupendous Orbs of Light,
 Thus by their distance lessened to thy sight;
 Conceive each Star thou see'st another Sun,
 In bulk, in form, in substance like thine own.
 Consult with reason; reason will reply,
 Each lucid point which glows in yonder sky
 Informs a system in the boundless space,
 And fills with glory its appointed place;
 With beams unborrow'd brightens other skies,
 And worlds to thee unknown with heat and life supplies.

Mr Sievewright's death, and the consequent vacancy in the pastorate of the congregation over which he presided, gave rise to a clever and curious Rhyme, "The Beaux of Brechin Town," which commences with these lines:—

To all and sundry, South and North,
 On this side, and beyond the Forth,
 Be it in public manner known
 That we, the Beaux of Brechin Town,
 Which boasts a lot of well-dressed people,
 And eke an ancient Pictish Steeple;
 Where sweet South Esk so clearly flows,
 Eight miles or so above Montrose;
 At present are in sad disaster
 For want of a convenient Pastor
 To preach and pray awhile among us,—
 But not with vulgar crowds to throng us.

.
 From English forms he must not flinch,
 Nor fly the tenth part of an inch:
 'Gainst usages must thunder war,
 Though ignorant of what they are;
 Must Scotch Episcopacy abhor
 As our old Sievewright did before;
 Be fit for every kind of sport
 With people of the better sort, etc.

SAMUEL SKENE was one of Dundee's worthies some years ago, who retailed his rhymes printed in broadsheet form, and eked out a hand-to-mouth existence in that way. They were, mainly, maunderings on local subjects, or the topics of the hour, and sometimes rose a little over the average of such wares. A couple of stanzas from an evidently heartfelt obijuration, termed "A Bright Example," will show Samuel's style:—

Away with drink's madness, its curse, and its strife,
 No more shall its errors lay waste on my life;
 No more in deep sorrow with sweat on my brow,
 But the peace of my conscience abides with me now.
 When under drink's sting it would come with such might
 To debate all its points at the dead of the night,
 Confronting the hours when it gave me delay
 And pointing the loss of life's bright sunny day.

JAMES SMITH (2), the author of the following song, which, set to music for male voices by Dr John Greig, and published in the first volume of *The National Choir*, has been very popular, was born at St. Vigeans in 1860. He acted as a law clerk at Arbroath, Blairgowrie, and Brechin, and emigrated from the latter place to the United States. Mr Smith is gifted histrionically, and has essayed such parts as "Rob Roy" with much success.

THE BOWLER'S SONG.

When Winter dark, wi' bitin' blast,
 Gangs oot wi' muckle din,
 Dame Nature wakes frae sleep at last,
 As Spring comes gliding in.
 She decks hersel' in colours rare ;
 Flow'rs on her breast are seen ;
 The grass creeps up sae fresh and fair,
 To mak' a bonnie Green.

Chorus.

Then hey ! for the Green, the bonnie, bonnie
 Green,
 The Green sae trim an' gay ;
 And ho ! for the Players, awa' frae a' their
 cares,
 Wha lo'e the game to play.

Oor sorrows fly when on the Green
 We in a game take part ;
 An' gratefu' is the joyfu' scene
 To mony a weary heart.

The happy looks on ilka face
 Tell o' the joy within,
 An' bearded men feel nae disgrace
 When aifter bools they rin.

Hark to the Skips, we maun tak' tent,
 For they can angry crack,
 "Draw in," or "Gaird," or "Lie ahent,"
 Or "Try, man, rin the jack."
 "Weel dune," "Gude shot," "Maun, you're
 They cry in highest pitch, [a player !"
 Or, "You're owre strong ; why, ha'e a care,
 Your bowls are in the ditch !"

But, Summer gane, the flow'rs decay,
 As Autumn's dour winds blaw ;
 Then Nature sleeps ; we stop our play
 And pit oor bowls awa'.
 Sae while grim Winter reigns supreme,
 We'll crack aboot oor play,
 An' meet ance mair upon the Green
 When comes the op'ning day.

ROBERT SMITH. In 1714 was published "Poems of Controversy Betwixt Episcopacy and Presbytery, etc.," by Robert Smith, schoolmaster of Glenshee ; and, in 1729, "The Assembly's Shorter Catechism in Metre, for the use of young ones, by Mr Robert Smith, schoolmaster at Glamis, etc." That both books—which were reprinted by Stevenson, Edinburgh, in 1869 and 1872, respectively—are by the same person there is little doubt ; and Alexander Nicol's reference to the "Controversy" adds an element of interest to it and to its author. Of a truth, there is little to commend either work save that it is curious and scarce ; indeed, the former one may be described as vile ; and a quotation from the other one will show its calibre at a glance :—

QUESTION I.

What is the chief end of man ?

ANSWER.

The chief and highest end of man
 Is God to glorify,
 Keep His commandments, and enjoy
 Him to eternity.

Q. 2. What Rule hath God given, etc. ?

A. The only Rule infallible,
 Giv'n us for that intent,
 Is God's good Word, contained in
 Th' Old and New Testament.
 etc.

JAMES SOUTAR, an able and esteemed native and resident of Carnoustie, has made occasional and successful poetic contributions to the press, and has written essays and papers on many subjects, particularly on Poultry Breeding, in which he is an expert, and has acted as judge at Poultry Shows all over the Kingdom. Mr Soutar is also a musician, conducts a shoemaker's business, and is a magistrate in the recently created and fashionable burgh.

JOSEPH STEELE. A booklet of twenty-two pages, entitled "Tillygloom, A Scottish Poem, and Other Pieces," and which had some local celebrity in its day, was published at Arbroath in 1836. Its author was Joseph Steele, who acted for some years as foreman at East Mills, Brechin, and who adopted this plan of celebrating the careers of two sisters named Jack, who carried on business as brokers in Brechin, and who at one time had kept a tavern. The rhymes are of the poorest order, as may be judged from one of the incidental songs taken from "The Far-famed Maids of Tillygloom," the principal part of the booklet, and an attempt in the manner of "The Jolly Beggars":—

Air—"The Braes aboon Bonaw."

We'll mak' our maut, an' brew our ale,
We'll cheat the gaugers fairly,
We'll trick the ploughmen a' halesale
On market days fu' rarely.
Though publicans be sair despised
By mony a grudgin' carlie,
The ploughmen fine will a' combine,
Because they like the barley.
They'll rant an' rave an' tak' their drap,
Wi' siller shining rarely;
We'll dress them fine wi' Adam's wine,
The bree we'll water sairly.

We've health and wealth upon our side,
An' wit to guide it fairly;
We've youthful bloom, without a gloom,
We'll strive to please them rarely.
But Jamie is my charming joe,
I lo'e him very dearly;
When he comes in wi' little din
My heart is beating rarely.
He is the laddie that I lo'e,
For him I would rise early;
Frae Ogil Glen comes honest men,
An' Jamie crowns them fairly.

COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE (Mary Eleanor Lyon Bowes). There is preserved in the British Museum a copy of "The Siege of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem written by this lady, from the flyleaf of which book we have copied this note:—"The following Dramatic performance was written by Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess of Strathmore, the only Daughter of George Bowes, Esq., of Streatham Castle, and of Gibside in the County of Durham. It was privately printed and presented by the Countess to her more particular Friends, and is now of very great rarity," etc. The book is a thin 8vo. of sixty-three pages, without preface, and having on the last page the words, "Wrote in 1769." The date of its publication at London is given on the title page as 1774. We quote the opening lines of this interesting production:—

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

ACT I. ; SCENE I.

A ROOM IN SALADIN'S PALACE.

Saladin and Ismeno.

It is in vain we struggle with our fate;
The Christian God protects his votary's arms,
And Mahomet looks idly on. Twelve moons
Have shot their pale chaste beams on earth
Since first this army trod our wretched plains,
And desolation followed where they led.
Oh, my Ismeno, what avail those arts
Of hell, which thou art practised in!—

Enchantments all are vain—fruitless thy boast
The streams to poison where they slake their
thirst;
They are heaven-protected, and some guard-
ian god
Gives information of the destin'd fraud,
And wards the impending blow. Now, say,
What hope remains for wretched Saladin?

A brother's blood hath armed the wrath divine,
And earth no longer will endure my crimes ;
The bloody horrors that have stained my reign,
And mark'd me out a monster to mankind.
O virtue ! I would yet resume thy paths, [fled,
And tread thy peaceful ways ; but thou art
And with content are lost to me for ever.

Ismeno.

Is it my monarch speaks ? 'Tis, sure, illusion ;
For I did think him more than man,
With courage dauntless and as firm as rocks.
This bugbear Conscience quite unmans my
king,

Making him think and tremble like a woman.
The Christian blood with which our lands
o'erflow
Atones for that which placed you on the
throne,
And for your brother's murder,—Mahomet
Accepts, well pleas'd, the holy sacrifice
Which reconciles him to our past misdeeds,
And buries them in Christian blood—unseen
By every eye but God's—The world
Still thinks you virtuous, and good men
Support the pious cause, and love their king ;
Then rouse, my prince, to meet the yielding
And conquest shall again obey thy voice. [foe,

WILLIAM SUTTIE, who died, at Colliston, some years ago, wrote numerous songs of a simple character, mainly on themes dealing with local scenes and affairs. In 1847, a collection of these was published at Arbroath, in the form of a sixty page booklet, which is now very rare. Mr Suttie was in early life a weaver, and died, aged seventy-nine.

— TAYLOR, a farmer at Fetteresso, was given to occasional rhyming. Over date 1856, "*Dogger versus Bumper*," purporting to be "an ancient legend of Kilwhang," with rhyming introduction, appeared in an Aberdeen paper. The rhyme is very good of its kind, and describes the fight between a couple of liquor sellers, which the sheriff, eventually, had to settle.

GEORGE TAYLOR published at Montrose, in 1888, a little volume of seventy-two pages, entitled "*Delvings: by a Son of the Soil*." The author was the son of a farmer of Strachan Parish in the Mearns, and a cousin of Joseph Grant and David Grant, both eminent poets noticed in these pages. There are ten longish pieces in the book, but their literary merit is of the slightest, though they are teeming with reflection and ideas of a somewhat radical character. An extract from one of the pieces will illustrate this:—

THE LAND QUESTION.

But with increasing wealth we see
Increasing also poverty.
The wintry wind with angry thuds
Blows through poor folks' tattered duds ;
In every town and every street
Are shirtless backs and shoeless feet,
Or huddled in some wretched room,
Meal girnels and coal bunkers toom ;
Or, lower in the social scale,

Some have no homes wherein to dwell,
No house to shield from snow and sleet
The wandering arab of the street.
How are such scenes as these evolved ?
Is the next question to be solved.
We know 'tis one of nature's laws
That each effect must have a cause ;
And Poverty must be a token
That some great law must have been broken.

JOHN TAYLOR, a youthful Dundonian, published last year a booklet of ninety-two pages of Poems, Songs, Sonnets, and Epistles, entitled, "Leisure Moments with the Muse." It contains some pieces very creditable to a self-taught man of twenty-three, a sample of which may be found in his

FAREWELL TO MAULESDEN.

'Twas Autumn time, the Maulesden woods
Were drest in tints of yellow ;
Nae birdies sang their gentle lays,
The summer fruits were mellow.
A' nature looked fu' sad that day ;
From mourning trees around
The lyart leaves like teardrops fell,
And strewed the sodden ground.
I lingering stood wi' tearfu' e'e,
And viewed the sorrowing glen,
And aye the wild-wood seemed to sing
Farewell to Auld Maulesden.

The summer suns will come again
And gladden ye wi' flowers,
Wi' birdie's sang and spreading trees,
And rosy, smiling bowers.
But I will then be far awa',
Nae joy to me ye'll bring ;
The bonnie woods I'll never see,
Nor hear the birdies sing.
But still fond memory will reca'
Those scenes for ever dear ;
And bless the days that ance had been,
And wish again were here.

REV. J. TEASDALE—who describes himself as "Minister of the English Chapel, Dundee"—published, in 1784, a volume of 172 pages of very good verses. The full title of the work is "Picturesque Poetry. Consisting of Poems, Odes, and Elegies, on Various Subjects."

PATRICK HUNTER THOMS—known in the county of Angus as P. H. Thoms of Aberlemno, and in his native city as Provost Thoms—has some claim upon our attention here. Mr Thoms was an active public man, who, amid the bustle of business and municipal affairs, was much interested in literary matters, and was an occasional versifier ; but his rhymes, which are mainly of a serious turn, are not such as good poetic reputations are built upon. Mr Thoms was born at Dundee in 1796, and died there in 1882.

ANDREW THOMSON was a native of Kinnell, who was trained as a teacher and acted as such at Inverkeillor, Elgin, and Dunfermline. In 1841 he published "Scotland," a rhyming "Geography" in thirty-two pages, of which these verses are a specimen :—

MEARNS OR KINCARDINESHIRE.

The Mearns or Kincardineshire's
Triangular in form ;
And thriving woodlands, fertile fields,
This county much adorn.
Stonehaven stands where Carron stream
Right into ocean falls ;

Upon a bay, and on both sides
Is flanked by lofty hills.
And Bervie lies upon the coast,
Irregular to view,
It was a royal borough made
In thirteen sixty-two.

The "Angus or Forfar" part closes with this racy bit :—

Close by Southesk, on an incline,
And eight miles from the shore,
Lies Brechin, with two Tenements,
The Upper and the Lower !

THOMAS TURNBULL, a Forfarshire man, who was a bleacher at Newburgh, Fife, and who emigrated to New Zealand, was the author of "John Bull," a poem published in 1848; and of "The Newburgh Curlers," a short dramatic sketch, which was privately printed in 1845.

DR HENRY WILLIAM TYTLER, younger brother of James Tytler, and a son of the Rev. George Tytler of Fearn, is famous as being the first Scotsman who translated the works of any Greek poet into the English language. "Callimachus" was published in 1793, and while the translator was under a cloud of mental trouble. He recovered, however, and afterwards published "Pædotrophia; or the Art of Nursing and Rearing Children," a translation from the Latin, in dedicating which to Lord Buchan, he writes:

"With health, with ease, with sacred friendship blest,
The friendship of a virtuous heart, and good,
More dear to me than treasures of the proud,
Let me attempt the heights desired before,
Unlock now ancient, now the modern lore,
And happy that, the first of Scotian swains,
I taught a Grecian poet English strains."

Tytler began public life as a doctor in Brechin, but afterwards went to India. On his return he published "A Voyage from the Cape of Good Hope, and other Pieces." He died at Edinburgh in 1808, aged 56.

JAMES WALKER, Mains of Cowie, published at Montrose, in 1850, a volume of 140 pages, called "Effusions from the Braes of Cowie." The booklet purports to be an enlargement of and an *improvement* on a previous edition: the reader may judge from this extract in what line the author should be characterized:—

THE COTTAR'S CHRISTMAS.

(An "Effusion" of 33 stanzas; stanza 3, referring to "The Cottar.")

A little further, as he passes on,
His little cot appears within his sight;
A mighty king, while seated on his throne,
Can never, sure, be blest with more delight.
He sees his handsome cottage swept right,
His couthie wifie bids him welcome home;
His bonnie cantie ingle blazing bright;
The little wee things round about him come;
And Christmas plays, toys are shown to him by some.

MRS MARGARET WALLACE, through a long residence at Coupar-Angus, as the wife of the Rev. Robert Wallace, E.U. minister there, is deserving of a short notice in this place. In 1875 she published at Coupar-Angus "Emblems of Nature," a volume of 126 pages of very good pieces, mainly in praise of Nature's beauties, and largely of a moral and religious cast. Mrs Wallace was born at Leith in 1829, and died at Glasgow in the early '80's.

DAVID WATSON, a distinguished son of Brechin, was born in 1710. He was educated at St. Andrews, and became Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Leonards College, retiring on the union of that college with St. Salvadors in 1747. Removing to London, he became an author professionally, but fell a victim to the ruling dissipation of the times. A translation of Horace, and a "History of the Heathen Gods," formerly esteemed as a class book, were among his contributions to literature.

LOUIS or LEWIS WATT was the author of a booklet of thirty pages of poor matter, published by Anderson, Forfar, in 1823. Watt, who was a Kirriemuir tailor, avows his unwillingness to "venture before the public with the verses his friends advised him to print," and gives a rhymed apology which is better far than anything that follows:—

Now on a Donkey I will ride,
 Instead of the Pegasus;
 And up to Catlaw I will stride,
 Instead of Mount Parnassus.

Then do not laugh though we should stammer,
 Or aiblins we should fa';
 I have no spur some ca' a grammar,
 Nor yet a whip ava.

— WHITE, farmer, Kirkton of Clova, is credited with a curious effusion, called "Lines on the occasion of a recent Inauguration to the Degree of D.C.L.," which seems to refer to a dream of the writer's, and which concludes:—

And now, kind friends, before I bid adieu
 To the propitious Muses and to you,—
 To visit him should e'er your thoughts incline,
 In whom all arts and sciences combine,
 Seek ye the banks of Esk's meandering tide,

Where Kirktown's hamlet rises by her side:
 There, while the toddy's fragrant steams arise,
 And bannocks rare find favour in your eyes,
 Again the ever-pleasing tale I'll tell,
 How ancient Oxford crowned her D.C.L. !!!

ISABELLA WHITE, Laurencekirk, published at Brechin, in 1869, a small volume of poems, entitled, "The Lovers of the Mountains."

ALEXANDER WILSON (2). This now nearly-forgotten bard, who was a weaver and a bit of a character in Forfar, published, in 1821, a twenty-six page pamphlet of homely verses, of which we append a short specimen.

"When from this dark region of sorrow is borne
 The dust ever honoured of Maule and of Hume;
 Their deeds through all ages their names shall adorn,
 While the tears of their countrymen sink on their tomb.
 For often the moan of the fatherless orphan
 And widow they've heard when affliction was nigh;
 And kindly relieved them from poverty's anguish,
 When many around them were deaf to their cry."

WILLIAM WILSON, "the most famous of Crieff poets," as Kippen styles him in his "Traditions" of the popular Perthshire town, had a close and important connection with the literary history of Dundee. He was the conductor of the *Dundee Literary Olio*, a sixteen page quarto of articles and poems, published fortnightly, price 4d.; which ran into fourteen numbers, and in which many of Wilson's own productions appeared, along with those of the Dundee literary aspirants of the hour. He contributed to "Whistle Binkie," and largely to other magazines and papers; his activity being the more surprising, in that he was engaged as a cloth "lapper" during the hours of an unusually long working day. A volume of his poems was published in 1869, nine years after his death, which occurred in America, where for many years he had kept a book store and circulating library. It was Wilson's cherished intention to publish a work—part of which he had prepared—on the Poets and Poetry of Scotland, a worthy ambition which eventually was nobly carried to success by his son, General James Grant Wilson. We may add that he was born at Crieff in 1801, and that his productions appeared usually over the *noms de plume* "Alpin" and "Allan Grant." An example of his lyric style may not inappropriately be given here:—

FAREWELL!

When wild winds are sweeping
By Bonnie Dundee,
And kind hearts are weeping
For loved ones at sea;
When fearfully toss'd
On the surge of the main—
I'll love thee in tempest,
In peril and pain.

Farewell, my love Mary,
But sigh not again;
True love will not vary,
Tho' changeful the main.
The dark ocean billow
Our light bark may cover,
But death cannot alter
The true-hearted lover.

At night when thou hearest
The loud tempest rave,
And he, to thee dearest,
Is far on the wave:
Oh, then thy soft prayer,
Half broken by sighs,
For him on the ocean
To heaven will rise.

His dreams will be sweeter
Remembered by thee;
His shallop sweep fletcher
Across the deep sea.
Now cheer thee, love, cheer thee,
For fresh blows the gale;
One fond kiss—another—
Sweet Mary, farewell!

JOHN WOOD. "The Reformer, or a Poetical Epistle to a Friend" is the title of a poem which—with "A Song," and a very long but well-written, if inflated Preface, also on Reform Principles—was published, as a booklet of thirty-two pages, at Montrose in 1819. Wood was a schoolmaster, and died at Laurencekirk in 1832, aged 40. A short quotation from "The Reformer," which is a fair effort, may be interesting:—

"To you, who really do admit
The justice of the cause, but yet,
Through cowardice base, wont preserve
Its rights, I truly would observe:
'Tis far from manly to give way

In midst of duty's rugged sway;
Scorning the conduct of a slave,
He only is the soldier brave,
Who dares in duty's path to face
The dangers of a soldier's place."

The names that follow are those of writers who have not come very prominently before the public; of some regarding whom information is not easily available, if at all; and of others whose diffidence, it may be, prevents their being more fully represented.

ARROT, Mrs William, Arbroath. Dr Jamieson recovered some fine old ballads from her recital.

AUCHTERLONIE, Rev. D. K., Craigdam U. P. Church; a native of Carnoustie.

BALFOUR, Alexander, Carnoustie; relative of W. L. and Charles Balfour.

BARCLAY, Rev. Mr, Sauchieburn; turned old songs into hymns. (?)

BEATTIE, William, blacksmith, Stonehaven. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.

BLACK, D. D. Song, "Oh! sweet were the hours"; "Angus Album," 1834.

BURNS, William Rose, Brechin; now of Valparaiso.

CALDER, John F., Solicitor, Dundee, was the writer of some interesting verses, and the printing of them on a small private press formed a recreation for their versatile author. Messrs Brodie & Salmond, Arbroath, have lately published as a memorial volume the book which Mr Calder had almost completed when his death occurred in 1891. This work contains, in addition to the poems, a biographical sketch by Mrs Calder, and a portrait of the lawyer bard and printer.

CARGILL, Alexander, Arbroath.

CARNEGIE, C. W., of Forfar; now in Mexico.

COUPAR, Rev. Robert, Macduff; a native of Fordoun.

COWIE, Wm.; a native of Little Keithock, Brechin; now in America, poetic contributor to the press.

CRABB, James, Brechin.

CRAIG, David. Song, "The warning bird"; "Angus Album," 1834.

CRAIGIE, W. A., Newtyle; Assistant Professor, St. Andrews University.

EWEN, John, Forfar; Inspector of Science and Art Deptl. Schools; author of "Susie," a novel, various scientific essays, and verses.

FARQUHARSON, Finlay. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.

FRASER, Helen T., Lochlee. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.

GIBSON, Rev. Alexander, Carnoustie; published "Juvenile Poems."

GILLIES, John, Brechin; died in 1836, aged 90; author of note, and humorous rhymster.

GRAY, Robert, schoolmaster, Banchory Devenick. "Poems by the People," 1868.

HAGGART, Alexander; at one time precentor, Tannadice.

HARDIE, John, gardener, Brechin; a native of Banffshire, and an enthusiastic musician, is an occasional poetical contributor to the *Brechin Advertiser*, and other papers.

HENDERSON, Dalgety; Scottish Vocalist.

J. J. Song, "James Sandy's dead"; "Angus Album," 1834.

- JOLLY, William, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Glasgow ; a native of Arbroath.
 "LOCHINVAR," Montrose.
 MACDONALD, Joseph, Dundee.
 MACDONALD, J. B., Dundee.
 M'KENZIE, John A., Alrick, Glenisla. "Poems by the People," 1868.
 M'WATERS, William, Dundee. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.
 MARSHALL, Robert, Dundee. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.
 MELVILLE, David, Dundee and Arbroath ; contributor to Press.
 "MIGNONETTE," Dundee.
 MILLAR, Charles, Dundee. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868, etc. ;
 born 1809, died 1893.
 MORTON, John, Dundee ; prize-winner in several *Journal* competitions.
 MOYAR, George S., Arbroath.
 MULLEN, Robert, Dundee. "Poems by the People," Dundee, 1868.
 MURRAY, William Fettes, M.D., Forfar ; author of several clever poetical skits
 on local politics.
 NICOLL, D., Arbroath.
 PURGAVIE, James L., gamekeeper, Tealing.
 ROBBIE, John, Dundee. "Poems by the People," 1868.
 ROBERTSON, Alexander, Arbroath.
 RUSSELL, John, Arbroath.
 SAUNDERS, D. H., Blairgowrie and Dundee ; widely known as "A Christian
 Democrat."
 "SCHREIBER," Broughty-Ferry.
 SIEVEWRIGHT, William ; Brechin and Perth.
 SINCLAIR, William. "The sea bird" ; "Angus Album," 1834.
 SMITH, D. M., Bullionfield, Dundee.
 STEWART, C., Broughty-Ferry.
 STURROCK, James, Forfar ; wrote "Linnburn Farm" for *Caledonia*, and poems ;
 died 1896.
 WADE, Charles, Arbroath.
 WALKER, James E., Laurencekirk ; known as a "Poets' Corner" contributor
 under the pen-name "Quintin Queery."
 WEIR, Arthur, son of a Brechin gentleman settled as a banker at Montreal, is
 a well-known literary man there. He published "Fleurs de Lis, and
 other Poems" in 1887.
 WEIR, Miss, Brechin.
 WHITE, A. D., Dundee ; now resident in Ayrshire.
 WIGHTON, Robert, teacher, Dundee ; published a tale in verse.
 WILLOCKS, John ; Vice-President of Burns Society, Dundee, has made many
 able contributions to poetical and general literature. In his professional,
 social, and literary capacities, Mr Willocks is greatly esteemed in the
 community of Dundee.
 WYLLIE, David. Song, "She sighs her love to me" ; "Angus Album," 1834.
 The death of Mr J. B. Brechin (see p. 62) occurred at Dundee in the summer
 of 1897.

These further jottings on Authors, Books, Poems, etc., possessing a local bearing and interest, may prove useful to many of our readers :—

BAIN, Rev. James F. ; born at Pitcairley, Newburgh, in 1827, died at Brechin in 1851—was the author of an excellent poem on “The Abbey of Aberbrothock,” which appears in Mr Edwards’ “Modern Scottish Poets”; as of other writings and translations of much merit.

BLACK, D. D. “History of Brechin.”

BLAIR, Rev. George. “The Holocaust,” etc., a volume of poems published in 1845, contains “Lines to Montrose.”

BRUCE, James (brother of Michael Bruce). “The Farmer,” Dundee, 1813.

CARNEGIE, A. S. “Half Hours with Arbroath Poets,” Arbroath, 1896.

CREECH, William (Provost ?). “Montrose Races” (eight-page pamphlet), 1795.

CUMMING, Gershom ; and James Thomson. “Forfarshire Illustrated,” an interesting work on the county seats, etc.

DICKSON, George C. “Carnoustie and its Neighbourhood,” Carnoustie, 1892.

EDGAR, Miss. “Tranquility, and Translations from the Italian,” Dundee, 1810.

EDWARDS, D. H. “Guide to Brechin,” 1884 ; “Modern Scottish Poets,” sixteen volumes published yearly from 1880 to 1896 ; “Around the Ancient City,” a guide book and county history ; and other works.

FENTON, Andrew L. “Forfar Poets,” Forfar, 1879.

FOTHERINGHAM, James. “Carnoustie Sketches,” Arbroath, 1889.

FRASER, Rev. W. R. “History of the Parish and Burgh of Laurencekirk,” Edinburgh, 1880.

FRASER, Sir W. “History of the Carnegies of Southesk.”

HAY, George, F.S.A., Scot. (Editor, *Arbroath Guide*). “History of Arbroath,” 1876 ; “Round about the Round O with its Poets,” 1873 ; “Aberbrothock, Illustrated,” 1885 (containing a large number of excellent drawings by John Adam, Edinburgh, a native of Arbroath), etc.

HERD, David. “Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads,” etc., in two volumes, Edinburgh, 1776 ; contains several of our local pieces, and a fragment the stanzas of which commence :—

1 The prettiest laird in a’ the west
And that was Bonnymoon, etc.

2 And Boysac he was tender, etc.

and 3 I’d rather ha’e Redcastle, etc. ; with the refrain :—

O Boysac, gin ye die,
O Boysac, gin ye die,
O I’ll put on your winding sheet,
Fine Hollan’ it shall be.

“HERESY HUNT, THE,” Dundee, 1879.

HUDDLESTONE, Robert ; appointed Schoolmaster of Lunan in 1789 ; published (Montrose, 1814) an edition of “Toland’s History of the Druids,” with copious and learned notes ; edited Holinshead’s “Scottish Chronicles” ; and contributed largely to periodicals on antiquarian and scholarly subjects.

- JOHNSTONE, W., Tayport ; published at Dundee, in 1853, "The Wreath ; being Poems and Songs."
- LINDSAY, Lord. "Lives of the Lindsays."
- LIVINGSTONE, Peter. "Poetry of Geography," Dundee, 1853.
- LOW, James G. "Memorials of the Parish Church of Montrose," Montrose, 1891, etc.
- M'BAIN, J. M. "Arbroath Poets and their Songs," Arbroath, 1883 ; "Arbroath Past and Present," 1887 ; "Eminent Arbroathians," 1897 ; etc.
- M'CALLUM, H. and J. "Poems of Ossian, Orram, etc.," Montrose, 1816.
- MACDONALD, J. P. "A Keppoch Song," Montrose, 1815.
- M'PHERSON, Rev. Dr Ruthven. "Strathmore, Past and Present" ; and other works.
- MARSHALL, Rev. William. "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," Edinburgh, 1878.
- MILLER, David. "Arbroath and its Abbey," Edinburgh, 1860.
- MILLS, John F. "Through Thrums," Kirriemuir, 1896.
- MITCHELL, David. "The History of Montrose," Montrose, 1866.
- MORTIMER, R. "A Night with St. Ninian at Brechin," 1861.
- MUCKLE, William. "Holyrood, and other Poems," Edinburgh, 1863 ; contains poems on "Kelly Castle," etc.
- MYLES, James. "Rambles in Forfarshire" ; "Chapters in the Life of a Factory Boy" ; "A Feast of Literary Crumbs, by Foo Foozle and his Friends" ; various articles in periodicals, etc.
- NORRIE, W. "Dundee Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century," Dundee, 1873.
- "OUR BOARD, A Railway Legend," Montrose, N.D.
- PHILIP, Rev. Adam, F.C., Longforgan. "Fordoun," a Poem ; "Longforgan Parish," a History ; etc.
- PORTER, Alexander, Edzell. "Poems," Montrose, 1861.
- "POUTE" (Alexander Burgess). "Poutery, Poetry, and Prose," Dundee, 1875.
- RAE, John S. "Poems and Songs," Brechin, 1884.
- ROSS, James, Forfar. "Angusshire Chaplet," Dundee, 1819 ; "A Sermon, etc.," Forfar, 1825.
- RUSSELL, R. "The Twelve Months Delineated," Dundee, 1796.
- SMITH, D. C. "St. Andrews Lyrics," Brechin, 1885.
- "THE BALL of KILLIEMUIR." An old and spirited ballad of great local interest.
- "THE TAY BRIDGE, AND ITS ECHO," Broughty-Ferry, 1871.
- "THE TEARS OF MARISCHALL COLLEGE" is a free translation of the title of a volume of poems, written mainly by Massey and Alexander Wedderburn, and published at Aberdeen in 1623. The poems are laudatory of the renowned George Keith, Fifth Earl Marischall of Scotland, the founder of Marischall College, Aberdeen, and who died at Dunnottar Castle in 1623.
- WARDEN, A. J. "Angus or Forfarshire," three volumes, Dundee, 1880-82.
- WATSON, Thomas. "The Deil in Love," Arbroath, 1851 ; "The Rhymer's Family," Arbroath, 1845.
- WIGHTON, Robert. "The Beggar's Son : a Poem in six Cantos," Dundee, 1812.
- WILSON, Alexander. "Fred Roy, and other Poetical Pieces," Dundee, 1844.

AN ADDRESS IN SCOTCH.

By Dr CHARLES KEITH.

This further interesting example of the work of Dr Keith was discovered too late for insertion at the proper place. It appears in the volume of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Andrew Shirrefs, A.M.," of Aberdeen, which was published at Edinburgh in 1790; and is there introduced as "An Address in Scotch, on the decay of that Language, written by a Gentleman of distinguished literary merit (The Author of *Farmer's Ha'*), and spoken by Mr Briarly, previous to the Representation of JAMIE and BESS, January 12th, 1788."

Auld honest Scotsa's slighted sair,
Her plain guid speech can please nae mair;
But we're new-fangled ilka hair,
And that's our shame,
For we're ay seeking what is rare
And far frae hame.

We had our bards in days o' yore,
Wha in poetic flights could soar,
And wi' their pipes mak' ilka shore
Fu' sweetly sound;
But our ain lays are now no more
In Scotsa found.

Our DRUMMONDS and MONTGOMERIES then
Were perfect masters o' the pen;
Our DOUGLASSES and RAMSAYS, *men*
O' rarest merit,
Wha chaunted ay in pauky strain,
Wi' canty spirit.

Young FERGUSON, in our ain days,
Began to sing in hamel lays,
But, bright and fleeting in a blaze,
He left the warl';
O! he, dear swain, exceeds a' praise
O' wife or carl.

Alack-a-day! sin' he is gone,
Poor Scotsa now in vain will moan,
Nae thing can for his loss atone,
Her heart to hight;
Wi' him the *Muses* every one
Ha'e ta'en their flight.

There's nae *Mecenas* o' this age
That loves the *Caledonian* page,
Nane wad but rise into a rage
Gin ony swain
Wad dare to seek their patronage
In hamely strain.

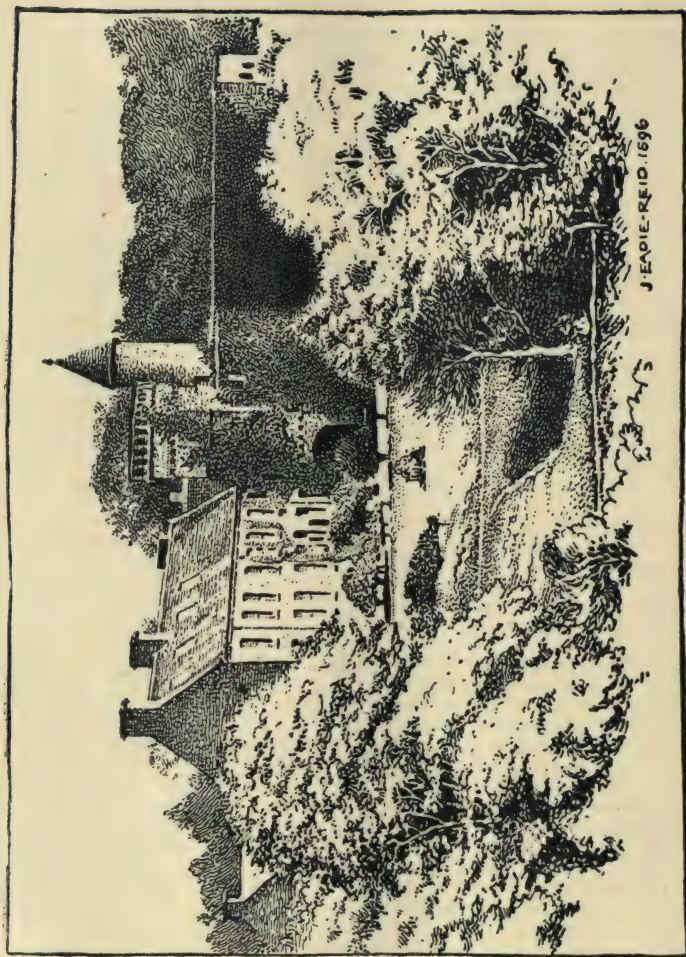
This pride, O wherefore now-a-days?
And why forsake our ain sweet lays?
It is enough to gar fowk gaze,
And won'er sair,
To hear that *Scotsmen* sae dispraise
Their guid auld lear.

Scotsa's daft sons are sair to blame,
That e'er they followed sic a scheme,
For *Scots* is neither flat nor lame;
And, Sirs, consider,
When we had *Kings* and *Courts* at hame,
They spake nae ither.

Tho' Southern lads ha'e sweetly sung,
Sic as a MILTON, POPE, or YOUNG,
We needna quit our mither tongue,
Nor yet think shame
That we were frae auld *Scota* sprung,
That dainty dame.

But *Fashion* now, light-headed fair,
Does meikle mischief brood and care;
She gars us play the fool fu' sair,
Wi' a' her might,
Else fowk wad ne'er ha'e leav'd the air
Their speech to slight.

For a' my anger and chagrin,
Whilk ha'e maist thrown me i' the spleen,
On gentle fowks o' Aberdeen
I cast nae blots,
For LADS and LASSES *there*, I ween,
Speak *guid auld Scots*.



From a Drawing by J. Eadie Reid.

“THE BONNIE HOUSE O’ AIRLIE.”

THE BARDS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNs.

APPENDIX.

*POEMS, ANONYMOUS AND OTHERWISE;
CONNECTED WITH, OR BEARING ON THE COUNTIES.*

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CONNECTED WITH, OR BEARING ON THE COUNTIES.*

BONNIE BUCHAIRN.

There are two versions of this old song extant, the Angus or Mearns version, which we reproduce here from "The Ballad Book" of George Ritchie Kinloch, and a Fifeshire one, which terms the song "Bonnie Glowre-owre-m," and which appears with its striking melody in *The National Choir*, Vol. II., p. 16. This song was often sung by the older race of Forfarians, and, as the "Lass o' Bu'wharn," still lingers in several districts of the neighbouring counties.

Chorus—Whilk o' ye lassies will go to Buchairn?
Whilk o' ye lassies will go to Buchairn?
Whilk o' ye lassies will go to Buchairn?
An' be the guidwife o' bonnie Buchairn?

I'll no' ha'e the lass wi' the gowden locks,
Nor will I the lass wi' the bonnie breast-knots,
But I'll ha'e the lass wi' the shaif o' bank-notes,
To plenish the toun o' bonnie Buchairn.

I'll get a thiggin' frae auld John Watt,
An' I'll get ane frae the Lady o' Glack,
And I'll get anither frae honest John Gray,
For keepin' his sheep sae lang on the brae.

Lassie, I'm gaun to Lawren's Fair;
"Laddie, what are ye gaun to do there?"
To buy some ousen, some graith, an' some bows,
To plenish the toun o' Buchairn's knowes.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

A variety of interesting considerations gather round the fine old melody associated with this song. Burns, Tannahill, and Macneill all admired it, and each in his own way did it honour. Tannahill wrote "The Braes o' Gleniffer" to suit its cadences; and though several musical settings for his exquisite song have appeared, none of them have superseded the plaintive strains of "Bonnie Dundee." Macneill's "Mary of Castlecary" is excellently adapted to it; and Burns's revision of the coarse verses associated with it in olden days

was one of the earliest indications of those powers whose development resulted in such signal advantage to Scottish song. The amended verses were contributed to Vol. I. of Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and a letter from Burns to his friend Cleghorn shows that he "added a stanza," making the song to read thus:—

<p>O whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? O silly blind body, O dinna ye see, I gat it frae a young brisk soldier laddie, Between St. Johnston and Bonnie Dundee: O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me 't! Aft has he dandled me upon his knee; May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie, And send him safe hame to his babie and me.</p>	<p>My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie! My blissin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree! Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie, Thou 's ay the dearer and dearer to me! But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks, Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear; And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, And mak' thee a man like thy daddie dear.</p>
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In several versions of the song an additional stanza appears, which, for the sake of completeness, we reproduce from the "Caledonian Pocket Museum" (1820), a collection of ancient and modern songs edited by Robert Burns, jr., the eldest son of his celebrated sire.

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e—
 But O! he's awa' and I dinna ken whare he's—
 Gin we could aince meet we'll ne'er part till we dee;
 O light be the breezes around him saft blawin',
 And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnilee,
 And the rich dews o' plenty around him wide fa'in',
 Prevent a' his fears for my babie and me.

The "Ettrick Shepherd" also wrote a song adapted to the old melody; and there are other variations, older and newer, Scots and English, of "Bonnie Dundee," including one that was contributed by a correspondent named Yemen to *Notes and Queries*, in 1859, and which reads as follows:—

O! whar got ye that auld crooked penny?
 For ane o' bricht gowd wad ye niffer wi' me?
 Richt fou are baith ends o' my green silken wallet,
 And high are my wa's owre in Bonnie Dundee.
 O! gin I saw the dear laddie that had it,
 Wha, when we were bairnies twa, gied it to me,
 For a' the bricht gowd in your green silken wallet
 I never wad niffer my crookit bawbee.
 O! whar got ye that auld worsted plaidie?
 A mantle o' satin is fitter for ye:
 I'll clead ye in satin, and mak' ye a lady,
 Gin ye'd gang wi' me to Bonnie Dundee.
 Ye may clead me in satin and mak' me a lady,
 And tak' me owre heartless to Bonnie Dundee,
 But my heart neither satin nor gowd can procure ye,
 I sell't it lang syne for this crookit bawbee.

Mr Yemen declared that he found this variant among some old family papers! It, in turn, has served as a prototype of the popular duet "The Crookit Bawbee," in which the *venue* is changed to "Bonnie Glenshee," and to which very attractive music has been composed.

DEN FINELLA.

Mr D. M'GREGOR PETER, heraldist, musician, and antiquary, and the compiler or author of "The Baronage of Angus and the Mearns," has this note on the following lines, which refer to the famous Mearns resort:—"This far-famed Den derives its name from Lady Finella, daughter of the Celtic Earl, or Maormor of Angus (the boundaries of which then extended to Fettercairn), and wife of the lord of the Mearns, who is said to have planned the murder of Kenneth III. (970-994) at Fettercairn, out of revenge for Kenneth having executed her son for treason. *Wyntoun* writes:—

scho couth nocht do that be mycht
Scho made thame traytouris be hyr slyght';

While in the following quaint lines, he points to Kenneth's own court as the regicides:—

'As throw the Mernys on a day
The Kyng was rydan hys hey way,
Of hys awyn Curt al suddanly
Agayne hym ras a cumpany
Into the Towne of Fethyrkerne:
To fecht wyth hym thai ware sa yherne,
And he agayne them faucht sa fast;
Bot he thare slayne was at the last.'

*vide—Wyntoun's Cronykle pp. 182-3
and Jervise's "Memorials" pp. 84-5.*

And Smibert writes:—"One may fairly trace the jealousy existing betwixt the Scottish and Pictish lines, in this event. Finella was pursued and captured in this Den; and finished her days on the scaffold."

Hail! Den Finella, great in glory!
Far-famed in Caledonian story!
What time Finella, as we learn,
Shed Kenneth's blood at Fettercairn;
And when pursued with hue and cry,
She fled in thy thick gloom to lie;
Until drawn forth to open day,
To cruel death she fell a prey,
And sprinkled with her blood thy shades,
And purpled all thy rocks and glades.

So much for fame in days of old—
Come, Muse, its modern state unfold:
And sing how *Nature* leans to *Art*,
How *Taste* appears in every part,
With devious walks, wood-arched over,
Retirement fit for sage or lover:
How different trees here harmonise,
Of every tinge, and shape and size,
Converting day to twilight drear,
As from its sides their heads they rear,
To cover from the prying eye
The stream below, that wimples by.

In midst of this retreat there stands
A ruin formed by mortal hands,
A rock it seems on nature's plain,
Like that vast pile on *Cloach-na-bean*;
But by some slight, a bridge 'tis grown,
For here a rustic arch is hewn,
In semblance scooped from rugged stone,
And joining both the banks in one.
Beneath the bridge's seaward side,
A cat'ract pours its furious tide,
Descending quick, with headlong tumble,
With deafening din and howling grumble,
Into a gulf immense, profound,
Whence Echo swells the thundering sound;
Dark clustering trees the dungeon hide,
And in its womb from side to side,
The element enraged boils,
And from the rocky sides recoils,
Then leaps, and foams, and darts away,
In hidden path, with angry spray,
And hies to Ocean's bed for rest,
With such turmoil right sore oppress.

The way-ward wight, with hasty pace,
Who stops not from this bridge to gaze,
Is self-condemned—a clod of nature!
Devoid of soul, in every feature:
Nor stands he higher, who in state,

Is marked and numbered with the great,
That halts not here, to see and wonder,
And on such scenery to ponder;
For Art and Nature both combined
Must charm and elevate the mind.

DUNDEE.

By THOMAS SMIBERT.

The author of this lyric—written to suit the older form of the favourite air “Dundee,” as given in the Skene MS.—was born at Peebles in 1810, and died at Edinburgh in 1854. He began life as a surgeon, but became a professional literary man, the author of several important works in prose and verse, and a voluminous contributor to *Chambers's Journal*.

Fare thee weel, thou bonnie river,
Rowin' by my ain Dundee;
Aft, in days gone by for ever,
Thou hast borne my love and me:
Thou hast heard, in days departed,
Vows that nane could hear but thee;
Now thou see'st me broken-hearted—
Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

On thy waves a light is fa'in',
Ruddy as the rose in June;
Some may trow it is the dawin'
Glinting frae the lift abune:
But I ken thou'rt only blushing
That a maid so false could be!
Like thy springs my tears are gushing—
Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

By ROBERT BURNS.

The beautiful and accomplished daughter of Lord Monboddo was honoured in being one of the poetical divinities of the National Bard, who thus refers to her in his “Address to Edinburgh”:

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of Joy!

Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

In sending this poem to his friend Chalmers in Ayr, Burns observed:—“Fair B—— is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence.” This adorable creature died of consumption in 1790, and during the year following Burns composed—not without some trouble, as he confessed to his friend Cunningham—his tributary verses to the memory of the graceful young Mearns lady:—

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in simmer's pride, ye groves;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, inmixed with reedy fens;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored;
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
 And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
 And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
 But, like the sun eclipsed at morning-tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parents' heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
 So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
 So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

EPIGRAM ON DUNDEE.

By Dr JOHN JOHNSTON, Regius Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews.

(Translated from the original Latin.)

Where the calm South with gentle murmur reigns,
 And Tay's great current with the ocean joins,
 Dundee's fair town salutes the wond'ring eye,
 And towers with lofty buildings to the sky,
 And oft has gracious heard the shipwreck'd sailor's cry;
 To trading ships an easy port is shown,
 Which makes the riches of the world its own.
 Oft have her hapless sons been forced to bear
 The dismal thunder of repeated war;
 Yet unsubdued their noble souls appear.
 "Nor must the lovely female race refuse
 The grateful tribute of the willing muse,
 Whose matchless beauty, with strict virtue joined,
 May straight convince the sense of all mankind
 How false the poet, who durst thus declare—
Chaste is no epithet to suit the Fair."
 Restor'd Religion hath advanced her height
 And spread through distant parts the sacred light.
 "Thrice happy town, did she but rightly know
 The gifts that Heaven, and Heav'n's dear tribe bestow,
 And by her gracious deeds her saving knowledge show!"
 Alectum once 'twas named; but when you've view'd
 The joys and comforts by kind Heav'n bestow'd,
 You'll call it *Donum Dei*,—Gift of God.
 Boetius! Honour of the realm and town!
 Speak thou the rest, and make thy Mother's honours known.

EPIGRAM ON DUNDEE.

By Dr ARTHUR JOHNSTON, Physician to King Charles I.

Hail, Ancient City ! whose extended sway
 The roaring billows of the noisy Tay,
 And ground, which ill conceals invading Danes, obey.
 Genoa beholding thee, no longer boasts
 Her native marble, pride of foreign coasts ;
 And barbarous Egypt scorns her stately towers
 And Royal pyramids, compar'd with yours ;
 Gargara, the world's rich granary once, now yields
 Her golden harvest and her fruitful fields ;
 Liburnian galleys now strike sail to thine,
 Which, braving dangers, plough the foaming brine ;
 Now rich Venetians of fell want complain,
 Nor Cnidus longer boasts her finny train ;
 With yours compared the Spartan youth's not bold,
 Thy greater Consuls, Rome, with scorn behold ;
 " No other place has learn'd a nicer slight
 False from true merit to distinguish—right
 From wrong—and each accordingly requite ;
 Here, barley's juice, infused, yields noble Beer
 To please the palate and to make good cheer,
 Nor can you maltsters juster find than here."
 Who, from Tay's brow, would poorly fetch thy name,
 (Whence Taodunum known by vulgar fame),
 Of want of sense and art may justly bear the blame ;
 For since by hands immortal built you seem,
 Mortals thy juster name, Dei Donum, deem.

The Translator's addition.

But, lo ! a blessing, long desired in vain,
 The grateful sight at last doth entertain,
 T' immortalize the gentle Yeaman's reign.
 Sweet streams, in leaden tubes convey'd, now crown
 The different quarters of the ancient town,
 And add new lustre to its old renown.
 Thus, while the sole defect supplied, appears,
 O bless'd, O happy town ! thro' rolling years.

This and the three following pieces are free translations, by an anonymous writer, of passages taken from Dr Arthur Johnston's "Poemata," a large and somewhat fantastic work in Latin, published in 1642. Sheriff Mackay describes Johnston's "Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum" as "the last fruit of the old tree of Scotch Latinity."

EPIGRAM ON MONTROSE.

The noble town from ROSIE-MOUNT doth claim
 Its present, as from Heaven its ancient name :
 Near it's a hill by which a river glides,
 Both which to it delicious fare provyds :
 The hill doth flocks, salmon the flood brings forth,
 Or, what in Nero's ponds was of more worth.
 The lilies on the banks refresh the night,
 The roses on the hills afford delight.

Toward the east the seas themselves do spread,
 Which with a thousand ships are covered.
 A large field by the sea is stretched forth,
 Begirt with waters both at south and north ;
 Some youths train Horses here, some use the Bow,
 And some their strength in rolling great stones show.
 Some wrestle, some at Pennie-stones do play,
 The rolling balls with clubs some drive away.
 Should Jove or Venus view this town, sure he
 His Capitol, Her Ida leave would she.

EPIGRAM ON BRECHIN.

This fertile town doth 'twixt two rivers stand,
 One to the north, one to the southward hand ;
 The waters down betwixt the rocks do glide,
 Both bridges have, and many fords beside :
 The victory of the northern KING doth much
 Commend this city, since its men were such
 As stood, and by their valour vanquished,
 When as their neighbours treacherously fled.
 Here is a Bishop's house, and near to it
 A tower seems built by Phidias' art and wit,
 Its bulk so little, and its top so high,
 That it almost doth reach unto the sky ;
 Its structure's round, look to it from afar,
 You would imagine it a needle were ;
 It's built so strong, it fears no wind or rain,
 And Jove's three-forkèd darts it doth disdain.
 Compare the fabricks—Brechin's tower exceeds—
 Proud Egypt—all thy stately Pyramids !

EPIGRAM ON FORFAR.

The ruins of a palace thee decore,
 A fruitful lake, and fruitful land much more,
 Thy precincts, it's confest, much straitened be,
 Yet ancient Scotland did give power to thee :
 Angus, and other places of the land,
 Yield to thy jurisdiction and command.
 Nobles unto the people laws do give,
 By handy-craft the vulgar sort do live.
 They pull off bullocks-hides and make them meet,
 When tanned, to cover handsome virgin's feet :
 From thee are sandals to light Umbrians sent,
 And soles with latchet to Rope-Climbers lent ;
 And rullions wherewith the Bows do go
 To keep their feet unhurt with ice and snow :
 The ancient Greeks their boots from this town brought,
 As also hence their ladies' slippers sought.
 This the tragedians did with buskins fit,
 And the comedian-shoes invented it.
 Let not Rome hence of its puissance boast,
 Nor Spartans vaunt much of their warlike host :
 They laid their yoke on necks of other lands,
 Farfar doth tie their feet and legs with bands.

Johnston's fanciful allusion to Forfar's ancient trade is suggestive of the quaint lines attributed to Drummond of Hawthornden—and sometimes to the poet Gay—who on being refused hospitality at Forfar found it at Kirriemuir, and who thus referred to local rivalries and feuds:—

The Kirriemarians an' the Forfarians met at Muir Moss,
The Kirriemarians beat the Forfarians back to the cross;
Sutors ye are, an' Sutors ye'll be—
Fie upon Forfar, Kirriemuir bears the gree!

Forfar is here made to "sing small"; but the good old town can well afford this, particularly with the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer before it:—

Bonnie Munross will be a moss
When Brechin's a borough toon;
An' Farfar will be Farfar still
When Dundee's a' dung doon.

And the county town can place as another feather in its cap these lines from Sir Henry Spottiswoode's poem, "The Rebel States," in which the manly conduct of its Commissioner, Provost Alex. Strang, is commemorated:—

Neither did all that Parliament agree
To this abhorred act of treacherie.¹
Witness that still to be renowned sutor,
Forfar's commissioner, and the State's tutor

In loyaltye; who being asked his vote,
Did with a tongue most resolute denote
In loyal heart, in pithie words, tho' few—
"I disagree, as honest men should do!"

EPISTLE

FROM MR GAVIN GREIG, NEW DEER,
TO MR J. B. GREIG, LAURENCEKIRK,

On receipt of an invitation to the Ceremony of Unveiling the Restored Tombstones of Burns's Ancestors in Glenbervie Churchyard, June 1885, which professional duties prevented him attending.

MR GAVIN GREIG, M.A., F.E.I.S., is an honoured member of the teaching profession, and is rapidly earning distinction both in literature and music. We might claim Mr Greig as *almost* an Angus or Mearns bard; for his mother, and her ancestors, as far back as they can be traced, were Mearns people, and an uncle of hers was in his day Bishop of Brechin. But we do not urge the point, and gladly resign him to his native Aberdeenshire, of which he is a conspicuous ornament. As an organist, composer, reviewer, and editor, Mr Greig has rendered signal service to the cause of music and song in the North of Scotland; and his spirited verses on a local subject of national importance, which so appropriately secure a place in these pages, will awaken interest in the future manifestations of his poetic skill.

My worthy frien', your cherished card
First gart me bless your kind regard,
And syne wi' spitefu' speech, and hard,
Assail richt sair
My ain ill-luck that should ha'e marred
A chance sae fair.

For here by Ugie's infant brook,
While summer, wi' his bourgeoned crook,
Gathers in fairy dell and nook
The dew-drenched floors,
We luckless chiel's owre desk and book
Drag oot the hoors.

¹ The sale of Charles I. to his enemies.

But ye may trust my honest pen,—
Though Buchan's howe and Bervie's glen
Be fifty miles and gaun again

Frae ane anither,
My ardent fancy winna ken
Nor curb nor tether ;

But on the appointed aifterteen
Will lichtly wing the way between,
And drop upon the hallowed green
By Bervie's side,
To join the lads that there convene
In solemn pride.—

Glenbervie's laird¹ ; yersel', good sir ;
Auld Scotia's laurell'd chronicler² ;
Him that sae finely tells for her

The minstrel roll³ ;
Wi' mair wha feel high impulse stir
A loyal soul.

Soon—had not patriot zeal debarred—
All nameless 'neath the lonely sword
Had slept the forbears of our Bard,
The immortal Burns ;
Now 'during monuments shall guard
Their sacred urns.

Say stirred in them the minstrel soul—
Slight embryo of the perfect whole—
That through the generations stole,
To find at length
In Burns its high and final goal,
And full-orbed strength.

Ah ! who shall say, though jealous fate
Hedged their rude lives with confines strait,
What motions inarticulate
Their spirits felt,
When love's romance or nature's state
High raptures dealt ?

Then is there any voice to blame,
If on there scion's skirts of flame
An immortality they claim
Of twilight hue ?—
This from his plenitude of fame
An easy due.

Blame ?—Lo ! when'er the loyal Mearns
Had marked, distressed, their crumbling cairns,
She hasted soon to grant her bairns
Their simple need ;
And now a grateful country learns
The timely deed.

Then oh ! may heaven in sweetest guise
Crown with its smile the enterprise ;
Green be the glen, serene the skies,
And mingling sound
Of burn and breeze and bird arise
And swell around !

While Scotia notes the generous deed,
Breathin' a blessin' on ilk heid,
And marks, my frien', your genial lead
In this fair cause
Wi' mony a weel deserved-meed
O' warm applause.

HE WINNA BE GUIDIT BY ME.

Carnegie of Finhaven, celebrated as "the best flyer" from the field of Sheriffmuir, and often erroneously alluded to as the hero in "The Piper o' Dundee," is, says Jervise, impeached in "He winna be guidit by me," "as having been bought over by the Government," and as "being guilty of simony," in connection with the ejection of the Rev. Mr Grub, the last Episcopalian minister of Oathlaw. This was the same Carnegie who slew Charles, the sixth Earl of Strathmore, in an unfortunate brawl at Forfar in 1728.

O heavens, he's ill to be guidit,
His colleagues and he are dividit,
Wi' the Court o' Hanover he's sidit—
He winna be guidit by me :
They ca'd him their joy and their darling,
Till he took their penny o' arling ;
But he'll prove as false as Macfarlane—
He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,
Which will mak' him bestow the auld carlin'—
He winna be guidit by me :

He's angered his goodson and Fintry,
By selling his king and his country,
And put a deep strain on the gentry—
He'll never be guidit by me.

He's joined the rebellious club, too,
That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;
He's cheated poor Mr John Grub, too,
And he's guilty of simony :
He broke his promise afore, too,
To Fintry, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too ;
God send him a speedy glengore, too,
For that is the death he will dee.

¹ Mr Badenoch Nicolson.

² Dr Charles Rogers.

³ Mr D. H. Edwards.

IN BRECHIN DID A WABSTER DWELL.

This curious old rhyme—with very little *reason* perceptible—was deemed worthy of a place in the “Caledonian Musical Museum” (Edinburgh, 1820), edited by Robert Burns, Junr. Three of the five stanzas there given will amply serve to show the merits (?) of the production, which in its original form is long and coarse.

In Brechin did a wabster dwell,
Who was a man of fame, O,
He was the deacon o’ his trade,
John Stenton was his name, O :
A mare he had, a lusty jaud,
Baith sturdy, stark, and strang, O,
A lusty, trusty, skeigh, young yaud,
And he had spared her lang, O.

The wabster bade his mare go work—
Quo’ she, I am not able,
For neither get I corn nor hay,
Nor stand I in a stable ;

But hunts me, and dunts me,
And dings me frae the toun,
And fells me, and tells me
I am not worth my room.

The wabster swore an awfu’ oath,
And out he drew a knife—
If one word come out o’ thy head,
I vow I’ll take thy life :
The mare ay, for fear ay,
Fell fainting on the groun’,
And groaning, and moaning,
Fell in a deadly swoon.

JAMIE FRAE DUNDEE.

This old song—which, with its beautiful music, is given in *The National Choir*, Vol. II., p. 162—because of its early fame and *foreign* manufacture, presents to us many points of interest. Its history is so fully stated in the note accompanying the piece in the Collection referred to, that we cannot do better than repeat it here :—

“This song bears many of the marks of the genuine article, and it has often been cited as a Scottish production, but of its pseudo character there is no doubt whatever. Something very like it in appearance was discovered by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould during his researches in the West of England, and some enquiry and correspondence on the subject has led to the appearance of the song in our pages, as also to definite information regarding its authorship. Mr Baring-Gould points out that ‘Jamie frae Dundee’ appeared in the *Universal Songster* about 1820-6, and the authorship is there directly assigned to Mrs Brooke, well known as the librettist of the popular opera ‘Rosina.’ The air is a production of the celebrated William Shield (b. Durham, 1748 ; d. London, 1829) composer of the music of ‘Rosina’ (in which, ‘When the rosy morn appearing’ occurs), as of many other popular light operas, musical works, and popular songs, like ‘Old Towler,’ ‘The Wolf,’ ‘The Thorn,’ ‘The Heaving of the Lead,’ etc., etc.”

I canna like ye, gentle sir,
Altho’ a laird ye be ;
I like the bonnie Scottish lad
That brocht me frae Dundee.

I cam’ wi’ Jamie frae Dundee,
He cheer’d the lanesome way ;
His cheeks are ruddy a’ wi’ heath,
His he’rt is licht and gay.

Cho.—Haud awa’ wi’ Jamie,
Haud awa’ wi’ Jamie,
Haud awa’ wi’ Jamie owre the lea,
I gaed awa’ wi’ richt guidwill—
He’s a’ the warld to me.

The laverock mounts to hail the morn,
The lint-white swells her throat,
But neither are sae sweet, sae dear,
As Jamie’s tunefu’ note.

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

By WILLIAM THOM.

There is little, if anything, within the range of Scottish Poetical Literature more affecting than William Thom's "Recollections of a Handloom Weaver." George Beattie's Letters, and that calmly perfervid document "The Last," strike a note of even greater pathos; but there is in Thom's work a power of statement, a realism into which the reader seems to grow, which we miss from that of Beattie, touching though it be. Thom's gift as a prose writer approached to genius; and some of his poetical pieces, like "The Mitherless Bairn," will live with our "mither tongue." His life—which began at Aberdeen in 1789, and closed at Dundee in 1848—was a sad and chequered one: shadow predominated through it all; and brightness was only a fitful alternation. It is readable and writable more than is common; but as it is easily available, we will not linger over it here. Much of it was spent at Dundee, Newtyle, and other parts of Angus; and at Dundee, as, indeed, wherever "Willie Thom" chose to exert himself, his influence among the men who invariably gathered round him was paramount for good, or the reverse. "The Bard of Inverury" was a man among a thousand; and, on his death and burial at Dundee, the public, headed by the Queen, recognised this, by subscribing nearly £350 for the benefit of his destitute family. He who had been feted and lionized at London, whose books had passed into numerous editions, and who might have lived in comparative affluence on the products of his fertile powers, passed hence under the cloud of poverty. He gave us two pieces with a local bearing; one, "The Overgate Orphan," sad even to tears, and "Jeanie's Grave," even sadder in its theme and suggestion.

I saw my true love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away;
I feasted on her dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before.

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never shall my cold ear hear again;
In all our friendless wanderings, in homeless penury,
Her gentle song and jetty eyes were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest sigh—
I wept no frivolous weeping when I closed her lightless eye;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my footsteps tread;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

In Professor Child's great work on Ballads no fewer than seven versions are given of this old and favourite rhyme. Almost every editor has "tried his hand" upon it; and we may well regret that Burns never fulfilled his intention

to supplement the first stanza which he contributed, along with the air, to Johnson's *Musical Museum*. Kinloch noted in his MS. that Leezie Lindsay, "According to the tradition of Mearnsshire, is said to have been a daughter of Lindsay of Edzell: but I have searched in vain for genealogical confirmation of the tradition." We present a set of the verses, which was sumptuously printed at Brighton in 1895, at the instance of a descendant of the Lindsays, Mrs Dawson Rowley. The version was written from memory by the late Mr George Mitchell, keeper of Edzell Castle, and was taken by him from the recitation of an aged relative, Mrs Lamond, some sixty years ago. The famous Boston authority makes use of this version; and others are available in the collections of Whitelaw, Aytoun, etc.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

She turned her round on her heel then,
And a very loud laugh ga'e she;
I would like to ken where I was gangin',
And wha I was gaun to gang wi'?

My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I'll never think shame or deny;
My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mother she is an auld dey.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonnie Leezie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
For ye's get a bed o' green rushes,
A cod and a covering o' grey.

Up rase the bonnie young lady,
And drew till her stockin's and shoon,
And packed up her claes in a bundle,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

When they came near the end of their journey,
To the house o' his father's milk dey,

He said, Stay ye there, Leezie Lindsay,
Till I tell my mither o' thee.

Now make us a supper, dear mither,
The best o' your curds and green whey;
And mak' up a bed o' green rushes,
A cod and a covering o' grey.

Rise up, rise up, Leezie Lindsay,
Ye ha'e lain over lang i' the day;
Ye should ha'e been helping my mither
To milk her ewes and her kye.

Out spak' then the bonnie young leddy,
When the saut tear drap't frae her e'e:
I wish that at hame I had bidden,
I neither can milk ewes nor kye.

Rise up, rise up, Leezie Lindsay,
There's mony mair ferlies to spy,
For yonder's the castle o' Kingussie,
And it stands heigh and dry.

Ye are welcome here, Leezie Lindsay,
The flower of all your kin,
For ye shall be Lady Kingussie,
And ye shall get Donald my son.

By THOMAS HOOD.

It may cause surprise to many to find the name of this great English poet and humorist among those of our local bards; but when it is remembered that his father was a native of Dundee, and that Hood resided there, seeking health and finding it, during two years of the more impressionable part of his life, the cause for wonder grows the smaller. Moreover, he perpetrated some of his earlier rhymes in the gray old town, using its buildings, people, and customs as the text for such epistolary tit-bits as we append; and it was while in Dundee that Hood made his first public appearance as an author. This is reputed to have been in 1814; and the venture with a local newspaper led the way to other contributions which appeared in the *Dundee Magazine*.

What followed is known to all the world ; but Dundonians can never cease to regard with affection the memory of him who ran as a laddie through the streets of old Dundee, and whose epitaph reads, "He sang the Song of the Shirt." Here are some extracts from his juvenile reflections on "Bonnie Dundee" :—

Their buildings—as though they'd been scanty of ground—
Are crammed into corners that cannot be found,
Or as though so ill built and contrived they had been,
That the town were ashamed they should ever be seen.
And their rooted dislike and aversion to waste
Is suffered sometimes to encroach on their taste ;
For, beneath a theatre or chapel they'll pop
A sale-room, a warehouse, or mean little shop,
Whose windows—or, rather, no windows at all—
Are more like to so many holes in the wall.
And four churches together, with only one steeple,
Is an emblem quite apt of the thrift of the people.

A man who'd been reading the public events,
Amidst prices of stock, and consols, and per cents.,
Observed "Omnium," and to know what it meant,
With the news in his hand to a Bailie he went ;
For he thought the best way to obtain information
Was by asking at one of the wise corporation :
Mr Bailie hum'd, ha'd, looked exceedingly wise,
And considered awhile, taken thus by surprise,
Till at length the poor man, who impatient stood by,
Got this truly sagacious, laconic reply,—
"Omnium's just Omnium !"
Then returning at least just as wise as before,
He resolved to apply to a Bailie no more.

--- LINES ON "THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP."

By the Rt. Hon. ROBERT LOWE, LORD SHERBROOKE.

A peculiar interest attaches itself to these beautiful "lines." They were written, in 1873, at Cortachy Castle, for Blanche, Countess of Airlie, the friend of the author, a notable public personage, who was distinguished equally as a patriotic politician, a literary enthusiast, a brilliant conversationist, and a devoted friend.

Is life a good ? Then, if a good it be,
Mine be a life like thine, thou steadfast tree.
The selfsame earth that gave the sapling place
Receives the mouldering trunk in soft embrace :
The selfsame comrades ever at thy side,
Who feel no envy and who know no pride.
The winter's waste redeemed by lavish spring,
The whispering breezes that about thee sing,
The intertwining shadows at thy feet,
Make up thy life—and such a life is sweet.
What though beneath this artificial shade
No fawn has wandered, and no dryad played ?

Though the coy nurslings of serener skies
 Shiver when Caledonia's tempests rise,
 There floats an influence o'er the rising grove
 Less stern than nature and more pure than love.
 Yes ; not unhonoured shall these spires ascend,
 For every stem was planted by a friend ;
 And she, at whose command its shades arise,
 Is good and gracious, true, and fair, and wise.

O, STANEHIVE IS A BONNIE TOUN !

By Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

This great Scotsman, who as patriot, poet, and professor, was alike distinguished and popular, was the son of a Border gentleman, and was born at Glasgow in 1809. Noble in his defence and encouragement of Scottish Song—as, indeed, of all that was truly worthy and national—his removal in 1894 was felt to be an irreparable loss to those social, academic, and public functions where his picturesque personality and genial influence had long been predominant. It is pleasing to know that in his journeyings to and fro as an Aberdeen Professor, Stonehaven had caught his fancy ; and that this bright little lyric was the characteristic result :—

O, Stanehive is a bonnie, bonnie toun,
 From its quiet bay bright peeping ;
 'Twixt the rocks sae hard and bare,
 Like a little Eden sleeping :
 There aince lived a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 And worthy was the man who got her ;
 She was like the bonnie toun,
 He the rocks of strong Dunottar.
 She was mine by rights—ae nicht
 In the starry clear December,
 She did press my hand sae warm,
 Looked sae kindly, I remember :

But for want of needfu' cash,
 I was blate to tell my story ;
 And sae I lost my bonnie lass,
 And anither cam' afore me.
 Truth, she had a laughin' e'e,
 And her mou' was made for kissing ;
 Light her step, and when she spak'
 Ilka word did seem a blessing :
 O, she was a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 Worthy was the man wha got her ;
 Ne'er without a tear I pass
 Sweet Stanehive and strong Dunottar.

POEMS ON LOCAL SUBJECTS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

The author of "The Gentle Shepherd" claimed his descent from the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and thus alludes to this connection in the opening lines of an epistle "To the Earl of Dalhousie" :—

Dalhousie, of an auld descent,
 My chief, my stoup, my ornament,
 For entertainment a wee while,
 Accept this sonnet with a smile.

Setting great Horace in my view,
 He to Maecenas, I to you ;
 But that my muse may sing with ease
 I'll keep or drap him as I please.

Further, in "A Pastoral Epithalamium upon the Happy Marriage of George, Lord Ramsay, and Lady Jean Maule," these stanzas appear :—

Hail to the brave apparent chief,
 Boast of the Ramsay's clannish name,
 Whase ancestors stood the relief
 Of Scotland, ages known to fame !

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms
 Complete in graces, meet his love,
 Adorned with all that greatness warms,
 And makes him grateful bow to Jove !

Both from the line of patriots rise,
 Chiefs of Dalhousie and Panmure,
 Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,
 While ocean flows, and orbs endure.

The Ramsays ! Caledonia's prop ;
 The Maules ! struck still her foes with dread ;
 Now joined, we from the union hope
 A race of heroes shall succeed.

Another aristocratic reference is found in Ramsay's "Elegy on the Right Hon. James, Lord Carnegie, who died Jan. 7th, 1722, the 8th year of his age," a lengthy poem which commences with this stanza :—

As poets feign, and painters draw
 Love and the Paphian bride,
 Sae we the fair Southeska saw,
 Carnegie by her side.

William Aikman, the famous Scottish painter (born at Cairnie, Arbroath, in 1682, died at London in 1731), was repeatedly the subject of Ramsay's versification. Thus, in an *Epistle*, Aikman is in evidence :—

'Tis granted, Sir, pains may be spared
 Your merit to set forth,
 When there's sae few wha claim regard,
 That disna ken your worth.
 Yet poets give immortal fame
 To mortals that excel,
 Which if neglected they're to blame ;
 But you've done that yoursell.

While frae originals of yours
 Fair copies shall be tane,
 And fix'd on brass to busk our bow'rs,
 Your memory shall remain.
 To your ain deeds the maist denyed,
 Or of a taste o'er fine,
 May be ye're but o'er richt, afraid
 To sink in verse like mine.

Aikman was the subject of many poetic panegyrics by writers like Philip of "The Grameid," Thomson of "The Seasons," Somerville of "The Chase," Mallet, Sir J. Clerk of Penicuik, etc. ; and he moved in a social and literary circle of the greatest distinction. One more quotation from the Scottish Horace may complete these poetic references to this distinguished son of Angus :—

BETTY AND KATE.

A PASTORAL FAREWELL TO MR AIKMAN, WHEN HE WENT TO LONDON.

EXTRACT.

Betty.

Dear Katie, Willy's e'en away !
 Willy, of herds the wale,
 To feed his flock, and make his hay,
 Upon a distant dale.
 Far to the southward of this height
 Where now we dowie stray,
 Ay heartsome when he cheered our sight,
 And leugh with us a' day.

Kate.

O Willy ! can dale dainties please
 Thee mair than moorland 'ream ?
 Does Isis flow with sweeter ease
 Than Fortha's gentle stream ?
 Or takes thou rather mair delyt
 In the strae-hatted maid,
 Than in the blooming red and whyt
 Of her that wears the plaid !

Betty.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,
 He is not given to change ;
 But sauls of sic a shining turn
 For honour like to range.
 Our laird and a' the gentry round,
 Wha mauna be said nay,
 Sic pleasure in his art have found,
 They winna let him stay.
 Blyth have I stood frae morn to e'en
 To see how true and weel
 He could delyt us on the green
 With a piece cawk and keel ;
 On a slid stane, or smoother slate,
 He can the picture draw
 Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
 The likest e'er ye saw.
 Lass, think nae shame to ease your mind,
 I see ye're like to greet :
 Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
 For shepherd sae complete.

THE AULD MAINS DEN.

By ROBERT FORD.

We owe this charming song of Nature and the Affections to one who, but for the fact that Perthshire has the stronger claim, might reasonably have been enrolled among the bards of the county in whose chief commercial centre many years of his active life were passed. Mr Ford is one of our most accomplished penmen; and his numerous works on widely-varied subjects have secured the esteem not only of his literary fellows but of large sections of the reading public. But for the dispersion of his energy in other directions the present work might have appeared under his auspices: his interest in it is of the deepest, and his "Harp of Perthshire" is the proof that kindred labours in our shires would have enlisted his ablest service. "Thistledown": A Book of Scottish Humour and Anecdote, bears many marks of its author's great gifts as a story-teller; "Ballads of Bairnhood" is a notable collection of older and newer verses on child life; "Auld Scots Ballants" is a truly valuable compendium of interesting materials; while his "Readings," his edition of "Sandy Roger's" Poems, "Bothy Ballads," etc., and his own "Tayside Songs," point not only to Mr Ford's capacity for strenuous literary effort, but to the great success which has accompanied each venture of an author and editor whose work suffers not through his being the most genial and lovable of men.

Oh! the Auld Mains Den, the Auld Mains Den,
It's dear to a' oor bairn-fouk, oor women, an' oor men;
For mony happy days, in mony happy ways,
We ha'e spent upon the braes o' the Auld Mains Den.

When dancin' tots in daidles oor mithers took us there,
To row us 'mang the gowans, an' breathe the caller air;
To chase the bonnie butterflees atower the mossy fen,
An' gather cheeks o' roses in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

When rauchle, gamesome laddies, oor hearts alowe wi' glee,
Ilk' gladsome summer gloamin', as ear' as factory free,
We sallied forth, a swelling crowd o' happy little men,
An' shook the lift wi' daffin' in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

There's no a wife in a' the toun—a mither, young or auld—
A widow, or a widower, but lat the truth be tauld—
Ha'e spent the dearest moments the human heart may ken
By yon bonnie rowin' burn in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

We lo'e its sunny banks an' braes, an' hoary castle wa's;
Its shady dell, an' sainted well, whaur sunbeam never fa's;
An' while we ha'e the pith an' breath to wauchle but an' ben,
We'll sing the love we cherish for the Auld Mains Den.

Oh! the Auld Mains Den, the Auld Mains Den,
It's dear to a' oor bairn-fouk, oor women, an' oor men;
For mony happy days, in mony happy ways,
We ha'e spent upon the braes o' the Auld Mains Den.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

By PATIE BIRNIE.

The vitality of a popular song is in many instances quite impressive. Here is one whose redundancy of uncouth words and expressions might long ere this have proved its undoing, but which is perfect to-day as when sung by Patie Birnie, who composed it, presumably, two centuries ago. Allan Ramsay wrote an elegy on the Kinghorn fiddler, in which his achievements as a composer are thus indicated :—

“Your honour’s father dead and gane,”—
For him he first wad mak’ his mane;
But soon his face could mak’ ye fain,
 When he did sough.
“O wiltu, wiltu do’t again!”
 And grain’d and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head;
And eke “The Auld Man’s Mare she’s Dead”;
Tho’ peats and turfs and a’s to lead,
 O fye upon her!—
“A bonnie auld thing this, indeed,
 An’t like your honour.”

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

The auld man’s mare’s dead,
The poor man’s mare’s dead,
The auld man’s mare’s dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,
Steel-wamit, staincher-fittit,
Chauler-chaffit, lang-neckit,
 And yet the brute did dee!

Her lunyie banes were knags and neuks,
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
The jawpish, and the wanton yeuks,
 And the howks aboon her e’e.

(My master rade me to the toun,
He tied me to a staincher roun’,
And took a chappin brisk and broun,
 But fient a drap gied me.)

There was hay to ca’, and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o’ muck to spread,
And peats and turfs and a’ to lead,
 And yet the jaud did dee!

The auld man’s mare’s dead,
The poor man’s mare’s dead,
The auld man’s mare’s dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

By ROBERT NICOLL.

“Scotland’s second Burns,” as Ebenezer Elliott termed Robert Nicoll, died when he was twenty-four; doubtless, had his life been spared long enough for the full development of his genius, as many pilgrim feet would have trod the way to the scene of his birth, in that out-of-the-way corner of Perthshire, as now beat the track to Ayrshire’s classic fields. Tullibeltoun lies a few miles west from Bankfoot, the “Ochterga’en” of one of Nicoll’s charming songs; and a tall obelisk leads the wandering eye almost to the spot where, in 1814, this wondrously gifted man was born. As an apprentice grocer at Perth, he gave his leisure to literature, and tasted the joys of publication in *Johnston’s Magazine* ere he had left his teens. He proceeded to Dundee, and for some time carried on with indifferent success a small business of the bookselling and circulating library order. Here, at the *Advertiser* office, his volume of poems was printed; and here he was engaged to the lady who afterwards became his wife and helpmeet. Journalism claimed him; and, ardent

Reformer as he was, he was appointed Editor of the *Leeds Times*, the organ of the Radical party in that place. The great power of his articles secured general attention, and the circulation of his paper was quadrupled. His efforts in the cause of Reform were herculean, and were prosecuted even when health was failing and collapse inevitable. He was, literally, carried from the field; and his parting words to his comrades form one of the most touching mementoes of newspaper warfare. It was hoped that a change to Scotland would do good; and the poet's friend, Mr Johnstone, Laverock Bank, Trinity, Edinburgh, proprietor of the magazine referred to, placed his house at his service. Everything possible was done that skill and kindness prompted; but all was unavailing. Though ministered to by his devoted mother, wife, and friends, the poet gradually grew weaker, his end coming in the winter of 1837. He lies buried in North Leith Churchyard, whose songs are in the hearts and mouths of thousands of his countrymen; and we are proud that his short but close connection with Angus should have yielded a poem that here may appropriately represent him who gave us "Bonnie Bessie Lee."

The ship is on the seaward path,
 An' frae the shore the breezes blaw;
 Now Scotland's cliffs sae dear to me
 Aneath the wavin' waters fa';
 My hame is growin' far awa'—
 It lies aneath yon hill-tap gray—
 Yon last seen spot o' Scotland's soil
 That rises by the Banks o' Tay.

Fareweel, ye mossy fountains wild!
 Where yon fair stream doth softly rin;
 To ilka shaded woodland pool,
 To ilka tumblin' roarin' linn—
 To ilka burnie that doth win'
 Through heathery muirs its silent way—
 I bid fareweel; for now my hame
 Is biggit far frae bonnie Tay.

Fareweel, ye hames o' pure delight,
 That I ha'e lo'ed sae weel and lang!
 Ye simmer birdies! ye maun sing
 To others now your cheering sang!

Fareweel, ye holms, where lovers gang
 Upon the peaceful Sabbath day:
 In youth I lo'ed—in age I'll mind
 The green an' bonnie Banks o' Tay.

Be blessin's on ilk cot an' ha'
 That by thy braes o' hazel rise;
 Be a' thing bonnie where thou rins,
 An' a' thing happy 'neath thy skies.
 Though far frae thee my boatie flies,
 The friends I love beside thee stray;
 My heart fu' dead an' cauld will be
 Ere I forget the Banks o' Tay.

The streams are wide where I am gaun,
 An' on they row through boundless woods;
 But dearer is thy Hieland wave
 Than yonder wild and foreign floods.
 Thy haughs sae green—the simmer clouds
 That o'er thy sheltered hamlets stray—
 I'll mind for love an' friendship's sake:
 Fareweel, ye bonnie Banks o' Tay!

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

EXTRACT.

There is in this spirited and popular ballad a reference to local matters so interesting that the stanzas in question will well bear quotation. The complete piece is a somewhat lengthy production by the Rev. John Barclay, a native of Muthill, Perthshire, the founder of the religious sect known as the Bereans, and who was at one period of his remarkable career officially connected with Laurencekirk.

My sister Kate cam' owre the hill
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw them running still
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
 The left wing general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guid-will
 That day their neighbour's blood to spill,
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—
 Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man ?

I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frighted crew, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man :

For though his officers obey,
 For fear the redcoats them should slay,
 The sodger's hail made their hearts fail ;
 See how they skale, and turn their tail,
 And rin to flail and plough, man !

But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man ;
 They swear they'll either die or gain—
 No foes shall them affright, man :
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them, sword in hand ;
 Give them a gen'ral to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire the flight, man.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

Several versions of this fine old ballad are in currency, the *original* version being a matter of speculation, and the *best* a matter of taste or opinion. We give the reading approved by the present representatives of the ancient and noble house of Ogilvy, with the notes appearing on the edition lately printed by Mr Mills of Kirriemuir to Lord Airlie's commission.

"James, Earl of Airlie, having left Scotland to avoid being compelled to subscribe the National Covenant, the Estates of Parliament, in June, 1640, sent the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to take possession of his houses of Airlie and Fortar. On their coming to Airlie Castle, they summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender it ; but his Lordship replied that his father was absent, and had left no orders with him to give up the house to any subject, and that he would defend the same to the utmost of his power till his father returned from England. Finding that they had not sufficient force to compel him, they returned ; and in the month of July the Estates gave a new commission to the Earl of Argyle, who assembled, it is said, 5000 men for that purpose. After demolishing Airlie Castle, Argyle proceeded to Glenisla, where he burned Fortar, another stronghold of the Ogilvys.

"The following popular and spirited ballad is not very correct in its historical details—a matter not much regarded in such compositions—and like all traditional ballad poetry, the copies vary considerably.

It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day,
 When the corn was breenin' fairly,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Atween Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle he has ta'en five hunder o' his men,
 Five hunder men and mairly,
 And he's awa' by yon green shaw
 To plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

The lady look'd o'er the hie Castle wa',
 And, oh ! but she sighed sairly,
 When she saw Argyle and a' his men
 Come to plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

'Come doon to me,' says proud Argyle,
 'Come doon and kiss me fairly,
 Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand
 I winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie.'

'I'll no' come doon, ye fause Argyle,
 Until that ye speak mair fairly, [hand
 Tho' ye swear by the sword ye haud in your
 Ye winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie.

'Had my Gudeman been at his hame,
 As he's awa' wi' Chairlie,
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle
 Daur ha'e trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie.

'It's I ha'e borne eleven bonnie sons,
 The twelfth ane has ne'er seen his daddie,
 Tho' I should ha'e born as mony mony mair
 They would a' been the servants o' Chairlie.

'But sin' we can haud oot nae mair,
 My hand I offer fairly ;
 Oh ! lead me doon to yonder glen,
 That I mayna see the burnin' o' Airlie.'

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 But he's no' ta'en her fairly ;
 For he's led her up to the hie hill tap
 To see the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke and flame sae hie
 Sune left the wa's but barely,
 And she laid her doon on that hill to dee,
 When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie."

"And here I cannot help mentioning the destruction of a noble Castle belonging to the House of Argyle. . . .

"The Castle of Gloom was situated on the brook of Grif, or Gryfe, and in the parish of Doulour, or Dollar. . . .

"The feudal hatred of Montrose, and of the clans composing the strength of his army, the vindictive resentment also of the Ogilvies for the destruction of the Bonnie House of Airlie, and that of the Stirlingshire Cavaliers for that of Menstrie, doomed this magnificent pile to flames and ruin."—*Extract from Chapter xliii., "Tales of a Grandfather."*

THE BRAES O' CRAIGO-LAW.

By C. TOUGH.

This pleasing song is taken from the *Angus Album*, to which frequent reference has been made. The author, presumably, was that Charles Tough who was known as one of the frequenters of the weaving-shop of James Gow ; and, therefore, one of the coterie of which William Thom was king, and whose poetic work, their circumstances considered, was of singular merit.

Could winter now returns again,
 Wild whistlin' through the leafless tree ;
 An' frost an' snaw wide o'er the plain,
 Nip ilka flow'r that deck't the lea ;
 Nae mair the birds, wi' chirplin' glee,
 Are sweetly heard at gloamin' fa',
 Nae mair we hear the murmurin' bee
 Among the braes o' Craigo-law.

O ! Craigo-law, when sunny showers
 In richest bloom thy banks arrayed,
 Aft-times among thy birken bowers
 At e'enin' hours unseen I strayed—

When Jessie, sweet endearing maid,
 First wiled my tender heart awa',
 To whom my earliest vows were paid,
 Among the braes o' Craigo-law.
 Now Craigo-law, though rudely wild
 The northern tempest howls on thee ;
 Though winter frowns where summer smiled,
 An' a' around be drear to see—
 Let tempests toss the tumblin' sea,
 Let winds their wildest concert blaw,
 Still ever, ever dear to me
 Shall be the braes o' Craigo-law !

THE CORSE O' DUNDEE.

By DAVID VEDDER.

The author's note on this vigorous production reads thus :—"The Corse o' Dundee is an exact narrative of what took place in that spirited town in the year 1793. The identical tree, the *Tree of Liberty*, flourishes in the grounds of an ex-provost of Dundee. The road in front of his premises has recently been widened, but, with good taste and feeling, the emblem has been spared," etc. David Vedder—whose connection with Dundee and its *literati* was for some years of the closest kind, and whose varied work as an author often reached a point of great excellence—was born at Burness, Orkney, in 1790, and died at Edinburgh in 1854. In early life he served as a seaman, attaining the rank of captain ; but eventually he became a tide-surveyor, and acted in that capacity at Montrose, Dundee, and Leith. Dr Chalmers, an admirer of his poetry,

termed him "Honest David Vedder," and no word could better describe the estimable personality of the massive, genial, self-cultured Orcadian who sang these songs of Bonnie Dundee.

When France was beginnin' her noisy career,
An' settin' the despots o' Europe asteer,
Pray, wha hasna heard o' the muckle bum-bee
That buzzed i' the bonnet o' bonny Dundee?

They hied to a plantin' an' pu'd a young ash,
As green as the holly, as straight as a rash:
The callants they kirsened it "Liberty's Tree,"
An' they planted it deep at the Corse o' Dundee.

The bailies cam' rinnin', clean oot o' their wit,
An' swearin', like fiends frae the bottomless pit,
She wad string to a lamp-post, whae'er they might be,
What had planted that ash at the Corse o' Dundee.

The constables threatened to skiver the mob;
The deacons a' thought it a very bad job;
An' they swore Robbie Spear, an' his myrmidons three,
Wad be dancin' a reel at the Corse o' Dundee.

Auld Dugald M'Dhu, wi' a wild Heelan' grunt,
She hewed at the tree till her halbert grew blunt;
An' she swore "siccan hullions she nefer did see,
Tat wad tare be tisgracin' ta Corse o' Dundee."

But the provost was wise, an' his word was a law,
His finger had muckle mair sense than them a';
"Be cannie, fule bodies, an' touchna the tree
That the lads ha'e set up at the Corse o' Dundee.

"It's naething but daffin'—the lads need a ploy—
I'm sure if *they* like it, I wush them great joy";
But he sent for the sodgers, encamped on the lea,
To clear wi' their muskets the Corse o' Dundee.

Be-plaided and kilted, the Highlanders came,
Their bayonets gleaming, their blood in a flame;
An', in thirty-five minutes, the bonny ash-tree
Was lodged i' the muckle black-hole o' Dundee.

In double quick time did the kilties career;
The weavers an' hecklers, they scamper'd like deer;
The vera auld wives to their garrets did flee:
And quietude reigned at the Corse o' Dundee.

But a "Wee Patie Birdie," a barber by trade,
His very lang bow to the provost he made;
Wi' a "Lang leave your honour! just gi'e me the tree,
Never mair it sall stand at the Corse o' Dundee."

The provost was sharp, but the provost was shrewd,
He lik'dna to needlessly anger the crowd;
"Gae till the black-hole, an' tak' out the bit tree,
An' ne'er let me see't at the Corse o' Dundee."

The barber had prudence; an' when it was dark,
They planted the ash in a bonny green park;
An' there it has flourish'd, sin' ninety an' three,
Revered by the bonnets o' bonny Dundee.

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blithest lad
That e'er made love to me ;
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free ;
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
It cheers my heart at e'en to meet
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah ! it canna be :

Though mither frets baith ear' and late
For me to wed this youth I hate,
There's none need hope to gain young Kate—
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,
The ring he showed to me,
And bade me name the bridal-day,
Then happy would I be :
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mess John to me will quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

VEDDER.

THE HERD'S GHAIST.

This ballad was of old extremely popular in Forfarshire, and was one of the most successful numbers in the Chapman's library. Its story lingers in the locality where the old kirk of Pert is now a romantic ruin, but all trace of its authorship seems to have been lost.

Whene'er the gowden sun gaed down,
An' gloomie ev'nin' fell,
Frae a fireless flame o' azure hue,
By foot o' Pert's kirke bell,

Ane winsome boy there went to come,
With slae black eyne and hair ;
His cheiks an' lips were deadlie pale,
An' head an' feet were bare.

Though lang atween the kirke and furde
This sprite a-wanderin' went,
Nae livin' either heard its tale,
Or cause o' mournin' kent.

But ae dark nicht ane miller chiel'
Had 'langst the road to gae,
The lad kept runnin' by his side,
Lamentin' o'er his wae.

An' when they reach'd the kirkyarde style,
He cry'd—"O list to me ;
An' set ane harmless murther boy
Frae lanelie wand'rin' free !"

The sturdie miller aft heard tell
That sic a sprite was seen ;
Though laith to bide ane ghaistly ca',
At last he's courage ta'en.

An' 'bout himsel' wi' hazel staff
He made ane roundlie score ;
Then said—"My lad, in name o' Gude,
What do ye wander for ?"

The laddie ga'e ane eldritch screech—
Ane wulsome look an' bauld ;
An' aye's he spak' the thunder roll'd,
An' fire flauchts ne'er devaul'd.

"There, there's the cairn !" the laddie
scream'd,
"Whare life was ta'en frae me ;
For whilk ane guiltless hireman died
Hie on yon wither'd tree—
Whase life the murtherer swore awa',
To save's ain infamie ;

"But ho !" mair shrillie cried the boy,
With eye on lordlie grave ;
"Come forth thou perjur'd laird o' Pert,
Thy name it winna save !

"Not all thy gifts to hallie kirke,
Or alms thou didst bestow,
Will lay the clouds o' sin an' shame
That round thy mem'rie flow !"

On this ane grizzlie form appear'd,
An' frae the kirke wa' hied—
"Ah ! there's the murtherous laird o' Pert !"
The laddie tremblin' cried.

The hoary sprite was mute, an' fain
Wad floun to whence it came ;
But aye's it near'd the darksome grave
There rose a smoth'rin' flame ;

An' by that flame, frae hallie kirke
The laird's rich gifts were thrown ;
While sprites of ancient kith an' kin
Thus sang in waefu' tone—

“Sin' Heav'n denies thee an' thy wealth,
Sae surelie too shall we ;
For though thou be our ain brither,
We hate all perjurie !

“An' frae our fam'lie tomb for aye
Thy name it shall be ta'en :
An' but in page of blude an' shame,
Nae trace o' thee 'll be seen !”

Bereft of friends, an' hopes of peace,
With grief the laird was pained ;
His sprite flew here, an' then flew there,
But peace it ne'er obtained ;

Till frae the Esk ane frichtsme fiend
With joyful clamour flies,
An' fondly graspt the Laird, as gin
He'd been it's weddit prize !

An' just's they fled, a siller cloud
Drew round the guiltless boy,
That bore him frae this land of woe
To shades of heavenlie joy !

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was the son of a Bristol linen-draper, and became one of the most distinguished literary characters of his era. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, known as the Lake Poets, formed a trio the like of which has never been known ; and Southey, scarcely, if at all inferior to the others in intellect, immeasurably excelled them in the extent both of his prose and poetic writings. His public influence was narrowed somewhat by the free expression given to his youthful views on religious and social economics, but he lived to recant much that was vague and quixotic in his earlier effusions, and even to execrate it. In 1813, his literary eminence brought him the Laureateship, and he settled on the banks of the Greta near Keswick. Here his study became his world, from which he poured forth an apparently inexhaustible stream of splendid prose histories, biographies, translations, etc., and those magnificent poems “Thalaba,” “Madoc,” “The Curse of Kehama,” “Roderic,” etc., which are a revelation of the power and beauty of the English language in the hands of a master, but which induce fatigue almost, so splendid are they in their glowing eloquence.

Southey did not cater for popularity, and his greater works are not calculated to arrest the public ear. But he left many shorter effusions, and lyrical pieces, which as recitations or songs have secured many admirers, and which still form subjects for the essays of modern composers. “The Well of St. Keyne,” “Bishop Bruno,” “Mary, the Maid of the Inn,” “You are old, Father William,” etc., require only to be named, to show the niche occupied by the great bard among those who have written to please and interest the majority. It may be interesting to add that after the death of his first wife, Edith, in 1839, Southey married Miss Carolina Bowles, a kindred poetic spirit ; and that he left four children and a fortune of £12,000. He received the Doctor's degree of Oxford University in 1821 ; and was offered a baronetcy, which he wisely declined.

Regarding the subject of our present poem, we may quote from "Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland" the following quaint account of the traditional incidents with which the name of "Sir Ralph the Rover" are now inseparably associated:—"By east the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter, he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God." It may be interesting to note further, that the Bell Rock formed the subject of a short poem by Mrs Hemans.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ; [rock
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock ;
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

THE KAIM OF MATHERS.¹

A TALE OF DOOL AND WOE.

Unfortunately the authorship of this narrative of a weird but well-authenticated story has been lost. Its first appearance was made in the pages of the *Dundee Magazine* for 1822, with a note assigning an early date for its production, but so *Chattertonish* in style as to deceive no one respecting the nature of its origin. We need not recapitulate the gruesome story of the events that followed the hasty declaration of King James II.—“Sorra gif he were sodden and supped in broo!” the fate of his disloyal and unfortunate subject being clearly depicted in the ballad.

PART I.

’Twas all within Redcastle’s tower,²
 So merrie was the nyght;
 Kyng James, our sov’reign liege was there,
 Wyth peers of stalwart myght.

And they did quaffe the gude brown ale
 In cuppes of gold so sheen;
 And they dyd syng the mynstrelle’s song
 Of deeds that erst had been.

Up spake the kyng with kyndlie hearte,
 And eke with meikle grace:
 “Whae’er hath oughte of grief to tell,
 Now tell it to mie face.

For whilome in mie prison pent
 Bie Henrie’s³ yron hand,
 I heard the tales of lethal strife
 Wythin mie Scottish land.

Now woe betyde the man wha strives
 In angry raid and feud!
 Hym shall we hang on gallows tree
 Wha scaiths hys neyghbour’s gude.”

“Mie liege,” quod ane of gloomy speeche
 (Which struck them alle wyth awe),
 “I claim the freedom whych ye gyve,
 And bryng the loon to lawe.

The Sheriffe of our Merne’s land
 Is ane of wycked hearte,
 And many a wyfe bye his misdeeds
 Hath borne the wydowe’s parte:

For he hath ta’en the laird’s best steed,
 And the ladie’s golden ryng:
 And all, he saith, in guerdon due
 To James our sovereign kyng.”

“Now,” quod the kyng, in wrathful haste
 And choler hotte as flame,
 “What manne is he wha synneth so,
 And in hys sovereign’s name?

It bootes me not to speer hys kyn,—
 A traytour false is he:—
 I care ne though the loon was seethed,
 And eaten wyth the brie.”

Ne mair the knyght did staie to hear,
 But up he got wyth speed,
 And, callyng to his servaunt, sed,
 “Make haste and bryng mie steed.”

Hys coal-black steed he vaulted onne,
 And prycked hys flanks full sore,
 Untyll thae were besprent and wet
 So grievous all wyth gore.

And now he came besyde the Eske,⁴—
 Ane ryver deepe and wyde;
 He plunged hym in and rode the streame,
 Dysdaining wynd and tyde.

And now he came to Merne’s land
 And faster does he scour,
 Untyll behynd the green-clad woddes
 He marketh Mather’s tower.

Hys ladye sate within her room,
 So gaudie and so gaie;
 She waited for her dear husbände,
 And marvelled at hys staie.

“Oh tell me now, mie Marian lass,”
 Unto her maid quod she,
 “Where dost thou think mie husband is?
 He cometh not to me.”

¹ An old Tower upon a cliff that overhangs the sea, in the parish of St. Cyrus, about six miles to the north-east of Montrose.

² Built by King William the Lion. Its ruins are still standing on a mound at the bottom of Lunan Bay.

³ Henry IV. of England.

⁴ Probably the South Esk is here meant. However he had both the Esks to cross on his way home.

But when that she had spoken so,
 Certes thae both dyd hear
 Ane horsemanne gallop on the waie,
 Who now approaches near.

'Twas Luath first that made a growl
 When he the sound dyd marke;
 And then to meet his maister dear
 He ran, and eke dyd barke.

The knyght stops at the castle doore,—
 The ladie runs to hym;
 "Gyve me a juge of wyne," quod he;
 "Mie head begyns to swym."

"O where, O where!" the ladye cryed,
 "Hath mie true husband been?"
 I trow 'twas at the Maison Dieu,¹
 Or at Scynete Magdalene.²

And sure the Freers have started thee
 Wyth tales of dool and woe:

I never saw thee look so wyld,
 It therefore must be so."

"Ladie," quod he, "I hate the Freers,
 And all the tales thae tell;
 Thae Kirkzard sprites confound me not,
 I fear nae ghaist frae hell.

Thae call me aye the gloomy knyght;
 I was not born to laugh.
 Gyn I have frowned thys parte of lyfe,
 I'll frown the other half."

Now, he hath told hys serving-manne
 To wake hym from hys bedde,
 Soon as Dan Sol upon the sea
 Should shew hys golden hedde.

But ne'er a word dyd he reveal
 Unto hys ladie dear
 Of what he was to do next morn,—
 Though you shall quickly hear.

PART II.

The huntsman's merrie horn hath wound
 Its call so loud and shrylle;
 And manie a knyght and nymble steed
 Hath met on Garvock hylle.

Pittarow's gallaunt knyght was there,
 And the laird of Laurystown;
 Glenbervy with hys brothers twae
 And Edzell with hys sonne.

The wycked Sheriff too was there,
 Philip Melville was hys name;
 And twenty more frae the sea coast,
 With gloomie Urie came.

Now up thae mount with fleet griehound,
 And through the forest steer:
 Thae thynk nought of the goodlie syght,
 But thae thynk upon the deer:

Thae thynk not of the fair countrie
 That liggeth low and sweet;
 The woddess, and streames, and parkes so green
 And Conveth³ at their feet:

Thae thynk not of the Grampyans hygh,
 That ryse upon thaer view;
 Of Clachnabane wyth crowne of stane,
 And Battack's head so blue.

But onne thae ryde with cheerie haste;
 "Tantyvie! ho!" thae crie:
 The leafie wodde shakes back the sound,
 And makes the lyche replie.

Thae gallop east, thae gallop west,
 And round the hylle thae chase:
 The fox squats deeper in hys lair,
 And maulkin quyttes her place.

The birds are fryghted from thaer nests,
 The raven dull doth croak,
 The owlette starteth from hys sleep,
 Hys cradle the dark green oak.

But ne'er a stag that daie is seen
 Y-skiping through the glade,—
 Albeit the menne ilk lessel beat,
 Albeit the griehounds bayed.

So now 'tis time to thynk of rest,
 All worn and spent with moil:
 "Then blow the horn, good John of Cair,
 And let us cease from toil."

He stood wythin a narrow dell,
 Just eastward of the hyll;
 And John of Cair has wound his horn,
 That blew so loud and shrylle.

There knyght and laird, and carle also,
 And panting griehound came;
 Thae all dyd wear a woefull face—
 For why? Thae caught no game.

Wythin the dell a blazing fire
 Of faggots meetlie ryven,
 Dyd burn around so cheerylie,
 And sent its smeeke to heaven.

¹ A religious house at Brechin.

² A Chapel on the road between Brechin and Montrose. The burial ground is still used.

³ The ancient name of Laurencekirk.

And onne the fyre a dayntie potte
 (Or Caldron it mote be):
 Seyncte Marie's bell is not so bigge
 That ryngeth in Dundee.

The fyre does burn—the potte does boil,
 And “hubble, hubble,” cries;
 For it was fylled wyth water fair,
 And barlie grots lykewyse.

Thae squatted down uponne the ground,
 Y-clad wyth plumie ferne;
 But some were seated higher up,
 Upon a stonie cairn.

Ne wordes this dolefull council spake;
 But looked with even of yre,
 Sometyes uponne the gloomie knyght—
 Sometyes upon the fyre.

Up spake the Sheriffe, and he sed,—
 “Syth we have found it so
 That there is nought whereof to eat,
 Then homeward lette us go:

For I have there a goodlie dish,
 Mie wyfe prepareth well;
 And she dyd byd me come to eat
 Be chyme of Fordoun's bell.”¹

“Then,” quod the knyght of gloomie face,
 “Go home, if thet you maie;
 But we have here a feaste to eat
 Upon thys huntynge daie.

And we have sworn an holie oath—
 Before the sunne go down
 We here shall taste of well-boiled flesh,
 And barley-broath so brown!”

Then up the Sheriffe got in haste
 To look wythin the potte:
 He fain would see gyf flesh was there,
 But surelie it was not.

But then, as farther to enquire
 Hys wordes he dyd begyn,
 Thae turned hym o'er the caldron's brym
 And hurlit hym heddelong in.

He turned hym round wyth manie plash;
 At whyche the knyghts dyd smile,
 And held hym down wyth stycks and staves,
 Most horryd and most vyle!

And now that he is seethed full well,
 What moe had thae a-do,
 But to fulfyll thaer wycked oath,
 And make the kyng's word true?

Ilk had an horne to suppe wythial;
 And thus it came to pass,
 Thae took a mouthfull of the broth—
 The human broth it was!

Thae looked lycke deevyls at thaer feaste
 In hell's black cave below—
 I would not been among thaer crew
 For Barclay's land and moe.

PART III.

The knyght has sent hys serving menne
 In secret haste awaie,
 To spie some place besyde the sea
 Where he mote safelie staie.

The land of Mathers all was hys,
 And onne the steepie shore
 A fearfull rocke² looks o'er the waves,
 A-lystening to their roar.

So there thae buyld a lordlie kaim
 All onne the stonie rock,
 Which mote defie the soveraign's arms,
 And eke the tempest's shock,

It mounted even from the clyffe,
 Most fryghtfull to be seen:
 Twae yron yettes dyd stand before
 And a deepe fosse between.

Now comes the gloomie murtherer
 Up from the murkie ground,
 Whereyn hys ladie hyd him safe
 From danger all around.

For sure the kyng sent forth hys lawes,
 Wyth manie menne abroad,
 And horses, all caparysoned,
 To meet hym on the road.

¹ His residence was at Kincardine, then the county town.

² There are two rocks—the deep rent between them being about a yard wide. A portion of one of the towers still remains on the most westerly rock; and on the other (which communicates with the land, and by which alone one can descend) are the ruins of battlements. It may be remarked, that this spot is supposed to be the scene where Macdui committed the murder in the romance of St. Kathleen.

'Twas "noon of nyght"—which tyme he chose
 To speed him on the waie :
 Ne honest manne would shun the lyght
 That beameth in the daie.

Hys ladye on a palfrie rode,
 And eke hys lyttle one ;¹
 And all so near unto the Kaim
 As you mote caste a stone.

And there thae met the horsemanne, who
 Informed were bie spyes :—
 Now all hys guyltless famylie
 Sent forth most pyteous cryes.

"Stand back," sed he, "or bie the Godde
 Who thys strong arm dyd make,"²
 I'll cleave thie helmet to thie beard ;
 Whereat youre troope shall quake."

"O knave !" quod then the horsemanne bold,
 "What man would yield to thee ?
 Sith thou wouldst boyl hys bodie all,
 And eat hym wyth the brie.

But yield thieself, thou man-eater !
 Thie wife and menials all ;
 And sue for pardonne to the kyng,
 Wha syttes at Sterlyng's hall."

Ne moe of parlie dyd they holde
 And broyl of scoffing words,
 But forth thae drew the sheenyng steel
 And clashed thaer fyerie swordes.

Lycke terryer dog wyth furyous brock
 Thae grippet each other round,
 Tyll Urie wrung the horsemanne's neck,
 And flung him onne the ground.³

But now the sudden raid is o'er ;
 And who hoth wonne the daie ?
 The knyght hath slayne the leader bold ;
 But the ladye is borne awaie.

And Urie heard her dolefull cries,
 But could ne helpe hys dame :

For why ? The horsemanne followed fast
 As he ran to the Kaim.

Now see hym there, a woefull wretch,
 In drearie prison pent !
 No teares, nor sighes, nor wordes had he
 To give hys sorrows vent.

But sometimes mopying bie himself,
 All mournfull and alone,
 Ye would have heard hym strike the floor
 And utter forth a groan.

Hys food was aye the aiten cake,
 Hys drink the lymphyd well ;
 Ne could he look on sodden flesh—
 He shuddered at the smell.

All long and yrksome was hys nyght
 As he did watch to see
 The moonbeams dancing on the waves
 So sheen and merrylie :

He heard the hawk swoop round the tower,
 He heard the sea-mew screame ;
 And the roaring waves that shook the rock
 Would shake hym from hys dream.

All long and yrksome was the daie,
 As he dyd sytte and spie
 The seals dysporting in the sea,
 Tossing the waters hygh.

He saw the salmon spryng at even,
 The coote and wyld-ducke swym ;
 But though they all were verie glad,
 Ne gladness was for hym.

Thys was the lyfe of the gloomie knyght,
 Untyll the daie dyd come
 When good Kyng James hys pardon made,
 And called hym to hys home.⁴

Now woe betyde the cruel deed !
 And woe betyde the pain !
 And grant good Godde that never more
 The lycke may come again !

¹ Afterwards Colonel David Barclay, who purchased Urie in 1633.

² The Barclays of Urie were remarkable for their size and strength.

³ About the place here described, viz., a stone-cast from the Kaim, there were dug up several human bones by the tenant of West Mathers, while improving that part of the farm.

⁴ He was pardoned by James II., because he was a distant relation of the Arbuthnott family, i.e., he claimed the privilege of the Clan Macduff, paid the fine for homicide, and obtained pardon.

THE MUSICAL BEADLE.

By "HILARUS."

This diverting piece appeared in the *People's Journal* (?) some twenty years ago; but repeated enquiry has failed in discovering the author. Possibly its appearance here may result in this; presumably, he is one of our own bards, or one closely connected with the Mearns.

In oor wee bit Episcopal Chapel,
In oor wee bit northern toon,
Baith scanty an' slow are the people—
Douce folks frae the countra side roun';
The life o' the thing is the beadle—
A guid Jack-o'-a'-trades is he—
Pew-opener as sharp as a needle,
Sad loss to the choir he wad be.

Ae Sabbath—to come to my story—
A bodie cam' in unco late,
An' spiered for the place at M'Rorie,
Wha was posted inside the choir seat;
It happened at that very minute
The first psalm was just in full swing,
An' John, without e'er haltin' in it,
His answer was thus heard to sing—

(Tune—"Old Hundredth.")

"I havena gotten the place yet,
Just bide awee an' I'll tell you;
What hauds ye rakin' in sae late,
An' makin' sic a great ado?"

It chanced on anither occasion
The sermon had been rather lang,
For whilk he had made nae provision
O' lights for the finishing sang.
That night he was actin' precentor,
Lookin' big at the head o' the choir,
He thoct to fill up he wad venture
Frae's memory, as he micht require;
But sune he got into deep waters,
The wirds an' the tune wad gae wrang,

An' the plan that he took to mend matters
Sune brocht down the hoose wi' a bang:
He ventured to mak' explanation,
But the place seemed to spin roun' an' roun',
It was partly baith sang an' oration,
An' thus did he follow the tune—

(Tune—"Evan.")

"My eyes are dim, my eyes are dim,
I canna see at all;
I think the people are gane mad,
The sorrow tak' them all."

But the grand an' the croonin' adventure
It remains to me still to relate—
An exploit whilk without peradventure
Maun much admiration create;
That evening the great man Arbuthnot,
The chief o' the wee synagogue—
A freend to a lord, an' a' what not,
Unco late to the worship did jog.

He'd stayed rather lang owre his dinner,
An', just as the chant was begun,
Paul Drummond, wi' wood leg, the sinner,
Stumpin' in, 'mang the cushions sat down;
When, horror to tell, at the doorway
Appeared the great Arbuthnot race;
An' baith rinnin' an' singin', M'Rorie
Did the heedless intruder address—

Chant—"You Paul Drummond wi' the
stick leg, come oot o' Maister Arbuthnot's
seat, an' gang into Peter Burnett's seat,
—and rejoice in thy salvation."

THE PEGHT'S HOUSE.

This curious anonymous rhyme refers to the discovery of a Weem, or Peght's House, at Barns of Airlie, and which is now regarded as one of the most perfect specimens of these subterranean dwellings in the kingdom. It is nearly seventy feet long, "about six feet high, and near as wide," and is lined and covered with large flat slabs of stone. The "door" is a considerable opening on the level of the field, and a couple of rudely built, fireplace-looking recesses form the only "mysteries" connected with this singular object of antiquity now.

Some fifty years ago, or less,
 A pair were thrown in great distress ;
 Tho' nought they saw, yet strange to say,
 Their house was haunted night and day—
 The fuel they burned no ashes gave,
 And fallen pin no power could save,
 Whither they went, or how, none knew,
 But pass they did quite out of view !
 Nay, when the wife was baking once,
 She saw a cake pass at a glance
 Right through the floor, and from her eyes,
 As fast as lightning thro' the skies !
 Alarmed she from the cottage fled,
 And raised a hue and cry so dread,
 That from all corners of the glen
 Came women, weans, and stalwart men,
 Who, after deep and solemn thought,
 Resolved that down the house be brought,
 Which to the ground was quickly thrown,
 But deil or ghaist they 'countered none !

One lad, howe'er, with courage strong,
 On seeing a crevice black and long,
 Near to the hearth, he plied a pick,
 And raised a boulder broad and thick,
 When, lo ! he found the bannock there,
 The missing ase, and pins so rare ;
 And, on descending, saw a *weem*,
 Of length and build that few could dream :
 Strewn here and there were querns and bones—
 Strange cups, and hammers made of stones,
 And tiny flints for bow and spear,
 Charred corn, and wood, and other gear.

'Twas a *Peght's House*—as some these call—
 With flagstone roof, and whinstone wall ;
 In form like to an arm they bend,
 And rounded slight towards the end ;
 'Bout six feet high, and near as wide,
 And with a door a gnat might stride !

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

Doubtless many have experienced the difficulty of reconciling the fame of the recreant Carnegie of Finhaven, celebrated as the "best flier from the field of Shirramuir," with that popularly assigned him as the hero of this admirable old song, and its concomitant successful strategy. The truth is that James, Earl of Southesk, the "Brave, generous Southesk" of the Sheriffmuir ballad, was the renowned "Piper o' Dundee" ; and he it was whose devotion to the Stuart cause cost the forfeiture of the family estates, and the attainder which was only reversed in the person of the present distinguished head of the noble house.

The piper cam' to our toon,
 To our toon, to our toon,
 The piper cam' to our toon,
 And he played bonnilie :
 He played a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae yont the seas,
 And then he ga'e the bags a squeeze,
 And played anither key.

Cho.—And wasna he a roguey,
 A roguey, a roguey ?
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The Piper o' Dundee ?

He played "The Welcome owre the main,"
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"

And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee : [Quier,"
 He played "The Kirk," he played "The
 "The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
 And "Lang awa', but welcome here,"
 Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
 That nicht at Amulrie !
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvy,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he
 The Piper o' Dundee ?

THE ROSE-A-LYND SAYE.

By WILLIAM FORSYTH.

This fine production, so strongly reminiscent of an ancient and noble county family, was written by William Forsyth, almost *impromptu*, to show how easily

the style and feeling of the Old Ballad might be reproduced. It appears with music in *The National Choir*; and is there, on the strength of information conveyed to the Editor, ascribed to D. Macgregor Peter. The note accompanying the song, however, casts significant doubt on the ascription; and it is pleasing that now and here it is possible to deal with certainty in making an act of reparation. Mr Forsyth was a native of Turriff, who had a reputable career as a student, surgeon, journalist, and bard. He published "*The Martyrdom of Kelavane*" in 1861; and "*Idylls and Lyrics*"—from which work we transcribe the ballad—in 1872. As sub-editor and editor of the famous *Aberdeen Herald*, which has lately celebrated the 150th year of its existence, Mr Forsyth did work whose merits have been the subject of much encomium. He was born in 1818, and died at Aberdeen in 1879.

There are seven fair flowers in yon green wood,
On a bush in the woods o' Lyndsaye;
There are sax braw flowers an' ae bonny bud,
Oh! the bonniest flower in Lyndsaye.
An' weel I luve the bonny rathe rose—
The bonny, bonny Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
An' I'll big my bower o' the forest-boughs,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

There be jewels upon her snaw-white breist,
An' her hair is wreathed wi' garlan's—
A cord o' gowd is round her waist,
An' her shoon are sewed wi' pearlin's:
An' oh! she is the bonny, bonny rose—
She's the gentle Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
An' I'll big my bower where my blossom blows,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

Her face 'tis like the evenin' lake
That the birk and the willow fringes;
Whase peace the wild winds canna break,
Or but its beauty changes.
An' she is aye my bonny, bonny rose—
She's the bonny young Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
An' ae blink o' her e'e wad be dearer to me
Than the wale o' the lands o' Lyndsaye.

Her voice is like the gentle lute
When minstrel tales are tellin';
An' ever saftly falls her fute,
Like autumn leaves a-fallin'. . . . [rose—
An' oh! she's the rose, she's the bonny, bonny
She's the snaw-white Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
An' I'll kiss her steps at the gloamin' close,
Through the flowerie woods o' Lyndsaye.

It's sax brave sons has the good Lord James,
Their worth I downa gainsay;
For Scotsmen ken they are gallant men,
The children o' the Lyndsaye:
An' proud are they o' their bonny rathe rose,
O' the fair young Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
But pride for luve make friends like foes,
An' grief in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

But shall I weep where I daurna woo,
An' the land in sic disorder?
My arm is strong, my heart is true,
And the Percie's over the border:
Then fare ye weel, my bonny, bonny rose,
And blest be the woods o' Lyndsaye;
I'll gild my spurs i' the bluid o' her foes,
An' come back to the Rose-a-Lyndsaye.

THE SKIPPER O' DUNDEE.

From "POEMS BY TWO."

This ballad is founded on a true incident in local history, the burning of Grizzell Jaffray for alleged witchcraft at the Cross of Dundee, in those dark days so discreditable to our Scottish intelligence and humanity. "Poems by Two" is a volume of 126 pages, containing many excellent pieces, published by D. R. Clark & Son, Dundee, in 1882.

The skipper brocht his guid ship hame
And anchored aff the toon,
And he wondered hoo a' the bells were ringin'
As he walked up and down.

"I ha'e been mony year gane," he said,
"And in mony great cities been,
But I wadna gie for this auld toon
The grandest I ha'e seen.

"And I ha'e seen folk braw and bauld,
And ladies fair enow,
But mair I think o' my mither auld
That wons in Thorter Row."

But aye the skipper heard the bells
And noise of shouting loud,
As gin a' people in the toun
Were gathered in the crowd.

And he saw aboon the Market-place
A reek and whiles a bleeze :
The skipper wistna what it was,
But his he'rt was ill at ease.

At length cam' oot the harbour boat,
Should ha'e been oot before—
"Now, tell us, quickly, harbour folk,
What's a' the stir on shore."

A bailie auld sat in the boat,
And sternly did he say,
"We ha'e been burnin' o' a witch
Weel kent as Janet Gray."

Oh ghastly grew the skipper's luik,
And he cried aloud, "Ye lee !
"I'll tak' the truth frae Weel'm Greig,
That gaed to schule wi' me.

"I'll tak' the truth frae Weel'm Greig,
That pu's the foremost oar—

Oh ! tell the truth now, Weel'm Greig,
If e'er ye spak't afore."

Then up and answered Weel'm Greig,
"Would it were false, the which,
This very hour your mither auld
Was burned for a witch."

The skipper grippet the taffrail hard,
While sicht and sound grew dim,
And a' the bonny country showed
In blood-red lines to him.

The skipper warstled sair wi' grief,
And a wecht lay on his breist,
And helplessly he turned his heid
And looked frae west to east.

He looked upon the rippling tide,
And the boat that rocking lay,
And said, "Now let there be a curse
Upon the river Tay.

"And upon a' within that wa'
My curse fa' late or soon :
Aye, heavy fa' the wrath of God
Upon this bloody toun.

"Let their reward be the sharp-edged sword :
Let it fa' on first and least,—
Frae the auld man wi' the snaw-white pow
To the baby at the breist."

He turned him to his trusty crew
And motioned wi' his hand :
They raised the anchor and pu'd the ropes,
And the ship turned frae the land.

They gaed oot fairly wi' the tide,
And down the river free
Set forth, and wi' their canvas spread
Sailed back into the sea.

THE TERRIBLE MEARNS FOLK.

By MRS ALEXANDER DEANS.

We are indebted to Mr A. M. Bisset's "Poets of Linlithgowshire" for these admirable reflections on a colloquial expression common to even a wider area than the Mearns. Mrs Deans (*née* C. E. Pettigrew) is a native of Bathgate district, and was trained as a teacher. For a number of years she has been resident near Fordoun, where her husband is a well-known agriculturist ; and has contributed a number of excellent child-poems, prose articles, and Doric lays to various mediums.

There's a canty wee coonty that lies to the sea,
An' its foukies are couthie an' blithe as can be,
But they've ae droll bit notion, an' 'tween you an' me
It's "terrible."

If the simmer is bonnie, an' heartsome, an' bricht,
 They'll hae't that the heat's at a "terrible" heicht,
 Should the cauld snaw be drivin' some wild winter nicht,
 Sal, it's "terrible."

If the Schule Brod elections are peacefu' an' quate,
 Nae carousin' nor canvass, nae noisy debate,
 Then rest ye assured that as certain as Fate
 It is "terrible."

If the corn craps are heavy, an' early, an' good,
 Wi' prospects o' plenty in money an' food,
 Then the farmer's comment might be misunderstood
 For it's "terrible."

Gin the hairst month gae by an' the grain isna in,
 If corn ears be scanty an' corn sheaves be thin,
 Then the farmer laments wi' his neighbours an' kin
 That it's "terrible."

When word cam' oor auld Premier was gaun to resign,
 The Tories grinned broadly, "That's 'terrible' fine,"
 An' the Liberals groaned, "This is no' a guid sign,
 Fac', it's 'terrible.'"

When they kent 'twas a Scot wi' the brains o' his race
 That was gaun to step into the Premier's place,
 Baith parties shook hauns, an' wi' much tact an' grace
 Agreed it was "terrible."

For ae thing, an' a' thing the term is the same,
 Serenely they reason, "Hoot! what's in a name?"
 Yet I'd fain tak' their pairt, for it isna their blame
 A' thing's "terrible."

They've picket it up when but toddlin' bairns,
 "As the auld cock crows the young ane learns,"
 An' mony a great lad has sprung frae the Mearns
 Spite o' "terrible."

THE VALE OF STRATHMORE.

By JAMES BALLANTINE.

The author of "Ilka Blade o' Grass," "Castles in the Air," etc., requires no introduction to the students of Scottish Song; but a few words preliminary to the reproduction here of his Angussshire lilt may be pardoned, if not, indeed, welcomed. Mr Ballantine was, as an artist and glass stainer, the founder of the important business still vigorously carried on by his son Alexander Ballantine, Esq.; and his characteristic perseverance and ability were conspicuously shown in the revolution which he effected in public taste, so long enthralled by the bondage of baldness that disfigured the older Presbyterianism. For the dawning of beauty in many of her churches and public places his country must thank James Ballantine and his art; and for his inimitable "Gaberlunzie's Wallet," his "Miller of Deanhaugh," and his numerous magnificent lyrics, she must assign him a place of honour in her literary Valhalla. Mr Ballantine was born at Edinburgh in 1808, and died there in

1877. We have indicated what he was in business : personally he was one of the worthiest of men, genial, gifted, and unassuming ; one whose "marrow" we may never see.

Dear land of my birth, far from thee I have been,
By streamlets so flow'ry and valleys so green,
In vain seeking pleasure ; for still, as of yore,
The home of my heart is the vale of Strathmore,
The home of my heart is the vale of Strathmore.

'Twas there, when in school days, my Mary and me
First plighted our troth on yon bonnie green lea ;
And there our fond parents kind Heav'n would implore
To smile on our love in the vale of Strathmore,
To smile on our love in the vale of Strathmore.

No longer I'll wander, no farther I'll roam,
I'll brave every danger for thee, my loved home ;
When there, the poor rover will part nevermore
From Mary, from love, and the vale of Strathmore,
From Mary, from love, and the vale of Strathmore.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

This poem has often been attributed to the famous John Erskine of Dun, "superintendent of Angus," and one of the most prominent patrons of learning and literature in the Scotland of his times. But the attribution is erroneous ; and we give part of the piece a place here, in order to correct the impression which seems all but general. "The Winter Night" was printed and published by Andro Hart, Edinburgh, in 1614 (there was an earlier edition, 1599, which is referred to by Herbert) ; and the DEDICATION is inscribed to "The right godly worshipfull and vigilant pastor in Christ's kirke, Johne Erskin of Dun," and continues, "James Anderson, minister of Collace, wisheth grace," etc. Anderson's address to Erskine concludes with these lines :—

"I can not dite as thou hast done deserue,
In kirk and court, countrey and commonweale,
Carefull the kirk in peace for to preserue ;
In court thy counsell was stout, and true as steele,
Thy policie decores thy country well,
In plantin' trees, and building places faire,
With costly brigs ouer waters plaine repaire."

It will serve our purpose sufficiently to quote the opening stanzas of Anderson's poem :—

The winter night I think it long,
Full long and teugh, while it ouergang,
The winters night I think so long
Both long and dreigh till day.
Full long think I the winters night,
While daye breake up with beams so bright
And banish darknesse out of sight,
And works of darknesse, Aa.

The winter night that I of meane,
Is not this naturall night I weine,
That lakes the light of the sunneshine
And differs from the day.
But darknesse of our mind it is
Which hides from us the heavens blisse
Since Adam first did make the misse
In paradise that day.

THE BONNETS O' BONNY DUNDEE.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

This popular ballad is one of the great Sir Walter's most spirited productions; and has for its hero one who was one of the most prominent county and national characters of his times. A splendid portrait of "Bonny Dundee" is preserved in Glamis Castle; and it is interesting to those who are familiar with its oft engraved contours to compare these with the description of Graham as given in the notes to "Old Mortality."

"Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. . . . But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself."

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke:
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
 Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douse man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 The Guid Toun is well quit of that Deil of Dundee."—Come, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Ilk carline was flytin' and shaking her pow;
 But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,
 Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!—Come, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd
 As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watch'd for the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee.—Come, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.—Come, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee."—Come, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.—Come, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
 Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.—Come, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
 The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free
 At a toss of the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.—Come, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"—Come, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
 Died away the wild war-notes o' Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle the horses and call up the men;
 Come open your gates and let me gae free,
 For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee!

WALLACE AT DUNDEE.

By BLIND HARRY.

The following extract is taken from "Ye Actis and Deidis of . . . Schir Wilham Wallace," written about the year 1488 by a minstrel of whom not even his name is known. It is known that Wallace received part of his education at Dundee; and this section of the poem refers to a reputed matter of fact which had its own influence on the subsequent patriotic career of its hero.

Upon a day to Dunde he was send,
 Off cruelnes full little yai hym kend,
 Ye constable, a felloun man of wer,
 Yat to ye Scotts he did full mekill der,
 Selbie he hecht, despitfull and owtrage,
 A sone he had ner xx zer of age:
 Into ye toune he usyt ilka day,
 Thre men or four yer went with hym to play;
 A haly schrew, wanton in his entent,
 Wallace he saw, and towart him he went;
 Liklie he was, right bige, and weyle beseyne,
 Intill a wyde of gudly garmand greynne;
 He callyt on hym, and said, yow Scott, abyde,
 Quha dewill ye grathis in so gay a wyde,
 Ane Ersche mantill it was yi kynd to wer,
 A Scotts the wittil under yi belt to ber,

Rouch rowlyngs apon yi harlot fete—
 Giff me yi knyff, quhat dois yi ger sa mete?
 Till hym he zied, hys knyff to tak hym fra.
 Fast by the collar Wallace couth hym ta;
 Undyr hys hand ye knyff he bradit owt
 For all hys men yat semlyt hym about;
 Bot help hymself, he wist of no remede,
 Without reskew he stykit hym to dede.
 Ye squier fell—Of hym yar was na mair,
 Hys men folowed on Wallace wondyr sair;
 The press was thick, and cummerit yaim full
 fast,
 Wallace was spedy, and gretelye als agast;
 Ye bludy knyff bar drawin in his hand,
 He sparyt nane yat he befor hym fand.

In concluding, a simple reference may be made to many local allusions common to the poems of Barbour and other ancient writers, and to the lengthy ballads of "Sir Hugh Le Blond," "Sir James the Rose," the "Laird o' Leys," "The Battle of Corichie, on the Hill of Fare," and "Young Reiden," which have a certain bearing on the ancient family history of the counties, but which, being easily accessible through several of our standard collections of Ballad literature, need not be reproduced here. The number of available poems bearing on the counties and appearing in the works of many writers, is very large; and a selection has alone been possible here. To exhaust the subject in every particular were impossible within our limits; but it is trusted that where its further study is desired sufficient indication has been made of those tributaries which swell the stream of song, whose source is sacred to the Bards of Angus and the Mearns.

ERRATA.

pp. 292-3; for "Angus," read "Agnes."
p. 530; for "M. T. M.," read "T. M."

THE END.

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